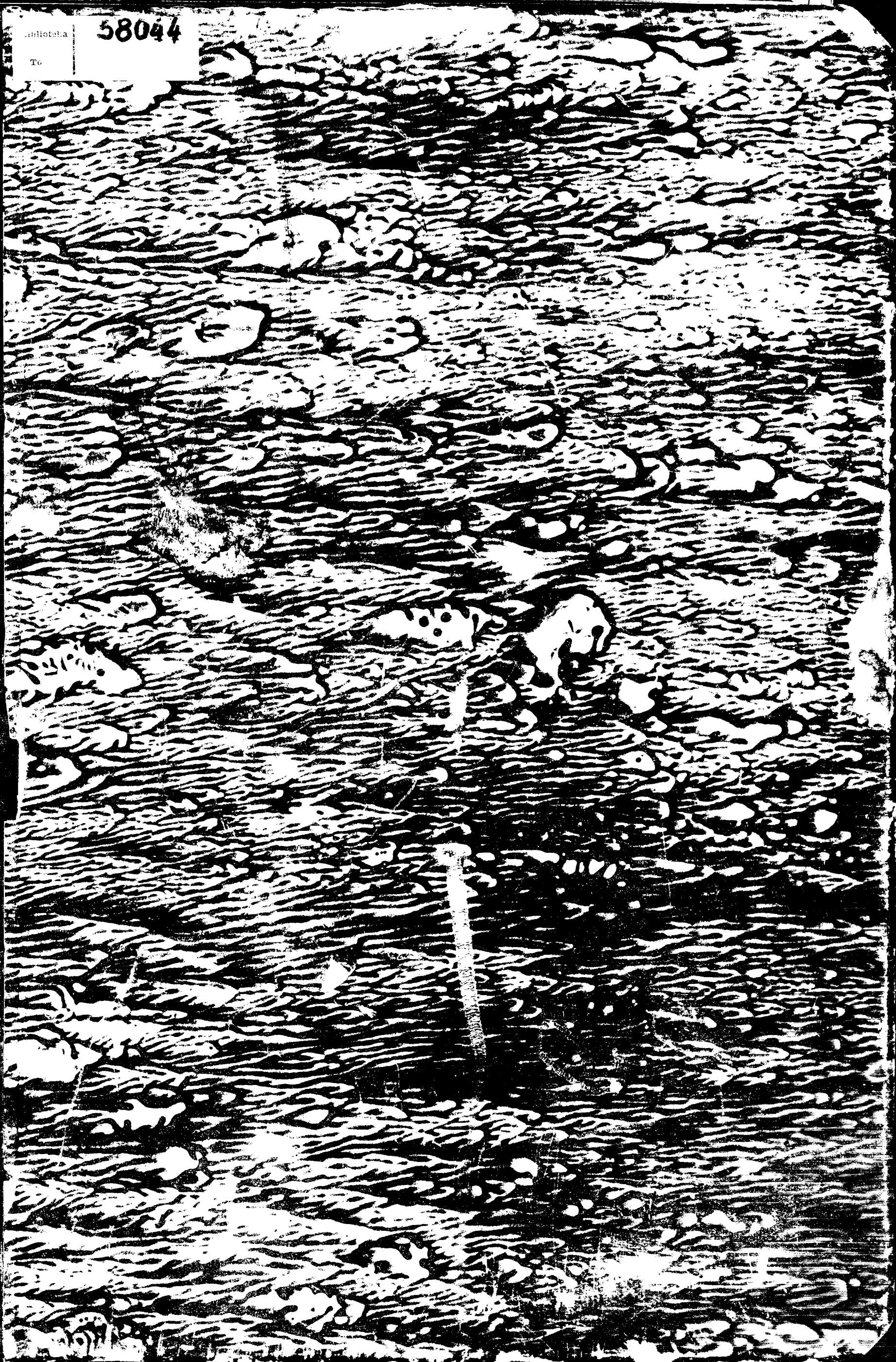


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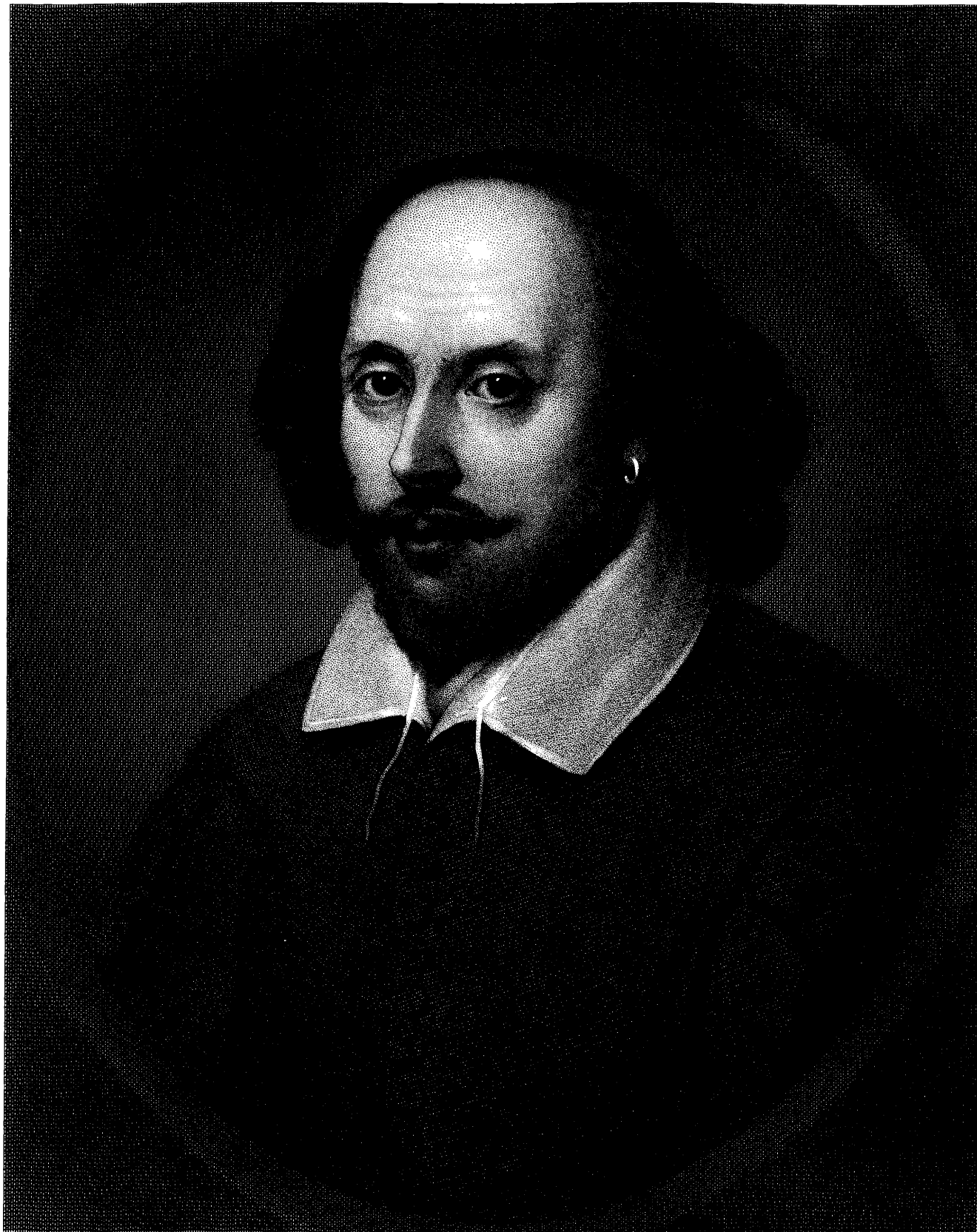
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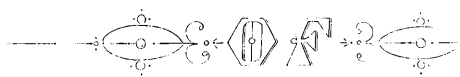




WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

1564 - 1616

THE WORKS



SHAKSPEARE

— WITH NOTES —

By Charles Knight.



THE BIRTH PLACE OF SHAKSPERE.

(with Garrick's Jubilee Procession.)

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THE WORKS
OF
SHAKSPEARE

IMPERIAL EDITION

EDITED BY CHARLES KNIGHT

With Illustrations on Steel

FROM PICTURES BY

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AND OTHERS

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I.

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NOTICE OF THE ORIGINAL EDITIONS OF THE PLAYS.

WE propose here to give a very brief account of the Original Copies, upon which the Text of every edition of our author must be founded.

"Mr. William Shakspeare's Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies, published according to the True Originall Copies," is the title of this first collection of our poet's plays. This volume is "printed by Isaac Iaggard and Ed. Blount;" but the Dedication bears the signatures of "John Heminge, Henry Condell." That Blount and Jaggard had become the proprietors of this edition we learn from an entry in the Stationers' registers, under date November 8, 1623; in which they claim "Mr. William Shakespeere's Comedyes, Histories, and Tragedyes, soe many of the said copies as are not formerly entered to other men."

Most of the plays "formerly entered to other men" had been previously published—some in several editions—at dates extending from 1597 to 1622. These are what are commonly spoken of as *the quarto editions*.

John Heminge and Henry Condell were amongst the "principal actors" of the plays of Shakspeare, according to a list prefixed to their edition. In 1608 they were shareholders with Shakspeare in the Blackfriars Theatre. In his will, in 1616, they are honourably recognized in the following bequest:—"To my fellows, John Hemyng, Richard Burbage, and Henry Condell, twenty-six shillings eight-pence apiece, to buy them rings." In 1619, after the death of Shakspeare and Burbage, they were at the head of their remaining "fellows."

This first folio edition is dedicated to the Earl of Pembroke and the Earl of Montgomery. The two friends and fellows of Shakspeare, in an Address "to the great variety of readers," use very remarkable words:—"It had been a thing, we confess, worthy to have been wished, that the author himself had lived to have set forth and overseen his own writings. But since it hath been ordained otherwise, and he, by death, departed from that right, we pray you do not envy his friends the office of their care and pain to have collected and published them; and so to have published them, as where, before, you were abused with divers stolen and surreptitious copies, maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealths of injurious impostors that exposed them,—even those are now offered to your view cured, and perfect of their limbs; and all the rest, absolute in their numbers, as he conceived them; who, as he was a happy imitator of Nature, was a most gentle expresser of it. *His mind and hand went together; and what he thought, he uttered with that easiness that we have scarce received from him a blot in his papers.*"

That the editors of Shakspeare were held to perform an acceptable service to the world by this publication, we may judge from some of the verses prefixed to the edition. Ben Jonson's celebrated poem, "To the Memory of my beloved the Author, Mr. William Shakespeare: and what he hath left us," follows the preface, and it concludes with these lines:—

"Shine forth, thou star of poets, and with rage,
Or influence, chide, or cheer, the drooping stage;
Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourn'd like night,
And despairs day, *but for thy volume's light.*"

Another poem in the same volume, by Leonard Digges, is in the same tone:—

"Shake-speare, at length *thy pious fellows give*
The world thy works; thy works by which outlive
Thy tomb thy name must. When that stone is rent,
And time dissolves thy Stratford monument,
Here we alive shall view thee still. *This book,*
When brass and marble fade, shall make thee look
Fresh to all ages."

The edition of 1623 secured from a probable destruction, entire or partial, some of the noblest monuments of Shakspeare's genius. The poet had been dead seven years when this edition was printed. Some of the plays which it preserved, through the medium of the press, had been written a considerable period before his death. We have not a single manuscript line in existence, written, or supposed to be written, by Shakspeare. If, from any notions of exclusive advantage as the managers of a company, Heminge and Condell had not printed this edition of Shakspeare,—if the publication had been suspended for ten, or at most for fifteen, years, till the civil wars broke out, and the predominance of the puritanical spirit had shut up the theatres,—the probability is that all Shakspeare's manuscripts would have perished. What then should we have lost, which will now remain when "brass and marble fade!" We will give the list of those plays which, as far as any edition is known, were printed for the first time in the folio of 1623:—

COMEDIES	<div style="display: inline-block; vertical-align: top;"> The Tempest. The Two Gentlemen of Verona. Measure for Measure. The Comedy of Errors. As You Like It. The Taming of the Shrew. All's Well that Ends Well. Twelfth Night. The Winter's Tale. </div>	HISTORIES	<div style="display: inline-block; vertical-align: top;"> King John. Henry VI., Part I. Henry VIII. Coriolanus. Timon of Athens. Julius Cæsar. Macbeth. Antony and Cleopatra. Cymbeline. </div>
		TRAGEDIES	

NOTICE OF THE ORIGINAL EDITIONS OF THE PLAYS.

In addition to the eighteen plays thus recited, which were first printed in the folio, there were four other plays there first printed in a perfect shape. Of the fourteen *Comedies*, nine first appeared in that edition. Between the quarto editions of the four *Comedies*,—*Love's Labour's Lost*, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *Much Ado about Nothing*,—and the folio of 1623, the variations are exceedingly few; and these have probably, for the most part, been created by the printer. The *Merry Wives of Windsor*—of the quarto edition of which, in 1602 and in 1619, we shall give a more particular account in our notice of that play—is a very incomplete sketch of the Comedy which first appeared in a perfect shape in the edition of 1623.

The second edition of 1632 was held up as an authority by Steevens, because, in some degree, it appeared to fall in with his notions of versification. We doubt if it had an editor properly so called; for the most obvious typographical errors are repeated without change. The printer, probably, of this edition occasionally pieced out what he considered an imperfect line, and altered a word here and there that had grown obsolete during the changes in our language since Shakspeare first wrote. But, beyond this, we have no help in the second edition; and none whatever in the subsequent ones. For eighteen plays, therefore, the folio of 1623 must be received as the only accredited copy—standing in the same relation to the text as the one manuscript of an ancient author. For four other plays it must be received as the only accredited complete copy.

The folio of 1623 contains thirty-six plays: of these, thirteen were published in the author's lifetime, with such internal evidences of authenticity, and under such circumstances, as warrant us in receiving them as authentic copies. These copies are, therefore, entitled to a very high respect in the settlement of the author's text. But they do not demand an exclusive respect; for the evidence, in several instances, is most decided, that the author's posthumous copies in manuscript were distinguished from the printed copies by verbal alterations, by additions, by omissions not arbitrarily made, by a more correct metrical arrangement. To refer these differences to alterations made by the players, has been a favourite theory with some of Shakspeare's editors; but it is manifestly an absurd one. We see, in numerous cases, the minute but most effective touches of the skilful artist; and a careful examination of this matter in the plays where the alterations are most numerous, is quite sufficient to satisfy us of the jealous care with which Shakspeare watched over the more important of these productions, so as to leave with his "fellows" more complete and accurate copies than had been preserved by the press.

The order in which the *Comedies* are presented in the folio of 1623 is as follows:—

The Tempest.	Midsummer Night's Dream.
The Two Gentlemen of Verona.	The Merchant of Venice.
The Merry Wives of Windsor.	As You Like It.
Measure for Measure.	The Taming of the Shrew.
The Comedy of Errors.	All's Well that Ends Well.
Much Ado about Nothing.	Twelfth Night, or What You Will.
Love's Labour's Lost.	The Winter's Tale.

In this edition we have endeavoured, to the best of our judgment, to arrange the *Comedies* and *Tragedies* according to the evidence of the dates of their composition. The *Histories* follow the *Chronology* of the several *Reigns*.

We subjoin a *Chronological Table* of Shakspeare's Plays, which we have constructed with some care, showing the *positive* facts which determine dates *previous* to which they were produced.

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE OF SHAKSPEARE'S PLAYS.		
Henry VI. Part I.	Alluded to by Nash, in "Pierce Pennilesse".....	1592
Henry VI. Part II.	Printed as the "First Part of the Contention"	1594
Henry VI. Part III.	Printed as "The True Tragedy of Richard, Duke of York"	1595
Richard II.	Printed	1597
Richard III.	Printed	1597
Romeo and Juliet	Printed	1597
Love's Labour's Lost	Printed	1598
Henry IV. Part I.	Printed	1598
Henry IV. Part II.	Printed	1600
Henry V.	Printed	1600
Merchant of Venice	Printed 1600. Mentioned by Meres	1603
Midsummer Night's Dream	Printed 1600. Mentioned by Meres	1598
Much Ado about Nothing	Printed	1600
As You Like It	Entered at Stationers' Hall	1600
All's Well that Ends Well	Held to be mentioned by Meres as "Love's Labour's Won"	1598
Two Gentlemen of Verona	Mentioned by Meres	1598
Comedy of Errors	Mentioned by Meres	1598
King John	Mentioned by Meres	1598
Titus Andronicus	Printed	1600
Merry Wives of Windsor	Printed	1602
Hamlet	Printed	1603
Twelfth Night	Acted in the Middle Temple Hall	1602
Othello	Acted at Harefield	1602
Measure for Measure	Acted at Whitehall	1604
Lear	Printed 1608. Acted at Whitehall	1607
Taming of the Shrew	Supposed to have been acted at Henslowe's Theatre, 1593. Entered at Stationers' Hall.....	1607
Troilus and Cressida	Printed 1609. Previously acted at Court	1609
Pericles	Printed	1609
The Tempest	Acted at Whitehall	1611
The Winter's Tale	Acted at Whitehall	1611
Henry VIII.	Acted as a new play when the Globe was burned	1613

Out of the thirty-seven Plays of Shakspeare the dates of thirty-one are thus to some extent fixed in epochs. These dates are, of course, to be modified by other circumstances. There are only six plays remaining, whose dates are not thus limited by publication, by the notice of contemporaries, or by the record of their performances; and these certainly belong to the poet's latter period. They are:—

Macbeth.	Timon of Athens.	Antony and Cleopatra.
Cymbeline.	Julius Cæsar.	Coriolanus.

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

STATE OF THE TEXT, AND CHRONOLOGY, OF THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

WE have seen, from the list previously given, that this comedy was originally printed in the first folio. The text is singularly correct.

In the edition of 1623, the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* appears the second in the collection of "Comedies." The *Tempest*, which it can scarcely be doubted was one of Shakspeare's latest plays, precedes it. The arrangement of that edition, except in the three divisions of "Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies," and in the order of events in the "Histories," is quite arbitrary. It is extremely difficult, if not impossible, to fix a precise date to many of Shakspeare's plays; and the reasons which Malone, Chalmers, and Drake have given for the determining of an exact chronological order (in which they each differ), are, to our minds, in most instances, unsatisfactory. In the instance before us, Malone originally ascribed the play to the year 1595, because the lines which we shall have occasion afterwards to notice,—

"Some, to the wars, to try their fortunes there;
Some, to discover islands far away;"—

he thought had reference to Elizabeth's military aid to Henry IV., and to Raleigh's expedition to Guiana. He has subsequently fixed the date of its being written as 1591, because there was an expedition to France under Essex in that year. The truth is, as we shall shew, that the excitements of military adventure, and of maritime discovery, had become the most familiar objects of ambition, from the period of Shakspeare's first arrival in London to nearly the end of the century. The other arguments of Malone for placing the date of this play in 1591, appear to us as little to be regarded. They are, that the incident of Valentine joining the outlaws has a resemblance to a passage in Sidney's "*Arcadia*," which was not published till 1590;—that there are two allusions to the story of Hero and Leander, which he thinks were suggested by Marlowe's poem on that subject; and that there is also an allusion to the story of Phaeton, which Steevens thinks Shakspeare derived from the old play of *King John*, printed in 1591. All this is really very feeble conjecture, and it is absolutely all that is brought to shew an exact date for this play. The incident of Valentine is scarcely a coincidence, compared with the story in the "*Arcadia*;"—and if Shakspeare knew nothing of the classical fables from direct sources (which it is always the delight of the commentators to suppose), every palace and mansion was filled with *Tapestry*, in which the subjects of Hero and Leander, and of Phaeton, were constantly to be found. Malone, for these and for no other reasons, thinks the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* was produced in 1591, when its author was twenty-seven years of age. But he thinks, at the same time, that it was Shakspeare's first play.

SUPPOSED SOURCE OF THE PLOT.

A charge which has been urged against Shakspeare, with singular complacency on the part of the accusers, is, that he did not invent his plots. A recent writer, who in these later days has thought that to disparage Shakspeare would be a commendable task, says, "If Shakspeare had little of what the world calls learning, he had less of *invention*, so far as regards the fable of his plays. For every one

of them he was, in some degree, indebted to a preceding piece."* We do not mention this writer as attaching any value to his opinions; but simply because he has contrived to put in a small compass all that could be raked together in depreciation of Shakspeare as a poet and as a man. The assertion that the most inventive of poets was without invention "as far as regards the fable of his plays," is as absurd as to say that Scott did not invent the fable of "*Kenilworth*," because the sad tale of Amy Robsart is found in Mickle's beautiful ballad of "*Cumnor Hall*." The truth is, that no one can properly appreciate the extent as well as the subtlety of Shakspeare's invention—its absorbing and purifying power—who has not traced him to his sources. It will be our duty, in many cases, to direct especial attention to the material upon which Shakspeare worked, to shew how the rough ore became, under his hands, pure and resplendent—converted into something above all price by the unapproachable skill of the artist. It is not the workman polishing the diamond, but converting, by his wonderful alchemy, something of small value into the diamond. It is, in a word, precisely the same process by which the unhewn block of marble is fabricated into the perfect statue: the statue is within the marble, but the Phidias calls it forth. The student of Shakspeare will understand that we here more particularly allude to the great plays which are founded on previous imaginative works, such as *Romeo and Juliet*, and *Lear*; and not to those in which, like the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, a few incidents are borrowed from the romance writers.

"But what shall we do?" said the barber in "*Don Quixote*," when, with the priest, the housekeeper, and the niece, he was engaged in making bonfire of the knight's library—"what shall we do with these little books that remain?" "These," said the priest, "are probably not books of chivalry, but of poetry." And opening one, he found it was the "*Diana*" of George Montemayor, and said (believing all the rest of the same kind), "These do not deserve to be burnt like the rest, for they cannot do the mischief that these of chivalry have done: they are works of genius and fancy, and do nobody any hurt." Such was the criticism of Cervantes upon the "*Diana*" of Montemayor. The romance was the most popular which had appeared in Spain since the days of *Amadis de Gaul*;† and it was translated into English by Bartholomew Yong, and published in 1598. The story involves a perpetual confusion of modern manners and ancient mythology; and Ceres, Minerva, and Venus, as well as the saints, constitute the machinery. The one part which Shakspeare has borrowed, or is supposed to have borrowed, is the story of the shepherdess Felismena, which is thus translated by Mr. Dunlop:—"The first part of the threats of Venus was speedily accomplished; and, my father having early followed my mother to the tomb, I was left an orphan. Henceforth I resided at the house of a distant relative; and, having attained my seventeenth year, became the victim of the offended goddess, by falling in love with Don Felix, a young nobleman of the province in which I lived. The object of my affections felt a reciprocal passion; but his father, having learned the attachment which subsisted between us, sent his son to court, with a view to prevent our union. Soon after his departure, I followed him in the disguise of a page, and discovered on the night of my arrival at the capital, by a serenade I heard him

* Life of Shakspeare in Lardner's Cyclopædia.

† Dunlop's History of Fiction.

give, that Don Felix had already disposed of his affections. Without being recognised by him, I was admitted into his service, and was engaged by my former lover to conduct his correspondence with the mistress who, since our separation, had supplanted me in his heart."

This species of incident, it is truly observed by Steevens, and afterwards by Dunlop, is found in many of the ancient novels. In *Twelfth Night*, where Shakspeare is supposed to have copied *Bandello*, the same adventure occurs; but in that delightful comedy, the lady to whom the page in disguise is sent, falls in love with him. Such is the story of *Felismena*. It is, however, clear that Shakspeare must have known this part of the romance of *Montemayor*, although the translation of *Yong* was not published till 1598; for the pretty dialogue between *Julia* and *Lucetta*, in the first act, where *Julia* upbraids her servant for bringing the letter of *Proteus*, corresponds, even to some turns of expression, with a similar description by *Felismena*, of her love's history. We give a passage from the old translation by *Bartholomew Yong*, which will enable our readers to compare the romance writer and the dramatist:—

"Yet to try, if by giving her some occasion I might prevaile, I saide unto her— And is it so, Rosina, that Don Felix, without any regard to mine honour, dares write unto me? These are things, mistresse (saide she demurely to me again), that are commonly incident to love, wherefore, I beseech you, pardon me; for if I had thought to have angered you with it, I would have first pulled out the bals of mine eies. How cold my hart was at that blow, God knowes: yet did I dissemble the matter, and suffer myself to remain that night only with my desire, and with occasion of little sleepe."—(p. 55.)

Those who are curious to trace this subject further, may find all that Shakspeare is supposed to have borrowed from *Montemayor* in the third volume of "*Shakspeare Illustrated*," by Mrs. Lenox. We have compared this lady's translation of the passages with that of *Bartholomew Yong*. The substance is correctly given, though her verbal alterations are not improvements of the quaint prose of the times of Elizabeth.

The writer in *Lardner's Cyclopædia*, whom we have been already compelled to mention, says, "*The Two Gentlemen of Verona* (a very poor drama), is indebted for many of its incidents to two works—the '*Arcadia*' of *Sidney*, and the '*Diana*' of *Montemayor*." This writer had neither taken the trouble to examine for himself, nor to report correctly what others had said who had examined. The single incident in *Sidney's "Arcadia"* which bears the slightest resemblance to the story of the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, is where *Pyrocles*, one of the two heroes of the "*Arcadia*," is compelled to become the captain of a band of people called *Helots*, who had revolted from the *Lacedæmonians*; and this is supposed to have given origin to the thoroughly Italian incident of *Valentine* being compelled to become the captain of the outlaws. The English travellers in Italy, in the time of Shakspeare, were perfectly familiar with *banditti*, often headed by daring adventurers of good family. *Fynes Moryson*, who travelled between Rome and Naples in 1594, has described a band headed by "the nephew of the Cardinal Cajetano." We may, therefore, fairly leave the *uninventive* Shakspeare to have found his outlaws in other narratives besides that of the "*Arcadia*." With regard to the "*Diana*" of *Montemayor*, we have stated the entire amount of what the author of the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* is supposed to have borrowed from it.

PERIOD OF THE ACTION, AND MANNERS.

Amongst the objections which Dr. Johnson, in the discharge of his critical office, appears to have thought it his duty to raise against every play of Shakspeare, he says, with regard to the plot of this play, "he places the emperor at Milan, and sends his young men to attend him, but never mentions him more." As the emperor had nothing whatever to do with the story of the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, it was quite unnecessary that Shakspeare should mention him more; and the mention of him at all was only demanded by a poetical law, which Shakspeare well understood, by which the introduction of a few definite circumstances, either of time or place, is sought for, to take the conduct of a story, in ever so small a degree, out of the region of

generalization, and, by so doing, invest it with some of the attributes of reality. The poetical value of this single line—

"Attends the emperor in his royal court," *

can only be felt by those who desire to attach precise images to the descriptions which poetry seeks to put before the mind, and, above all, to the incidents which dramatic poetry endeavours to group and embody. Had this line not occurred in the play before us, we should have had a very vague idea of the scenes which are here presented to us; and, as it is, the poet has left just such an amount of vagueness as is quite compatible with the free conduct of his plot. He is not here dramatizing history. He does not undertake to bring before us the fierce struggles for the real sovereignty of the Milanese between *Francis I.* and the Emperor *Charles V.*, while *Francesco Sforza*, the Duke of Milan, held a precarious and disputed authority. He does not pretend to tell us of the dire calamities, the subtle intrigues, and the wonderful reverses which preceded the complete subjection of Italy to the conqueror at Pavia. He does not shew us the unhappy condition of Milan, in 1529, when, according to *Guicciardini*, the poor people who could not buy provisions at the exorbitant prices demanded by the governor died in the streets,—when the greater number of the nobility fled from the city, and those who remained were miserably poor, and when the most frequented places were overgrown with grass, nettles, and brambles. He gives us a peaceful period, when courtiers talked lively jests in the duke's saloons, and serenaded their mistresses in the duke's courts. This state of things might have existed during the short period between the treaty of *Cambray*, in 1529 (when *Francis I.* gave up all claims to Milan, and it became a fief of the empire under *Charles V.*), and the death of *Francesco Sforza* in 1535; or it might have existed at an earlier period in the life of *Sforza*, when, after the battle of Pavia, he was restored to the dukedom of Milan; or when, in 1525, he received a formal investiture of his dignity. All that Shakspeare attempted to define was *some* period when there was a Duke of Milan holding his authority in a greater or less degree under the emperor. That period might have been before the time of *Francesco Sforza*. It could not have been after it, because, upon the death of that prince, the contest for the sovereignty of the Milanese was renewed between *Francis I.* and *Charles V.*, till, in 1540, *Charles* invested his son *Philip* (afterwards husband of *Mary of England*) with the title, and the separate honours of a Duke of Milan became merged in the imperial family.

The one historical fact, then, mentioned in this play, is that of the emperor holding his court at Milan, which was under the government of a duke, who was a vassal of the empire. Assuming that this fact prescribes a limit to the period of the action, we must necessarily place that period at least half a century before the date of the composition of this drama. Such a period may, or may not, have been in Shakspeare's mind. It was scarcely necessary for him to have defined the period for the purpose of making his play more intelligible to his audience. That was all the purpose he had to accomplish. He was not, as we have said before, teaching history, in which he had to aim at all the exactness that was compatible with the exercise of his dramatic art. He had here, as in many other cases, to tell a purely romantic story; and all that he had to provide for with reference to what is called costume, in the largest sense of that word, was that he should not put his characters in any positions, or conduct his story through any details, which should run counter to the actual knowledge, or even to the conventional opinions of his audience. That this was the theory upon which he worked as an artist we have little doubt; and that he carried this theory even into wilful anachronisms we are quite willing to believe. He saw, and we think correctly, that there was not less real impropriety in making the ancient Greeks speak English than in making the same Greeks describe the maiden "in shady cloister mew'd," by the modern name of a nun.† He had to translate the images of the Greeks, as well

* Act I. Scene III.

† *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

as their language, into forms of words that an uncritical English audience would apprehend. Keeping this principle in view, whenever we meet with a commentator lifting up his eyes in astonishment at the prodigious ignorance of Shakspeare, with regard to geography, and chronology, and a thousand other proprieties, to which the empire of poetry has been subjected by the inroads of modern accuracy, we picture to ourselves a far different being from the rude workman which their pedantic demonstrations have figured as the *beau-ideal* of the greatest of poets. We see the most skilful artist employing his materials in the precise mode in which he intended to employ them; displaying as much knowledge as he intended to display; and, after all, committing fewer positive blunders, and incurring fewer violations of accuracy, than any equally prolific poet before or after him. If we compare, for example, the violations of historical truth on the part of Shakspeare, who lived in an age when all history came dim and dreamy before the popular eye, and on the part of Sir Walter Scott, who lived in an age when all history was reduced to a tabular exactness—if we compare the great dramatist and the great novelist in this one point alone, we shall find that the man who belongs to the age of accuracy is many degrees more inaccurate than the man who belongs to the age of fable. There is, in truth, a philosophical point of view in which we must seek for the solution of those contradictions of what is real and probable, which, in Shakspeare, his self-complacent critics are always delighted to refer to his ignorance. One of their greatest discoveries of his geographical ignorance is furnished in this play:—Proteus and his servant go to Milan by water. It is perfectly true that Verona is inland, and that even the river Adige, which waters Verona, does not take its course by Milan. Shakspeare, therefore, was most ignorant of geography! In Shakspeare's days countries were not so exactly mapped out as in our own, and therefore he may, from lack of knowledge, have made a boat sail from Verona, and have given Bohemia a sea-board. But let it be borne in mind that, in numberless other instances, Shakspeare has displayed the most exact acquaintance with what we call geography—an acquaintance not only with the territorial boundaries, and the physical features of particular countries, but with a thousand nice peculiarities connected with their government and customs, which nothing but the most diligent reading and inquiry could furnish. Is there not, therefore, another solution of the ship at Verona, and the sea-board of Bohemia, than Shakspeare's ignorance? Might not his knowledge have been in subjection to what he required, or fancied he required, for the conduct of his dramatic incidents? Why does Scott make the murder of a Bishop of Liege, by William de la Marck, the great cause of the quarrel between Charles the Bold and Louis XI., to revenge which murder the combined forces of Burgundy and France stormed the city of Liege,—when, at the period of the insurrection of the Liegeois described in "Quentin Durward," no William de la Marck was upon the real scene, and the murder of a Bishop of Liege by him took place fourteen years afterwards? No one, we suppose, imputes this inaccuracy to historical ignorance in Scott. He was writing a romance, we say, and he therefore thought fit to sacrifice historical truth. The real question, in all these cases, to be asked, is, Has the writer of imagination gained by the violation of propriety a full equivalent for what he has lost? In the case of Shakspeare we are not to determine this question by a reference to the actual state of popular knowledge in our time. What startles us as a violation of propriety was received by the audience of Shakspeare as a fact,—or, what was nearer the poet's mind, the fact was held by the audience to be in subjection to the fable which he sought to present;—the world of reality lived in a larger world of art;—art divested the real of its formal shapes, and made its hard masses plastic. In our own days we have lost the power of surrendering our understanding, spell-bound, to the witchery of the dramatic poet. We cannot sit for two hours enchained to the one scene which equally represents Verona or Milan, Rome or London, and ask no aid to our senses beyond what the poet supplies us in his dialogue. We must now have changing

scenes, which carry us to new localities; and pauses to enable us to comprehend the time which has elapsed in the progress of the action; and appropriate dresses, that we may at once distinguish a king from a peasant, and a Roman from a Greek. None of these aids had our ancestors;—but they had what we have not—a thorough love of the dramatic art in its highest range, and an appreciation of its legitimate authority. Wherever the wand of the enchanter waved, there were they ready to come within his circle and to be mute. They did not ask, as we have been accustomed to ask, for happy Lears and unmetaphysical Hamlets. They were content to weep scalding tears with the old king, when his "poor fool was hanged," and to speculate with the unresolving prince even to the extremest depths of his subtlety. They did not require tragedy to become a blustering melodrama, or comedy a pert farce. They could endure poetry and wit—they understood the alternations of movement and repose. We have, in our character of audience, become degraded even by our advance in many appliances of civilization with regard to which the audiences of Shakspeare were wholly ignorant. We know many small things exactly, which they were content to leave unstudied; but we have lost the perception of many grand and beautiful things which they received instinctively and without effort. They had great artists working for them, who knew that the range of their art would carry them far beyond the hard, dry, literal copying of every-day Nature which we call Art; and they laid down their shreds and patches of accurate knowledge as a tribute to the conquerors who came to subdue them to the dominion of imagination. What cared they, then, if a ship set sail from Verona to Milan, when Valentine and his man ought to have departed in a carriage;—or what mattered it if Hamlet went "to school at Wittemberg," when the real Hamlet was in being five centuries before the university of Wittemberg was founded! If Shakspeare had lived in this age, he might have looked more carefully into his maps and his encyclopædias. We might have gained something, but what should we not have lost!

We have been somewhat wandering from the immediate subject before us; but we considered it right, upon the threshold of our enterprise, to make a profession of faith with regard to what many are accustomed to consider irredeemable violations of propriety in Shakspeare. We believe the time is passed when it can afford any satisfaction to an Englishman to hear the greatest of our poets perpetually held up to ridicule as a sort of inspired barbarian, who worked without method, and wholly without learning. But before Shakspeare can be properly understood, the popular mind must be led in an opposite direction; and we must all learn to regard him, as he really was, as the most consummate of artists, who had a complete and absolute control over all the materials and instruments of his art, without any subordination to mere impulses and caprices,—with entire self-possession and perfect knowledge.

"Shakspeare," says Malone, "is fond of alluding to events occurring at the time when he wrote;"* and Johnson observes that many passages in his works evidently shew that "he often took advantage of the facts then recent, and the passions then in motion."† This was a part of the *method* of Shakspeare, by which he fixed the attention of his audience. The Nurse in Romeo and Juliet says, "It is now since the earthquake eleven years." Dame Quickly, in the Merry Wives of Windsor, talks of her "knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches, I warrant you, coach after coach." Coaches came into general use about 1605. "Banks's horse," which was exhibited in London in 1589, is mentioned in Love's Labour's Lost. These, amongst many other instances which we shall have occasion to notice, are not to be regarded as determining the period of the dramatic action; and, indeed, they are, in many cases, decided anachronisms. In the Two Gentlemen of Verona, there are several very curious and interesting passages which have distinct reference to the times of Elizabeth, and which, if Milan had then been under a separate ducal government, would have warranted us in placing

* Life, vol. ii. p. 331, edit. 1821.

† Note on King John.

the action of this play about half a century later than we have done. As it is, the passages are remarkable examples of Shakspeare's close attention to "facts then recent;" and they show us that the spirit of enterprise, and the intellectual activity which distinguished the period when Shakspeare first began to write for the stage, found a reflection in the allusions of this accurate observer. We have noted these circumstances more particularly in our illustrations; but a rapid enumeration of them may not be unprofitable.

In the scene between Antonio and Panthino, where the father is recommended to "put forth" his son "to seek preferment," we have a brief but most accurate recapitulation of the stirring objects that called forth the energies of the master-spirits of the court of Elizabeth:—

"Some, to the wars, to try their fortunes there;
Some, to discover islands far away;
Some, to the studious universities."

Here, in three lines, we have a recital of the great principles that, either separately, or more frequently in combination, gave their impulses to the ambition of an Essex, a Sidney, a Raleigh, and a Drake:—War, still conducted in a chivalrous spirit, though with especial reference to the "preferment" of the soldier;—Discovery, impelled by the rapid development of the commercial resources of the nation, and carried on in a temper of enthusiasm which was prompted by extraordinary success and extravagant hope;—and Knowledge, a thirst for which had been excited throughout Europe by the progress of the Reformation and the invention of printing, which opened the stores of learning freely to all men. These pursuits had succeeded to the fierce and demoralizing passions of our long civil wars, and the more terrible contentions that had accompanied the great change in the national religion. The nation had at length what, by comparison, was a settled Government. It could scarcely be said to be at war; for the assistance which Elizabeth afforded to the Hugonots in France, and to those who fought for freedom of conscience and for independence of Spanish dominion in the Netherlands, gave a healthy stimulus to the soldiers of fortune who drew their swords for Henry of Navarre and Maurice of Nassau;—and though the English people might occasionally lament the fate of some brave and accomplished leader, as they wept for the death of Sidney at Zutphen, there was little of general suffering that might make them look upon those wars as anything more to be dreaded than some well-fought tournament. Shakspeare, indeed, has not forgotten the connexion between the fields where honour and fortune were to be won by wounds, and the knightly lists where the game of mimic war was still played upon a magnificent scale; where the courtier might, without personal danger,

"Practise tilts and tournaments,"

before his queen, who sat in her "fortress of perfect beauty," to witness the exploits of the "foster-children of desire," amidst the sounds of cannon "fired with perfumed powder," and "moving mounts and costly chariots, and other devices."*

There was another circumstance which marked the active and inquiring character of these days, which Shakspeare has noticed:—

"Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits,"

exclaims Valentine; and Panthino says of Proteus, it

"Would be great impeachment to his age
In having known no travel in his youth."

Travelling was the passion of Shakspeare's times—the excitement of those who did not specially devote themselves to war, or discovery, or learning. The general practice of travelling supplies one, amongst many proofs, that the nation was growing commercial and rich, and that a spirit of inquiry was spread amongst the higher classes, which made it "impeachment" to their age not to have looked upon foreign lands in their season of youth and activity.

The allusions which we thus find in this comedy to the pursuits of the gallant spirits of the court of Elizabeth are very marked. The incidental notices of the general condition of the people are less decided; but a few passages that have reference to popular manners may be pointed out.

The boyhood of Shakspeare was passed in a country town where the practices of the Catholic church had not been wholly eradicated either by severity or reason. We have one or two passing notices of these. Proteus, in the first scene, says—

"I will be thy beadsman, Valentine."

Shakspeare had, doubtless, seen the rosary still worn, and the "beads bidden," perhaps even in his own house. Julia compares the strength of her affection to the unwearied steps of "the true-devoted pilgrim." Shakspeare had, perhaps, heard the tale of some ancient denizen of a ruined abbey, who had made the pilgrimage to the shrine of our Lady at Loretto, or had even visited the sacred tomb at Jerusalem. Thurio and Proteus are to meet at "Saint Gregory's well." This is the only instance in Shakspeare in which a holy well is mentioned; but how often must he have seen the country people, in the early summer morning, or after their daily labour, resorting to the fountain which had been hallowed from the Saxon times as under the guardian influence of some venerated saint. These wells were closed and neglected in London when Stowe wrote; but at the beginning of the last century, the custom of making journeys to them, according to Bourne, still existed among the people of the North; and he considers it to be "the remains of that superstitious practice of the Papists of paying adoration to wells and fountains." This play contains several indications of the prevailing taste for music, and exhibits an audience proficient in its technical terms; for Shakspeare never addressed words to his hearers which they could not understand. This taste was a distinguishing characteristic of the age of Elizabeth; it was not extinct in that of the first Charles; but it was lost amidst the puritanism of the Commonwealth and the profligacy of the Restoration, and has yet to be born again amongst us. There is one allusion in this play to the games of the people—"bid the base,"—which shows us that the social sport which the school-boy and school-girl still enjoy,—that of prison base, or prison bars,—and which still makes the village green vocal with their mirth on a fine evening of spring, was a game of Shakspeare's days. In the long winter nights the farmer's hearth was made cheerful by the well-known ballads of Robin Hood; and to "Robin Hood's fat friar" Shakspeare makes his Italian outlaws allude. But with music, and sports, and ales, and old wife's stories, there was still much misery in the land. "The beggar" not only spake "puling" "at Hallowmas," but his importunities or his threats were heard at all seasons. The disease of the country was vagrancy; and to this deep-rooted evil there were only applied the surface remedies to which Launce alludes, "the stocks" and "the pillory." The whole nation was still in a state of transition from semi-barbarism to civilization; but the foundations of modern society had been laid. The labourers had ceased to be vassals; the middle class had been created; the power of the aristocracy had been humbled, and the nobles had clustered round the sovereign, having cast aside the low tastes which had belonged to their fierce condition of independent chieftains. This was a state in which literature might, without degradation, be adapted to the wants of the general people; and "the best public instructor" then was the drama. Shakspeare found the taste created; but it was for him, most especially, to purify and exalt it.

It is scarcely necessary, perhaps, to caution our readers against imagining that because Shakspeare in this, as in all his plays, has some reference to the manners of his own country and times, he has given a false representation of the manners of the persons whom he brings upon his scene. The tone of the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* is, perhaps, not so thoroughly Italian as some of his later plays—the *Merchant of Venice*, for example; but we all along feel that his characters are not English. The allusions to home customs which

* See Illustrations to Act I.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

we have pointed out, although curious and important as illustrations of the age of Shakspeare, are so slight that they scarcely amount to any violation of the most scrupulous propriety; and regarded upon that principle which holds that in a work of art the exact should be in subordination to the higher claims of the imaginative, they are no violations of propriety at all.

SCENES AND COSTUME.

In the folio of 1623, there are no indications of the localities of the several SCENES. The notices, such as "An open Place in Verona," "The Garden of Julia's House," "A Room in the Duke's Palace," "A Forest near Mantua," are additions that have been usefully made, from time to time. The text, either specially or by allusion, of course furnishes the authority for these directions.

The period at which the incidents of this play are supposed to have taken place may be our guide in the selection of its COSTUME. It is fixed, as we have previously noticed, by the mention of the Emperor holding "his Royal Court" at Milan, while there was a sovereign prince of that particular duchy.

Cesare Vecellio, the brother of Titian, in his curious work, "*Habiti Antiche e Moderni di tutto il mondo*," completed in 1589, presents us with the general costume of the noblemen and gentlemen of Italy at the period we have mentioned, which has been made familiar to us by the well-known portraits of the contemporary monarchs, Francis I. and our own Henry VIII. He tells us they wore a sort of diadem surmounted by a turban-like cap of gold tissue, or embroidered silk, a plaited shirt low in the neck with a small band or ruff, a coat or cassock of the German fashion, short in the waist and reaching to the knee, having sleeves down to the elbow, and from thence showing the arm covered only by the shirt with wristbands or ruffles. The cassock was ornamented with stripes or borders of cloth, silk, or velvet of different colours, or of gold lace or embroidery, according to the wealth or taste of the wearer. With this dress they sometimes wore doublets and stomachers, or *placcards*, as they were called, of different colours, their shoes being of velvet, like those of the Germans, that is, very broad at the toes. Over these cassocks again were occasionally worn cloaks or mantles of silk, velvet, or cloth of gold, with ample turn-over collars of fur or velvet, having large arm-holes through which the full puffed sleeves of the cassock passed, and sometimes loose hanging sleeves of their own, which could either be worn over the others or thrown behind at pleasure.

Nicholas Hoghenberg, in his curious series of prints exhibiting the triumphal processions and other ceremonies attending the entry of Charles V. into Bologna, A.D. 1530, affords us some fine specimens of the costume at this period, worn by the German and Italian nobles in the train of the Emperor. Some are in the cassocks

described by Vecellio, others in doublets with slashed hose; confined both above and below knee by garters of silk or gold. The turban head-dress is worn by the principal herald; but the nobles generally have caps or bonnets of cloth or velvet placed on the side of the head, sometimes over a caul of gold, and ornamented with feathers, in some instances profusely. These are most probably the Milan caps or bonnets of which we hear so much in wardrobe accounts and other records of the time. They were sometimes slashed and puffed round the edges, and adorned with "points" or "agletts," *i.e.*, tags or aiguillettes. The feathers in them, also, were occasionally ornamented with drops or spangles of gold, and jewelled up the quills.

Milan was likewise celebrated for its silk hose. In the inventory of the wardrobe of Henry VIII., Harleian MSS., Nos. 1419 and 1420, mention is made of "a pair of hose of purple silk, and Venice gold, woven like unto a caul, lined with blue silver sarcenet, edged with a passemain of purple silk and gold, wrought at Milan, and one pair of hose of white silk and gold knits, bought of Christopher Millener." Our readers need scarcely be told that the present term milliner is derived from Milan, in consequence of the reputation of that city for its fabrication as well "of weeds of peace" as of "harness for war;" but it may be necessary to inform them that by hose at this period is invariably meant breeches or upper stocks, the *stockings*, or *nether stocks*, beginning now to form a separate portion of male attire.

The ladies, we learn from Vecellio, wore the same sort of turbaned head-dress as the men, resplendent with various colours, and embroidered with gold and silk in the form of rose leaves and other devices. Their neck chains and girdles were of gold, and of great value. To the latter were attached fans or feathers with richly ornamented gold handles. Instead of a veil they wore a sort of collar or neckerchief (Bavaro) of lawn or cambric, pinched or plaited. The skirts of their gowns were usually of damask, either crimson or purple, with a border lace or trimming round the bottom, a quarter of a yard in depth. The sleeves were of velvet or other stuff, large and slashed, so as to show the lining or under garment, terminating with a small band or ruffle like that round the edge of the collar. The body of the dress was of gold stuff or embroidery. Some of the dresses were made with trains which were either held up by the hand when walking, or attached to the girdle. The head-dress of gold brocade given in one of the plates of Vecellio is not unlike the beretta of the Doge of Venice; and caps very similar in form and material are still worn in the neighbourhood of Linz in Upper Austria.

The Milan bonnet was also worn by ladies as well as men at this period. Hall, the chronicler, speaks of some who wore "Myllain bonnets of crymosyne sattin drawn through (*i.e.*, slashed and puffed) with cloth of gold;" and in the roll of provisions for the marriage of the daughters of Sir John Nevil, *tempore* Henry VIII., the price of "a Millan bonnet, dressed with agletts," is marked as 11*s.*

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUKE, *father to Silvia.*
VALENTINE, } *The two Gentlemen.*
PROTEUS, }
ANTONIO, *father to Proteus.*
THURIO, *a foolish rival to Valentine.*
EGLAMOUR, *agent for Silvia, in her escape.*
SPEED, *a clownish servant to Valentine.*
LAUNCE, *the like to Proteus.*
PANTHINO, *servant to Antonio.*

HOST, *where Julia lodges.*
OUTLAWS *with Valentine.*
JULIA, *a lady of Verona, beloved of Proteus.*
SILVIA, *the Duke's daughter, beloved of Valentine.*
LUCETTA, *waiting-woman to Julia.*

Servants, Musicians.

* * In the original, *Proteus* is invariably spelt *Protheus*.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An open Place in Verona.*

Enter VALENTINE and PROTEUS.

Val. Cease to persuade, my loving Proteus ;
Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits ;
Wer't not affection chains thy tender days
To the sweet glances of thy honour'd love,
I rather would entreat thy company,
To see the wonders of the world abroad,
Than, living dully sluggardiz'd at home,
Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.
But, since thou lov'st, love still, and thrive therein,
Even as I would, when I to love begin.
Pro. Wilt thou be gone? Sweet Valentine, adieu!
Think on thy Proteus, when thou, haply, seest
Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel:
Wish me partaker in thy happiness,
When thou dost meet good hap: and in thy danger,
If ever danger do environ thee,
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,
For I will be thy beadsman, Valentine.^a

Val. And on a love-book pray for my success?

Pro. Upon some book I love, I'll pray for thee.

Val. That's on some shallow story of deep love,
How young Leander cross'd the Hellespont.

Pro. That's a deep story of a deeper love ;
For he was more than over boots in love.

Val. 'Tis true; for you are over boots in love,
And yet you never swom the Hellespont.

Pro. Over the boots? nay, give me not the boots.^b

Val. No, I will not, for it boots thee not.

Pro. What?

Val. To be in love, where scorn is bought with groans;
Coy looks with heart-sore sighs; one fading moment's
mirth,¹

With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights:
If haply won, perhaps a hapless gain;
If lost, why then a grievous labour won;
However,² but a folly bought with wit,
Or else a wit by folly vanquished.

Pro. So, by your circumstance, you call me fool.

¹ Steevens gives the passage thus:—

Val. No, I'll not, for it boots thee not.

Pro. What?

Val. To be

In love, where scorn is bought with groans; coy looks

With heart-sore sighs; one fading moment's mirth, &c.

By this reading, the Alexandrine in the line beginning with "coy looks" is avoided;—but the force and harmony of the entire passage are weakened. Our reading is that of the edit. of 1623. We mention this deviation from the reading of the common octavo edition here; but we shall not often repeat this sort of notice. Steevens having a notion of metre which placed its highest excellence in monotonous regularity, has unsparingly maimed the text, or stuck something upon

Val. So, by your circumstance,³ I fear, you'll prove.

Pro. 'Tis love you cavil at; I am not love.

Val. Love is your master, for he masters you:

And he that is so yoked by a fool,
Methinks should not be chronicled for wise.

Pro. Yet writers say, as in the sweetest bud
The eating canker dwells,^c so eating love
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

Val. And writers say, as the most forward bud
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,
Even so by love the young and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly; blasting in the bud,
Losing his^d verdure even in the prime,
And all the fair effects of future hopes.
But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee,
That art a votary to fond desire?
Once more adieu: my father at the road
Expects my coming, there to see me shipp'd.

Pro. And thither will I bring thee, Valentine.

Val. Sweet Proteus, no; now let us take our leave.
To Milan let me hear from thee by letters,^e
Of thy success in love, and what news else
Betideth here in absence of thy friend;
And I likewise will visit thee with mine.

Pro. All happiness bechance to thee in Milan!

Val. As much to you at home! and so, farewell.

[*Exit VALENTINE.*]

Pro. He after honour hunts, I after love:
He leaves his friends to dignify them more;
I leave myself,^f my friends, and all for love.
Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphos'd me;
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,
War with good counsel, set the world at nought;
Made wit with musing weak, heart sick with thought.

Enter SPEED.

Speed. Sir Proteus, save you: Saw you my master?

Pro. But now he parted hence, to embark for Milan.

Speed. Twenty to one then he is shipp'd already;
And I have played the sheep, in losing him.

Pro. Indeed a sheep doth very often stray,
An if the shepherd be awhile away.

it, to satisfy his "finger-counting ear." We shall silently restore the text, as Malone has in many cases done.

² *However.* In whatsoever way, "haply won," or "lost."

³ *Circumstance.* The word is used by the two speakers in different senses. Proteus employs it in the meaning of *circumstantial deduction*;—Valentine in that of *position*.

⁴ According to modern construction, we should read *its* verdure. In an elaborate note by Professor Craik, in his valuable "Philological Commentary on Julius Cæsar," he has clearly shown that "*His*" was formerly neuter as well as masculine, or the genitive of *It* as well as of *He*."

⁵ *To Milan.* Let me hear from thee by letters, *addressed* to Milan. *To* is the reading of the first folio, and has been restored by Malone.

⁶ The original copy reads, "I love myself."

Speed. You conclude that my master is a shepherd then, and I a sheep?

Pro. I do.

Speed. Why then my horns are his horns, whether I wake or sleep.

Pro. A silly answer, and fitting well a sheep.

Speed. This proves me still a sheep.

Pro. True; and thy master a shepherd.

Speed. Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.

Pro. It shall go hard, but I'll prove it by another.

Speed. The shepherd seeks the sheep, and not the sheep the shepherd; but I seek my master, and my master seeks not me: therefore, I am no sheep.

Pro. The sheep for fodder follow the shepherd, the shepherd for food follows not the sheep; thou for wages followest thy master, thy master for wages follows not thee: therefore, thou art a sheep.

Speed. Such another proof will make me cry baa.

Pro. But dost thou hear? gav'st thou my letter to Julia?

Speed. Ay, sir; I, a lost mutton, gave your letter to her, a laced mutton;¹ and she, a laced mutton, gave me, a lost mutton, nothing for my labour!

Pro. Here's too small a pasture for such store of muttons.

Speed. If the ground be overcharged, you were best stick her.

Pro. Nay, in that you are astray;² 'twere best pound you.

Speed. Nay, sir, less than a pound shall serve me for carrying your letter.

Pro. You mistake; I mean the pound, a pinfold.

Speed. From a pound to a pin? fold it over and over, 'Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your lover.

Pro. But what said she? did she nod?³ [SPEED nods.]

Speed. I.⁴

Pro. Nod, I; why, that's noddly.

Speed. You mistook, sir; I say, she did nod: and you ask me, if she did nod; and I say, I.

Pro. And that set together, is—noddly.

Speed. Now you have taken the pains to set it together, take it for your pains.

Pro. No, no, you shall have it for bearing the letter.

Speed. Well, I perceive, I must be fain to bear with you.

Pro. Why, sir, how do you bear with me?

Speed. Marry, sir, the letter very orderly; having nothing but the word, noddly, for my pains.

Pro. Beshrew me, but you have a quick wit.

Speed. And yet it cannot overtake your slow purse.

Pro. Come, come, open the matter in brief: What said she?

Speed. Open your purse, that the money, and the matter, may be both at once delivered.

Pro. Well, sir, here is for your pains: What said she?

Speed. Truly, sir, I think you'll hardly win her.

Pro. Why? Could'st thou perceive so much from her?

Speed. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her; no, not so much as a ducat⁵ for delivering your letter: And being so hard to me that brought your mind, I fear, she'll prove as hard to you in telling your mind.⁵ Give her no token but stones; for she's as hard as steel.

Pro. What said she,—nothing?

Speed. No, not so much as—take this for thy pains. To

testify your bounty, I thank you, you have testern'd⁶ me; in requital whereof, henceforth carry your letters yourself: and so, sir, I'll commend you to my master.

Pro. Go, go, be gone, to save your ship from wrack; Which cannot perish, having thee aboard, Being destined to a drier death on shore:⁶— I must go send some better messenger; I fear my Julia would not deign my lines, Receiving them from such a worthless post. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*The same.* Garden of Julia's House.

Enter JULIA and LUCETTA.

Jul. But say, Lucetta, now we are alone, Would'st thou then counsel me to fall in love?

Luc. Ay, madam, so you stumble not unheedfully.

Jul. Of all the fair resort of gentlemen, That every day with parle⁷ encounter me, In thy opinion, which is worthiest love?

Luc. Please you, repeat their names, I'll shew my mind According to my shallow simple skill.

Jul. What think'st thou of the fair sir Eglamour?

Luc. As of a knight well-spoken, neat and fine; But, were I you, he never should be mine.

Jul. What think'st thou of the rich Mercatio?

Luc. Well of his wealth; but of himself, so, so.

Jul. What think'st thou of the gentle Proteus?

Luc. Lord, lord! to see what folly reigns in us!

Jul. How now! what means this passion at his name?

Luc. Pardon, dear madam; 'tis a passing shame, That I, unworthy body as I am, Should censure⁸ thus on lovely gentlemen.

Jul. Why not on Proteus, as of all the rest?

Luc. Then thus,—of many good I think him best.

Jul. Your reason?

Luc. I have no other but a woman's reason; I think him so, because I think him so.

Jul. And would'st thou have me cast my love on him?

Luc. Ay, if you thought your love not cast away.

Jul. Why, he of all the rest hath never mov'd me.

Luc. Yet he of all the rest, I think, best loves ye.

Jul. His little speaking shews his love but small.

Luc. Fire⁹ that's closest kept burns most of all.

Jul. They do not love that do not shew their love.

Luc. O, they love least that let men know their love.

Jul. I would I knew his mind.

Luc. Peruse this paper, madam.

Jul. To Julia,—Say, from whom?

Luc. That the contents will shew.

Jul. Say, say; who gave it thee?

Luc. Sir Valentine's page; and sent, I think, from Proteus:

He would have given it you, but I, being in the way, Did in your name receive it; pardon the fault, I pray.

Jul. Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker!

Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines?

To whisper and conspire against my youth?

Now, trust me, 'tis an office of great worth,

And you an officer fit for the place.

¹ *A laced mutton.* The commentators have much doubtful learning on this passage. They maintain that the epithet "laced" was a very uncomplimentary epithet of Shakspeare's time; and that the words taken together apply to a female of loose character. This is probable; but then the insolent application, by Speed, of the term to Julia is received by Proteus very patiently. The original meaning of the *verb* lace is to catch—to hold (see Tooke's *Diversions*, &c., part ii. ch. 4); from which the *noun* lace,—any thing which catches or holds. Speed might, therefore, without an insult to the mistress of Proteus, say—I, a lost sheep, gave your letter to her, a caught sheep.

² *Astray.* The adjective here should be read "*a stray*"—a stray sheep.

³ *Did she nod?* These words, not in the original text, were introduced by Theobald. The stage-direction, "Speed nods," is also modern.

⁴ *I.* The old spelling of the affirmative particle *Ay*.

⁵ The second folio changes the passage to "*her mind*." The first gives it "*your mind*." Speed says,—she was hard to me that *brought* your mind, by letter;—she will be as hard to you in *telling* it, in person.

⁶ The same allusion to the proverb, "He that is born to be hanged," &c., occurs in the *Tempest*.

⁷ *Parle.* Speech. The first folio spells it *par'le*, which shows the abbreviation of the original French *parole*.

⁸ *Censure.* Give an opinion—a meaning which repeatedly occurs.

⁹ *Fire* is here used as a dissyllable. Steevens, whose ear received it as a monosyllable, corrupted the reading. In Act II. Sc. VII., we have this line—

"But qualify the fire's extreme rage."

See Walker, on "Shakspeare's Versification," § xviii.

The present play furnishes other examples, such as—

"Trenched in ice, which with an hour's heat."

When the reader has a key to the reading of such words—*fi-er*, *hou-er*—he may dispense with the notes that he will perpetually find on these matters in the pages of Steevens.

There, take the paper, see it be return'd;
Or else return no more into my sight.

Luc. To plead for love deserves more fee than hate.

Ful. Will you be gone?

Luc. That you may ruminate. *[Exit.]*

Ful. And yet, I would I had o'erlook'd the letter.

It were a shame to call her back again,
And pray her to a fault for which I chid her.
What ' fool is she, that knows I am a maid,¹
And would not force the letter to my view!
Since maids, in modesty, say *No*, to that
Which they would have the profferer construe *Ay*.
Fie, fie! how wayward is this foolish love,
That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse,
And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod!
How churlishly I chid Lucetta hence,
When willingly I would have had her here!
How angerly² I taught my brow to frown,
When inward joy enforc'd my heart to smile!
My penance is, to call Lucetta back,
And ask remission for my folly past:—
What ho! Lucetta?

Re-enter LUCETTA.

Luc. What would your ladyship?

Ful. Is't near dinner time?

Luc. I would it were;
That you might kill your stomach on your meat,
And not upon your maid.

Ful. What is't you took up
So gingerly?

Luc. Nothing.

Ful. Why didst thou stoop then?

Luc. To take a paper up that I let fall.

Ful. And is that paper nothing?

Luc. Nothing concerning me.

Ful. Then let it lie for those that it concerns.

Luc. Madam, it will not lie where it concerns,
Unless it have a false interpreter.

Ful. Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhyme.

Luc. That I might sing it, madam, to a tune:
Give me a note: your ladyship can set.³

Ful. As little by such toys as may be possible:
Best sing it to the tune of *Light o' love*.⁴

Luc. It is too heavy for so light a tune.

Ful. Heavy? belike, it hath some burden then.

Luc. Ay; and melodious were it, would you sing it.

Ful. And why not you?

Luc. I cannot reach so high.

Ful. Let's see your song;—How now, minion?

Luc. Keep tune there still, so you will sing it out:
And yet, methinks, I do not like this tune.

Ful. You do not?

Luc. No, madam; 'tis too sharp.

Ful. You, minion, are too saucy.

Luc. Nay, now you are too flat,

And mar the concord with too harsh a descant:⁴
There wanteth but a mean⁵ to fill your song.

Ful. The mean is drown'd with you, unruly base.⁶

Luc. Indeed, I bid the base⁷ for Proteus.

Ful. This babble shall not henceforth trouble me
Here is a coil with protestation!— *[Tears the letter.]*

Go, get you gone; and let the papers lie:
You would be fingering them, to anger me.

Luc. She makes it strange; but she would be best
pleas'd

To be so anger'd with another letter. *[Exit.]*

Ful. Nay, would I were so anger'd with the same!

O hateful hands, to tear such loving words!
Injurious wasps! to feed on such sweet honey,⁸
And kill the bees, that yield it, with your stings!
I'll kiss each several paper for amends.
Look, here is writ—*kind Julia*;—unkind Julia!
As in revenge of thy ingratitude,
I throw thy name against the bruising stones,
Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.
And, here is writ—*love-wounded Proteus*:—
Poor wounded name! my bosom, as a bed,
Shall lodge thee, till thy wound be thoroughly heal'd;
And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss.
But twice, or thrice, was Proteus written down:
Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away,
Till I have found each letter in the letter,
Except mine own name: *that* some whirlwind bear
Unto a ragged, fearful-hanging rock,⁸
And throw it thence into the raging sea!
Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ,—
Poor forlorn Proteus, passionate Proteus,
To the sweet Julia; that I'll tear away;
And yet I will not, sith so prettily
He couples it to his complaining names;
Thus will I fold them one upon another;
Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.

Re-enter LUCETTA.

Luc. Madam, dinner is ready, and your father stays.

Ful. Well, let us go.

Luc. What, shall these papers lie like tell-tales here?

Ful. If you respect them, best to take them up.

Luc. Nay, I was taken up for laying them down:
Yet here they shall not lie, for catching cold.⁹

Ful. I see you have a month's mind to them.¹⁰

Luc. Ay, madam, you may say what sights you see;
I see things too, although you judge I wink.

Ful. Come, come, wilt please you go. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III.—*The same. A Room in Antonio's House.*

Enter ANTONIO and PANTHINO.

Ant. Tell me, Panthino, what sad¹¹ talk was that,
Wherewith my brother held you in the cloister?

Pan. 'Twas of his nephew Proteus, your son.

Ant. Why, what of him?

Pan. He wonder'd, that your lordship
Would suffer him to spend his youth at home;
While other men, of slender reputation,
Put forth their sons to seek preferment out:
Some, to the wars, to try their fortune there;
Some, to discover islands far away;
Some, to the studious universities.¹¹
For any, or for all these exercises,
He said, that Proteus, your son, was meet:
And did request me, to importune you,

⁹ For catching cold. Lest they should catch cold.

¹⁰ The month's mind, in one form of the expression, referred to the solemn mass, or other obsequies directed to be performed for the repose of the soul, under the will of a deceased person. The strong desire with which this ceremony was regarded in Catholic times might have rendered the general expression "month's mind" equivalent to an eager longing, in which sense it is generally thought to be here used. But we are not quite sure that it means a strong and abiding desire; two lines in "Hudibras" would seem to make the "month's mind" only a passing inclination:—

"For if a trumpet sound, or drum beat,
Who hath not a month's mind to combat."

¹¹ Sad. Serious.

¹ What ' fool (for what a fool).—*Dyce.*

² Angerly, not angrily, as many modern editions have it, was the adverb used in Shakspeare's time.

³ Set. Compose. Julia plays upon the word, in the next line, in a different sense,—to "set by," being to make account of.

⁴ Descant. The simple air, in music, was called the "Plain song," or ground. The "descant" was what we now call a "variation."

⁵ Mean. The tenor. The whole of the musical allusions in this passage show that the terms of the art were familiar to a popular audience.

⁶ You in the original. The ordinary reading is "your unruly base."

⁷ The quibbling Lucetta here turns the allusion to the country game of base, or prison-base, in which one runs and challenges another to pursue.

⁸ Fearful-hanging, adopted from Delius, in Camb. edit., 1863.

To let him spend his time no more at home,
Which would be great impeachment to his age,
In having known no travel in his youth.¹

Ant. Nor need'st thou much importune me to that
Whereon this month I have been hammering.
I have considered well his loss of time;
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being try'd, and tutored in the world:
Experience is by industry achiev'd,
And perfected by the swift course of time:
Then, tell me, whither were I best to send him?

Pan. I think, your lordship is not ignorant,
How his companion, youthful Valentine,
Attends the emperor in his royal court.

Ant. I know it well.

Pan. 'Twere good, I think, your lordship sent him
thither:

There shall he practise tilts and tournaments,^k
Hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen;
And be in eye of every exercise,
Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth.

Ant. I like thy counsel; well hast thou advis'd:
And, that thou may'st perceive how well I like it,
The execution of it shall make known:
Even with the speediest expedition
I will dispatch him to the emperor's court.

Pan. To-morrow, may it please you, Don Alphonso,
With other gentlemen of good esteem,
Are journeying to salute the emperor,
And to commend their service to his will.

Ant. Good company; with them shall Proteus go:
And,—in good time.¹—Now will we break with him.²

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. Sweet love! sweet lines! sweet life!
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;
Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn:
O, that our fathers would applaud our loves,
To seal our happiness with their consents!
O, heavenly Julia!

Ant. How now? what letter are you reading there?

Pro. May't please your lordship, 'tis a word or two
Of commendation sent from Valentine,
Deliver'd by a friend that came from him.

Ant. Lend me the letter; let me see what news.

Pro. There is no news, my lord; but that he writes
How happily he lives, how well-beloved,
And daily graced by the emperor;
Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.

Ant. And how stand you affected to his wish?

Pro. As one relying on your lordship's will,
And not depending on his friendly wish.

Ant. My will is something sorted with his wish:
Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed;
For what I will, I will, and there an end.
I am resolv'd, that thou shalt spend some time
With Valentinus in the emperor's court;
What maintenance he from his friends receives,
Like exhibition³ thou shalt have from me.
To-morrow be in readiness to go:
Excuse it not, for I am peremptory.

Pro. My lord, I cannot be so soon provided;
Please you, deliberate a day or two.

Ant. Look, what thou want'st shall be sent after thee:

No more of stay; to-morrow thou must go.—
Come on, Panthino; you shall be employ'd
To hasten on his expedition.

[*Exeunt ANT. and PAN.*]

Pro. Thus have I shunned the fire, for fear of burning;
And drench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd:
I fear'd to shew my father Julia's letter,
Lest he should take exceptions to my love;
And with the vantage of mine own excuse
Hath he excepted most against my love.
O, how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day;
Which now shews all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away!

Re-enter PANTHINO.

Pan. Sir Proteus, your father calls for you;
He is in haste; therefore, I pray you go.

Pro. Why, this it is! my heart accords thereto;
And yet a thousand times it answers, no. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Milan. *A Room in the Duke's Palace.*

Enter VALENTINE and SPEED.

Speed. Sir, your glove.^a

Val. Not mine; my gloves are on.

Speed. Why then this may be yours, for this is but one.⁴

Val. Ha! let me see: ay, give it me, it's mine:—

Sweet ornament that decks a thing divine!

Ah Silvia! Silvia!

Speed. Madam Silvia! madam Silvia!

Val. How now, sirrah?

Speed. She is not within hearing, sir.

Val. Why, sir, who bade you call her?

Speed. Your worship, sir; or else I mistook.

Val. Well, you'll still be too forward.

Speed. And yet I was last chidden for being too slow.

Val. Go to, sir; tell me, do you know madam Silvia?

Speed. She that your worship loves?

Val. Why, how know you that I am in love?

Speed. Marry, by these special marks: First, you have
learned, like sir Proteus, to wreath your arms like a male-
content; to relish a love-song, like a Robin-red-breast;
to walk alone, like one that had the pestilence; to sigh,
like a school-boy that had lost his A. B. C.; to weep, like
a young wench that had buried her grandam; to fast, like
one that takes diet; to watch, like one that fears robbing;
to speak puling, like a beggar at Hallowmas.^b You were
wont, when you laughed, to crow like a cock; when you
walked, to walk like one of the lions;⁵ when you fasted,
it was presently after dinner; when you looked sadly, it
was for want of money: and now you are metamorphosed
with a mistress, that, when I look on you, I can hardly
think you my master.

Val. Are all these things perceived in me?

Speed. They are all perceived without ye.

Val. Without me? they cannot.

Speed. Without you! nay, that's certain, for without you
were so simple, none else would: but you are so without
these follies, that these follies are within you, and shine

¹ *In good time.* As Antonio is declaring his intention Proteus appears; the speaker, therefore, breaks off with the expression, "in good time"—àpropos.

² *Break with him.* Break the matter to him,—a form which repeatedly occurs.

³ *Exhibition.* Stipend, allowance. The word is still used in this sense in our universities.

⁴ The quibble here depends upon the pronunciation of *one*, which was anciently pronounced as if it were written *on*.

⁵ *To walk like one of the lions*, is thus commented on by Ritson: "If Shak-

speare had not been thinking of the lions in the Tower, he would have written 'like a lion.'"—Shakspeare was thinking dramatically; and he therefore made Speed use an image with which he might be familiar. The firm, decided step of a lion, furnished an apt illustration of the bold bearing of Speed's master before he was a lover. The comparison was not less just, when made with "one of the lions;"—and the use of that comparison was in keeping with Speed's character, whilst the lofty image, "like a lion," would not have been so. The "clownish servant" might compare his master to a caged lion, without being poetical, which Shakspeare did not intend him to be.

through you like the water in an urinal; that not an eye that sees you but is a physician to comment on your malady.

Val. But tell me, dost thou know my lady Silvia?

Speed. She that you gaze on so, as she sits at supper?

Val. Hast thou observed that? even she I mean.

Speed. Why, sir, I know her not.

Val. Dost thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet know'st her not?

Speed. Is she not hard favoured, sir?

Val. Not so fair, boy, as well favoured.

Speed. Sir, I know that well enough.

Val. What dost thou know?

Speed. That she is not so fair, as (of you) well favoured.

Val. I mean, that her beauty is exquisite, but her favour infinite.

Speed. That's because the one is painted, and the other out of all count.

Val. How painted? and how out of count?

Speed. Marry, sir, so painted, to make her fair, that no man counts of her beauty.

Val. How esteemest thou me! I account of her beauty.

Speed. You never saw her since she was deformed.

Val. How long hath she been deformed?

Speed. Ever since you loved her.

Val. I have loved her ever since I saw her; and still I see her beautiful.

Speed. If you love her, you cannot see her.

Val. Why?

Speed. Because love is blind. O, that you had mine eyes; or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have, when you chid at sir Proteus for going ungartered!

Val. What should I see then?

Speed. Your own present folly, and her passing deformity: for he, being in love, could not see to garter his hose;° and you, being in love, cannot see to put on your hose.

Val. Belike, boy, then you are in love; for last morning you could not see to wipe my shoes.

Speed. True, sir; I was in love with my bed: I thank you, you swung me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

Val. In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

Speed. I would you were set; so your affection would cease.

Val. Last night she enjoined me to write some lines to one she loves.

Speed. And have you?

Val. I have.

Speed. Are they not lamely writ?

Val. No, boy, but as well as I can do them. Peace, here she comes.

Enter SILVIA.

Speed. O excellent motion!¹ O exceeding puppet! now will he interpret to her.²

Val. Madam and mistress, a thousand good-morrows.

Speed. O, 'give ye good even! here's a million of manners.

Sil. Sir Valentine and servant,³ to you two thousand.

Speed. He should give her interest, and she gives it him.

Val. As you enjoin'd me, I have writ your letter, Unto the secret nameless friend of yours; Which I was much unwilling to proceed in, But for my duty to your ladyship.

Sil. I thank you, gentle servant: 'tis very clerkly done.

Val. Now trust me, madam, it came hardly off; For, being ignorant to whom it goes, I writ at random, very doubtfully.

Sil. Perchance you think too much of so much pains?

Val. No, madam; so it stead you, I will write, Please you command, a thousand times as much: And yet,—

Sil. A pretty period! Well, I guess the sequel; And yet I will not name it:—and yet I care not;— And yet take this again;—and yet I thank you; Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

Speed. And yet you will; and yet another yet. [*Aside.*

Val. What means your ladyship? do you not like it?

Sil. Yes, yes; the lines are very quaintly writ: But since unwillingly, take them again; Nay, take them.

Val. Madam, they are for you.

Sil. Ay, ay, you writ them, sir, at my request; But I will none of them; they are for you: I would have had them writ more movingly.

Val. Please you, I'll write your ladyship another.

Sil. And when it's writ, for my sake read it over: And if it please you, so: if not, why so.

Val. If it please me, madam! what then?

Sil. Why, if it please you, take it for your labour.

And so good morrow, servant. [*Exit SILVIA.*

Speed. O jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible, As a nose on a man's face, or a weathercock on a steeple! My master sues to her; and she hath taught her suitor, He being her pupil, to become her tutor. O excellent device! was there ever heard a better? That my master, being scribe, to himself should write the letter?

Val. How now, sir? what are you reasoning with yourself?

Speed. Nay, I was rhyming; 'tis you that have the reason.

Val. To do what?

Speed. To be a spokesman from madam Silvia.

Val. To whom?

Speed. To yourself: why, she wooes you by a figure.

Val. What figure?

Speed. By a letter, I should say.

Val. Why, she hath not writ to me?

Speed. What need she, when she hath made you write to yourself? Why, do you not perceive the jest?

Val. No, believe me.

Speed. No believing you indeed, sir: But did you perceive her earnest?

Val. She gave me none, except an angry word.

Speed. Why, she hath given you a letter.

Val. That's the letter I writ to her friend.

Speed. And that letter hath she deliver'd, and there an end.

Val. I would it were no worse.

Speed. I'll warrant you 'tis as well.

For often have you writ to her; and she, in modesty, Or else for want of idle time, could not again reply; Or fearing else some messenger, that might her mind discover, Herself hath taught her love himself to write unto her lover.—

All this I speak in print,³ for in print I found it.— Why muse you, sir? 'tis dinner time.

Val. I have dined.

Speed. Ay, but hearken, sir; though theameleon Love can feed on the air, I am one that am nourished by my victuals, and would fain have meat. O, be not like your mistress; be moved, be moved.⁴ [*Exeunt.*

¹ *Motion.* A puppet-show. Silvia is the puppet, and Valentine will interpret for her. The master of the show was, in Shakspeare's time, often called interpreter to the puppets.

² Capell and Cambridge edit. give these speeches of Speed as [*Aside.*

³ *In print.* With exactness. Speed is repeating, or affects to be repeating, some lines which he has read.

⁴ *Be moved.* Have compassion on me.

SCENE II.—Verona. *A Room in Julia's House.*

Enter PROTEUS and JULIA.

Pro. Have patience, gentle Julia.

Jul. I must, where is no remedy.

Pro. When possibly I can, I will return.

Jul. If you turn not, you will return the sooner :
Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake.

[*Giving a ring.*]

Pro. Why then we'll make exchange;^e here, take you this.

Jul. And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.

Pro. Here is my hand for my true constancy;
And when that hour o'erslips me in the day,
Wherein I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake,
The next ensuing hour some foul mischance
Torment me for my love's forgetfulness;
My father stays my coming; answer not;
The tide is now: nay, not thy tide of tears;
That tide will stay me longer than I should: [*Exit JULIA.*]
Julia, farewell.—What! gone without a word?
Ay, so true love should do: it cannot speak;
For truth hath better deeds than words to grace it.

Enter PANTHINO.

Pan. Sir Proteus, you are stay'd for.

Pro. Go; I come, I come:—

Alas! this parting strikes poor lovers dumb. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. A Street.*

Enter LAUNCE, leading a Dog.

Laun. Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done weeping; all the kind of the Launces have this very fault: I have received my proportion, like the prodigious son, and am going with sir Proteus to the Imperial's court. I think Crab my dog be the sourest-natured dog that lives: my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid a howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear; he is a stone, a very pebble-stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog: a Jew would have wept to have seen our parting; why, my grandam, having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind at my parting. Nay, I'll shew you the manner of it: This shoe is my father;—no, this left shoe^f is my father;—no, no, this left shoe is my mother;—nay, that cannot be so neither:—yes, it is so, it is so; it hath the worser sole; This shoe, with the hole in it, is my mother, and this my father; A vengeance on't! there 'tis: now, sir, this staff is my sister; for, look you, she is as white as a lily, and as small as a wand: this hat is Nan, our maid; I am the dog:—no, the dog is himself, and I am the dog,—O, the dog is me, and I am myself; ay, so, so. Now come I to my father; *Father, your blessing*; now should not the shoe speak a word for weeping; now should I kiss my father; well, he weeps on:—now come I to my mother, (O, that she could speak now!) like a wood¹ woman;—well, I kiss her;—why, there 'tis; here's my mother's breath up and down; now come I to my sister; mark the moan she makes: now the dog all this while sheds not a tear, nor speaks a word: but see how I lay the dust with my tears.

¹ Wood—mad; wild.

² This quibble, according to Steevens, is found in Lyly's "Endymion," 1591.

³ We give the punctuation of the original edition. Malone prints the passage thus:—

"Lose the tide, and the voyage, and the master, and the service: and the tide!"

Steevens omits the *and*, completing the sentence at "service;" and adding "The tide!" as interjectional. Both editors appear to forget the quibble of

Enter PANTHINO.

Pan. Launce, away, away, aboard; thy master is shipped, and thou art to post after with oars. What's the matter? why weep'st thou, man? Away, ass; you'll lose the tide, if you tarry any longer.

Laun. It is no matter if the tied were lost; for it is the unkindest tied² that ever man tied.

Pan. What's the unkindest tide?

Laun. Why, he that's tied here; Crab, my dog.

Pan. Tut, man, I mean thou'lt lose the flood: and, in losing the flood, lose thy voyage; and, in losing thy voyage, lose thy master; and, in losing thy master, lose thy service; and, in losing thy service,—Why dost thou stop my mouth?

Laun. For fear thou shouldst lose thy tongue.

Pan. Where should I lose my tongue?

Laun. In thy tale.

Pan. In thy tail?

Laun. Lose the tide, and the voyage, and the master, and the service, and the tied!³ Why, man, if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears; if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my sighs.

Pan. Come, come away, man; I was sent to call thee.

Laun. Sir, call me what thou darest.

Pan. Wilt thou go?

Laun. Well, I will go.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Milan. *A Room in the Duke's Palace.*

Enter VALENTINE, SILVIA, THURIO, and SPEED.

Sil. Servant.

Val. Mistress.

Speed. Master, sir Thurio frowns on you.

Val. Ay, boy, it's for love.

Speed. Not of you.

Val. Of my mistress then.

Speed. 'Twere good you knocked him.

Sil. Servant, you are sad.

Val. Indeed, madam, I seem so.

Thu. Seem you that you are not?

Val. Haply I do.

Thu. So do counterfeits.

Val. So do you.

Thu. What seem I, that I am not?

Val. Wise.

Thu. What instance of the contrary?

Val. Your folly.

Thu. And how quote⁴ you my folly?

Val. I quote⁵ it in your jerkin.

Thu. My jerkin is a doublet.⁶

Val. Well, then, I'll double your folly.

Thu. How?

Sil. What, angry, sir Thurio? do you change colour?

Val. Give him leave, madam; he is a kind of cameleon.

Thu. That hath more mind to feed on your blood, than live in your air.

Val. You have said, sir.

Thu. Ay, sir, and done too, for this time.

Val. I know it well, sir; you always end ere you begin.

Sil. A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off.

Val. 'Tis indeed, madam; we thank the giver.

Sil. Who is that, servant?

Val. Yourself, sweet lady; for you gave the fire: sir

Launce on his *tied* dog; to which quibble, it appears to us, he returns in this passage. In the first instance he says, "It is no matter if the *tied* were lost;"—he now says, "Lose the tide, and the voyage, and the master, and the service, and the *tied*." In the original there is no difference in the orthography of the two words. Mr. Dyce says, "none of the explanations are satisfactory."

⁴ Quote—to mark.

⁵ Quote was pronounced *cote*, from the old French *coter*. Hence the quibble, —I *coat* it in your *jerkin*,—your short coat or jacket.

Thurio borrows his wit from your ladyship's looks, and spends what he borrows, kindly in your company.

Thu. Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt.

Val. I know it well, sir: you have an exchequer of words, and, I think, no other treasure to give your followers; for it appears by their bare liveries that they live by your bare words.

Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more: here comes my father.

Enter DUKE.

Duke. Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard beset. Sir Valentine, your father's in good health: What say you to a letter from your friends Of much good news?

Val. My lord, I will be thankful To any happy messenger from thence.

Duke. Know you Don Antonio, your countryman?

Val. Ay, my good lord, I know the gentleman To be of worth, and worthy estimation, And not without desert so well reputed.

Duke. Hath he not a son?

Val. Ay, my good lord; a son, that well deserves The honour and regard of such a father.

Duke. You know him well?

Val. I know him, as myself;¹ for from our infancy We have convers'd, and spent our hours together; And though myself have been an idle truant, Omitting the sweet benefit of time To clothe mine age with angel-like perfection, Yet hath sir Proteus, for that's his name, Made use and fair advantage of his days; His years but young, but his experience old; His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe; And, in a word, (for far behind his worth Come all the praises that I now bestow,) He is complete in feature,² and in mind, With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

Duke. Beshrew me, sir, but if he make this good, He is as worthy for an empress' love, As meet to be an emperor's counsellor. Well, sir; this gentleman is come to me, With commendation from great potentates; And here he means to spend his time awhile: I think, 'tis no unwelcome news to you.

Val. Should I have wish'd a thing, it had been he.

Duke. Welcome him then according to his worth; Silvia, I speak to you: and you, sir Thurio:— For Valentine, I need not 'cite him to it: I'll send him hither to you presently. [*Exit DUKE.*]

Val. This is the gentleman, I told your ladyship, Had come along with me, but that his mistress Did hold his eyes lock'd in her crystal looks.

Sil. Belike, that now she hath enfranchis'd them, Upon some other pawn for fealty.

Val. Nay, sure I think she holds them prisoners still.

Sil. Nay, then he should be blind; and, being blind, How could he see his way to seek out you?

Val. Why, lady, love hath twenty pair of eyes.

Thu. They say, that love hath not an eye at all—

Val. To see such lovers, Thurio, as yourself; Upon a homely object love can wink.

Enter PROTEUS.

Sil. Have done, have done; here comes the gentleman.

Val. Welcome, dear Proteus!—Mistress, I beseech you, Confirm his welcome with some special favour.

Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome hither, If this be he you oft have wish'd to hear from.

Val. Mistress, it is: sweet lady, entertain him To be my fellow-servant to your ladyship.

Sil. Too low a mistress for so high a servant.

Pro. Not so, sweet lady; but too mean a servant To have a look of such a worthy mistress.

Val. Leave off discourse of disability:— Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant.

Pro. My duty will I boast of, nothing else.

Sil. And duty never yet did want his meed; Servant, you are welcome to a worthless mistress.

Pro. I'll die on him that says so, but yourself.

Sil. That you are welcome?

Pro. No; that you are worthless.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, my lord your father would speak with you.³

Sil. I wait upon his pleasure. [*Exit Servant.*] Come, sir Thurio,

Go with me:—Once more, new servant, welcome: I'll leave you to confer of home affairs;

When you have done, we look to hear from you.

Pro. We'll both attend upon your ladyship.

[*Excunt SILVIA, THURIO, and SPEED.*]

Val. Now, tell me, how do all from whence you came?

Pro. Your friends are well, and have them much commended.

Val. And how do yours?

Pro. I left them all in health.

Val. How does your lady? and how thrives your love?

Pro. My tales of love were wont to weary you;

I know you joy not in a love-discourse.

Val. Ay, Proteus, but that life is alter'd now:

I have done penance for contemning love; Whose high imperious thoughts have punish'd me With bitter fasts, with penitential groans, With nightly tears, and daily heart-sore sighs; For, in revenge of my contempt of love, Love hath chas'd sleep from my enthralled eyes, And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow. O, gentle Proteus, love's a mighty lord; And hath so humbled me, as, I confess, There is no woe to his correction,⁴ Nor to his service no such joy on earth! Now, no discourse, except it be of love; Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep, Upon the very naked name of love.

Pro. Enough; I read your fortune in your eye: Was this the idol that you worship so?

Val. Even she; and is she not a heavenly saint?

Pro. No; but she is an earthly paragon.

Val. Call her divine.

Pro. I will not flatter her.

Val. O, flatter me; for love delights in praises.

Pro. When I was sick, you gave me bitter pills; And I must minister the like to you.

Val. Then speak the truth by her; if not divine, Yet let her be a principality, Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth.

Pro. Except my mistress.

Val. Sweet, except not any;

Except thou wilt except against my love.

Pro. Have I not reason to prefer mine own?

Val. And I will help thee to prefer her too:

¹ *Knew*, in folio; *know*, Dyce.

² *Feature* (form or fashion) was applied to the body as well as the face. Thus, in Gower—

“Like to a woman in semblance
Of feature and of countenance.”

And later, in “All Ovid's Elegies, by C. M.” (Christopher Marlow)—

“I fly her lust, but follow beauty's creature,
I loath her manners, love her body's feature.”

³ This speech is given to Thurio in the folio. Theobald assigned it to a servant. Mr. White says Thurio is right, as in the poorly-appointed stage of Shakspeare's time Thurio might act as a messenger.

⁴ There is no woe compared to his correction.

She shall be dignified with this high honour,—
To bear my lady's train; lest the base earth
Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss,
And, of so great a favour growing proud,
Disdain to root the summer-swellings flower,
And make rough winter everlastingly.

Pro. Why, Valentine, what braggardism is this?

Val. Pardon me, Proteus: all I can is nothing
To her, whose worth makes other worthies¹ nothing;
She is alone.

Pro. Then let her alone.

Val. Not for the world; why, man, she is mine own;
And I as rich in having such a jewel,
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.
Forgive me, that I do not dream on thee,
Because thou seest me dote upon my love.
My foolish rival, that her father likes,
Only for his possessions are so huge,
Is gone with her along; and I must after,
For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.

Pro. But she loves you?

Val. Ay, and we are betroth'd;
Nay, more, our marriage hour,
With all the cunning manner of our flight,
Determin'd of: how I must climb her window;
The ladder made of cords; and all the means
Plotted, and 'greed on, for my happiness.
Good Proteus, go with me to my chamber,
In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel.

Pro. Go on before; I shall inquire you forth:
I must unto the road,² to disembark
Some necessities that I needs must use;
And then I'll presently attend you.

Val. Will you make haste?

Pro. I will.—

[Exit VAL.]

Even as one heat another heat expels,
Or as one nail by strength drives out another,
So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.
Is it her mien³ or Valentinus' praise,
Her true perfection, or my false transgression,
That makes me reasonless, to reason thus?
She's fair; and so is Julia, that I love;—
That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd;
Which, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire,
Bears no impression of the thing it was.
Methinks, my zeal to Valentine is cold;
And that I love him not, as I was wont:
O! but I love his lady too, too much;
And that's the reason I love him so little.
How shall I dote on her with more advice,
That thus without advice begin to love her?
'Tis but her picture⁴ I have yet beheld,
And that hath dazzled⁵ my reason's light;
But when I look on her perfections,
There is no reason but I shall be blind.
If I can check my erring love, I will;
If not, to compass her I'll use my skill.

[Exit.]

SCENE V.—*The same. A Street.*

Enter SPEED and LAUNCE.

Speed. Launce! by mine honesty, welcome to Milan.⁶

Laun. Forswear not thyself, sweet youth; for I am not

welcome. I reckon this always—that a man is never
undone till he be hanged; nor never welcome to a place
till some certain shot be paid, and the hostess say,
welcome.

Speed. Come on, you mad-cap, I'll to the ale-house with
you presently; where, for one shot of five-pence, thou shalt
have five thousand welcomes. But, sirrah, how did thy
master part with madam Julia?

Laun. Marry, after they closed in earnest, they parted
very fairly in jest.

Speed. But shall she marry him?

Laun. No.

Speed. How then? shall he marry her?

Laun. No, neither.

Speed. What, are they broken?

Laun. No, they are both as whole as a fish.

Speed. Why then, how stands the matter with them?

Laun. Marry, thus; when it stands well with him, it
stands well with her.

Speed. What an ass art thou! I understand thee not!

Laun. What a block art thou, that thou canst not! My
staff understands me.

Speed. What thou say'st?

Laun. Ay, and what I do, too: look thee, I'll but lean,
and my staff understands me.

Speed. It stands under thee, indeed.

Laun. Why, stand under and understand is all one.

Speed. But tell me true, will't be a match?

Laun. Ask my dog: if he say, ay, it will; if he say, no,
it will; if he shake his tail, and say nothing, it will.

Speed. The conclusion is then, that it will.

Laun. Thou shalt never get such a secret from me but
by a parable.

Speed. 'Tis well that I get it so. But, Launce, how say'st
thou, that my master is become a notable lover?

Laun. I never knew him otherwise.

Speed. Than how?

Laun. A notable lubber, as thou reportest him to be.

Speed. Why, thou whoreson ass, thou mistakest me.

Laun. Why, fool, I meant not thee, I meant thy master.

Speed. I tell thee, my master is become a hot lover.

Laun. Why, I tell thee, I care not though he burn him-
self in love. If thou wilt, go with me to the ale-house; if
not, thou art an Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name
of a Christian.

Speed. Why?

Laun. Because thou hast not so much charity in thee, as
to go to the ale⁷ with a Christian: Wilt thou go?

Speed. At thy service.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.—*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. To leave my Julia, shall I be forsworn;
To love fair Silvia, shall I be forsworn;
To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworn;
And even that power, which gave me first my oath,
Provokes me to this threefold perjury.
Love bade me swear, and love bids me forswear:
O sweet-suggesting love, if thou hast sinn'd,
Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it.
At first I did adore a twinkling star,
But now I worship a celestial sun.
Unheeded vows may heedfully be broken;
And he wants wit, that wants resolved will

¹ Mr. White prints *worth* as, and says *worthies* is a palpable misprint, though hitherto unnoticed.

² *Road*—open harbour.

³ The folio of 1623 reads, "It is mine, or Valentine's praise." Warburton would read, "It is mine eye," &c. This reading Steevens adopts, making the sentence interrogative, "Is it mine eye?" The present reading is that of Malone, and its correctness is supported by the circumstance that *mien* was, in Shakspeare's time, spelt *mine*.

⁴ *Picture*. Her person, which I have seen, has shewn me her "perfections" only as a picture. Dr. Johnson receives the expression in a literal sense.

⁵ *Dazzled* is here used as a trisyllable.

⁶ The Cambridge edition retains *Padua* of the original, as shewing that Shakspeare had written the play before he had finally determined on the locality. For the same reason, *Verona* is retained in Act III. Sc. I. (note 6, p. 17).

⁷ *Ale*. A rural festival, oftentimes connected with the holidays of the Church, as a Whitson-ale. Launce calls Speed a Jew because he will not go to the Ale (the Church feast) with a Christian.

To learn his wit to exchange the bad for better.—
 Fye, fye, unreverend tongue! to call her bad,
 Whose sovereignty so oft thou hast preferr'd
 With twenty thousand soul-confirming oaths.
 I cannot leave to love, and yet I do;
 But there I leave to love, where I should love.
 Julia I lose, and Valentine I lose:
 If I keep them, I needs must lose myself;
 If I lose them, thus find I by their loss,
 For Valentine, myself: for Julia, Silvia.
 I to myself am dearer than a friend:
 For love is still most precious in itself:
 And Silvia, witness heaven, that made her fair!
 Shews Julia but a swarthy Ethiope.
 I will forget that Julia is alive,
 Rememb'ring that my love to her is dead;
 And Valentine I'll hold an enemy,
 Aiming at Silvia as a sweeter friend.
 I cannot now prove constant to myself,
 Without some treachery used to Valentine:—
 This night, he meaneth with a corded ladder
 To climb celestial Silvia's chamber window;
 Myself in counsel, his competitor:
 Now presently I'll give her father notice
 Of their disguising, and pretended¹ flight;
 Who, all enraged, will banish Valentine;
 For Thurio, he intends, shall wed his daughter:
 But, Valentine being gone, I'll quickly cross,
 By some sly trick, blunt Thurio's dull proceeding.
 Love, lend me wings to make my purpose swift,
 As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift! [Exit.]

SCENE VII.—Verona. *A Room in Julia's House.**Enter JULIA and LUCETTA.*

Jul. Counsel, Lucetta! gentle girl, assist me!
 And, even in kind love, I do conjure thee,—^a
 Who art the tableⁱ wherein all my thoughts
 Are visibly character'd and engrav'd,—
 To lesson me; and tell me some good mean,
 How, with my honour, I may undertake
 A journey to my loving Proteus.
Luc. Alas! the way is wearisome and long.
Jul. A true-devoted pilgrim^k is not weary
 To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps;
 Much less shall she that hath love's wings to fly;
 And when the flight is made to one so dear,
 Of such divine perfection, as sir Proteus.
Luc. Better forbear, till Proteus make return.
Jul. O, know'st thou not, his looks are my soul's food?
 Pity the dearth that I have pined in,
 By longing for that food so long a time.
 Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,
 Thou wouldst as soon go kindle fire with snow,
 As seek to quench the fire of love with words.
Luc. I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire;
 But qualify the fire's extreme rage,
 Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.
Jul. The more thou damm'st it up, the more it burns;
 The current, that with gentle murmur glides,
 Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage;
 But, when his fair course is not hindered,
 He makes sweet music with the enamel'd stones,
 Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
 He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;
 And so by many winding nooks he strays,
 With willing sport, to the wild ocean.
 Then let me go, and hinder not my course:

I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
 And make a pastime of each weary step,
 Till the last step have brought me to my love;
 And there I'll rest, as, after much turmoil,
 A blessed soul doth in Elysium.

Luc. But in what habit will you go along?

Jul. Not like a woman; for I would prevent
 The loose encounters of lascivious men:
 Gentle Lucetta, fit me with such weeds
 As may beseem some well-reputed page.

Luc. Why then your ladyship must cut your hair.

Jul. No, girl; I'll knit it up in silken strings,
 With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots:
 To be fantastic, may become a youth
 Of greater time than I shall show to be.

Luc. What fashion, madam, shall I make your breeches?

Jul. That fits as well as—"tell me, good my lord,
 "What compass will you wear your farthingale?"
 Why, even that fashion thou best lik'st, Lucetta.

Luc. You must needs have them with a cod-piece, madam.*Jul.* Out, out, Lucetta! that will be ill-favour'd.

Luc. A round hose, madam, now's not worth a pin,
 Unless you have a cod-piece to stick pins on.

Jul. Lucetta, as thou lov'st me, let me have
 What thou think'st meet, and is most mannerly:
 But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me,
 For undertaking so unstaïd a journey?
 I fear me, it will make me scandaliz'd.

Luc. If you think so, then stay at home, and go not.*Jul.* Nay, that I will not.

Luc. Then never dream on infamy, but go.
 If Proteus like your journey, when you come,
 No matter who's displeas'd, when you are gone:
 I fear me, he will scarce be pleas'd withal.

Jul. That is the least, Lucetta, of my fear:
 A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears,
 And instances of infinite² of love,
 Warrant me welcome to my Proteus.

Luc. All these are servants to deceitful men.

Jul. Base men, that use them to so base effect!
 But truer stars did govern Proteus' birth!
 His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
 His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;
 His tears, pure messengers sent from his heart;
 His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth.

Luc. Pray heaven, he prove so, when you come to him!

Jul. Now, as thou lov'st me, do him not that wrong,
 To bear a hard opinion of his truth:
 Only deserve my love, by loving him;
 And presently go with me to my chamber,
 To take a note of what I stand in need of,
 To furnish me upon my longing journey.
 All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,
 My goods, my lands, my reputation;
 Only, in lieu thereof, dispatch me hence:
 Come, answer not, but to it presently;
 I am impatient of my tarriance. [Exeunt.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Milan. *An Ante-room in the Duke's Palace.**Enter DUKE, THURIO, and PROTEUS.*

Duke. Sir Thurio, give us leave, I pray, awhile;
 We have some secrets to confer about.— [Exit THURIO.
 Now, tell me, Proteus, what's your will with me?

¹ Pretended—intended.² Infinite—infinity. The same form of expression occurs in Chaucer:—"although the life of it be stretched with infinite of time." The reading we give

is that of the first folio. The common reading is that of the second folio:—"Instances as infinite."

Pro. My gracious lord, that which I would discover,
The law of friendship bids me to conceal:
But, when I call to mind your gracious favours
Done to me, undeserving as I am,
My duty pricks me on to utter that
Which else no worldly good should draw from me.
Know, worthy prince, sir Valentine, my friend,
This night intends to steal away your daughter;
Myself am one made privy to the plot.
I know you have determin'd to bestow her
On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates;
And should she thus be stolen away from you,
It would be much vexation to your age.
Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather chose
To cross my friend in his intended drift,
Than, by concealing it, heap on your head
A pack of sorrows, which would press you down,
Being unprevented, to your timeless grave.

Duke. Proteus, I thank thee for thine honest care;
Which to requite, command me while I live.
This love of theirs myself have often seen,
Haply, when they have judged me fast asleep;
And oftentimes have purpos'd to forbid
Sir Valentine her company, and my court:
But, fearing lest my jealous aim¹ might err,
And so, unworthily, disgrace the man,
(A rashness that I ever yet have shunn'd,)
I gave him gentle looks; thereby to find
That which thyself hast now disclos'd to me.
And, that thou may'st perceive my fear of this,
Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested,²
I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,
The key whereof myself have ever kept;
And thence she cannot be convey'd away.

Pro. Know, noble lord, they have devis'd a mean
How he her chamber-window will ascend,
And with a corded ladder fetch her down;
For which the youthful lover now is gone,
And this way comes he with it presently;
Where, if it please you, you may intercept him.
But, good my lord, do it so cunningly,
That my discovery be not aim'd at;³
For love of you, not hate unto my friend,
Hath made me publisher of this pretence.⁴

Duke. Upon mine honour, he shall never know
That I had any light from thee of this.

Pro. Adieu, my lord; sir Valentine is coming. [Exit.]

Enter VALENTINE.

Duke. Sir Valentine, whither away so fast?

Val. Please it your grace, there is a messenger
That stays to bear my letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliver them.

Duke. Be they of much import?

Val. The tenor of them doth but signify
My health, and happy being at your court.

Duke. Nay, then no matter; stay with me awhile;

I am to break with thee of some affairs,
That touch me near, wherein thou must be secret.
'Tis not unknown to thee, that I have sought
To match my friend, sir Thurio, to my daughter.

Val. I know it well, my lord; and sure the match
Were rich and honourable; besides, the gentleman
Is full of virtue, bounty, worth, and qualities
Beseeming such a wife as your fair daughter:
Cannot your grace win her to fancy him?

Duke. No, trust me; she is peevish, sullen, froward,
Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty;
Neither regarding that she is my child,
Nor fearing me as if I were her father:
And, may I say to thee, this pride of hers,
Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her;
And, where⁵ I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have been cherish'd by her child-like duty,
I now am full resolv'd to take a wife,
And turn her out to who will take her in.
Then let her beauty be her wedding-dower;
For me and my possessions she esteems not.

Val. What would your grace have me to do in this?

Duke. There is a lady, sir, in Milan, here,⁶
Whom I affect; but she is nice, and coy,
And nought esteems my aged eloquence:
Now, therefore, would I have thee to my tutor,
(For long ago I have forgot to court:
Besides, the fashion of the time is chang'd;)
How, and which way, I may bestow myself,
To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.

Val. Win her with gifts, if she respect not words;
Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind,
More than quick words, do move a woman's mind.

Duke. But she did scorn a present that I sent her.

Val. A woman sometimes scorns what best contents
her:

Send her another; never give her o'er;
For scorn at first makes after-love the more.
If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more love in you:
If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone;
For why, the fools are mad, if left alone.
Take no repulse, whatever she doth say:
For, *get you gone*, she doth not mean, *away*;
Flatter, and praise, commend, extol their graces;
Though ne'er so black, say they have angels' faces.
That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

Duke. But, she I mean is promis'd by her friends
Unto a youthful gentleman of worth;
And kept severely from resort of men,
That no man hath access by day to her.

Val. Why then I would resort to her by night

Duke. Ay, but the doors be lock'd, and keys kept
safe,

That no man hath recourse to her by night.

Val. What lets,⁷ but one may enter at her window?

Duke. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground;

for the wind, Hubert, or that would have been a better shot," he furnishes Hubert with a new element of calculation for his next aim. There is a passage of Bishop Jewel: "He that seethe no marke must shoote by ayme." This certainly does not mean *must shoot at random*—although it may mean *must shoot by guess*,—must shoot by calculation. To give aim, in archery, was the business of one who stood within view of the butts, to call out how near the arrows fell to the mark,—as "Wide on the bow-hand;—wide on the shaft-hand;—short;—gone." To give aim was, therefore, to give the knowledge of a fact, by which the intention, the aim, of the archer might be better regulated in future. In the fifth Act (4th scene) of this comedy, the passage—

"Behold her, that gave aim to all thy oaths,"

has reference to the aim-giver of the butts.

⁴ Pretence—design.

⁵ Where—whereas.

⁶ Mr. Dyce prefers Mr. Collier's correction—

"There is a lady in Milano here."

Mr. Halliwell reads, "of Verona."

⁷ Lets—hinders.

¹ Aim. Steevens explains this noun as meaning *guess*. Professor Craik says, "Aim, in old French, *eyme*, *esme*, and *estme*, is the same word as *esteem*, and should, therefore, signify properly a judgment or conjecture of the mind." ("Julius Caesar," 57.)

² Suggested—tempted.

³ Aimed at. Here the word is again stated, both by Steevens and Johnson, to mean, *to guess*. The common interpretation of aim,—to point at, to level at,—will, however, give the meaning of the passage quite as well. At first sight it might appear that the word *aim*, which, literally or metaphorically, is ordinarily taken to mean the act of looking towards a definite object with a precise intention, cannot include the random determination of the mind which we imply by the word *guess*. But we must go a little further. The etymology of both words is somewhat doubtful. Aim is supposed to be derived from *astimare*, to weigh attentively; guess, from the Anglo-Saxon *wiss-an*, *wis*, to think (See Richardson's Dictionary). Here the separate meanings of the two words almost slide into one and the same. It is certain that in the original and literal use of the word *aim*, in archery, was meant the act of the mind in considering the various circumstances connected with the flight of the arrow, rather than the mere operation of the sense in pointing at the mark. When Locksley, in "Ivanhoe," tells his adversary, "You have not allowed

And built so shelving, that one cannot climb it
Without apparent hazard of his life.

Val. Why then, a ladder, quaintly made of cords,
To cast up with a pair of anchoring hooks,
Would serve to scale another Hero's tower,
So bold Leander would adventure it.

Duke. Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,
Advise me where I may have such a ladder.

Val. When would you use it? pray, sir, tell me that.

Duke. This very night; for love is like a child,
That longs for everything that he can come by.

Val. By seven o'clock I'll get you such a ladder.

Duke. But, hark thee; I will go to her alone;
How shall I best convey the ladder thither?

Val. It will be light, my lord, that you may bear it
Under a cloak, that is of any length.

Duke. A cloak as long as thine will serve the turn!

Val. Ay, my good lord.

Duke. Then let me see thy cloak:

I'll get me one of such another length.

Val. Why, any cloak will serve the turn, my lord.

Duke. How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak?—
I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me.—
What letter is this same? What's here?—*To Silvia?*
And here an engine fit for my proceeding!
I'll be so bold to break the seal for once. [Reads.

My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly;
And slaves they are to me, that send them flying:
O, could their master come and go as lightly,
Himself would lodge, where senseless they are lying.
My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them;
While I, their king, that thither them importune,
Do curse the grace that with such grace hath bless'd them,
Because myself do want my servants' fortune:
I curse myself, for they are sent by me,
That they should harbour where their lord should be.

What's here?

Silvia, this night I will enfranchise thee.

'Tis so; and here's the ladder for the purpose.
Why Phaëton, (for thou art Merops' son,)
Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car,
And with thy daring folly burn the world?
Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee?
Go, base intruder! overweening slave!
Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates;
And think my patience, more than thy desert,
Is privilege for thy departure hence:
Thank me for this, more than for all the favours,
Which, all too much, I have bestow'd on thee.
But if thou linger in my territories,
Longer than swiftest expedition
Will give thee time to leave our royal court,
By heaven, my wrath shall far exceed the love
I ever bore my daughter, or thyself.
Be gone, I will not hear thy vain excuse,
But, as thou lov'st thy life, make speed from hence.

[Exit DUKE.]

Val. And why not death, rather than living torment?
To die, is to be banish'd from myself;
And Silvia is myself: banish'd from her,
Is self from self: a deadly banishment!
What light is light, if Silvia be not seen?
What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by?
Unless it be to think that she is by,
And feed upon the shadow of perfection.
Except I be by Silvia in the night,
There is no music in the nightingale;
Unless I look on Silvia in the day,
There is no day for me to look upon:
She is my essence; and I leave to be,
If I be not by her fair influence
Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept alive.

I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom:
Tarry I here, I but attend on death;
But, fly I hence, I fly away from life.

Enter PROTEUS and LAUNCE.

Pro. Run, boy, run, run, and seek him out.

Laun. So-ho! so-ho!

Pro. What seest thou?

Laun. Him we go to find: there's not a hair on's head,
but 'tis a Valentine.

Pro. Valentine?

Val. No.

Pro. Who then? his spirit?

Val. Neither.

Pro. What then?

Val. Nothing.

Laun. Can nothing speak? Master, shall I strike?

Pro. Who would'st thou strike?

Laun. Nothing.

Pro. Villain, forbear.

Laun. Why, sir, I'll strike nothing: I pray you,—

Pro. Sirrah, I say, forbear: Friend Valentine, a word.

Val. My ears are stopp'd, and cannot hear good news,
So much of bad already hath possess'd them.

Pro. Then in dumb silence will I bury mine,
For they are harsh, untuneable, and bad.

Val. Is Silvia dead?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine, indeed, for sacred Silvia!—
Hath she forsworn me?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine, if Silvia have forsworn me!—
What is your news?

Laun. Sir, there's a proclamation that you are vanish'd.

Pro. That thou art banish'd. O, that's the news;
From hence, from Silvia, and from me thy friend.

Val. O, I have fed upon this woe already,
And now excess of it will make me surfeit.
Doth Silvia know that I am banish'd?

Pro. Ay, ay; and she hath offer'd to the doom,
(Which, unrevers'd, stands in effectual force,)
A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears:
Those at her father's churlish feet she tender'd;
With them, upon her knees, her humble self;
Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became them,
As if but now they waxed pale for woe:
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears,
Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire;
But Valentine, if he be ta'en, must die.
Besides, her intercession chaf'd him so,
When she for thy repeal was suppliant,
That to close prison he commanded her,
With many bitter threats of 'biding there.

Val. No more; unless the next word that thou speak'st
Have some malignant power upon my life:
If so, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear,
As ending anthem of my endless dolour.

Pro. Cease to lament for that thou canst not help,
And study help for that which thou lament'st.
Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.
Here if thou stay, thou canst not see thy love;
Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life.
Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that,
And manage it against despairing thoughts.
Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence:
Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd
Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love.^a
The time now serves not to expostulate:
Come, I'll convey thee through the city gate;

And, ere I part with thee, confer at large
Of all that may concern thy love-affairs:
As thou lov'st Silvia, though not for thyself,
Regard thy danger, and along with me.

Val. I pray thee, Launce, an if thou seest my boy,
Bid him make haste, and meet me at the north gate.

Pro. Go, sirrah, find him out. Come, Valentine.

Val. O my dear Silvia, hapless Valentine!

[*Exeunt* VALENTINE and PROTEUS.]

Laun. I am but a fool, look you; and yet I have the wit
to think my master is a kind of a knave: but that's all
one, if he be but one knave. He lives not now that knows
me to be in love: yet I am in love; but a team of horse
shall not pluck that from me; nor who 'tis I love, and yet
'tis a woman: but what woman, I will not tell myself; and
yet 'tis a milkmaid; yet 'tis not a maid, for she hath had
gossips: yet 'tis a maid, for she is her master's maid, and
serves for wages. She hath more qualities than a water-
spaniel,—which is much in a bare-christian. Here is the
cate-log [*Pulling out a paper*] of her conditions. Imprimis,
She can fetch and carry. Why, a horse can do no more:
nay, a horse cannot fetch, but only carry; therefore is she
better than a jade. Item, *She can milk*; look you, a sweet
virtue in a maid with clean hands.

Enter SPEED.

Speed. How now, signior Launce? what news with your
mastership?

Laun. With my master's ship? why it is at sea.

Speed. Well, your old vice still; mistake the word: What
news then in your paper?

Laun. The blackest news that ever thou heard'st.

Speed. Why, man, how black?

Laun. Why, as black as ink.

Speed. Let me read them.

Laun. Fye on thee, jolt-head; thou canst not read.

Speed. Thou liest, I can.

Laun. I will try thee: tell me this: Who begot thee?

Speed. Marry, the son of my grandfather.

Laun. O illiterate loiterer! it was the son of thy grand-
mother: this proves that thou canst not read.

Speed. Come, fool, come: try me in thy paper.

Laun. There; and St. Nicholas be thy speed!^b

Speed. Imprimis, *She can milk.*

Laun. Ay, that she can.

Speed. Item, *She brews good ale.*

Laun. And thereof comes the proverb,—Blessing of your
heart, you brew good ale.

Speed. Item, *She can sew.*

Laun. That's as much as to say, can she so?

Speed. Item, *She can knit.*

Laun. What need a man care for a stock with a wench,
when she can knit him a stock?¹

Speed. Item, *She can wash and scour.*

Laun. A special virtue; for then she need not be washed
and scoured.

Speed. *She can spin.*

Laun. Then I may set the world on wheels, when she
can spin for her living.

Speed. Item, *She hath many nameless virtues.*

Laun. That's as much as to say, bastard virtues; that,
indeed, know not their fathers, and therefore have no names.

Speed. *Here follow her vices.*

Laun. Close at the heels of her virtues.

Speed. Item, *She is not to be kissed fasting, in respect of
her breath.*

Laun. Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfast:
Read on.

Speed. Item, *She hath a sweet mouth.*

Laun. That makes amends for her sour breath.

Speed. Item, *She doth talk in her sleep.*

Laun. It's no matter for that, so she sleep not in her
talk.

Speed. Item, *She is slow in words.*

Laun. O villain, that set this down among her vices!
To be slow in words is a woman's only virtue: I pray thee,
out with't; and place it for her chief virtue.

Speed. Item, *She is proud.*

Laun. Out with that too; it was Eve's legacy, and can-
not be ta'en from her.

Speed. Item, *She hath no teeth.*

Laun. I care not for that neither, because I love crusts.

Speed. Item, *She is curst.*

Laun. Well; the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.

Speed. *She will often praise her liquor.*

Laun. If her liquor be good, she shall: if she will not, I
will; for good things should be praised.

Speed. Item, *She is too liberal.*

Laun. Of her tongue she cannot; for that's writ down
she is slow of: of her purse she shall not; for that I'll
keep shut: now of another thing she may; and that cannot
I help. Well, proceed.

Speed. Item, *She hath more hair than wit,² and more faults
than hairs, and more wealth than faults.*

Laun. Stop there; I'll have her: she was mine, and not
mine, twice or thrice in that last article: Rehearse that
once more.

Speed. Item, *She hath more hair than wit,—*

Laun. More hair than wit,—it may be; I'll prove it;
The cover of the salt hides the salt,^c and therefore it is
more than the salt; the hair that covers the wit, is more
than the wit; for the greater hides the less. What's next?

Speed. *And more faults than hairs,—*

Laun. That's monstrous: O, that that were out!

Speed. *And more wealth than faults.*

Laun. Why, that word makes the faults gracious:
Well, I'll have her: And if it be a match, as nothing is
impossible,—

Speed. What then?

Laun. Why, then will I tell thee,—that thy master stays
for thee at the north gate.

Speed. For me?

Laun. For thee? ay: who art thou? he hath stayed for
a better man than thee.

Speed. And must I go to him?

Laun. Thou must run to him, for thou hast stayed so
long, that going will scarce serve the turn.

Speed. Why didst not tell me sooner? 'pox of your love-
letters. [*Exit.*]

Laun. Now will he be swung for reading my letter:
An unmannerly slave, that will thrust himself into secrets!
—I'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—Milan. *A Room in the Duke's Palace.*

Enter DUKE and THURIO; PROTEUS *behind.*

Duke. Sir Thurio, fear not but that she will love you,
Now Valentine is banish'd from her sight.

Thu. Since his exile she hath despis'd me most,
Forsworn my company, and rail'd at me,
That I am desperate of obtaining her.

Duke. This weak impress of love is as a figure
Trenched in ice; which with an hour's heat
Dissolves to water, and doth lose his form.
A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,
And worthless Valentine shall be forgot.—
How now, sir Proteus? Is your countryman,
According to our proclamation, gone?

¹ Stock—stocking.

² An old English proverb.

Pro. Gone, my good lord.

Duke. My daughter takes his going grievously.

Pro. A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.

Duke. So I believe; but Thurio thinks not so.—

Proteus, the good conceit I hold of thee,
(For thou hast shown some sign of good desert,)
Makes me the better to confer with thee.

Pro. Longer than I prove loyal to your grace,
Let me not live to look upon your grace.

Duke. Thou know'st, how willingly I would effect
The match between sir Thurio and my daughter.

Pro. I do, my lord.

Duke. And also, I think, thou art not ignorant
How she opposes her against my will.

Pro. She did, my lord, when Valentine was here.

Duke. Ay, and perversely she perseveres so.
What might we do, to make the girl forget
The love of Valentine, and love sir Thurio?

Pro. The best way is, to slander Valentine
With falsehood, cowardice, and poor descent;
Three things that women highly hold in hate.

Duke. Ay, but she'll think that it is spoke in hate.

Pro. Ay, if his enemy deliver it:
Therefore it must, with circumstance, be spoken
By one whom she esteemeth as his friend.

Duke. Then you must undertake to slander him.

Pro. And that, my lord, I shall be loth to do:
'Tis an ill office for a gentleman;
Especially, against his very¹ friend.

Duke. Where your good word cannot advantage him,
Your slander never can endamage him;
Therefore the office is indifferent,
Being entreated to it by your friend.

Pro. You have prevail'd, my lord: if I can do it,
By aught that I can speak in his dispraise,
She shall not long continue love to him.
But say, this weed her love from Valentine,
It follows not that she will love sir Thurio.

Thu. Therefore, as you unwind her love from him,
Lest it should ravel, and be good to none,
You must provide to bottom it on me;²
Which must be done, by praising me as much
As you in worth dispraise sir Valentine.

Duke. And, Proteus, we dare trust you in this kind;
Because we know, on Valentine's report,
You are already love's firm votary,
And cannot soon revolt and change your mind.
Upon this warrant shall you have access,
Where you with Silvia may confer at large;
For she is lumpish, heavy, melancholy,
And, for your friend's sake, will be glad of you;
Where you may temper her, by your persuasion,
To hate young Valentine, and love my friend.

Pro. As much as I can do, I will effect:—
But you, sir Thurio, are not sharp enough;
You must lay lime, to tangle her desires,
By wailful sonnets, whose composed rhymes
Should be full fraught with serviceable vows.

Duke. Ay, much is the force of heaven-bred poesy.

Pro. Say, that upon the altar of her beauty
You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart.
Write till your ink be dry; and with your tears
Moist it again; and frame some feeling line,
That may discover such integrity:
For Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sinews;

Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,
Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans
Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands.
After your dire lamenting elegies,
Visit by night your lady's chamber-window,
With some sweet consort;³ to their instruments
Tune a deploring dump;⁴ the night's dead silence
Will well become such sweet-complaining grievance.
This, or else nothing, will inherit⁵ her.

Duke. This discipline shews thou hast been in love.

Thu. And thy advice this night I'll put in practice.
Therefore, sweet Proteus, my direction-giver,
Let us into the city presently
To sort⁶ some gentlemen well skill'd in music:
I have a sonnet that will serve the turn,
To give the onset to thy good advice.

Duke. About it, gentlemen.

Pro. We'll wait upon your grace, till after supper;
And afterward determine our proceedings.

Duke. Even now about it; I will pardon you. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A Forest, near Mantua.

Enter certain Outlaws.

1 *Out.* Fellows, stand fast; I see a passenger.

2 *Out.* If there be ten, shrink not, but down with 'em.

Enter VALENTINE and SPEED.

3 *Out.* Stand, sir, and throw us that you have about you;
If not, we'll make you sit, and rifle you.

Speed. Sir, we are undone! these are the villains
That all the travellers do fear so much.

Val. My friends,—

1 *Out.* That's not so, sir; we are your enemies.

2 *Out.* Peace; we'll hear him.

3 *Out.* Ay, by my beard, will we; for he's a proper man.

Val. Then know, that I have little wealth to lose;
A man I am cross'd with adversity:
My riches are these poor habiliments,
Of which if you should here disfurnish me,
You take the sum and substance that I have.

2 *Out.* Whither travel you?

Val. To Verona.

1 *Out.* Whence came you?

Val. From Milan.

3 *Out.* Have you long sojourn'd there?

Val. Some sixteen months; and longer might have stay'd
If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.

1 *Out.* What, were you banish'd thence?

Val. I was.

2 *Out.* For what offence?

Val. For that which now torments me to rehearse:
I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent;
But yet I slew him manfully in fight,
Without false vantage, or base treachery.

1 *Out.* Why, ne'er repent it, if it were done so:
But were you banish'd for so small a fault?

Val. I was, and held me glad of such a doom.

1 *Out.* Have you the tongues?

¹ *Very*—true; real (*verus*).

² This image, derived from the labours of the sempstress, had found its way into English poetry before the time of Shakspeare:—

“A *bottom* for your silk, it seems,
My letters are become,
Which oft with winding off and on,
Are wasted whole and some.”

Grange's Garden, 1557.

³ The modern *concert* is the same as the old *consort*—a band or company.

⁴ *Dump*—a mournful elegy. *Dump*, or *dumps*, for sorrow, was not originally a burlesque term:—

“My sinews dull, in dumps I stand.”—SURREY.

⁵ *Inherit*—to obtain possession.

⁶ *Sort*—to choose.

Val. My youthful travel therein made me happy;
Or else I often had been miserable.

3 *Out.* By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's fat friar,^a
This fellow were a king for our wild faction.

1 *Out.* We'll have him; sirs, a word.

Speed. Master, be one of them;

It is an honourable kind of thievery.

Val. Peace, villain!

2 *Out.* Tell us this: Have you anything to take to?

Val. Nothing, but my fortune.

3 *Out.* Know then, that some of us are gentlemen,
Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth
Thrust from the company of awful¹ men:
Myself was from Verona banished,
For practising to steal away a lady,
An heir, and near allied unto the duke.

2 *Out.* And I from Mantua, for a gentleman,
Whom, in my mood, I stabb'd unto the heart.

1 *Out.* And I, for such like petty crimes as these.
But to the purpose,—for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excus'd our lawless lives,
And, partly, seeing you are beautified
With goodly shape; and by your own report
A linguist; and a man of such perfection,
As we do in our quality much want;—

2 *Out.* Indeed, because you are a banish'd man,
Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you:
Are you content to be our general?
To make a virtue of necessity,
And live, as we do, in this wilderness?

3 *Out.* What say'st thou? wilt thou be of our consort?
Say, ay, and be the captain of us all:
We'll do thee homage, and be rul'd by thee,
Love thee as our commander, and our king.

1 *Out.* But if thou scorn our courtesy, thou diest.

2 *Out.* Thou shalt not live to brag what we have offer'd.

Val. I take your offer, and will live with you;
Provided that you do no outrages
On silly women, or poor passengers.

3 *Out.* No, we detest such vile base practices.
Come, go with us, we'll bring thee to our crews,
And shew thee all the treasure we have got;
Which, with ourselves, all rest at thy dispose. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Milan. Court of the Palace.

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. Already have I been false to Valentine,
And now I must be as unjust to Thurio.
Under the colour of commending him,
I have access my own love to prefer;
But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy,
To be corrupted with my worthless gifts.
When I protest true loyalty to her,
She twits me with my falsehood to my friend:
When to her beauty I commend my vows,
She bids me think, how I have been forsworn
In breaking faith with Julia whom I lov'd:
And, notwithstanding all her sudden quips,
The least whereof would quell a lover's hope,
Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love,
The more it grows, and fawneth on her still.
But here comes Thurio: now must we to her window,
And give some evening music to her ear.

¹ *Awful.* Steevens and others think we should here read *lawful*. But Shakspeare, in other places, uses this word in the sense of *lawful*:—"We come within our awful banks again."

² *Likes*—pleases.

³ *Nick*—beyond all reckoning. The nick was the notch upon the tally stick, by which accounts were kept. An innkeeper in a play before Shakspeare's time—"A Woman never Vexed," says—

Enter THURIO and Musicians.

Thu. How now, sir Proteus? are you crept before us?

Pro. Ay, gentle Thurio; for, you know, that love
Will creep in service where it cannot go.

Thu. Ay, but, I hope, sir, that you love not here.

Pro. Sir, but I do; or else I would be hence.

Thu. Who? Silvia?

Pro. Ay, Silvia,—for your sake.

Thu. I thank you for your own. Now, gentlemen,
Let's tune, and to it lustily awhile.

Enter Host, at a distance; and JULIA in boy's clothes.

Host. Now, my young guest! methinks you're allycholly;
I pray you, why is it?

Jul. Marry, mine host, because I cannot be merry.

Host. Come, we'll have you merry: I'll bring you where
you shall hear music, and see the gentleman that you
ask'd for.

Jul. But shall I hear him speak?

Host. Ay, that you shall.

Jul. That will be music.

[*Music plays.*]

Host. Hark! hark!

Jul. Is he among these?

Host. Ay: but peace, let's hear 'em.

SONG.

Who is Silvia? what is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she,
The heaven such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.

Is she kind, as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness:
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness;
And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing,
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.

Host. How now? are you sadder than you were before?
How do you, man? the music likes² you not.

Jul. You mistake; the musician likes me not.

Host. Why, my pretty youth?

Jul. He plays false, father.

Host. How? out of tune on the strings?

Jul. Not so; but yet so false that he grieves my very
heart-strings.

Host. You have a quick ear.

Jul. Ay, I would I were deaf! it makes me have a slow
heart.

Host. I perceive, you delight not in music.

Jul. Not a whit, when it jars so.

Host. Hark, what fine change is in the music!

Jul. Ay; that change is the spite.

Host. You would have them always play but one thing.

Jul. I would always have one play but one thing.

But, host, doth this sir Proteus, that we talk on,
Often resort unto this gentlewoman?

Host. I tell you what Launce, his man, told me, he loved
her out of all nick.³

Jul. Where is Launce?

Host. Gone to seek his dog; which to-morrow, by his
master's command, he must carry for a present to his lady.

Jul. Peace! stand aside! the company parts.

———"I have carried
The tallies at my girdle seven years together,
For I did ever love to deal honestly in the nick."

These primitive day-books and ledgers were equally adapted to an ale-house
score and a nation's revenue; for, as our readers know, they continued to be used
in the English Exchequer till within the last thirty years.

Pro. Sir Thurio, fear not you! I will so plead,
That you shall say, my cunning drift excels.
Thu. Where meet we?
Pro. At Saint Gregory's well.^b
Thu. Farewell. [*Exeunt* THURIO and Musicians.]

SILVIA appears above, at her window.

Pro. Madam, good even to your ladyship.
Sil. I thank you for your music, gentlemen:
Who is that, that spake?
Pro. One, lady, if you know his pure heart's truth,
You'd quickly learn to know him by his voice.
Sil. Sir Proteus, as I take it.
Pro. Sir Proteus, gentle lady, and your servant.
Sil. What is your will?
Pro. That I may compass¹ yours.
Sil. You have your wish; my will is even this,—
That presently you hie you home to bed.
Thou subtle, perjur'd, false, disloyal man!
Think'st thou, I am so shallow, so conceitless,
To be seduced by thy flattery,
That hast deceiv'd so many with thy vows?
Return, return, and make thy love amends.
For me,—by this pale queen of night I swear,
I am so far from granting thy request,
That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit;
And by and by intend to chide myself,
Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.
Pro. I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady;
But she is dead.

Ful. 'Twere false, if I should speak it;
For I am sure she is not buried. [*Aside.*]

Sil. Say that she be; yet Valentine, thy friend,
Survives; to whom, thyself art witness,
I am betroth'd: And art thou not asham'd
To wrong him with thy importunacy?

Pro. I likewise hear that Valentine is dead.

Sil. And so suppose am I; for in his grave
Assure thyself my love is buried.

Pro. Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.

Sil. Go to thy lady's grave, and call hers thence;
Or, at the least, in hers sepulchre thine.

Ful. He heard not that. [*Aside.*]

Pro. Madam, if your heart be so obdurate,
Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love,
The picture that is hanging in your chamber;
To that I'll speak, to that I'll sigh and weep:
For, since the substance of your perfect self
Is else devoted, I am but a shadow;
And to your shadow will I make true love.

Ful. If 'twere a substance, you would, sure, deceive it,
And make it but a shadow, as I am. [*Aside.*]

Sil. I am very loth to be your idol, sir;
But, since your falsehood shall become you well
To worship shadows, and adore false shapes,
Send to me in the morning, and I'll send it:
And so, good rest.

Pro. As wretches have o'er-night,
That wait for execution in the morn.

[*Exeunt* PROTEUS; and *SILVIA*, from above.]

Ful. Host, will you go?

Host. By my halidom,² I was fast asleep.

Ful. Pray you, where lies sir Proteus?
Host. Marry, at my house: Trust me, I think, 'tis
almost day.
Ful. Not so; but it hath been the longest night
That e'er I watched, and the most heaviest. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same.*

Enter EGLAMOUR.

Egl. This is the hour that madam Silvia
Entreated me to call, and know her mind;
There's some great matter she'd employ me in.—
Madam, madam!

SILVIA appears above, at her window.

Sil. Who calls?

Egl. Your servant, and your friend;
One that attends your ladyship's command.

Sil. Sir Eglamour, a thousand times good-morrow.

Egl. As many, worthy lady, to yourself.
According to your ladyship's impose,³
I am thus early come, to know what service
It is your pleasure to command me in.

Sil. O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman,
(Think not I flatter, for I swear I do not,)
Valiant, wise, remorseful, well accomplish'd.
Thou art not ignorant what dear good will
I bear unto the banish'd Valentine;
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vain Thurio, whom my very soul abhorr'd.⁴
Thyself hast loved; and I have heard thee say,
No grief did ever come so near thy heart,
As when thy lady and thy true love died,
Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.⁵
Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine,
To Mantua, where, I hear, he makes abode;
And, for the ways are dangerous to pass,
I do desire thy worthy company,
Upon whose faith and honour I repose.
Urge not my father's anger, Eglamour,
But think upon my grief, a lady's grief;
And on the justice of my flying hence,
To keep me from a most unholy match,
Which Heaven and fortune still reward with plagues
I do desire thee, even from a heart
As full of sorrows as the sea of sands,
To bear me company, and go with me:
If not, to hide what I have said to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.

Egl. Madam, I pity much your grievances;
Which since I know they virtuously are plac'd,
I give consent to go along with you;
Recking as little what betideth me
As much I wish all good befortune you.
When will you go?

Sil. This evening coming.

Egl. Where shall I meet you?

Sil. At friar Patrick's cell,
Where I intend holy confession.

Egl. I will not fail your ladyship:
Good morrow, gentle lady.

Sil. Good-morrow, kind sir Eglamour. [*Exeunt.*]

¹ *Compass.* Johnson says that in this passage "the word *will* is ambiguous. He wishes to gain her will; she tells him, if he wants her will he has it." Douce considers that Johnson has mistaken the meaning of the word *compass*, which does not here mean to gain, but to perform. It appears to us that a double ambiguity is here intended. Silvia says, "What is your will?"—what is your *wish*?—for although Shakspeare has accurately distinguished between the two words, as in this play (Act I. Sc. III.),

"My will is something sealed with his wish,"

he yet often uses them synonymously. Proteus' reply to the question is—"That I may compass yours"—that I may have your will within my power—encompassed—surrounded. Silvia, in her answer, receives the word compass in its meaning of *to perform*; and distinguishes between wish and will. "You have your

wish;"—you may compass—you may perform my will—"my will is even this," &c. This latter meaning of compass is frequent in Shakspeare, as, "You judge it impossible to compass wonders." (1 Hen. VI.) "That were hard to compass." (Tw. Night.) The meaning in which Proteus appears to us to use the term is indicated in the Merry Wives—"Maybe the knave bragged of that he could not compass"—of that which was beyond his power.

² *Halidom*—holiness; *holi* and *dom* as in kingdom. *Holidame*—holy virgin—was a corruption of the term.

³ *Impose*—command. The word, as a noun, does not occur again in Shakspeare.

⁴ Mr. Dyce has "my very soul *abhors*," remarking that Hanmer had made the obvious correction.

SCENE IV.—*The same.**Enter LAUNCE, with his dog.*

When a man's servant shall play the cur with him, look you, it goes hard: one that I brought up of a puppy; one that I saved from drowning, when three or four of his blind brothers and sisters went to it! I have taught him—even as one would say precisely, Thus I would teach a dog. I was sent to deliver him, as a present to mistress Silvia, from my master; and I came no sooner into the dining-chamber, but he steps me to her trencher,^d and steals her capon's leg. O, 'tis a foul thing when a cur cannot keep¹ himself in all companies! I would have, as one should say, one that takes upon him to be a dog indeed, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit than he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think verily he had been hanged for't; sure as I live he had suffer'd for't: you shall judge. He thrusts me himself into the company of three or four gentlemen-like dogs under the duke's table: he had not been there (bless the mark) a pissing while, but all the chamber smelt him. *Out with the dog*, says one; *What cur is that?* says another; *Whip him out*, says the third; *Hang him up*, says the duke. I, having been acquainted with the smell before, knew it was Crab; and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs: *Friend*, quoth I, *you mean to whip the dog?* *Ay, marry, do I*, quoth he. *You do him the more wrong*, quoth I; *'twas I did the thing you wot of*. He makes me no more ado, but whips me out of the chamber. How many masters would do this for their servant? Nay, I'll be sworn, I have sat in the stocks^e for puddings he hath stolen, otherwise he had been executed: I have stood on the pillory^f for geese he hath killed, otherwise he had suffer'd for't: thou think'st not of this now!—Nay, I remember the trick you served me, when I took my leave of madam Silvia; did not I bid thee still mark me, and do as I do? When didst thou see me heave up my leg, and make water against a gentlewoman's farthingale? didst thou ever see me do such a trick?

Enter PROTEUS and JULIA.

Pro. Sebastian is thy name? I like thee well, And will employ thee in some service presently.

Jul. In what you please.—I'll do what I can.

Pro. I hope thou wilt.—How now, you whoreson peasant?

[*To LAUNCE.*]

Where have you been these two days loitering?

Laun. Marry, sir, I carried mistress Silvia the dog you bade me.

Pro. And what says she to my little jewel?

Laun. Marry, she says your dog was a cur; and tells you, currish thanks is good enough for such a present.

Pro. But she received my dog?

Laun. No, indeed, did she not: here have I brought him back again.

Pro. What, didst thou offer her this from me?

Laun. Ay, sir; the other squirrel was stolen from me by the hangman's boys in the market-place: and then I offered her mine own; who is a dog as big as ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater.

Pro. Go, get thee hence, and find my dog again, Or ne'er return again into my sight.

Away, I say: Stay'st thou to vex me here?

A slave, that still an end turns me to shame.

[*Exit LAUNCE.*]

Sebastian, I have entertained thee,
Partly, that I have need of such a youth,
That can with some discretion do my business,
For 'tis no trusting to yon foolish lowt;

But, chiefly, for thy face and thy behaviour;
Which (if my augury deceive me not)
Witness good bringing up, fortune, and truth:
Therefore know thee, for this I entertain thee.
Go presently, and take this ring with thee,
Deliver it to madam Silvia:

She lov'd me well,² delivered it to me.

Jul. It seems you loved her not to leave³ her token:
She's dead, belike.

Pro. Not so; I think she lives.

Jul. Alas!

Pro. Why dost thou cry, alas?

Jul. I cannot choose but pity her.

Pro. Wherefore shouldst thou pity her?

Jul. Because, methinks, that she lov'd you as well
As you do love your lady Silvia:

She dreams on him that has forgot her love;

You dote on her that cares not for your love.

'Tis pity, love should be so contrary;

And thinking on it makes me cry, alas?

Pro. Well, give her that ring, and therewithal
This letter;—that's her chamber.—Tell my lady,
I claim the promise for her heavenly picture.

Your message done, hie home unto my chamber,
Where thou shalt find me sad and solitary.

[*Exit PROTEUS.*]

Jul. How many women would do such a message?

Alas, poor Proteus! thou hast entertain'd

A fox, to be the shepherd of thy lambs:

Alas, poor fool! why do I pity him

That with his very heart despiseth me?

Because he loves her, he despiseth me;

Because I love him, I must pity him.

This ring I gave him, when he parted from me,

To bind him to remember my good will:

And now am I (unhappy messenger)

To plead for that, which I would not obtain;

To carry that which I would have refus'd;

To praise his faith, which I would have disprais'd.

I am my master's true confirmed love;

But cannot be true servant to my master,

Unless I prove false traitor to myself.

Yet I will woo for him; but yet so coldly,

As, Heaven it knows, I would not have him speed.

Enter SILVIA, attended.

Gentlewoman, good day! I pray you, be my mean
To bring me where to speak with madam Silvia.

Sil. What would you with her, if that I be she?

Jul. If you be she, I do entreat your patience
To hear me speak the message I am sent on.

Sil. From whom?

Jul. From my master, sir Proteus, madam.

Sil. O!—he sends you for a picture?

Jul. Ay, madam.

Sil. Ursula, bring my picture there. [*Picture brought.*]

Go, give your master this: tell him from me,
One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget,
Would better fit his chamber, than this shadow.

Jul. Madam, please you peruse this letter.—

Pardon me, madam; I have unadvis'd

Delivered you a paper that I should not:

This is the letter to your ladyship.

Sil. I pray thee, let me look on that again.

Jul. It may not be; good madam, pardon me.

Sil. There, hold.

I will not look upon your master's lines:

I know they are stuff'd with protestations,

¹ *Keep*—restrain.² She lov'd me well, *who* deliver'd it to me.³ To *leave*—to part with.

And full of new-found oaths; which he will break,
As easily as I do tear his paper.

Ful. Madam, he sends your ladyship this ring.

Sil. The more shame for him that he sends it me;
For I have heard him say a thousand times,
His Julia gave it him at his departure:
Though his false finger have profan'd the ring,
Mine shall not do his Julia so much wrong.

Ful. She thanks you.

Sil. What say'st thou?

Ful. I thank you, madam, that you tender her:
Poor gentlewoman! my master wrongs her much.

Sil. Dost thou know her?

Ful. Almost as well as I do know myself:
To think upon her woes I do protest
That I have wept an hundred several times.

Sil. Belike, she thinks that Proteus hath forsook her.

Ful. I think she doth, and that's her cause of sorrow.

Sil. Is she not passing fair?

Ful. She hath been fairer, madam, than she is:
When she did think my master lov'd her well,
She, in my judgment, was as fair as you;
But since she did neglect her looking-glass,
And threw her sun-expelling mask away,^s
The air hath starv'd the roses in her cheeks,
And pinch'd the lily-tincture of her face,
That now she is become as black as I.¹

Sil. How tall was she?

Ful. About my stature: for, at Pentecost,
When all our pageants of delight were play'd,^h
Our youth got me to play the woman's part,
And I was trimm'd in madam Julia's gown;
Which serv'd me as fit, by all men's judgment,
As if the garment had been made for me:
Therefore, I know she is about my height.
And, at that time, I made her weep a-good,
For I did play a lamentable part;
Madam, 'twas Ariadne, passioning
For Theseus' perjury, and unjust flight;
Which I so lively acted with my tears,
That my poor mistress, moved therewithal,
Wept bitterly; and, would I might be dead,
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow!

Sil. She is beholden to thee, gentle youth!—

Alas, poor lady! desolate and left!—

I weep myself to think upon thy words.

Here, youth, there is my purse; I give thee this

For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou lov'st her.

Farewell.

[*Exit* SILVIA.]

Ful. And she shall thank you for't, if e'er you know her.

A virtuous gentlewoman, mild and beautiful.

I hope my master's suit will be but cold,

Since she respects my mistress' love so much.

Alas, how love can trifle with itself!

Here is her picture: Let me see; I think,

If I had such a tire, this face of mine

Were full as lovely as is this of hers:

And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,

Unless I flatter with myself too much.

Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow:²

If that be all the difference in his love,

¹ In this passage *pinch'd* means painted, and not as Johnson has it, pinch'd with cold. *Black* signifies dark, tanned. In the next act Thurio says, "my face is black," as opposed to "fair." It is curious that *black*, *bleak*, *blight*, are words having a strong affinity; and that, therefore, "the air," which "starv'd the roses," and "pinch'd the lily tincture," so as to make "black," is the same as the withering and blighting agency, the *bleak* wind, which covers vegetation with a sterile blackness. (See Richardson's Dictionary.)

² Capell says the colour of the hair marks this play as of the period of Elizabeth. The auburn, or yellow, of the queen's hair made that colour beautiful.

³ The glass of Shakspeare's time was not of the colourless quality which now constitutes the perfection of glass, but of a light blue tint; hence "as grey as glass." "Eyen as gray as glasse," in the old romances, expresses the pale cerulean blue of those eyes which usually accompany a fair complexion—a complexion belonging to the "auburn" and "yellow" hair of Silvia and Julia.

⁴ Steevens interprets *respective* as respectful, respectable; but the true meaning

I'll get me such a colour'd periwig.¹

Her eyes are grey as glass;³ and so are mine:

Ay, but her forehead's low, and mine's as high.

What should it be, that he respects in her,

But I can make respective⁴ in myself,

If this fond love were not a blinded god?

Come, shadow, come, and take this shadow up,

For 'tis thy rival. O thou senseless form,

Thou shalt be worshipp'd, kiss'd, lov'd, and ador'd;

And, were there sense in his idolatry,

My substance should be statue⁵ in thy stead.

I'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake,

That used me so; or else, by Jove I vow,

I should have scratch'd out your unseeing eyes,

To make my master out of love with thee.

[*Exit.*]

RECENT NEW READINGS.

Sc. I. p. 21.—"Come, go with us, we'll bring thee to our *crews*."

"Come, go with us, we'll bring thee to our *cave*."—*Collier*. Mr. Collier says, in defence of his reading, that the "*crews*," so to call them, were on the stage, while the "*cave*" was the place where the treasure was deposited. *Crews*, however, are companions, and it was not necessary that all the outlaws should be on the stage, leaving the treasure unguarded. Mr. Dyce adopts the correction of *cave*. Mr. Singer has *caves*. Mr. Grant White, in his edition of "The Works of William Shakspeare," published at Boston, U.S., in 1859, adheres to *crews*.

Sc. IV. p. 23.—"The other squirrel was stolen from me by the *hangman's boys*."

"By the *hangman-boy*."—*Collier*.

The *hangman-boy*, says Mr. Collier, is a rascally boy, a gallows boy. There is no occasion for the change, for the "*hangman's boys*" are boys dedicated to the hangman. Mr. Dyce and Mr. G. White print "*hangman boys*."

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The same. An Abbey.*

Enter EGLAMOUR.

Egl. The sun begins to gild the western sky:
And now, it is about the very hour
That Silvia, at friar Patrick's cell, should meet me.
She will not fail; for lovers break not hours,
Unless it be to come before their time;
So much they spur their expedition.

Enter SILVIA.

See where she comes: Lady, a happy evening!

Sil. Amen, amen! go on, good Eglamour,
Out at the postern by the abbey-wall;
I fear I am attended by some spies.

Egl. Fear not: the forest is not three leagues off:

If we recover that, we are sure enough.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room in the Duke's Palace.*

Enter THURIO, PROTEUS, and JULIA.

Thu. Sir Proteus, what says Silvia to my suit?

Pro. O, sir, I find her milder than she was;
And yet she takes exceptions at your person.

Thu. What, that my leg is too long?

Pro. No; that it is too little.⁶

Thu. I'll wear a boot, to make it somewhat rounder.

Pro. But love will not be spurr'd to what it loaths.

of the word, and the context, shew that Julia says, "What he respects in her, has equal relation to myself."

⁵ The word *statue* and *picture* were often used without distinction. In Mas-singer's "City Madam," Sir John Frugal desires that his daughters

"may take leave
Of their late suitors' statues."

Luke replies:—"There they *hang*." Stowe, speaking of Queen Elizabeth's funeral, mentions "her statue or picture lying upon the coffin;" and in one of the inventories of Henry VIII.'s furniture, *pictures of earth*—that is, busts of *terra cotta*—are recited.

⁶ *That it is too little*. "Little" does not sound like an epithet of Shakspeare's. Might not he have written "lithe"? Lithe, lithy, lither, are oft used in the sense of *weak*.

Thu. What says she to my face?

Pro. She says, it is a fair one.

Thu. Nay, then the wanton lies; my face is black.

Pro. But pearls are fair; and the old saying is,
Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes.

Ful. 'Tis true, such pearls as put out ladies' eyes;
For I had rather wink than look on them. [Aside.]

Thu. How likes she my discourse?

Pro. Ill, when you talk of war.

Thu. But well, when I discourse of love and peace?

Ful. But better, indeed, when you hold your peace. [Aside.]

Thu. What says she to my valour?

Pro. O, sir, she makes no doubt of that.

Ful. She needs not, when she knows it cowardice. [Aside.]

Thu. What says she to my birth?

Pro. That you are well deriv'd.

Ful. True; from a gentleman to a fool. [Aside.]

Thu. Considers she my possessions?

Pro. O, ay; and pities them.

Thu. Wherefore?

Ful. That such an ass should owe them. [Aside.]

Pro. That they are out by lease.¹

Ful. Here comes the duke.

Enter DUKE.

Duke. How now, sir Proteus? how now, Thurio?
Which of you saw sir Eglamour of late?

Thu. Not I.

Pro. Nor I.

Duke. Saw you my daughter?

Pro. Neither.

Duke. Why, then, she's fled unto that peasant Valentine;
And Eglamour is in her company.

'Tis true; for friar Lawrence met them both,
As he in penance wander'd through the forest:
Him he knew well, and guess'd that it was she;
But, being mask'd, he was not sure of it:
Besides, she did intend confession

At Patrick's cell this even; and there she was not:
These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence.

Therefore, I pray you, stand not to discourse,
But mount you presently; and meet with me
Upon the rising of the mountain-foot
That leads towards Mantua, whither they are fled.

Dispatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me. [Exit.]

Thu. Why this it is to be a peevish girl,
That flies her fortune when it follows her:
I'll after; more to be reveng'd on Eglamour,
Than for the love of reckless Silvia. [Exit.]

Pro. And I will follow, more for Silvia's love,
Than hate of Eglamour that goes with her. [Exit.]

Ful. And I will follow, more to cross that love,
Than hate for Silvia, that is gone for love. [Exit.]

SCENE III.—Frontiers of Mantua. The Forest.

Enter SILVIA, and Outlaws.

¹ *Out.* Come, come;

Be patient, we must bring you to our captain.

Sil. A thousand more mischances than this one
Have learn'd me how to brook this patiently.

² *Out.* Come, bring her away.

¹ *Out.* Where is the gentleman that was with her?

³ *Out.* Being nimble-footed, he hath outrun us,
But Moyses and Valerius follow him.

Go thou with her to the west end of the wood,
There is our captain: we'll follow him that's fled.
The thicket is beset, he cannot 'scape.

¹ *Out.* Come, I must bring you to our captain's cave;
Fear not; he bears an honourable mind,
And will not use a woman lawlessly.

Sil. O Valentine, this I endure for thee. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—Another part of the Forest.

Enter VALENTINE.

Val. How use doth breed a habit in a man!
This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns:
Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And to the nightingale's complaining notes
Tune my distresses, and record² my woes.
O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless;
Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was!
Repair me with thy presence, Silvia;
Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain!
What halloing, and what stir, is this to-day?
These are my mates, that make their wills their law,
Have some unhappy passenger in chase:
They love me well; yet I have much to do,
To keep them from uncivil outrages.
Withdraw thee, Valentine; who's this comes here?

[Steps aside.]

Enter PROTEUS, SILVIA, and JULIA.

Pro. Madam, this service I have done for you,
(Though you respect not aught your servant doth,)
To hazard life, and rescue you from him
That would have forc'd your honour and your love.
Vouchsafe me, for my meed, but one fair look;
A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,
And less than this, I am sure, you cannot give.

Val. How like a dream is this I see and hear!
Love, lend me patience to forbear awhile. [Aside.]

Sil. O miserable, unhappy that I am!

Pro. Unhappy were you, madam, ere I came;
But, by my coming, I have made you happy.

Sil. By thy approach thou mak'st me most unhappy.

Ful. And me, when he approacheth to your presence. [Aside.]

Sil. Had I been seized by a hungry lion,
I would have been a breakfast to the beast,
Rather than have false Proteus rescue me.
O, Heaven be judge, how I love Valentine,
Whose life's as tender to me as my soul;
And full as much, (for more there cannot be,)
I do detest false perjur'd Proteus:
Therefore be gone, solicit me no more.

Pro. What dangerous action, stood it next to death,
Would I not undergo for one calm look?
O, 'tis the curse in love, and still approv'd,³
When women cannot love, where they're belov'd.

Sil. When Proteus cannot love where he's belov'd.
Read over Julia's heart, thy first best love,
For whose dear sake thou didst then rend thy faith
Into a thousand oaths; and all those oaths
Descended into perjury, to love me.

² *Record*—to sing: thus:—

"Fair Philomel, night-music of the spring,
Sweetly records her tuneful harmony."

Drayton's *Eclogues*, 1593.

¹ By his "possessions," Thurio means his lands; but Proteus, who is bantering him, alludes to his mental endowments, which he says "are out by lease"—are not in his own keeping.

Douce says that the word was formed from the *recorder*, a sort of flute with which birds were taught to sing.

³ *Approv'd*—proved, experienced.

Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou hadst two,
And that's far worse than none; better have none
Than plural faith, which is too much by one:
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend!

Pro. In love,
Who respects friend?

Sil. All men but Proteus.

Pro. Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words
Can no way change you to a milder form,
I'll woo you like a soldier, at arms' end;
And love you 'gainst the nature of love, force you.

Sil. O heaven!

Pro. I'll force thee yield to my desire.

Val. Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch;
Thou friend of an ill fashion!

Pro. Valentine!

Val. Thou common friend, that's without faith or love;
(For such is a friend now;) treacherous man!
Thou hast beguil'd my hopes; nought but mine eye
Could have persuaded me: Now I dare not say
I have one friend alive; thou wouldst disprove me.
Who should be trusted when one's own right hand
Is perjur'd to the bosom? Proteus,
I am sorry I must never trust thee more,
But count the world a stranger for thy sake.
The private wound is deepest: O time most accurs'd!
'Mongst all foes, that a friend should be the worst.

Pro. My shame, and guilt, confounds me.—
Forgive me, Valentine: if hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient ransom for offence,
I render it here; I do as truly suffer
As e'er I did commit.

Val. Then I am paid;
And once again I do receive thee honest:—
Who by repentance is not satisfied
Is nor of heaven, nor earth; for these are pleas'd;
By penitence the Eternal's wrath's appeas'd:—
And, that my love may appear plain and free,
All that was mine in Silvia, I give thee.¹

Jul. O me, unhappy! [Faints.]

Pro. Look to the boy.

Val. Why, boy! why, wag! how now? what's the
matter? Look up; speak.

Jul. O good sir, my master charged me to deliver a ring
to madam Silvia; which, out of my neglect, was never
done.

Pro. Where is that ring, boy?

Jul. Here 'tis: this is it. [Gives a ring.]

Pro. How! let me see: why this is the ring I gave to
Julia.

Jul. O, cry your mercy, sir, I have mistook;
This is the ring you sent to Silvia. [Shows another ring.]

Pro. But, how cam'st thou by this ring? at my depart,
I gave this unto Julia.

¹ This passage has much perplexed the commentators. Pope thinks it very odd that Valentine should give up his mistress at once, without any reason alleged; and, consequently, the two lines spoken by Valentine, after his forgiveness of Proteus—

“And, that my love may appear plain and free,
All that was mine in Silvia, I give thee,”

are considered to be interpolated or transposed. Sir W. Blackstone thinks they should be spoken by Thurio. In our first edition we suggested, without altering the text, that the two lines might be spoken by Silvia. A correspondent, however, had the kindness to supply us with an explanation, which, we think, is very preferable, removing, as it appears to do, much of the difficulty; although, after all, it might be intended that Valentine, in a fit of romance, should give up his mistress. Our correspondent writes as follows:—“It appears to me that the lines belong properly to Valentine, as given in all the editions, and not to Silvia, as suggested by you. The error of all the previous commentators, and, as I think, the one into which you have fallen, is in understanding the word ‘all’ to be used by Shakspeare, in the above passage, in the sense of ‘everything,’ or as applying to ‘love’ in the previous line; whereas it refers to ‘wrath’ in the line which immediately precedes the above couplet. The way in which I would read these three lines is as follows:—

“By penitence the Eternal's wrath's appeas'd;
And that my love (*i.e.* for Proteus) may appear plain and free,
All (*i.e.* the wrath) that was mine in (*i.e.* on account of) Silvia, I give thee
(*i.e.* give thee up—forego).”

Jul. And Julia herself did give it me;
And Julia herself hath brought it hither.

Pro. How! Julia!

Jul. Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths,²
And entertain'd them deeply in her heart:
How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root!³
O Proteus, let this habit make thee blush!
Be thou asham'd, that I have took upon me
Such an immodest raiment; if shame live
In a disguise of love:

It is the lesser blot, modesty finds,

Women to change their shapes, than men their minds.

Pro. Than men their minds! 'tis true; O heaven! were
man

But constant, he were perfect: that one error
Fills him with faults; makes him run through all sins;
Inconstancy falls off, ere it begins:
What is in Silvia's face, but I may spy
More fresh in Julia's with a constant eye?

Val. Come, come, a hand from either:

Let me be blest to make this happy close;
'Twere pity two such friends should be long foes.

Pro. Bear witness, Heaven, I have my wish for ever.

Jul. And I mine.

Enter Outlaws, with DUKE and THURIO.

Out. A prize, a prize, a prize!

Val. Forbear, forbear, I say; it is my lord the duke.
Your grace is welcome to a man disgrac'd,
Banished Valentine.

Duke. Sir Valentine!

Thu. Yonder is Silvia; and Silvia's mine.

Val. Thurio, give back, or else embrace thy death;
Come not within the measure of my wrath:
Do not name Silvia thine; if once again,
Milan shall not behold thee.⁴ Here she stands,
Take but possession of her with a touch;—
I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.—

Thu. Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I;
I hold him but a fool, that will endanger
His body for a girl that loves him not:
I claim her not, and therefore she is thine.

Duke. The more degenerate and base art thou,
To make such means for her as thou hast done,
And leave her on such slight conditions.—
Now, by the honour of my ancestry,
I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine,
And think thee worthy of an empress' love.
Know then, I here forget all former griefs,
Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again.—
Plead a new state in thy unrivall'd merit,
To which I thus subscribe,—Sir Valentine,

In other words, Valentine, having pardoned Proteus for his treachery to himself, in order to convince him how sincere was his reconciliation (justifying, however, to himself what he was about to do, by the consideration that even

“By penitence the Eternal's wrath's appeas'd”), also forgives him the insult he had offered to Silvia. The use above suggested of the preposition ‘in’ appears to me to be highly poetical. It distinguishes between Valentine's wrath on his own account for Proteus's treachery to himself, and that of Silvia for the indignity offered her by Proteus, which latter Valentine adopts and makes his own, and so calls his wrath in Silvia. The use of the word ‘was’ also supports this reading. Valentine wishes to express that his wrath was past: had he been speaking of his ‘love,’ he would have said ‘is.’”

Mr. G. White, in his edition of the Plays, calls it “a singular passage,” but says that comment belongs rather to the philosopher than the critic, as it appears to be uncorrupted. He calls attention to similar overstrained generosity in Valentine, in Act II. Sc. IV., where he twice earnestly treats Silvia to accept Proteus, on equal terms with him, as his “fellow-servant to her.”

² See Note 3, Act III. Sc. I.

³ “Cleft the root” is an allusion to *cleaving the pin*, in archery, continuing the metaphor from “give aim.” To *cleave the pin* was to break the nail which attached the mark to the butt.

⁴ The reading of the original edition is “Verona shall not hold thee.” Mr. Collier gives

“Milano shall not hold thee;”

of which Mr. Dyce approves. See remark of the Cambridge editors, Note 6, Act II. Sc. V.

Thou art a gentleman, and well deriv'd;
Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserv'd her.

Val. I thank your grace; the gift hath made me happy.
I now beseech you, for your daughter's sake,
To grant one boon that I shall ask of you.

Duke. I grant it for thine own, whate'er it be.

Val. These banish'd men, that I have kept withal,
Are men endued with worthy qualities;
Forgive them what they have committed here,
And let them be recalled from their exile:
They are reformed, civil, full of good,
And fit for great employment, worthy lord.

Duke. Thou hast prevail'd; I pardon them, and thee;
Dispose of them, as thou know'st their deserts.

Come, let us go; we will include all jars
With triumphs, mirth, and rare solemnity.^a

Val. And, as we walk along, I dare be bold
With our discourse to make you^b grace to smile:
What think you of this page, my lord?

Duke. I think the boy hath grace in him; he blushes.

Val. I warrant you, my lord; more grace than boy.

Duke. What mean you by that saying?

Val. Please you, I'll tell you as we pass along,
That you will wonder what hath fortun'd.—
Come, Proteus; 'tis your penance, but to hear
The story of your loves discovered:
That done, our day of marriage shall be yours;
One feast, one house, one mutual happiness. [*Exeunt.*]

ILLUSTRATIONS TO THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

ACT I.

^a SCENE I.—“*I will be thy beadsman, Valentine.*”

THE Anglo-Saxon *bead*,—a prayer,—something prayed,—has given the name to the mechanical help which the ritual of the early church associated with the act of praying. To drop a ball down a string at every prayer, whether enjoined by the priest or by voluntary obligation, has been the practice of the Romish church for many centuries. In our language the ball, from its use, came to be called the bead. To “bid the beads,” and to “pray,” were synonymous. Burnet, in his “History of the Reformation,” says: “The form of *bidding* prayer was not begun by King Henry, as some have weakly imagined, but was used in the times of popery, as will appear by the form of *bidding the beads* in King Henry the Seventh's time. The way was, first, for the preacher to name and open his text, and then to call on the people to go to their prayers, and to tell them what they were to pray for; after which all the people said their *beads* in a general silence, and the minister kneeled down also and said his.” We find the expression “bedes bydding” in the “Vision of Pierce Plowman,” which was written, according to Tyrwhitt, about 1362. In the same remarkable poem we also find *bedman*—beadman, or beadsman. A beadsman, in the sense of “I will be thy beadsman,” is one who offers up prayers for the welfare of another. In this general sense it was used by Sir Henry Lee to Queen Elizabeth. (See Illustration *k*.) “Thy poor daily orator and beadsman” was the common subscription to a petition to any great man or person in authority. We retain the substance, though not the exact form, of this courtly humiliation, even to the present day, when we memorialize the Crown and the Houses of Parliament, and seek to propitiate those authorities by the unmeaning assurance that their “petitioners shall ever pray.” But the great men of old did not wholly depend upon the efficacy of their prayers for their welfare, which proceeded from the expectation or gratitude of their suitors. They had regularly appointed *bedsmen*, who were paid to weary heaven with their supplications. It is to this practice that Shakspeare alludes, in the speech of Scroop to Richard II.:—

“Thy very *bedsmen* learn to bend their bows
Of double-fatal yew against thy state.”

Johnson, upon this passage, says, “The king's beadsmen were his chaplains.” This assertion is partly borne out by an entry in “The Privy Purse Expenses of King Henry VIII.,” published by Sir Harris Nicholas:—“Item, to Sir Torche, the king's bede man at the Rood in Grenewiche, for one yere now ended, xl s.” The title “Sir” was in these days more especially applied to priests. (See Merry Wives of Windsor.) But the term “bedesman” was also, we have little doubt, generally applied to any persons, whether of the clergy or laity, who received endowments for the purpose of offering prayers

for the sovereign. Henry VII. established such persons upon a magnificent scale. The Harleian MS. No. 1498, in the British Museum, is an indenture made between Henry VII. and John Islipp, Abbot of St. Peter, Westminster, in which the abbot engages to “provide and sustain within the said monastery, in the alms-houses there, therefore made and appointed by the said king, thirteen poor men, one of them being a priest;” and the duty of these thirteen poor men is “to pray during the life of the said king, our sovereign lord, for the good and prosperous state of the same king, our sovereign lord, and for the prospering of this his realm.” These men are not in the indenture called *bedesmen*; that instrument providing that they “shall be named and called the *Almesse men* of the said king our sovereign lord.” The general designation of those who make prayers for others—bedesmen—is here sunk in a name derived from the particular *almesse* (alms), or endowment. The dress of the twelve almsmen is to be a gown and a hood, “and a scochyn to be made and set upon every of the said gowns, and a red rose crowned and embroidered thereupon.” The “scochyn” made and set upon the gown reminds us of the “badge” of poor Edie Ochiltree, in the “Antiquary;” and this brings us back to “beadsman.” This prince of mendicants was, as our readers will remember, a “King's Bedesman”—“an order of paupers to whom the kings of Scotland were in the custom of distributing a certain alms, in conformity with the ordinances of the Catholic church, and who were expected, in return, to *pray for the royal welfare and that of the state.*” The similarity in the practices of the “King's Bedesmen” of Scotland, and the “*Almesse men*” of Henry VII., is precise. “This order,” as Sir Walter Scott tells us in his advertisement to the “Antiquary,” from which the above description is copied, “is still kept up.” The “poor orators and beadsmen” of England live now only in a few musty records, or in the allusions of Spenser and Shakspeare; and in the same way the “Blue Gowns” or “King's Bedesmen” of Scotland, who “are now seldom to be seen in the streets of Edinburgh,” will be chiefly remembered in the imperishable pages of the Author of Waverley.

^b SCENE I.—“*Nay, give me not the boots.*”

This expression may refer, as Steevens has suggested, to a country sport in harvest-time, in which any offender against the laws of the reaping-season was laid on a bench and slapped with boots. But Steevens has also concluded—and Douce follows up the opinion—that the allusion is to the instrument of torture called *the Boots*. That horrid engine, as well as the rack and other monuments of the cruelty of irresponsible power, was used in the *question*, in the endeavour to wring a confession out of the accused by terror or by actual torment. This meaning gives a propriety to the allusion which we have not seen noticed. In the passage before us Valentine

is bantering Proteus about his mistress—and Proteus exclaims, "Nay, give me not the boots"—do not torture me to confess to those love-delinquencies of which you accuse me. The torture of the boots was used principally in Scotland; and Douce has an extract from a very curious pamphlet containing an account of its infliction in the presence of our James I., before he was called to the English crown, upon one Dr. Fein, a supposed wizard, who was charged with raising the storms which the king encountered on his passage from Denmark. The brutal superstition which led James to the use of this horrid torture is less revolting than the calculating tyranny which prescribed its application to the unhappy Whig preachers of a century later, as recorded by Burnet, in the case of Maccael, in 1666. Our readers will here again remember Scott, in his powerful scene of Macbriar before the Privy Council of Scotland,—and will think of the wily Lauderdale and his detestable joke when the tortured man has fainted—"he'll scarce ride to-day, though he has had his boots on." Douce says, "the torture of the boot was known in France, and, in all probability, imported from that country." He then gives a representation of it, copied from Millæus's *Praxis criminis persequendi*, Paris, 1541.

° SCENE I.—"In the sweetest bud
The eating canker dwells."

This is a figure which Shakspeare has often repeated. In the Sonnets we have (Sonnet LXX.)—

"Canker vice the sweetest buds doth love."

In King John—

"Now will canker sorrow eat my bud."

In Hamlet—

"The canker galls the infants of the spring."

The peculiar canker which our poet, a close observer of Nature, must have noted, is described in *Midsummer Night's Dream*—

"Some to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds."

And in 1 Henry VI.—

"Hath not thy rose a canker?"

The instrument by which the canker was produced is described in

"The bud bit with an envious worm"

of *Romeo and Juliet*; and in

"concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Fed on her damask cheek,"

in *Twelfth Night*.

Shakspeare found the "canker-worm" in the Old Testament (Joel i. 4). The Geneva Bible, 1561, has "That which is left of the palmer-worm hath the grasshopper eaten, and the residue of the grasshopper hath the canker-worm eaten, and the residue of the canker-worm hath the caterpillar eaten." The Arabic version of the passage in Joel renders what is here, and in our received translation, "the palmer-worm" by *dud*, which seems a general denomination for the larva state of an insect, and which applies especially to the "canker-worm." The original Hebrew, which is rendered palmer-worm, is from a verb meaning to cut or shear; the Greek of the Septuagint, by which the same word is rendered, is derived from the verb meaning to bend. (See "Pictorial Bible," Joel i.) These two words give a most exact description of the "canker-worm;"—"of the canker in the musk-rose buds;" of the larvæ which are produced in the leaves of many plants, and which find habitation and food by the destruction of the receptacle of their infant existence. These caterpillars are termed "leaf-rollers," and their economy is amongst the most curious and interesting of the researches of entomology. The general operations of these larvæ, and the particular operations of the "cankers in the musk-rose buds," have been described in a little volume entitled "Insect Architecture." A small dark-brown caterpillar, with a black head and six feet, is the "canker-worm" of the rose. It derives its specific name, *Lozotania Rosana*, from its habits. The grub, produced from eggs deposited in the previous summer or autumn, makes its appearance with the first opening of the leaves, and it constructs its summer tent while the leaves are in their soft and half-expanded state. It weaves them together so strongly, bending them (according to the Greek of the Septuagint) and fastening their discs with the silken cords which it spins, that

the growth of the bud in which it forms its canopy is completely stopped. Thus secured from the rain and from external enemies, it begins to destroy the inner partitions of its dwelling; it becomes the cutting insect of the Hebrew. In this way,

"the most forward bud
"Is eaten by the canker ere it blow."

° SCENE I.—"Not so much as a ducat."

The ducat—which derives its name from duke, a ducal coin—is repeatedly mentioned in Shakspeare. There were two causes for this. First, many of the incidents of his plays were derived from Italian stories, and were laid in Italian scenes; and his characters, therefore, properly use the name of the coin of their country. Thus, ducat occurs in this play, in the *Comedy of Errors*, in *Much Ado about Nothing*, in *Romeo and Juliet*; and, more than all, in the *Merchant of Venice*. But Italy was the great resort of English travellers in the time of Shakspeare; and ducat being a familiar word to him, we find it also in *Hamlet* and in *Cymbeline*. Venice has, at present, its silver ducat—the ducat of eight livres—worth about 3s. 3d. The gold ducat of Venice is at present worth about 6s.

° SCENE I.—"You have testern'd me."

A verb is here made out of the name of a coin—the *tester*—which is mentioned twice in Shakspeare: 1, by Falstaff, when he praises his recruit Wart, "There's a tester for thee;" and, 2, by Pistol, "Tester I'll have in pouch." We have also *testril*, which is the same, in *Twelfth Night*. The value of a tester, teston, testern, or testril, as it is variously written, was supposed to be determined by a passage in Latimer's Sermons (1584):—"They brought him a denari, a piece of their current coin, that was worth ten of our usual pence—such another piece as our testerne." But the value of the tester, like that of all our ancient coins, was constantly changing, in consequence of the infamous practice of debasing the currency, which was amongst the expedients of bad governments for wringing money out of the people by cheating as well as violence. The French name, *teston*, was applied to a silver coin of Louis XII. (1513), because it bore the king's head; and the English shilling received the same name at the beginning of the reign of Henry VIII.,—probably because it had the same value as the French teston. The testons were called in by proclamations in the second and third years of Edward VI., in consequence of the extensive forgeries of these coins by Sir William Sherrington, for which, by an express act of parliament, he was attainted of treason. They are described in these proclamations as "pieces of xii^d., commonly called testons." But the base shillings still continued to circulate, and they were, according to Stow, "called down" to the value of ninepence, afterwards to sixpence, and finally to fourpence-halfpenny, in the reign of Edward VI. The value seems at last to have settled to sixpence. Harrison, in his "Description of England," says, "Sixpence, usually named the testone." In Shakspeare's time it would appear, from the following passage in *Twelfth Night*, where Sir Toby and Sir Andrew are bribing the Clown to sing, that its value was sixpence:—

"Sir To. Come on; there is sixpence for you: let's have a song.
Sir A. There's a testril of me, too."

In the reign of Anne, its value, according to Locke, who distinguishes between the shilling and the tester, was sixpence; and to this day we sometimes hear the name applied to sixpence.

° SCENE II.—"Best sing it to the tune of Light o' love."

This was the name of a dance tune, which, from the frequent mention of it in the old poets, appears to have been very popular. Shakspeare refers to it again in *Much Ado about Nothing*, with more exactness: "Light o' love;—that goes without a burthen; do you sing it, and I'll dance it."

° SCENE II.—"Injurious wasps! to feed on such sweet honey."

The economy of bees was known to Shakspeare with an exactness which he could not have derived from books. The description in *Henry V.*, "So work the honey bees," is a study for the naturalist as

well as the poet. He had, doubtless, not only observed "the lazy, yawning drone," but the "injurious wasps," that plundered the stores which had been collected by those who

"Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds."

These were the fearless robbers to which the pretty pouting Julia compares her fingers:—

"Injurious wasps! to feed on such sweet honey,
And kill the bees that yield it with your stings."

The metaphor is as accurate as it is beautiful.

¹ SCENE III.—"*Some, to the wars,*" &c.

We have alluded to these lines somewhat at length in the Introductory Notice. It would be out of place here to give a more particular detail of what were the *wars*, and who the illustrious men that went "to try their fortunes there," or to recapitulate "the islands far away," that were sought for or discovered, or to furnish even a list of "the studious universities" to which the eager scholars of Elizabeth's time resorted. The subject is too large for us to attempt its illustration by any minute details. We may, however, extract a passage from Gifford's "*Memoirs of Ben Jonson*," prefixed to his excellent edition of that great dramatist, which directly bears upon this passage:—

"The long reign of Elizabeth, though sufficiently agitated to keep the mind alert, was yet a season of comparative stability and peace. The nobility, who had been nursed in domestic turbulence, for which there was now no place, and the more active spirits among the gentry, for whom entertainment could no longer be found in feudal grandeur and hospitality, took advantage of the diversity of employment happily opened, and spread themselves in every direction. They put forth, in the language of Shakspeare—

'Some, to the wars, to try their fortunes there;
Some, to discover islands far away;
Some, to the studious universities;'

and the effect of these various pursuits was speedily discernible. The feelings narrowed and embittered in household feuds, expanded and purified themselves in distant warfare, and a high sense of honour and generosity, and chivalrous valour, ran with electric speed from bosom to bosom, on the return of the first adventurers in the Flemish campaigns; while the wonderful reports of discoveries, by the intrepid mariners who opened the route since so successfully pursued, faithfully committed to writing, and acting at once upon the cupidity and curiosity of the times, produced an inconceivable effect in diffusing a thirst for novelties among a people who, no longer driven in hostile array to destroy one another, and combat for interests in which they took little concern, had leisure for looking around them, and consulting their own amusement."

¹ SCENE III.—"*In having known no travel,*" &c.

There was a most curious practice with reference to travelling in those days, which is well described in Fynes Moryson's "*Itinerary*." Adventurous persons, of slender fortune, deposited a small sum, upon undertaking a distant or perilous journey, to receive a larger sum if they returned alive. Moryson's brother, he tells us, desired to visit Jerusalem and Constantinople, and he "thought this putting out of money to be an honest means of gaining, at least, the charges of his journey." He, therefore, "put out some few hundred pounds, to be repaid twelve hundred pounds, upon his return from those two cities, and to lose it if he died in the journey." We shall have occasion to refer to this practice in the *Tempest*, where Shakspeare distinctly notices it:—

"Each putter out on five for one will bring us
Good warrant of," &c.

We have here mentioned this singular sort of bargain to show that those who undertook "travel" in those days were considered as incurring serious dangers.

^{*} SCENE III.—"*There shall he practise tilts and tournaments.*"

St. Palaye, in his "*Memoirs of Chivalry*," says, that in their private castles the gentlemen practised the exercises which would

prepare them for the public tournaments. This refers to the period which appears to have terminated some half century before the time of Elizabeth, when real warfare was conducted with express reference to the laws of knighthood; and the tourney, with all its magnificent array,—its minstrels, its heralds, and its damosels in lofty towers,—had its hard blows, its wounds, and sometimes its deaths. There were the "*Joustes à outrance*," or the "*Joustes mortelles et à champ*," of Froissart. But the "tournaments" that Shakspeare sends Proteus to "practise" were the "*Joustes of Peace*," the "*Joustes à Plaisance*," the tournaments of gay pennons and pointless lances. They had all the gorgeousness of the old knightly encounters, but they appear to have been regarded only as courtly pastimes, and not as serious preparations for "a well-foughten field." One or two instances from the annals of these times will at least amuse our readers, if they do not quite satisfy them that these combats were as harmless to the combatants as the fierce encounters between other less noble actors—the heroes of the stage.

On Whit-Monday, 1581, a most magnificent tournament was held in the Tilt-yard at Westminster, in honour of the Dauphin, and other noblemen and gentlemen of France, who had arrived as commissioners to the queen. Holinshed describes the proceedings respecting this "*Triumph*" at great length. A magnificent gallery was erected for the queen and her court, which was called by the combatants the fortress of perfect beauty; "and not without cause, forasmuch as her highness would be there included." Four gentlemen—the Earl of Arundel, the Lord Windsor, Mr. Philip Sydney, and Mr. Fulke Greville—calling themselves the foster-children of Desire, laid claim to this fortress, and vowed to withstand all who should dare to oppose them. Their challenge being accepted by certain gentlemen of the court, they proceeded (in gorgeous apparel, and attended by squires and attendants richly dressed) forthwith to the tilt, and on the following day to the tourney, where they behaved nobly and bravely; but, at length, submitted to the queen, acknowledging that they ought not to have accompanied Desire by Violence, and concluding a long speech, full of the compliments of the day, by declaring themselves thenceforth slaves to the "*Fortress of Perfect Beautie*." These "*Courtly triumphs*" were arranged and conducted in the most costly manner. The queen's gallery was painted in imitation of stone, and covered with ivy and garlands of flowers; cannons were fired with perfumed powder; the dresses of the knights and courtiers were of the richest stuffs, and covered with precious stones; and moving mounts, costly chariots, and many other devices were introduced to give effect to the scene.

In the reign of Elizabeth there were annual exercises of arms, which were first commenced by Sir Henry Lee. This worthy knight made a vow to appear armed in the Tilt-yard at Westminster, on the 27th November (the anniversary of the queen's accession) in every year, until disabled by age, where he offered to tilt with all comers, in honour of her Majesty's accession. He continued the queen's champion until the thirty-third year of her reign, when, having arrived at the sixtieth year of his age, he resigned in favour of George, Earl of Cumberland, who was invested in the office with much form and solemnity in 1590. It was on the 27th November in that year that Sir Henry Lee, having performed his devoirs in the lists for the last time, and with much applause, accompanied by the Earl of Cumberland, presented himself before the queen, who was seated in her gallery overlooking the lists, and, kneeling on one knee, humbly besought her Majesty to accept the Earl of Cumberland for her knight, to continue the yearly exercises which he was compelled, from infirmities of age, himself to relinquish. The queen graciously accepting the offer, the old knight presented his armour at her Majesty's feet, and then assisting in fastening the armour of the earl, he mounted him on his horse. This ceremony being performed, he put upon his own person a side coat of "black velvet pointed under the arm, and covered his head (in lieu of a helmet) with a buttoned cap of the country fashion." Then, whilst music was heard proceeding from a magnificent temple which had been erected for the occasion, he presented to the queen, through the hands of three beautiful maidens, a veil curiously wrought and richly adorned, and other gifts of great magnificence, and declared that, although his youth and strength had decayed, his duty, faith, and love remained perfect as ever; his hands, instead of wielding the lance, should now be held up in prayer for her Majesty's welfare; and he trusted she would allow him to be her Beadsman, now that he had ceased to incur knightly perils in her service. But the queen complimented him upon his gallantry, and desired that he would

attend the future annual jousts, and direct the knights in their proceedings ; for indeed his virtue and valour in arms were declared by all to be deserving of command. In the course of the good old knight's career of "virtue and valour in arms," he was joined by many companions, anxious to distinguish themselves in all courtly and chivalrous exercises. One duke, nineteen earls, twenty-seven barons, four knights of the garter, and above one hundred and fifty other knights and esquires, are stated to have taken part in these annual feats of arms.—(See Walpole's "Miscellaneous Antiquities," No. I. pp. 41 to 48, which contains an extract from "Honour, Military and Civil," by Sir W. Segur. Norroy: London, 1602.)

If Shakspeare had not looked upon these "Annual Exercises of Arms," when he thought of the tournaments "in the emperor's court," he had probably been admitted to the Tilt-yard at Kenilworth, on some occasion of magnificent display by the proud Leicester.

ACT II.

^a SCENE I.—"Sir, your glove."

Gloves finely perfumed were brought from Italy as presents in the sixteenth century. "A pair of sweet gloves" is mentioned in an inventory of apparel at Hampton Court, temp. Henry VIII.

^b SCENE I.—"Beggars at Hallowmas."

If we were to look only at the severe statutes against mendicancy, we might suppose that, at the period when Shakspeare thus described what he must have commonly seen, there were no beggars in the land but the licensed beggars, which these statutes permitted. Unlicensed beggars were, by the statute of 1572, to be punished, in the first instance, by grievous whipping, and burning through the gristle of the right ear ; and for second and third offences they were to suffer death as felons. It is clear that these penal laws were almost wholly inoperative ; and Harrison, in his "Description of Britain," prefixed to Holinshed, shows the lamentable extent of vagrancy amongst the "thriftless poor." In our notes upon King Lear, where Edgar describes himself as "Poor Tom, who is whipped from tything to tything, and stock'd, punished, and imprison'd," this subject is noticed more at length. Of the "valiant beggar"—the compound of beggar and thief,—Shakspeare has given a perfect picture in his Autolycus, which also furnishes an interesting annotation.

^c SCENE I. "He, being in love, could not see to garter his hose."

We shall have frequent occasion of mentioning the costly garters of the sixteenth century, and the various fashions of wearing them. Shakspeare is here speaking of those of his own time, but at the period to which we have confined the costume of this play, garters of great magnificence appeared round the large slashed hose, both above and below the knee. To go ungartered was the common trick of a fantastic love, who thereby implied he was too much occupied by his passion to pay attention to his dress.

^d SCENE I.—"Sir Valentine and servant."

Sir J. Hawkins says, "Here Silvia calls her lover servant, and again her gentle servant. This was the common language of ladies to their lovers, at the time when Shakspeare wrote." Steevens gives several examples of this. Henry James Pye, in his "Comments on the Commentators," mentions that, "in the 'Noble Gentlemen' of Beaumont and Fletcher, the lady's gallant has no other name in the dramatis personæ than servant," and that "mistress and servant are always used for lovers in Dryden's plays." It is clear to us, however, that Shakspeare here uses the words in a much more general sense than that which expresses the relation between two lovers. At the very moment that Valentine calls Silvia mistress, he says that he has written for her a letter,—“some lines to one she loves,”—unto a "secret nameless friend ;" and what is still stronger evidence that the word "servant" had not the full meaning of lover, but meant a much more general admirer, Valentine, introducing Proteus to Silvia, says—

"Sweet lady, entertain him
To be my fellow-servant to your ladyship ;"

and Silvia, consenting, says to Proteus—

"Servant, you are welcome to a worthless mistress."

Now, when Silvia says this, which, according to the meaning which has been attached to the words servant and mistress, would be a speech of endearment, she had accepted Valentine really as her betrothed lover, and she had been told by Valentine that Proteus

"Had come along with me, but that his mistress
Did hold his eyes lock'd in her crystal looks."

It appears, therefore, that we must receive these words in a very vague sense, and regard them as titles of courtesy, derived, perhaps, from the chivalric times, when many a harnessed knight and sportive troubadour described the lady whom he had gazed upon in the tilt-yard as his "mistress," and the same lady looked upon each of the gallant train as a "servant" dedicated to the defence of her honour, or the praise of her beauty.

^e SCENE II.—"Why then we'll make exchange."

The priest in Twelfth Night (Act V. Sc. I.) describes the ceremonial of betrothing, for which the Catholic church had a ritual :—

"A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings."

This contract was made, in private, by Proteus and Julia ; and it was also made by Valentine and Silvia—"we are betroth'd."

^f SCENE III.—"This left shoe."

A passage in King John also shows that each foot was formerly fitted with its shoe, a fashion of unquestionable utility, which was revived many years ago :—

"Standing on slippers, which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet."

^g SCENE IV.—"My jerkin is a doublet."

The jerkin, or jacket, was generally worn over the doublet ; but occasionally the doublet was worn alone, and, in many instances, is confounded with the jerkin. Either had sleeves or not, as the wearer fancied ; for by the inventories and wardrobe accounts of the time, we find that the sleeves were frequently separate articles of dress, and attached to the doublet, jerkin, coat, or even woman's gown, by laces or ribbons, at the pleasure of the wearer. A "doblet jaquet" and hose of blue velvet, cut upon cloth of gold, embroidered, and a "doblet hose and jaquet" of purple velvet, embroidered, and cut upon cloth of gold, and lined with black satin, are entries in an inventory of the wardrobe of Henry VIII.

In 1535, a jerkin of purple velvet, with purple satin sleeves, embroidered all over with Venice gold, was presented to the king by Sir Richard Cromwell ; and another jerkin of crimson velvet, with wide sleeves of the same coloured satin, is mentioned in the same inventory.

^h SCENE VII.—"And, even in kind love, I do conjure thee."

Malone prints the word conjure with an accent on the first syllable, *conjure*. In the same way, in the next line but one, he marks the accent on *character'd*. Since the publication of our first edition we have been led, through the consideration of the many false theories which have prevailed as to the general versification of Shakspeare, to believe that this system of accenting words differently from their ordinary pronunciation, and constantly varying, is a false one. For example, in the passage before us, Malone prints

"And, e'en in kind love, I do *conjure* thee."

The emphasis must here be on *kind* and *con*. But read

"And, *even* in kind love, I do conjure thee,"

placing the emphasis on *love* and *jure*, and the metre is perfect enough, without such a variation from the common pronunciation. Upon a just metrical system there is no difficulty in such passages. Our opinion is much strengthened by the communication of a friend on this subject ; and we therefore omit these arbitrary marks.

SCENE VII.—“*The table wherein all my thoughts
Are visibly character'd.*”

The allusion is to the table-book, or tables, which were used, as at present, for noting down something to be remembered. Hamlet says—

“My tables,—meet it is I set it down.”

They were made sometimes of ivory, and sometimes of slate. The Archbishop of York, in Henry IV., says—

“And, therefore, will he wipe his tables clean.”

The table-book of slate is engraved and described in Gesner's treatise, *De Rerum Fossilium Figuris*, 1565; and it has been copied in Douce's “Illustrations.”

* SCENE VII.—“*A true-devoted pilgrim.*”

The comparison which Julia makes between the ardour of her passion, and the enthusiasm of the pilgrim, is exceedingly beautiful. When travelling was a business of considerable danger and personal suffering, the pilgrim who was not weary

“To traverse kingdoms with his feeble steps,”

to encounter the perils of a journey to Rome, or Loretto, or Compostella, or Jerusalem, was a person to be looked upon as thoroughly in earnest.

In the time of Shakspeare the pilgrimages to the tomb of St. Thomas à Becket, at Canterbury, which Chaucer has rendered immortal, were discontinued; and few, perhaps, undertook the sea voyage to Jerusalem. But the pilgrimage to the shrine of St. James, or St. Jago, the patron saint of Spain, at Compostella, was undertaken by all classes of Catholics. The house of our Lady at Loretto was, however, the great object of the devotee's vows; and, at particular seasons, there were not fewer than two hundred thousand pilgrims visiting it at once. The Holy House (the *Santa Casa*) is the house in which the blessed Virgin is said to have been born, in which she was betrothed to Joseph, and where the annunciation of the angel was made. It is pretended that it was carried, on the 9th of May, 1291, by supernatural means from Galilee to Tersato, in Dalmatia; and from thence removed, on the 10th of December, 1294, to Italy, where it was deposited in a wood at midnight. The Santa Casa (which now stands within the large church of Loretto) consists of one room, the length of which is 31½ feet, the breadth 13 feet, and the height 18 feet. On the ceiling is painted the Assumption of the Virgin Mary; and other paintings once adorned the walls of the apartment. On the west side is the window through which the angel is said to have entered the house; and facing it, in a niche, is the image of the Virgin and Child, which was once enriched by the offerings of princes and devotees. The mantle, or robe, which she had on was covered with innumerable jewels of inestimable value, and she had a triple crown of gold, enriched with pearls and diamonds, given her by Louis XIII. of France. The niche in which the figure stands was adorned with seventy-one large Bohemian topazes, and on the right side of the image is an angel of cast gold, profusely enriched with diamonds and other gems. A great part of these treasures was taken by Pope Pius VII., in order to pay to France the sum extorted by the treaty of Tolentino, in 1797. They have been partially replaced since by new contributors, among whom have been Murat, Eugène Beauharnois, and other members of the Bonaparte family. There are a few relics considered more valuable than the richest jewels that have been carried away. Notwithstanding the mean appearance of the walls within the Santa Casa, the outside is encased and adorned with the finest Carrara marble. This work was begun in 1514, in the pontificate of Leo X., and the House of our Lady was consecrated in 1538. The expense of this casing amounted to 50,000 crowns, and the most celebrated sculptors of the age were employed. Bramante was the architect, and Baccio Bandinelli assisted in the sculptures. The whole was completed in 1579, in the pontificate of Gregory XIII. The munificent expenditure upon the House of our Lady at Loretto had, probably, contributed greatly to make the pilgrimage the most attractive in Europe, when Shakspeare wrote.

ACT III.

* SCENE I.—“*Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love.*”

The lady of the sixteenth century had a small pocket in the front of her stays, in which she carried her letters, and other matters which she valued. In the verses which Valentine has addressed to Silvia, he says—

“My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them.”

In Hamlet we have the same allusion: “These to her excellent white bosom.” A passage in Lord Surrey's “Sonnets” conveys the same idea, which occurs also in Chaucer's “Merchant's Tale:”—

“This purse hath she in hire bosome hid.”

b SCENE I.—“*St. Nicholas be thy speed.*”

When Speed is about to read Launce's paper, Launce, who has previously said, “Thou canst not read,” invokes St. Nicholas to assist him. St. Nicholas was the patron-saint of scholars. There is a story in Douce how the saint attained this distinction, by discovering that a wicked host had murdered three scholars on their way to school, and by his prayers restored their souls to their bodies. This legend is told in the “Life of St. Nicholas,” composed in French verse by *Maitre Wace*, chaplain to Henry II., and which remains in manuscript. By the statutes of St. Paul's School, the scholars are required to attend divine service at the cathedral on the anniversary of this saint. The parish clerks of London were incorporated into a guild, with St. Nicholas for their patron. These worthy persons were, probably, at the period of their incorporation, more worthy of the name of *clerks* (scholars) than we have been wont in modern times to consider. But why are thieves called St. Nicholas's clerks in Henry IV.? Warburton says, by a quibble between Nicholas and old Nick. This we doubt. Scholars appear, from the ancient statutes against vagrancy, to have been great travellers about the country. These statutes generally recognise the right of poor scholars to beg; but they were also liable to the penalties of the gaol and the stocks, unless they could produce letters testimonial from the chancellor of their respective universities. It is not unlikely that in the journeys of these hundreds of poor scholars they should have occasionally “taken a purse” as well as begged “an almesse,” and that some of “St. Nicholas's clerks” should have become as celebrated for the same accomplishments which distinguished Bar-dolph and Peto at Gadshill, as for the learned poverty which entitled them to travel with a chancellor's license.

c SCENE I.—“*The cover of the salt hides the salt.*”

The large salt-cellar of the dinner-table was a massive piece of plate, with a cover equally substantial. There was only one salt-cellar on the board, which was placed near the top of the table; and the distinction of those who sat above and below the salt was universally recognised.

ACT IV.

* SCENE I.—“*Robin Hood's fat friar.*”

The jolly Friar Tuck, of the old Robin Hood ballads—the almost equally famous Friar Tuck of “Ivanhoe”—is the personage whom the outlaws here invoke. It is unnecessary for us to enter upon the legends

“Of Tuck, the merry friar, which many a sermon made,
In praise of Robin Hood, his outlaws, and his trade,”

as old Drayton has it.

Shakspeare has two other allusions to Robin Hood. The old Duke, in *As You Like It*, “is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him, and there they live, like the old Robin Hood of England.” Master Silence, that “merry heart,” that “man of mettle,” sings, “in the sweet of the night,” of

“Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John.”

The honourable conditions of Robin's lawless rule over his followers were evidently in our poet's mind when he makes Valentine say—

“I take your offer, and will live with you,
Provided that you do no outrages
On silly women, and poor passengers.”

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

^b SCENE II.—“*At Saint Gregory's well.*”

This is, as far as we know, the only instance in which holy wells are mentioned by Shakspeare. We have already mentioned (see Introductory Notice) that the popular belief in the virtues of these sainted wells must have been familiar to him. St. Gregory's well, the place where Proteus and Thurio were to meet, might have been found in some description of Italian and other cities which Shakspeare had read; for these wells were often contained within splendid buildings, raised by some devotee to protect the sacred fount from which, he believed, he had derived inestimable advantage. Such was the well of St. Winifred at Holywell, in Flintshire. This remarkable fountain throws up eighty-four hogsheads every minute, which volume of water forms a considerable stream. The well is enclosed within a beautiful Gothic temple, erected by the mother of Henry VII.

^c SCENE III.—“*Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.*”

Sir Eglamour was selected by Silvia as the companion of her flight, not only as “a gentleman,” but as one whose affections were buried in the “grave” of his “lady,” and “true love.” Steevens says that it was common for widows and widowers to make solemn vows of chastity, of which the church took account. It is immaterial (for the matter has been controverted) whether Sir Eglamour was a widower, or had made this vow upon the death of one to whom he was betrothed.

^d SCENE IV.—“*He steps me to her trencher.*”

That the daughter of a Duke of Milan should eat her capon from a trencher may appear somewhat strange. It may be noted, however, that the fifth Earl of Northumberland, in 1512, was ordinarily served on wooden trenchers, and that plates of pewter, mean as we may now think them, were reserved in his family for great holidays. The “Northumberland Household Book,” edited by Bishop Percy, furnishes several entries which establish this. In the privy-purse expenses of Henry VIII. there are also entries regarding trenchers; as, for example, in 1530,—“Item, paid to the s'geant of the pantrye for certen trenchors for the king, xxiijs iiijd.”

^e SCENE IV.—“*I have sat in the stocks.*”

Launce speaks familiarly of an object that was the terror of vagabonds in every English village,—the “Ancient Castle” of Hudibras,—the

“Dungeon scarce three inches wide;
With roof so low, that under it
They never stand, but lie or sit;
And yet so foul, that whoso is in,
Is to the middle-leg in prison.”

Civilization has banished the stocks, with many other relics of a barbarous age.

^f SCENE IV.—“*I have stood on the pillory.*”

The pillory is also abolished in all ordinary cases, and perhaps public opinion will prevent it being ever again used. Our ancestors were ingenious in the varieties of form in which they constructed their pillories. Douce has engraved no less than six specimens of these instruments of punishment. The pillory that was in use amongst us half a century ago, appears to have differed very slightly from that of the time of Henry VIII.

^g SCENE IV.—“*Sun-expelling mask.*”

Stubbs, in his “Anatomie of Abuses,” published in 1595, thus describes the masks of the ladies of Elizabeth's time: “When they use to ride abroad they have masks and visors made of velvet, wherewith they cover all their faces, having holes made in them against their eyes, whereout they look.”

^h SCENE IV.—“*At Pentecost, When all our pageants of delight were play'd.*”

We shall include the general subject of pageants in an illustration of the line in Act V.—

“Triumphs, mirth, and rare solemnity.”

ⁱ SCENE IV.—“*A colour'd periwig.*”

No word has puzzled etymologists more than periwig. It has been referred to a Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and northern origin, and, perhaps, with equal want of success. It is the same word as *perwick*, *periwicke*, and *peruke*. Whiter, in his very curious “Etymological Dictionary,” thinks it is a compound of two words, or, rather, combinations of sounds, common to many languages. “The wig belonging to the head,” he says, “means the *raised up, soft* covering. In the *perruque*, or *perri-wig*, the PRQ, or PR, means, I believe, the *enclosure*, as in *park*.” When we smile at Julia's expression, “a colour'd periwig,” we must recollect that, in Shakspeare's time, the word had not a ludicrous meaning. False hair was worn by ladies long before wigs were adopted by men. In a beautiful passage in the Merchant of Venice, Shakspeare more particularly notices this female fashion:—

“So are those crisped, snaky, golden locks,
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,
Upon supposed fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head,
The skull that bred them in the sepulchre.”

ACT V.

^a SCENE IV.—“*Triumphs, mirth, and rare solemnity.*”

Malone, in a note on this passage, says, “*Triumphs*, in this and many other passages of Shakspeare, signifies masques and revels.” This assertion appears to us to have been hastily made. We have referred to all the passages of Shakspeare in which the plural noun “triumphs” is used; and it appears to us to have a signification perfectly distinct from that of masques and revels. And first of Julius Cæsar. Antony says—

“O, mighty Cæsar! Dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure?”

In Titus Andronicus, Tamora, addressing her conqueror, exclaims—

“We are brought to Rome
To beautify thy triumphs.”

In these two quotations we have the original meaning of triumphs—namely, the solemn processions of a conqueror with his captives and spoils of victory. The triumphs of modern times were gorgeous shows, in imitation of those pomps of antiquity. When Columbus, returning from his first voyage, presented to the sovereigns of Castile and Arragon the productions of the countries which he had discovered, the solemn procession on that memorable occasion was a real *Triumph*. But when Edward IV., in Shakspeare (Henry VI., Part III.), exclaims, after his final conquest—

“And now what rests, but that we spend the time
With stately triumphs, mirthful comic shows,
Such as befit the pleasures of the court?”

he refers to those ceremonials which the genius of chivalry had adopted from the mightier pomps of antiquity, imitating something of their splendour, but laying aside their stern demonstrations of outward exultation over their vanquished foes. There were no human captives in massive chains—no lions and elephants led along to the amphitheatre, for the gratification of a turbulent populace. Edward exclaims of his prisoner Margaret—

“Away with her, and waft her hence to France.”

The dread of Cleopatra was that of exposure in the Triumph:—

“Shall they hoist me up,
And show me to the shouting varletry
Of censuring Rome?”

Here, then, was the difference of the Roman and the feudal manners. The triumphs of the middle ages were shows of peace, decorated with the pomp of arms; but altogether mere scenic representations, deriving their name from the more solemn triumphs of antiquity. But they were not masques, as Malone has stated. The Duke of York, in Richard II., asks—

“What news from Oxford? hold these justs and triumphs?”

and for these “justs and triumphs” Aumerle has prepared his “gay

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apparel." There is one more passage which appears to us conclusive as to the use of the word Triumphs. The passage is in Pericles: Simonides asks—

"Are the knights ready to begin the triumph?"

And when answered that they are, he says—

"Return then, we are ready; and our daughter,
In honour of whose birth these triumphs are,
Sits here, like beauty's child."

The triumph, then, meant the "joustes of peace" which we have noticed in a previous illustration; and the great tournament there mentioned, when Elizabeth sat in her "fortress of perfect beauty," was expressly called a triumph. In the triumph were, of course, included the processions and other "stately" shows that accompanied the sports of the tilt-yard.

The Duke of Milan, in this play, desires to "include all jars," not only with "triumphs," but with "mirth and rare solemnity." The "mirth" and the "solemnity" would include the "pageant"—the favourite show of the days of Elizabeth. The "masque" (in its highest signification) was a more refined and elaborate device than the pageant; and therefore we shall confine the remainder of this illustration to some few general observations on the subject of "pageants."

We may infer, from the expression of Julia in the fourth Act—

"At Pentecost,
When all our pageants of delight were play'd"—

that the pageant was a religious ceremonial, connected with the festivals of the church. And so it originally was. The "pageants" performed at Coventry were, for the most part, "dramatic mysteries;" and the city, according to Dugdale, was famous, before the suppression of the monasteries, for the pageants that were played there on Corpus Christi day. "These pageants," says the fine old topographer, "were acted with mighty state and reverence by the fryers of this house, and contained the story of the New Testament,

which was composed into old English rhyme. The theatres for the several scenes were very large and high, and being placed upon wheels, were drawn to all the eminent places of the city, for the better advantage of the spectators." It appears, from Mr. Sharp's "Dissertation on the Coventry Pageants," that the trading companies were accustomed to perform these plays; and it will be remembered that when Elizabeth was entertained by Leicester at Kenilworth, the "old Coventry play of Hock Tuesday" formed a principal feature of the amusements. The play of Hock Tuesday commemorates the great victory over the Danes, A.D. 1002, and it was exhibited before the queen by Captain Cox and many others from Coventry. The Whitsun plays at Chester, called the Chester Pageants, or Chester Mysteries, were also performed by the trading companies of that ancient city. Archdeacon Rogers, who died in 1569, has left an account of the Whitsun plays, which he saw in Chester, which shews that the pageant-vehicles there, like those of Coventry, were scaffolds upon wheels. Mr. Collier, in his valuable "History of the Stage," mentions a fact, given by Hall the historian, that in 1511, at the revels at Whitehall, Henry VIII. and his lords "entered the hall in a pageant on wheels."

It is clear from the passage in which Julia describes her own part in the "pageants of delight"—

"Ariadne passioning
For Theseus' perjury and unjust flight"—

that the pageant had begun to assume something of the classical character of the masque. But it had certainly not become the gorgeous entertainment which Jonson has so glowingly described, as "of power to surprise with delight, and steal away the spectators from themselves." The pageant in which Julia acted at Pentecost was probably such as Shakspeare had seen in the streets of Coventry, or in some stately baronial hall of his rich county. The "pageant on wheels" in which Henry and his lords entered his hall of revels was evidently the same sort of machine as that described by Dugdale.

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTICE.

ASSUREDLY that criticism of Shakspeare will alone be genial which is reverential. The Englishman who, without reverence, a proud and affectionate reverence, can utter the name of William Shakspeare, stands disqualified for the office of critic. He wants one at least of the very senses, the language of which he is to employ; and will discourse at best but as a blind man, while the whole harmonious creation of light and shade, with all its subtle interchange of deepening and dissolving colours, rises in silence to the silent *fat* of the uprising Apollo.* Thus a "reverential" criticism will not only be most genial,—it will be most intelligible. Heminge and Condell, in their Preface to the first collected edition of Shakspeare, truly say,— "Read him again and again; and if then you do not like him, surely you are in some manifest danger not to understand him." To love Shakspeare best is best to understand him. And yet, from the days of Rymer, who described Othello as a "bloody farce, without salt or savour," we have had a "wilderness" of critics, each one endeavouring, "merely by his *ipse dixit*, to treat as contemptible what he has not intellect enough to comprehend, or soul to feel, without assigning any reason, or referring his opinion to any demonstrative principle."† In offering an analysis of the various critical opinions upon each play, we must, of necessity, present our readers with many remarks which are not "reverential." But we trust, also, to be able to show, in most cases by authorities which *do* refer to some "demonstrative principle," that those who have uttered the name of Shakspeare "with-

out reverence," as too many of the commentators have done, are "but stammering interpreters of the general and almost idolatrous admiration of his countrymen."‡

Without any reference to the period of the poet's life in which the Two Gentlemen of Verona was written, Theobald tells us, "This is one of Shakspeare's worst plays." Hanmer thinks Shakspeare "only enlivened it with some speeches and lines thrown in here and there." Upton determines "that if any proof can be drawn from manner and style, this play must be sent packing, and seek for its parent elsewhere." Johnson, though singularly favourable in his opinion of this play, says of it, "There is a strange mixture of knowledge and ignorance, of care and negligence." Mrs. Lenox (who, in the best slip-slop manner, does not hesitate to pass judgment upon many of the greatest works of Shakspeare), says, "'Tis generally allowed that the plot, conduct, manners, and incidents of this play are extremely deficient." On the other hand, Pope gives the style of this comedy the high praise of being "natural and unaffected;" although he complains that the familiar parts are "composed of the lowest and most trifling conceits, to be accounted for only by the gross taste of the age he lived in." Johnson says, "When I read this play, I cannot but think that I find, both in the serious and ludicrous scenes, the language and sentiments of Shakspeare. It is not, indeed, one of his most powerful effusions; it has neither many diversities of character, nor striking delineations of life. But it abounds in *γνώμαι* (senten-

* Coleridge, Literary Remains, vol. ii. p. 63.

† Id. p. 11.

‡ Schlegel's Lectures on Dramatic Literature, Black's translation, vol. ii. p. 104.
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tious observations) beyond most of his plays; and few have more lines or passages which, singly considered, are eminently beautiful." Coleridge, the best of critics on Shakspeare, has no remark on this play beyond calling it "a sketch." Hazlitt, in a more elaborate criticism, follows out the same idea: "This is little more than the first outlines of a comedy loosely sketched in. It is the story of a novel dramatised with very little labour or pretension; yet there are passages of high poetical spirit, and of inimitable quaintness of humour, which are undoubtedly Shakspeare's, and there is throughout the conduct of the fable a careless grace and felicity which marks it for his." We scarcely think that Coleridge and Hazlitt are correct in considering this play "a sketch," if it be taken as a whole. In the fifth Act, unquestionably, the outlines "are loosely sketched in." The unusual shortness of that Act would indicate that it is, in some degree, hurried and unfinished. If the text be correct which makes Valentine offer to give up Silvia to Proteus, there cannot be a doubt that the poet intended to have worked out this idea, and to have exhibited a struggle of self-denial, and a sacrifice to friendship, which very young persons are inclined to consider possible. Friendship has its romance as well as love. In the other parts of the comedy there is certainly extremely little that can be called sketchy. They appear to us to be very carefully finished. There may be a deficiency of power, but not of elaboration. A French writer who has analysed all Shakspeare's plays (M. Paul Duport), considers that this play possesses a powerful charm, which he attributes to the brilliant and poetical colouring of its style. He thinks, and justly, that a number of graceful comparisons, and of vivid and picturesque images, here take the place of the bold and natural conceptions (the "vital and organic" style, as Coleridge expresses it) which are the general characteristic of his genius. In these elegant generalizations, M. Duport properly recognises the vagueness and indecision of the youthful poet.* The remarks of A. W. Schlegel on this comedy are, as usual, acute and philosophical: "The Two Gentlemen of Verona paints the irresolution of love, and its infidelity towards friendship, in a pleasant, but, in some degree, superficial manner; we might almost say with the levity of mind which a passion suddenly entertained, and as suddenly given up, presupposes. The faithless lover is at last forgiven without much difficulty by his first mistress, on account of his ambiguous repentance. For the more serious part, the premeditated flight of the daughter of a prince, the captivity of her father along with herself by a band of robbers, of which one of the two gentlemen, the faithful and banished friend, has been compulsively elected captain; for all this a peaceful solution is soon found. It is as if the course of the world was obliged to accommodate itself to a transient youthful caprice, called love."† An English writer, who has well studied Shakspeare, and has published a volume of very praiseworthy research,‡ distinguished for correct taste and good feeling (although some of its theories may be reasonably doubted), considers this comedy Shakspeare's first dramatic production, and imagines it might have been written at Stratford, and have formed his chief recommendation to the Blackfriars company. He adds: "This play appears to me enriched with all the freshness of youth; with strong indications of his future matured poetical power and dramatic effect. It is the day-spring of genius, full of promise, beauty, and quietude, before the sun has arisen to its splendour. I can likewise discern in it his peculiar gradual development of character, his minute touches, each tending to complete a portrait; and if these are not executed by the master hand, as shown in his later plays, they are by the same apprentice-hand, each touch of strength sufficient to harmonize with the whole." Johnson says of this play, "I am inclined to believe that it was not very successful." It is difficult to judge of the accuracy of this belief. The "quietude," the "minute touches," may not have been exactly suited to an

audience who had as yet been unaccustomed to the delicate lights and shadows of the Elizabethan drama. Shakspeare, in some degree, stood in the same relation to his predecessors as Raphael did to the earlier painters. The gentle gradations, the accurate distances, the harmony and repose, had to be superadded to the hard outlines, the strong colouring, and the disproportionate parts of the elder artists, in the one case as in the other. But our dramatist, who unquestionably always looked to what the *stage* demanded from him, however he may have looked beyond the mere wants of his present audience, put enough of attractive matter into the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* to command its popularity. No "clown" that had appeared on the stage before his time could at all approach to Launce in real humour. But the clowns that the celebrated Tarleton represented had mere words of buffoonery put in their mouths; and it is not to be wondered at that Shakspeare retained some of their ribaldry. It would be some time before he would be strong enough to assert the rights of his own genius, as he unquestionably did in his later plays. He must, as a young writer, have been sometimes forced into a sacrifice to the popular requirements.

Mr. Boaden, as it is stated by Malone, is of opinion that the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* contains the germ of other plays which Shakspeare afterwards wrote.§ The expression, "germ of other plays," is somewhat undefined. There are in this play the germ of several incidents and situations which occur in the poet's maturer works—the germ of some other of his most admired characters—the germ of one or two of his most beautiful descriptions. When Julia is deputed by Proteus to bear a letter to Silvia, urging the love which he ought to have kept sacred for herself, we are reminded of Viola, in *Twelfth Night*, being sent to plead the Duke's passion for Olivia,—although the other circumstances are widely different. When we see Julia wearing her boy's disguise, with a modest archness and spirit, our thoughts involuntarily turn not only to Viola, but to Rosalind, and to Imogen, three of the most exquisite of Shakspeare's exquisite creations of female characters;—when Valentine, in the forest of Mantua, exclaims,

"How use doth breed a habit in a man!
This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns,"

we hear the first faint notes of the same delicious train of thought, though greatly modified by the different circumstances of the speaker, that we find in the banished Duke of the Forest of Ardennes:—

"Now my co-mates, and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp?"

When Valentine exclaims,

"And why not death, rather than living torment?"

we recollect the grand passage in *Macbeth*, where the same thought is exalted, and rendered terrible, by the peculiar circumstances of the speaker's guilt:—

"Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy."

There are, generally speaking, resemblances throughout the works of Shakspeare, which none but his genius could have preserved from being imitations. But, taking the particular instance before us, when, with matured powers, he came to deal with somewhat similar incidents and characters in other plays, and to repeat the leading idea of a particular sentiment, we can, without difficulty, perceive how vast a difference had been produced by a few years of reflection and experience;—how he had made to himself an entirely new school of art, whose practice was as superior to his own conceptions as embodied in his first works, as it was beyond the mastery of his contemporaries, or of any who have succeeded him. It was for this reason that Pope

* *Essais Littéraires sur Shakspeare*, tome ii. p. 357. Paris, 1828.

† *Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature*, Black's translation, vol. ii. p. 156.

‡ Shakspeare's *Autobiographical Poems*, &c. By Charles Armitage Brown. 1838.

§ Malone's *Shakspeare*, by Boswell, vol. ii. p. 32.

called the style of the Two Gentlemen of Verona "simple and unaffected." It was opposed to Shakspeare's later style, which is teeming with allusion upon allusion, dropped out of the exceeding riches of his glorious imagination. With the exception of the few obsolete words, and the unfamiliar application of words still in use, this comedy has, to our minds, a very modern air. The thoughts are natural and obvious, the images familiar and general. The most celebrated passages have a character of grace rather than of beauty; the elegance of a youthful poet aiming to be correct, instead of the splendour of the perfect artist, subjecting every crude and apparently unmanageable thought to the wonderful alchemy of his all-penetrating genius. Look, in this comedy, at the images, for example, which are derived from external nature, and compare them with the same class of images in the later plays. We might select several illustrations, but one will suffice:—

"As the most favour'd bud
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow;
Even so by love the young and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly; blasting in the bud,
Losing his verdure even in the prime."

Here the image is feeble, because it is generalized. But compare it with the same image in Romeo and Juliet:—

"But he, his own affection's counsellor,
Is to himself—I will not say how true,
But to himself so secret and so close,
So far from sounding and discovering,
As is the bud bit with an envious worm,
*Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.*"

Johnson, as we have already seen, considered this comedy to be wanting in "diversity of character." The action, it must be observed, is mainly sustained by Proteus and Valentine, and by Julia and Silvia; and the conduct of the plot is relieved by the familiar scenes in which Speed and Launce appear. The other actors are very subordinate, and we scarcely demand any great diversity of character amongst them; but it seems to us, with regard to Proteus and Valentine, Julia and Silvia, Speed and Launce, that the characters are exhibited, as it were, in pairs, upon a principle of very defined though delicate contrast. We will endeavour to point out these somewhat nice distinctions.

Coleridge says, in "The Friend," "It is Shakspeare's peculiar excellence, that throughout the whole of his splendid picture gallery (the reader will excuse the acknowledged inadequacy of this metaphor), we find individuality everywhere,—mere portrait nowhere. In all his various characters we still feel ourselves communing with the same nature, which is everywhere present as the vegetable sap in the branches, sprays, leaves, buds, blossoms, and fruits, their shapes, tastes, and odours. Speaking of the effect, that is, his works themselves, we may define the excellence of their method as consisting in that just proportion, that union and interpenetration of the universal and the particular, which must ever pervade all works of decided genius and true science." Nothing can be more just and more happy than this definition of the distinctive quality of Shakspeare's works,—a quality which puts them so immeasurably above all other works,—"the union and interpenetration of the universal and the particular." It constitutes the peculiar charm of his matured style,—it furnishes the key to the surpassing excellence of his representations, whether of facts which are cognizable by the understanding or by the senses, in which a single word individualizes the "particular" object described or alluded to, and, without separating it from the "universal," to which it belongs, gives it all the value of a vivid colour in a picture, perfectly distinct, but also completely harmonious. The skill which he attained in this wonderful mastery over the whole world of materials for poetical construction, was the result of continued experiment. In his characters, especially, we see the gradual growth of this extraordinary power, as clearly as we perceive the differences between his early and his matured forms of expression. But it is evident to us, that, in his very earliest delineations of character, he

had conceived the principle which was to be developed in "his splendid picture gallery." In the comedy before us, Valentine and Proteus are the "two gentlemen,"—Julia and Silvia the two ladies "beloved,"—Speed and Launce the two "clownish" servants. And yet how different is the one from the other of the same class! The German critic, Gervinus, has honoured us by treating "the two gentlemen," the "two ladies beloved," and the two "clownish servants," on the same principle of contrast. Proteus, who is first represented to us as a lover, is evidently a very cold and calculating one. He is "a votary to fond desire:" but he *complains* of his mistress that she has metamorphosed him:—

"Made me neglect my studies,—lose my time."

He ventures, however, to write to Julia; and when he has her answer, "her oath for love, her honour's pawn," he immediately takes the most prudent view of their position:—

"O that our fathers would applaud our loves."

But he has not decision enough to demand this approbation:—

"I fear'd to shew my father Julia's letter,
Lest he should take exceptions to my love."

He parts with his mistress in a very formal and well-behaved style;—they exchange rings, but Julia has first offered "this remembrance" for her sake;—he makes a common-place vow of constancy, whilst Julia rushes away in tears;—he quits Verona for Milan, and has a new love at first sight the instant he sees Silvia. The mode in which he sets about betraying his friend, and wooing his new mistress, is eminently characteristic of the calculating selfishness of his nature:—

"If I can check my erring love, I will;
If not, to compass her I'll use my skill."

He is of that very numerous class of men who would always be virtuous, if virtue would accomplish their object as well as vice;—who prefer truth to lying, when lying is unnecessary;—and who have a law of justice in their own minds, which if they can observe they "will;" but "if not,"—if they find themselves poor erring mortals, which they infallibly do,—they think

"Their stars are more in fault than they."

This Proteus is a very contemptible fellow, who finally exhibits himself as a ruffian and a coward, and is punished by the heaviest infliction that the generous Valentine could bestow—his forgiveness. Generous, indeed, and most confiding, is our Valentine—a perfect contrast to Proteus. In the first scene he laughs at the passion of Proteus, as if he knew that it was alien to his nature; but when he has become enamoured himself, with what enthusiasm he proclaims his devotion:—

"Why, man, she is mine own;
And I as rich in having such a jewel
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl."

In this passionate admiration we have the germ of Romeo, and so also in the scene where Valentine is banished:—

"And why not death, rather than living torment?"

But here is only a sketch of the strength of a deep and all-absorbing passion. The whole speech of Valentine upon his banishment is forcible and elegant; but compare him with Romeo in the same condition:—

"Heaven is here
Where Juliet lives; and every cat, and dog,
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven, and may look on her,
But Romeo may not."

We are not wandering from our purpose of contrasting Proteus and Valentine, by shewing that the character of Valentine is compounded of some of the elements that we find in Romeo; for the strong impulses of both these lovers are as much opposed as is possible to

the subtle devices of Proteus. The confiding Valentine goes to his banishment with the cold comfort that Proteus gives him :—

“Hope is a lover’s staff; walk hence with that.”

He is compelled to join the outlaws, but he makes conditions with them that exhibit the goodness of his nature; and we hear no more of him till the catastrophe, when his traitorous friend is forgiven with the same confiding generosity that has governed all his intercourse with him. As to the passage which follows this forgiveness, we have little doubt of the incorrectness of the reading which would make Valentine give up Silvia to his false friend,—for that would be entirely inconsistent with the ardent character of his love, and an act of injustice towards Julia, which he could not commit. But it is perfectly natural and probable that he should receive Proteus again into his confidence, upon his declaration of “hearty sorrow,” and that he should do so upon principle :—

“Who by repentance is not satisfied,
Is nor of heaven, nor earth.”

It is, to our minds, quite delightful to find in this, which we consider amongst the earliest of Shakspeare’s plays, that exhibition of the real Christian spirit of charity which, more or less, pervades all his writings; but which, more than any other quality, has made some persons, who deem their own morality as of a higher and purer order, cry out against them, as giving encouragement to evil-doers. We shall have occasion hereafter to speak of the noble lessons which Shakspeare teaches *dramatically* (and not according to the childish devices of those who would make the dramatist write a “moral” at the end of five acts, upon the approved plan of a fable in a spelling-book), and we therefore pass over, for the present, those profound critics who say “he has no moral purpose in view.”* But there are some who are not quite so pedantically wise as to affirm “he paid no attention to that retributive justice which, when human affairs are rightly understood, pervades them all;”† but who yet think that Proteus ought to have been at least banished, or sent to the galleys for a few years with the outlaws;—that Angelo, in Measure for Measure, should have been hanged;—that Leontes, in the Winter’s Tale, was not sufficiently punished for his cruel jealousy by sixteen years of sorrow and repentance;—that Iachimo, in Cymbeline, is not treated with poetical justice when Posthumus says,—

“Kneel not to me :
The power that I have on you is to spare you ;”—

and that Prospero is a very weak magician not to apply his power to a better purpose than only to give his wicked brother and his followers a little passing punishment;—weak indeed, when he has them in his hands, to exclaim—

“Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,
Yet with my nobler reason ’gainst my fury
Do I take part : the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance : they being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further : go release them, Ariel.”

Not so thought Shakspeare. He, that never represented crime as virtue, had the largest pity for the criminal. “He has never varnished over wild and blood-thirsty passions with a pleasing exterior—never clothed crime and want of principle with a false show of greatness of soul;”‡ but, on the other hand, he has never made the criminal a monster, and led us to flatter ourselves that he is not a man. It is as a man, subject to the same infirmities as all are who are born of woman, that he represents Proteus, and Iachimo, and other of the lesser criminals, as receiving pardon upon repentance. It is not so much that they are deserving of pardon, as that it would be inconsistent with the characters of the pardoners that

they should exercise their power with severity. Shakspeare lived in an age when the vindictive passions were too frequently let loose by men of all sects and opinions,—and much too frequently in the name of that religion which came to teach peace and good-will. Is it to be objected to him, then, that wherever he could he asserted the supremacy of charity and mercy;—that he taught men the “quality” of that blessed principle which

“Droppeth as the gentle dew from heaven;”

that he proclaimed—no doubt to the annoyance of all self-worshippers—that “the web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together;”—and that he asked of those who would be hard upon the wretched, “Use every man after his desert, and who shall ’scape whipping?” We may be permitted to believe that this large toleration had its influence in an age of racks and gibbets; and we know not how much of this charitable spirit may have come to the aid of the more authoritative and holier teaching of the same principle,—forgotten even by the teachers, but gradually finding its way into the heart of the multitude,—till human punishments at length were compelled to be subservient to other influences than those of the angry passions, and the laws could only dare to ask for justice, but not for vengeance.

The generous, confiding, courageous, and forgiving spirit of Valentine are well appreciated by the Duke—“Thou art a gentleman.” In this praise are included all the virtues which Shakspeare desired to represent in the character of Valentine;—the absence of which virtues he has also indicated in the selfish Proteus. The Duke adds, “and well derived.” “Thou art a gentleman” in “thy spirit”—a gentleman in “thy unrivalled merit;” and thou hast the honours of ancestry—the further advantage of honourable progenitors. This line, in one of Shakspeare’s earliest plays, is a key to some of his personal feelings. He was himself a true gentleman, though the child of humble parents. His exquisite delineations of the female character establish the surpassing refinement and purity of his mind in relation to women;—and thus, if there were no other evidence of the son of the wool-stapler of Stratford being a “gentleman,” this one prime feature of the character would be his most pre-eminently. Well then might he, looking to himself, assert the principle that rank and ancestry are additions to the character of the gentleman, but not indispensable component parts. “Thou art a gentleman, and well derived.”

We have dwelt so long upon the contrasts in the characters of the “two gentlemen,” Proteus and Valentine, that we may appear to have forgotten our purpose of also tracing the distinctive peculiarities of the two ladies “beloved.” Julia, in the sweetest feminine tenderness, is entirely worthy of the poet of Juliet and Imogen. Amidst her deep and sustaining love she has all the playfulness that belongs to the true woman. When she receives the letter of Proteus, the struggle between her affected indifference, and her real disposition to cherish a deep affection, is exceedingly pretty. Then comes, and very quickly, the development of the change which real love works,—the plighting her troth with Proteus,—the sorrow for his absence,—the flight to him,—the grief for his perjury,—the forgiveness. How full of heart and gentleness is all her conduct, after she has discovered the inconstancy of Proteus! How beautiful an absence is there of all upbraiding either of her faithless lover, or of his new mistress. Of the one she says—

“Because I love him, I must pity him;”

the other she describes, without a touch of envy, as

“A virtuous gentlewoman, mild, and beautiful.”

Silvia is a character of much less intensity of feeling. She plays with her accepted lover as with a toy given to her for her amusement; she delights in a contest of words between him and his rival Thurio; she avows she is betrothed to Valentine, when she reproves Proteus for his perfidy, but she allows Proteus to send for her picture, which

* Lardner’s Cyclopædia, Literary and Scientific Men, vol. ii. p. 128.

† Ibid. vol. iii. p. 122.

‡ A. W. Schlegel, Black, vol. ii. p. 137.

is, at least, not the act of one who strongly felt and resented his treachery to his friend. When she resolves to escape from her prison, she does not go forth to danger and difficulty with the spirit of Julia,—“a true devoted pilgrim,”—but she places herself under the protection of Eglamour—(“a very perfect gentle knight,” as Chaucer would have called him)—

“For the ways are dangerous to pass.”

She goes to her banished lover, but she flies from her father—

“To keep me from a most unholy match.”

When she encounters Proteus in the forest, she, indeed, spiritedly avows her love for Valentine, and her hatred for himself; nor is there, in any of the slight distinctions which we have pointed out, any real inferiority in her character to that of Julia. She is only more under the influence of circumstances. Julia, by her decision, subdues the circumstances of her situation to her own will.

Turn we now to Speed and Launce, the two “clownish” servants of Valentine and Proteus.

In a note introducing the first scene between Speed and Proteus, Pope says: “This whole scene, like many others in these plays (some of which I believe, were written by Shakspeare, and others interpolated by the players), is composed of the lowest and most trifling conceits, to be accounted for only by the gross taste of the age he lived in; *populo ut placerent*. I wish I had authority to leave them out.” There are passages in Shakspeare which an editor would desire to leave out, if he consulted only the standard of taste in his own age; just as there are passages in Pope which we now consider filthy and corrupting, which the wits and fine ladies of the Court of Anne only regarded as playful and piquant. The scenes, however, in which Speed and Launce are prominent, with the exception of a few obscure allusions, which will not be discovered unless a commentator points them out, and of one piece of plain speaking in Launce, which is refinement itself when compared with the classical works of the Dean of St. Patrick’s,—these scenes offer a remarkable instance of the reform which Shakspeare was enabled to effect in the conduct of the English stage, and which, without doubt, banished a great deal of what had been offensive to good manners, as well as good taste. The “clown” or “fool” of the earlier English drama was introduced into every piece. He came on between the acts, and sometimes interrupted even the scenes by his buffoonery. Occasionally the author set down a few words for him to speak; but out of these he had to spin a monologue of doggerel verses created by his “extemporal wit.” The “Jeasts” of Richard Tarleton, the most celebrated of these clowns, were published in 1611; and fortunate it must have been for the morals of our ancestors that Shakspeare constructed dialogue for his “Clowns,” and insisted on their adhering to it: “Let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them.” The “Clown” was the successor of the “Vice” of the old Moralities; and he was the representative of the domestic “Jester” that flourished before and during the age of Shakspeare. We shall have frequent occasion to return to this subject. The “clownish” servant was something intermediate between the privileged “fool” of

the old drama, and the pert lacquey of the later comedy. But he originally stood in the place of the genuine “Clown;” and his “conceits” are to be regarded partly as a reflection of the manners of the most refined, whose wit, in a great degree, consisted in a play upon words, and partly as a law of the established drama, which even Shakspeare could not dispense with, if he had desired so to do. But his instinctive knowledge of the value of his dramatic materials led him to retain the “Clowns” amongst other inheritances of the old stage; and who that has seen the use he has made of the “*allowed fool*” in *Twelfth Night*, and *As You Like It*, and *All’s Well that Ends Well*, and especially in *Lear*,—of the country clown in *Love’s Labour’s Lost* and *The Merchant of Venice*,—and of the “clownish” or witty servant in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, will regret that he did not cast away what Pope has called “low” and “trifling,” determining to retain a machinery equally adapted to the relief of the tragic and the heightening of the comic, and entirely in keeping with what we now call the romantic drama,—an edifice of which Shakspeare found the scaffolding raised and the stone quarried, but which it was reserved for him alone to build up upon a plan in which the most apparently incongruous parts were subjected to the laws of fitness and proportion, and wherein even the grotesque (like the grinning heads in our fine Gothic cathedrals) was in harmony with the beautiful and the sublime.

Speed and Launce are both punsters; but Speed is by far the more inveterate one. He begins with a pun—my master “is shipp’d already, and I have play’d the sheep (ship) in losing him.” The same play upon words which the ship originates runs through the scene; and we are by no means sure that if Shakspeare made Verona a sea-port in ignorance (which we very much doubt),—if, like his own Hotspur, he had “forgot the map,”—whether he would, at any time, have converted Valentine into a land traveller, and have lost his pun upon a better knowledge. Of these apparent violations of propriety we have already spoken in the Introductory Notice. In the scene before us, Speed establishes his character for a “quick wit;” Launce, on the contrary, very soon earns the reputation of “a mad-cap” and “an ass.” And yet Launce can pun as perseveringly as Speed. But he can do something more. He can throw in the most natural touches of humour amongst his quibbles; and, indeed, he altogether forgets his quibbles when he is indulging his own peculiar vein. That vein is unquestionably drollery,—as Hazlitt has well described it,—the richest farcical drollery. His descriptions of his leave-taking, while “the dog all this while sheds not a tear,” and of the dog’s misbehaviour when he thrust “himself into the company of three or four gentleman-like dogs,” are perfectly irresistible. We must leave thee, Launce; but we leave thee with less regret, for thou hast worthy successors. Thou wert among the first-fruits, we think, of the creations of the greatest comic genius that the world has seen, and thou wilt endure for ever, with Bottom, and Malvolio, and Parolles, and Dogberry. Thou wert conceived, perhaps, under that humble roof at Stratford, to gaze upon which all nations have since sent forth their pilgrims! Or, perhaps, when the young poet was, for the first time, left alone in the solitude of London, he looked back upon that shelter of his boyhood, and shadowed out his own parting in thine, Launce!

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

STATE OF THE TEXT, AND CHRONOLOGY OF LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.*

THIS play was one of the fifteen published in Shakspeare's lifetime. The first edition appeared in 1598, under the following title: "A pleasant conceited comedie, called Loues Labors Lost. As it was presented before her Highness this last Christmas. Newly corrected and augmented by W. Shakespere." No subsequent edition appeared in a separate form till 1631. In the first collected edition of Shakspeare's plays, the folio of 1623, the text can scarcely be said to differ, except by accident, from the original quarto. The editors of the first folio without doubt took the quarto as their copy. The manifold errors of the press in the Latin words of the first edition have not been corrected in the second. We have still *Dictisima* for *Dictynna*, and *bone* for *bone*. Steevens, in a note to Henry V., observes: "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." This neglect on the part of dramatic authors may be accounted for by the fact that the press was not their medium of publication; but it is remarkable that such errors should have been perpetuated through four of the collected editions of Shakspeare's works, and not have been corrected till the time of Rowe and Theobald.

We have seen, from the title of the first edition of Love's Labour's Lost, that when it was presented before Queen Elizabeth, at the Christmas of 1597, it had been "newly corrected and augmented." As no edition of the comedy, before it was corrected and augmented, is known to exist (though, as in the case of the unique Hamlet of 1603, one may some day be discovered), we have no proof that the few allusions to temporary circumstances, which are supposed in some degree to fix the date of the play, may not apply to the augmented copy only. Thus, when Moth refers to "the dancing horse" who was to teach Armado how to reckon what "deuce-ace amounts to," the fact that Banks's horse (See Illustrations to Act I. Scene II.) first appeared in London in 1589 does not prove that the original play might not have been written before 1589. This date gives it an earlier appearance than Malone would assign to it, who first settled it as 1591, and afterwards as 1594. A supposed allusion to "The Metamorphosis of Ajax," by Sir John Harrington, printed in 1596, is equally unimportant with reference to the original composition of the play. The "finished representation of colloquial excellence"† in the beginning of the fifth act is supposed to be an imitation of a passage in Sidney's "Arcadia," first printed in 1590. The passage might have been introduced in the augmented copy; to say nothing of the fact that the "Arcadia" was known in manuscript before it was printed. Lastly, the masque in the fifth act, where the King and his lords appear in Russian habits, and the allusion to Muscovites which this masque produces, are supposed by Warburton to have been suggested by the public concern for the settlement of a treaty of commerce with Russia, in 1591. But the learned commentator overlooks a passage in Hall's "Chronicles," which shews

that a masque of Muscovites was a court recreation in the time of Henry VIII.‡

In the *extrinsic* evidence, therefore, which this comedy supplies, there is nothing whatever to disprove the theory which we entertain, that before it had been "corrected and augmented," Love's Labour's Lost was one of the plays produced by Shakspeare about 1589, when, being only twenty-five years of age, he was a joint proprietor in the Blackfriars Theatre. The *intrinsic* evidence appears to us entirely to support this opinion; and as this evidence involves several curious particulars of literary history, we have to request the reader's indulgence whilst we examine it somewhat in detail.

Coleridge, who always speaks of this comedy as a "juvenile drama"—"a young author's first work"—says: "The characters in this play are either impersonated out of Shakspeare's own multiformity by imaginative self-position, or out of such as a country-town and a schoolboy's observation might supply."§ For this production, Shakspeare, it is presumed, found neither characters nor plot in any previous romance or drama. "I have not hitherto discovered," says Steevens, "any novel on which this comedy appears to have been founded; and yet the story of it has most of the features of an ancient romance." Steevens might have more correctly said that the story has most of the features which would be derived from an acquaintance with the ancient romances. The action of the comedy, and the higher actors, are the creations of one who was imbued with the romantic spirit of the middle ages—who was conversant "with their Courts of Love and all that lighter drapery of chivalry which engaged even mighty kings with a sort of serio-comic interest, and may well be supposed to have occupied more completely the smaller princes."|| Our poet himself, in this play, alludes to the Spanish romances of chivalry:—

"This child of fancy that Armado hight,
For interim to our studies, shall relate
In high-born words the worth of many a knight
From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate."

With these materials, and out of his own "imaginative self-position," might Shakspeare have readily produced the King and Princess, the lords and ladies, of this comedy;—and he might have caught the tone of the Court of Elizabeth,—the wit, the play upon words, the forced attempts to say and do clever things,—without any actual contact with the society which was accessible to him after his fame conferred distinction even upon the highest and most accomplished patron. The more ludicrous characters of the drama were unquestionably within the range of "a schoolboy's observation."

And first, of Don Armado, whom Scott calls "the Euphuist."¶ The historical events which are interwoven with the plot of Scott's "Monastery" must have happened about 1562 or 1563, before the authority of the unhappy Queen of Scots was openly trodden under foot by Murray and her rebellious lords; and she had at least the personal liberty, if not the free will, of a supreme ruler. Our great

the apostrophe is introduced, as in "*All's well that ends well*." We do not think ourselves justified, therefore, in printing either "Love's Labour Lost," or "Love's Labours Lost," as some have recommended.

† Johnson.

‡ See Illustrations to Act V.

§ Literary Remains, vol. ii. p. 102.

|| Coleridge, Literary Remains, vol. ii. p. 104.

¶ Introduction to the Monastery.

* *Love's Labour's Lost*. The title of this play stands as follows in the folio of 1623: "*Loues Labour's Lost*." The modes in which the genitive case and the contraction of *is* after a substantive, are printed in the titles of other plays in this edition, and in the earlier copies, leads us to believe that the author intended to call his play "Love's Labour is Lost." The apostrophe is not given as the mark of the genitive case in these instances—"The Winters Tale,"—"A Midsummer Nights Dream,"—(so printed). But when the verb *is* forms a part of the title,

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novelist is, as is well known, not very exact in the matter of dates ; and in the present instance his license is somewhat extravagant. Explaining the source of the affectations of *his* Euphuist, Sir Piercie Shafton, he says : " It was about this period that 'the only rare poet of his time, the witty, comical, facetiously-quick, and quickly-facetious John Lyly—he that sate at Apollo's table, and to whom Phoebus gave a wreath of his own bays without snatching'*—he, in short, who wrote that singularly coxcomical work, called *Euphues and his England*,—was in the very zenith of his absurdity and reputation. The quaint, forced, and unnatural style which he introduced by his 'Anatomy of Wit' had a fashion as rapid as it was momentary—all the Court ladies were his scholars, and to *parler Euphuisme* was as necessary a qualification to a courtly gallant, as those of understanding how to use his rapier, or to dance a measure."† This statement is somewhat calculated to mislead the student of our literary history, as to the period of the commencement, and of the duration, of Lyly's influence upon the structure of "polite conversation." "Euphues,—the Anatomy of Wit," was first published in 1580 ; and "Euphues and his England" in 1581—some eighteen or twenty years after the time when Sir Piercie Shafton (the English Catholic who surrendered himself to the champions of John Knox and the Reformation) explained to Mary of Avenel the merits of the "Anatomy of Wit"—"that all-to-be-unparalleled volume—that quintessence of human wit—that treasury of quaint invention—that exquisitely-pleasant-to-read, and inevitably-necessary-to-be-remembered manual of all that is worthy to be known."‡ Nor was the fashion of Euphuism as momentary as Scott represents it to have been. The prevalence of this "spurious and unnatural mode of conversation"§ is alluded to in Jonson's "Every Man out of his Humour," first acted in 1599 ;—and it forms one of the chief objects of the satire of rare Ben's "Cynthia's Revels," first acted in 1600. But the most important question with reference to Shakspeare's employment of the affected phraseology which he puts into the mouth of Armado is, whether this "quaint, forced, and unnatural style" was an imitation of that said to be *introduced* by Lyly ; if, indeed, Lyly did more than reduce to a system those innovations of language which had obtained a currency amongst us for some time previous to the appearance of his books. Blount, it is true, says : "Our nation are in his debt for a new English which he taught them. 'Euphues and his England' began first that language." It is somewhat difficult precisely to define what "that language" is ; but the language of Armado is not very different from that of Andrew Borde, the physician, who, according to Hearne, "gave rise to the name of Merry Andrew, the fool of the mountebank stage." His "Breviary of Health," first printed in 1547, begins thus : "Egregious doctours and maysters of the eximious and archane science of physicke, of your urbanitie exasperate not your selve."|| Nor is Armado's language far removed from the example of "dark words and inhorn terms" exhibited by Wilson, in his "Arte of Rhetorike," first printed in 1553, where he gives a letter thus devised by a Lincolnshire man for a void benefice : "Pondering, expending, and revoluting with myself, your ingent affabilitie, and ingenious capacitie for mundane affaires, I cannot but celebrate and extoll your magnificall dexteritie above all other. For how could you have adapted suche illustrate prerogative, and dominicall superioritie, if the fecunditie of your ingenie had not been so fertile and wonderfull prenaunt."¶ In truth, Armado the braggart, and Holofernes the pedant, both talk in this vein ; though the schoolmaster may lean more to the hard words of Lexiphanism, and the fantastic traveller to the quips and cranks of Euphuism. Our belief is that, although Shakspeare might have been familiar with Lyly's 'Euphues' when he wrote Love's Labour's Lost, he did not, in Armado, point at the fashion of the Court "to parley Euphuism."** The courtiers in this comedy, be it observed, speak, when they are

wearing an artificial character, something approaching to this language, but not the identical language. They, indeed, "trust to speeches penn'd"—they "woo in rhyme"—they employ

"Taffata phrases, silken terms precise,
Three-pil'd hyperboles ;"—

they exhibit a "constant striving after logical precision, and subtle opposition of thoughts, together with the making the most of every conception or image, by expressing it under the least expected property belonging to it."†† But of no one of them can it be said, "He speaks not like a man of God's making." Ben Jonson, on the contrary, when, in "Cynthia's Revels," he satirized "the special Fountain of Manners, the Court," expressly makes the courtiers talk the very jargon of Euphuism ; as for example : "You know I call madam Philautia, my Honour ; and she calls me, her Ambition. Now, when I meet her in the presence anon, I will come to her, and say, Sweet Honour, I have hitherto contented my sense with the lilies of your hand, but now I will taste the roses of your lips ; and, withal, kiss her : to which she cannot but blushing answer, Nay, now you are too ambitious. And then do I reply, I cannot be too ambitious of Honour, sweet lady." But Armado,—

"A refined traveller of Spain ;
A man in all the world's new fashion planted,
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain,"—

is the only man of "fire-new words." The pedant even laughs at him as a "fanatical phantasm." But such a man Shakspeare might have seen in his own country-town : where, unquestionably, the schoolmaster and the curate might also have flourished. If he had found them in books, Wilson's "Rhetorike" might as well have supplied the notion of Armado and Holofernes, as Lyly's "Euphues" of the one, or Florio's "First Fruits" of the other.

Warburton, in his usual "discourse peremptory," tells us, "By Holofernes is designed a particular character, a pedant and schoolmaster of our author's time, one John Florio, a teacher of the Italian tongue in London, who has given us a small Dictionary of that language, under the title of 'A World of Words.'" What Warburton asserted Farmer upheld. Florio, says Farmer, had given the first affront, by saying, "The plays that they play in England are neither right comedies nor right tragedies ; but representations of histories without any decorum." Florio says this in his "Second Fruits," published in 1591. Now, if Shakspeare felt himself aggrieved at this statement, which was true enough of the English drama before his time, he was betrayed by his desire for revenge into very unusual inconsistencies. For, in truth, the making of a teacher of Italian the prototype of a country schoolmaster, who, whilst he lards his phrases with words of Latin, as if he were construing with his class, holds to the good old English pronunciation, and abhors "such rackers of orthography, as to speak, *dout*, fine, when he should say, *doubt*," &c., is such an absurdity as Shakspeare, who understood his art, would never have yielded to through any instigation of caprice or passion. The probability is, that when Shakspeare drew Holofernes, whose name he found in Rabelais,‡‡ he felt himself under considerable obligations to John Florio for having given the world "his 'First Fruits,' which yeelde familiar speech, merie proverbes, wittie sentences, and golden sayings." This book was printed in 1578. But, according to Warburton, Florio, in 1598, in the preface to a new edition of his "World of Words," is furious upon Shakspeare in the following passage : "There is another sort of leering curs, that rather snarle than bite, whereof I could instance in one, who, lighting on a good sonnet of a gentleman's, a friend of mine, that loved better to be a poet than to be accounted so, called the author a Rymer. Let Aristophanes and his comedians make plais, and

* Extract from Blount, the editor of six of Lyly's plays, in 1632.

† Monastery, chap. xiv.

‡ Ibid.

§ Gifford's Ben Jonson, vol. ii. p. 250.

|| Quoted in Warton's History of English Poetry, vol. iii. p. 355, 1824.

¶ Warton's History of English Poetry, vol. iv. p. 160.

** Blount.

†† Coleridge's Literary Remains, vol. ii. p. 104.

‡‡ "De faict, l'on luy enseigna ung grand docteur sophiste, nommé maistre Thubal Holoferne."—*Gargantua*, livre i. chap. xiv.

scowre their mouths on Socrates, those very mouths they make to vilifie shall be the means to amplifie his virtue." Warburton maintains that the sonnet was Florio's own, and that it was parodied in the "extemporal epitaph on the death of the deer," beginning

"The praiseful princess pierc'd and prick'd a pretty pleasing pricket."

This is very ingenious argument, but somewhat bold; and it appears to us that Thomas Wilson was just as likely to have suggested the alliteration as John Florio. In the "Arte of Rhetorike," which we have already quoted, we find this sentence: "Some use over-muche repetition of one letter, as pitifull povertie prayeth for a penie, but puffed presumption passeth not a point." Indeed, there are many existing proofs of the excessive prevalence of alliteration in the end of the sixteenth century. Bishop Andrews is notorious for it. Florio seems to have been somewhat of a braggart, for he always signs his name "Resolute John Florio." But, according to the testimony of Sir William Cornwallis, he was far above the character of a fantastical pedant. Speaking of his translation of Montaigne (the book which has now acquired such interest by bearing Shakspeare's undoubted autograph), Sir William Cornwallis says: "Divers of his (Montaigne's) pieces I have seen translated; they that understand both languages say very well done; and I am able to say (if you will take the word of ignorance), translated into a style admitting as few idle words as our language will endure."* Holofernes, the pedant, who had "lived long on the alms-basket of words,"—who had "been at a great feast of languages and stolen the scraps,"—was not the man to deserve the praise of writing "a style admitting as few idle words as our language will endure."

As far then as we have been able to trace, the original comedy of Love's Labour's Lost might have been produced by Shakspeare without any personal knowledge of the Court language of Euphuism, without any acquaintance with John Florio, and with a design only to ridicule those extravagances which were opposed to the maxim of Roger Ascham, the most unpedantic of schoolmasters, "to speake as the common people do, to thinke as wise men do."† The further intrinsic evidence that this comedy was a very early production is most satisfactory. Coleridge has a very acute remark—(which in our minds is worth all that has been written about the learning of Shakspeare)—as to his early literary habits. "It is not unimportant to notice how strong a presumption the diction and allusions of this play afford, that, though Shakspeare's acquirements in the dead languages might not be such as we suppose in a learned education, his habits had, nevertheless, been scholastic, and those of a student. For a young author's first work almost always bespeaks his recent pursuits, and his first observations of life are either drawn from the immediate employments of his youth, and from the characters and images most deeply impressed on his mind in the situations in which those employments had placed him;—or else they are fixed on such

objects and occurrences in the world as are easily connected with, and seem to bear upon, his studies and the hitherto exclusive subjects of his meditations."‡ The frequent rhymes,—the alternate verses,—the familiar metre which has been called doggerel (but which Anstey and Moore have made classical by wit, and by fun even more agreeable than wit), lines such as

"His face's own margent did quote such amazes,
That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes,"

the sonnets full of quaint conceits, or running off into the most playful anacreontics,—the skilful management of the pedantry, with a knowledge far beyond the pedantry,—and the happy employment of the ancient mythology,—all justify Coleridge's belief that the materials of this comedy were drawn from the immediate employments of Shakspeare's youth. Still the play, when augmented and corrected, might have received many touches derived from the power which he had acquired by experience. If it were not presumptuous to attempt to put our finger upon such passages, we would say that Biron's eloquent speech at the end of the fourth act, beginning

"Have at you then, affection's men at arms,"—

and Rosaline's amended speech at the end of the play,

"Oft have I heard of you, my lord Biron,"—

must be amongst the more important of these augmentations.

PERIOD OF THE ACTION, AND MANNERS.

There is no historical foundation for any portion of the action of this comedy. There was no Ferdinand King of Navarre. We have no evidence of a difference between France and Navarre as to possessions in Aquitaine. We may place, therefore, the period of the action as the period of Elizabeth, for the manners are those of Shakspeare's own time. The more remarkable of the customs which are alluded to will be pointed out in our Illustrations.

COSTUME.

Cesare Vecellio, at the end of his third book (edit. 1598), presents us with the general costume of Navarre at this period. The women appear to have worn a sort of clog or patten, something like the Venetian chioppine; and we are told in the text that some dressed in imitation of the French, some in the style of the Spaniards, while others blended the fashions of both those nations. The well-known costume of Henri Quatre and Philip II. may furnish authority for the dress of the King and nobles of Navarre, and of the lords attending on the Princess of France, who may herself be attired after the fashion of Marguerite de Valois, the sister of Henry III. of France, and first wife of his successor the King of Navarre. (Vide Montfaucon, "Monarchie Française.")

* Essays. 1600.

† Toxophilus.

‡ Literary Remains, vol. ii. p. 103.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

FERDINAND, *King of Navarre.*
 BIRON, }
 LONGAVILLE, } *Lords, attending on the King.*
 DUMAIN, }
 BOYET, }
 MERCADE, } *Lords, attending on the Princess of France.*
 DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO, *a fantastical Spaniard.*
 SIR NATHANIEL, *a curate.*
 HOLOFERNES, *a schoolmaster.*
 DULL, *a constable.*

COSTARD, *a clown.*
 MOTH, *page to Armado.*
A Forester.
 PRINCESS OF FRANCE.
 ROSALINE, }
 MARIA, } *Ladies, attending on the Princess.*
 KATHARINE, }
 JAQUENETTA, *a country wench.*
Officers and others, Attendants on the King and Princess.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Navarre. *A Park, with a Palace in it.*

Enter the KING, BIRON,¹ LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN.

King. Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
 Live register'd upon our brazen tombs,
 And then grace us in the disgrace of death ;
 When, spite of cormorant devouring time,
 The endeavour of this present breath may buy
 That honour, which shall bate his scythe's keen edge,
 And make us heirs of all eternity.
 Therefore, brave conquerors !—for so you are,
 That war against your own affections,
 And the huge army of the world's desires,—
 Our late edict shall strongly stand in force :
 Navarre shall be the wonder of the world ;
 Our court shall be a little Academe,
 Still and contemplative in living art.
 You three, Biron, Dumain, and Longaville,
 Have sworn for three years' term to live with me,
 My fellow-scholars, and to keep those statutes,
 That are recorded in this schedule here :
 Your oaths are pass'd, and now subscribe your names ;
 That his own hand may strike his honour down,
 That violates the smallest branch herein :
 If you are armed to do, as sworn to do,
 Subscribe to your deep oath, and keep it too.²

Long. I am resolv'd : 'tis but a three years' fast ;
 The mind shall banquet, though the body pine :
 Fat paunches have lean pates ; and dainty bits
 Make rich the ribs, but bankerout the wits.

Dum. My loving lord, Dumain is mortified.
 The grosser manner of these world's delights
 He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves :
 To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die ;
 With all these living in philosophy.

Biron. I can but say their protestation over,
 So much, dear liege, I have already sworn,
 That is, To live and study here three years.
 But there are other strict observances :
 As, not to see a woman in that term ;
 Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there :
 And, one day in a week to touch no food,
 And but one meal on every day beside ;

The which, I hope, is not enrolled there :
 And then to sleep but three hours in the night,
 And not be seen to wink of all the day ;
 (When I was wont to think no harm all night,
 And make a dark night too of half the day ;)
 Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there :
 O, these are barren tasks, too hard to keep ;
 Not to see ladies,—study,—fast,—not sleep.

King. Your oath is pass'd to pass away from these.

Biron. Let me say no, my liege, an if you please ;
 I only swore, to study with your grace,
 And stay here in your court for three years' space.

Long. You swore to that, Biron, and to the rest.

Biron. By yea and nay, sir, then I swore in jest.
 What is the end of study ? let me know.

King. Why, that to know, which else we should not
 know.

Biron. Things hid and barr'd, you mean, from common
 sense ?

King. Ay, that is study's godlike recompense.

Biron. Come on then, I will swear to study so,
 To know the thing I am forbid to know :
 As thus,—To study where I well may dine,
 When I to feast expressly am forbid ;³
 Or, study where to meet some mistress fine,
 When mistresses from common sense are hid :
 Or, having sworn too hard-a-keeping oath,
 Study to break it, and not break my troth.
 If study's gain be thus, and this be so,
 Study knows that, which yet it doth not know :
 Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say, no.

King. These be the stops that hinder study quite,
 And train our intellects to vain delight.

Biron. Why, all delights are vain ; and that most vain,
 Which, with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain :
 As, painfully to pore upon a book,

To seek the light of truth ; while truth the while
 Doth falsely blind the eyesight of his look :

Light, seeking light, doth light of light beguile :
 So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,
 Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.
 Study me how to please the eye indeed,

By fixing it upon a fairer eye ;
 Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed,
 And give him light that it was blinded by.

¹ *Biron.* In all the old copies this name is spelt *Berowne*. In Act IV. Sc. III. we have a line in which *Biron* rhymes to *moon*. We may, therefore, suppose the pronunciation to have been *Berowne*.

² The first folio, and the quartos, read *oaths*, and still retain *it*. Mr. Dyce says that in Shakspeare's writings, and in those of his contemporaries, there are instances of *it* applied to a preceding plural word. The second folio gives "*oaths*, and keep *them* too." The line, as we give it, is a modern alteration, which, Mr. Dyce says, was made without regard to the line a little before,—

"Your oaths are pass'd, and now subscribe your names,"
 &c. Addressing the three who had sworn, *your oaths* is correct. But it is not incorrect to call upon them to subscribe their names to the *one* oath which each had taken.

³ *Forbid.* The old copies read "to *fast* expressly am forbid." But this is the converse of the oath. Theobald first supplied *fast* ; and unless we suppose that Biron was *forbid* in two senses—first, in its usual meaning, and then in its ancient mode of making *bid* more emphatical, *for-bid*—we must adopt the change.

Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,
That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks;
Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save base authority from others' books.
These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
That give a name to every fixed star,
Have no more profit of their shining nights,
Than those that walk, and wot not what they are.
Too much to know is, to know nought but fame;
And every godfather can give a name.
King. How well he's read, to reason against reading!
Dum. Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding!
Long. He weeds the corn, and still lets grow the weeding.
Biron. The spring is near, when green geese are a breeding.
Dum. How follows that?
Biron. Fit in his place and time.
Dum. In reason nothing.
Biron. Something then in rhyme.
King. Biron is like an envious sneaping frost,
That bites the first-born infants of the spring.
Biron. Well, say I am; why should proud summer boast,
Before the birds have any cause to sing?
Why should I join in an¹ abortive birth?
At Christmas I no more desire a rose,
Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled shows;
But like of each thing that in season grows.
So you, to study now it is too late,
Climb o'er the house to unlock the little gate,²
King. Well, sit you out; go home, Biron; adieu!
Biron. No, my good lord; I have sworn to stay with you:
And, though I have for barbarism spoke more,
Than for that angel knowledge you can say,
Yet, confident I'll keep what I have sworn,
And bide the penance of each three years' day,³
Give me the paper, let me read the same;
And to the strictest decrees I'll write my name.
King. How well this yielding rescues thee from shame!
Biron. [Reads.]
Item, That no woman shall come within a mile of my court—
Hath this been proclaim'd?
Long. Four days ago.
Biron. Let's see the penalty. [Reads.]
—On pain of losing her tongue.—
Who devis'd this penalty?
Long. Marry, that did I.
Biron. Sweet lord, and why?
Long. To fright them hence with that dread penalty.
Biron. A dangerous law against gentility.⁴ [Reads.]
Item, If any man be seen to talk with a woman within the term of three years,
he shall endure such public shame as the rest of the court shall possibly devise.—
This article, my liege, yourself must break;
For, well you know, here comes in embassy
The French king's daughter, with yourself to speak,—
A maid of grace, and complete majesty,—
About surrender-up of Aquitaine
To her decrepit, sick, and bed-ridden father:
Therefore this article is made in vain,
Or vainly comes the admired princess hither.
King. What say you, lords? why, this was quite forgot.

Biron. So study evermore is overshot.
While it doth study to have what it would,
It doth forget to do the thing it should:
And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,
'Tis won, as towns with fire; so won, so lost.
King. We must, of force, dispense with this decree;
She must lie⁵ here on mere necessity.
Biron. Necessity will make us all forsworn
Three thousand times within this three years' space:
For every man with his affects is born;
Not by might master'd, but by special grace.
If I break faith, this word shall speak⁶ for me,
I am forsworn on mere necessity.—
So to the laws at large I write my name: [Subscribes.]
And he that breaks them in the least degree,
Stands in attainder of eternal shame:
Suggestions⁷ are to others, as to me;
But, I believe, although I seem so loth;
I am the last that will last keep his oath.
But is there no quick recreation granted?
King. Ay, that there is; our court, you know, is haunted
With a refined traveller of Spain;
A man in all the world's new fashion planted,
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain:
One whom the music of his own vain tongue
Doth ravish, like enchanting harmony;
A man of complements,⁸ whom right and wrong
Have chose as umpire of their mutiny:
This child of fancy, that Armado hight,
For interim to our studies, shall relate,
In high-born words, the worth of many a knight
From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate.⁹
How you delight, my lords, I know not, I;
But, I protest, I love to hear him lie,
And I will use him for my minstrelsy.
Biron. Armado is a most illustrious wight,
A man of fire-new⁹ words, fashion's own knight.
Long. Costard, the swain, and he, shall be our sport;
And, so to study, three years is but short.

Enter DULL, with a letter, and COSTARD.

Dull. Which is the duke's own person?
Biron. This, fellow; What wouldst?
Dull. I myself reprehend his own person, for I am his
grace's tharborough: but I would see his own person in
flesh and blood.
Biron. This is he.
Dull. Signior Arme—Arme—commends you. There's
villainy abroad; this letter will tell you more.
Cost. Sir, the contempts thereof are as touching me.
King. A letter from the magnificent Armado.
Biron. How low soever the matter, I hope in God for
high words.
Long. A high hope for a low heaven:¹⁰ God grant u.
patience!
Biron. To hear? or forbear hearing?¹⁰
Long. To hear meekly, sir, and to laugh moderately; or
to forbear both.
Biron. Well, sir, be it as the style shall give us cause to
climb in the merriness.

¹ For any Pope gave us *an*. Mr. Dyce says *any* was caught from the preceding line.

² So the quarto of 1598. The folio has—

"That were to climb o'er the house to unlock the gate."

³ It is usual to close the sentence at "three years' day;" but the construction requires the rejection of such a pause.

⁴ In the early editions this line is given to Longaville. It seems more properly to belong to Biron, and we therefore receive Theobald's correction, especially as Biron is reading the paper, and the early copies do not mark this when they give the line of comment upon the previous item to Longaville.

⁵ To lie—to reside. We have the sense in Wotton's punning definition of an ambassador—"an honest man sent to lie abroad for the good of his country."

⁶ The folio reads *break*.

⁷ Suggestions—temptations.

⁸ *Complements*—a man versed in ceremonial distinctions—in punctilios—a man who brings *forms* to decide the mutiny between right and wrong. *Compliment* and *complement* were originally written without distinction, and though the first may be taken to mean *ceremonies*, and the second *accomplishments*, both the one and the other have the same origin—they each *make that perfect which was wanting*. In this passage we have the meaning of ceremonies; but in Act III., where Moth says, "these are complements," we have the meaning of accomplishments.

⁹ *Fire-new* and *bran-new*,—that is, brand-new,—new off the irons,—have each the same origin.

¹⁰ Capell proposed to read "*laughing*;" which some editors adopt.

Cost. The matter is to me, sir, as concerning Jaquenetta. The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.¹

Biron. In what manner?

Cost. In manner and form following, sir; all those three: I was seen with her in the manor-house, sitting with her upon the form, and taken following her into the park; which, put together, is in manner and form following. Now, sir, for the manner,—it is the manner of a man to speak to a woman: for the form,—in some form.

Biron. For the following, sir?

Cost. As it shall follow in my correction; And God defend the right!

King. Will you hear this letter with attention

Biron. As we would hear an oracle.

Cost. Such is the simplicity of man to hearken after the flesh.

King. [*Reads.*]

"Great deputy, the welkin's vicegerent, and sole dominator of Navarre, my soul's earth's God, and body's fostering patron.—

Cost. Not a word of Costard yet.

King.

"So it is,—

Cost. It may be so: but if he say it is so, he is, in telling true, but so.²

King. Peace!

Cost. —be to me, and every man that dares not fight!

King. No words!

Cost. —of other men's secrets, I beseech you.

King.

"So it is, besieged with sable-coloured melancholy, I did commend the black-oppressing humour to the most wholesome physic of thy health-giving air: and, as I am a gentleman, betook myself to walk. The time when? About the sixth hour; when beasts most graze, birds best peck, and men sit down to that nourishment which is called supper. So much for the time when: Now for the ground which; which, I mean, I walked upon: it is ycleped thy park. Then for the place where; where, I mean, I did encounter that obscene and most preposterous event, that draweth from my snow-white pen the ebon-coloured ink, which here thou viewest, beholdest, surveyest, or seest: But to the place where,—It standeth north-north-east and by east from the west corner of thy curious-knotted garden. There did I see that low-spirited swain, that base minnow of thy mirth,

Cost. Me?

King.

—"that unletter'd small-knowing soul,

Cost. Me?

King.

—"that shallow vassal,

Cost. Still me?

King.

—"which as I remember, hight Costard,

Cost. O me!

King.

—"sorted, and consorted, contrary to thy established proclaimed edict and continent canon, with—with,—O with—but with this I passion to say wherewith,

Cost. With a wench.

King.

—"with a child of our grandmother Eve, a female; or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman. Him I (as my ever esteemed duty pricks me on) have sent to thee, to receive the meed of punishment, by thy sweet grace's officer, Antony Dull; a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, and estimation.

Dull. Me, an't shall please you; I am Antony Dull.

King.

"For Jaquenetta, (so is the weaker vessel called, which I apprehended with the aforesaid swain,) I keep her as a vessel of thy law's fury; and shall, at the least of thy sweet notice, bring her to trial. Thine, in all compliments of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty,

"DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.

Biron. This is not so well as I looked for, but the best that ever I heard.

King. Ay, the best for the worst. But, sirrah, what say you to this?

Cost. Sir, I confess the wench.

King. Did you hear the proclamation?

Cost. I do confess much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

King. It was proclaimed a year's imprisonment, to be taken with a wench.

Cost. I was taken with none, sir; I was taken with a damosel.

King. Well, it was proclaimed damosel.

Cost. This was no damosel, neither, sir; she was a virgin.

King. It is so varied too; for it was proclaimed virgin.

Cost. If it were, I deny her virginity; I was taken with a maid.

King. This maid will not serve your turn, sir.

Cost. This maid will serve my turn, sir.

King. Sir, I will pronounce your sentence; You shall fast a week with bran and water.

Cost. I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge.

King. And Don Armado shall be your keeper.—My lord Biron, see him deliver'd o'er.—

And go we, lords, to put in practice, that

Which each to other hath so strongly sworn.—

[*Exeunt* KING, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN.

Biron. I'll lay my head to any good man's hat,

These oaths and laws will prove an idle scorn.—

Sirrah, come on.

Cost. I suffer for the truth, sir: for true it is, I was taken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is a true girl; and therefore, Welcome the sour cup of prosperity! Affliction may one day smile again, and until then, Sit down, Sorrow!³

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another part of the same.* Armado's House.

Enter ARMADO and MOTH.

Arm. Boy, what sign is it, when a man of great spirit grows melancholy?

Moth. A great sign, sir, that he will look sad.

*Arm.*⁴ Why, sadness is one and the self-same thing, dear imp.

Moth. No, no; O lord, sir, no.

Arm. How canst thou part sadness and melancholy, my tender juvenal?

Moth. By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough senior.

Arm. Why tough senior? why tough senior?

Moth. Why tender juvenal? why tender juvenal?

Arm. I spoke it, tender juvenal, as a congruent epitheton, appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate tender.

Moth. And I, tough senior, as an appertinent title to your old time, which we may name tough.

Arm. Pretty, and apt.

Moth. How mean you, sir; I pretty, and my saying apt? or I apt, and my saying pretty?

Arm. Thou pretty, because little.

Moth. Little pretty, because little: Wherefore apt?

Arm. And therefore apt, because quick.

Moth. Speak you this in my praise, master?

Arm. In thy condign praise.

Moth. I will praise an eel with the same praise.

Arm. What? that an eel is ingenious?

Moth. That an eel is quick.

Arm. I do say, thou art quick in answers: Thou heatest my blood.

¹ *Manner.* Costard here talks law-French. A thief was taken with the *mainour* when he was taken with the thing stolen—*hond-habend*, having in the hand.

² *So-so* in modern editions. *So* in early copies.

³ This is the reading of the first folio, and is adopted by Mr. White, instead of the usual reading of "*till* then, Sit *thee* down, Sorrow."

⁴ In the early copies, Armado is called *Braggart* through the scene, after his first words.

Moth. I am answered, sir.

Arm. I love not to be crossed.

Moth. He speaks the mere contrary, crosses¹ love not him. [Aside.

Arm. I have promised to study three years with the duke.

Moth. You may do it in an hour, sir.

Arm. Impossible.

Moth. How many is one thrice told?

Arm. I am ill at reckoning; it fits the spirit of a tapster.

Moth. You are a gentleman, and a gamester, sir.

Arm. I confess both; they are both the varnish of a complete man.

Moth. Then, I am sure, you know how much the gross sum of deuce-ace amounts to.

Arm. It doth amount to one more than two.

Moth. Which the base vulgar call, three.

Arm. True.

Moth. Why, sir, is this such a piece of study? Now here is three studied, ere you'll thrice wink: and how easy it is to put years to the word three, and study three years in two words, the dancing horse will tell you.⁴

Arm. A most fine figure!

Moth. To prove you a cipher. [Aside.

Arm. I will hereupon confess, I am in love; and, as it is base for a soldier to love, so am I in love with a base wench. If drawing my sword against the humour of affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take Desire prisoner, and ransom him to any French courtier for a new devised courtesy. I think scorn to sigh; methinks, I should out-swear Cupid. Comfort me, boy: What great men have been in love?

Moth. Hercules, master.

Arm. Most sweet Hercules!—More authority, dear boy, name more; and, sweet my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage.

Moth. Samson, master; he was a man of good carriage, great carriage; for he carried the town-gates on his back, like a porter: and he was in love.

Arm. O well-knit Samson! strong-jointed Samson! I do excel thee in my rapier, as much as thou didst me in carrying gates. I am in love too,—Who was Samson's love, my dear Moth?

Moth. A woman, master.

Arm. Of what complexion?

Moth. Of all the four, or the three, or the two; or one of the four.

Arm. Tell me precisely of what complexion?

Moth. Of the sea-water green, sir.

Arm. Is that one of the four complexions?

Moth. As I have read, sir; and the best of them too.

Arm. Green, indeed, is the colour of lovers; but to have a love of that colour, methinks, Samson had small reason for it. He, surely, affected her for her wit.

Moth. It was so, sir; for she had a green wit.

Arm. My love is most immaculate white and red.

Moth. Most maculate² thoughts, master, are masked under such colours.

Arm. Define, define, well-educated infant.

Moth. My father's wit, and my mother's tongue, assist me.

Arm. Sweet invocation of a child; most pretty, and pathetic.

Moth. If she be made of white and red,

Her faults will ne'er be known;

For blushing cheeks by faults are bred,

And fears by pale-white shown:

Then, if she fear, or be to blame,

By this you shall not know;

For still her cheeks possess the same,

Which native she doth owe.³

A dangerous rhyme, master, against the reason of white and red.

Arm. Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar?

Moth. The world was very guilty of such a ballad some three ages since: but, I think, now 'tis not to be found; or, if it were, it would neither serve for the writing, nor the tune.

Arm. I will have that subject newly writ o'er, that I may example my digression by some mighty precedent. Boy, I do love that country girl, that I took in the park with the rational hind Costard; she deserves well.

Moth. To be whipped; and yet a better love than my master. [Aside.

Arm. Sing, boy; my spirit grows heavy in love.

Moth. And that's great marvel, loving a light wench.

Arm. I say, sing.

Moth. Forbear till this company be past.

Enter DULL, COSTARD, and JAQUENETTA.

Dull. Sir, the duke's pleasure is that you keep Costard safe: and you must let him take no delight, nor no penance; but a' must fast three days a-week. For this damsel, I must keep her at the park; she is allowed for the day-woman.⁴ Fare you well.

Arm. I do betray myself with blushing.—Maid.

Jaq. Man.

Arm. I will visit thee at the lodge.

Jaq. That's hereby.⁵

Arm. I know where it is situate.

Jaq. Lord, how wise you are!

Arm. I will tell thee wonders.

Jaq. With that face?⁶

Arm. I love thee.

Jaq. So I heard you say.

Arm. And so farewell.

Jaq. Fair weather after you!

Dull. Come, Jaquenetta, away.

[*Exeunt DULL and JAQUENETTA.*

Arm. Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offences ere thou be pardoned.

Cost. Well, sir, I hope, when I do it, I shall do it on a full stomach.

Arm. Thou shalt be heavily punished.

Cost. I am more bound to you, than your fellows, for they are but lightly rewarded.

Arm. Take away this villain; shut him up.

Moth. Come, you transgressing slave; away.

Cost. Let me not be pent up, sir; I will fast, being loose.

Moth. No, sir; that were fast and loose: thou shalt to prison.

Cost. Well, if ever I do see the merry days of desolation that I have seen, some shall see—

¹ *Crosses.* A cross is a coin. Moth thinks his master has the poverty as well as pride of a Spaniard.

² So the quarto of 1598. The folio *immaculate*. To maculate is to stain—maculate thoughts are impure thoughts. Thus in the "Two Noble Kinsmen" of Beaumont and Fletcher—

"O vouchsafe
With that thy rare green eye, which never yet
Beheld things *maculate*."

³ *Owe*—possess.

⁴ *Day-woman* most probably means dairy-woman. In parts of Scotland the term *dey* has been appropriated to dairy-maids; but in England, *deyes* were, perhaps, the lowest class of husbandry servants, generally. In a statute of Richard II.,

regulating wages, we have "a swineherd, a female labourer, and deye," put down at six shillings yearly. Chaucer describes the diet of his "poore widow" as that of a dey (Nonnes Preestes Tale):—

"Milk and brown bread, in which she fond no lack,
Seinde bacon, and sometime an ey or twey;
For she was, as it were, a maner *dey*."

⁵ *Hereby*—a provincial expression for *as it may happen*. Armado takes it as hard by.

⁶ *With that face?* The folio has "With *what* face?" The phrase of the quarto, "with *that* face," was a vulgar idiomatic expression in the time of Fielding, who says he took it "verbatim, from very polite conversation."

Moth. What shall some see?

Cost. Nay, nothing, master Moth, but what they look upon. It is not for prisoners to be too silent in their words; and, therefore, I will say nothing: I thank God, I have as little patience as another man; and, therefore, I can be quiet. [*Exeunt* MOTH and COSTARD.]

Arm. I do affect¹ the very ground, which is base, where her shoe, which is baser, guided by her foot, which is basest, doth tread. I shall be forsworn, (which is a great argument of falsehood,) if I love: And how can that be true love, which is falsely attempted? Love is a familiar; love is a devil: there is no evil angel but love. Yet Samson was so tempted; and he had an excellent strength: yet was Solomon so seduced; and he had a very good wit. Cupid's butt-shaft is too hard for Hercules' club, and therefore too much odds for a Spaniard's rapier. The first and second cause² will not serve my turn; the passado he respects not, the duello he regards not: his disgrace is to be called boy; but his glory is to subdue men. Adieu, valour! rust, rapier! be still, drum! for your manager is in love; yea, he loveth. Assist me, some extemporal god of rhyme, for, I am sure, I shall turn sonnet.³ Devise, wit; write, pen; for I am for whole volumes in folio. [*Exit.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Another part of the Park. A Pavilion and Tents at a distance.*

Enter the PRINCESS OF FRANCE, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, BOYET, Lords, and other Attendants.

Boyet. Now, madam, summon up your dearest⁴ spirits; Consider who the king your father sends; To whom he sends; and what's his embassy: Yourself, held precious in the world's esteem, To parley with the sole inheritor Of all perfections that a man may owe, Matchless Navarre: the plea of no less weight Than Aquitain; a dowry for a queen. Be now as prodigal of all dear grace, As nature was in making graces dear, When she did starve the general world beside, And prodigally gave them all to you.

Prin. Good lord Boyet, my beauty, though but mean, Needs not the painted flourish of your praise; Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye, Not utter'd⁵ by base sale of chapmen's⁶ tongues: I am less proud to hear you tell my worth, Than you much willing to be counted wise In spending your wit in the praise of mine. But now to task the tasker,—Good Boyet, You are not ignorant, all-telling fame Doth noise abroad, Navarre hath made a vow, Till painful study shall outwear three years, No woman may approach his silent court: Therefore to us seemeth it a needful course, Before we enter his forbidden gates, To know his pleasure; and in that behalf, Bold of your worthiness, we single you

As our best-moving fair solicitor:

Tell him, the daughter of the king of France,
On serious business, craving quick despatch,
Importunes personal conference with his grace.
Haste, signify so much; while we attend,
Like humble-visag'd suitors, his high will.

Boyet. Proud of employment, willingly I go. [*Exit.*]

Prin. All pride is willing pride, and yours is so,
Who are the votaries, my loving lords,
That are vow-fellows with this virtuous duke?

¹ *Lord.* Longaville is one.

Prin. Know you the man?

Mar. I know him, madam; at a marriage feast,
Between lord Perigort and the beauteous heir
Of Jaques Falconbridge solemnised,
In Normandy saw I this Longaville:
A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd;
Well fitted in the arts, glorious in arms:
Nothing becomes him ill, that he would well.
The only soil of his fair virtue's gloss,
(If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil,)
Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a will;
Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still wills
It should none spare that come within his power.

Prin. Some merry mocking lord, belike; is't so?

Mar. They say so most, that most his humours know.

Prin. Such short-liv'd wits do wither as they grow.
Who are the rest?

Kath. The young Dumain, a well-accomplish'd youth,
Of all that virtue love for virtue lov'd:
Most power to do most harm, least knowing ill;
For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,
And shape to win grace though he had no wit.
I saw him at the duke Alençon's once;
And much too little of that good I saw,
Is my report,⁷ to his great worthiness.

Ros. Another of these students at that time
Was there with him: If I have heard a truth,
Biron they call him; but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal:
His eye begets occasion for his wit:
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest;
Which his fair tongue (conceit's expositor)
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished;
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

Prin. God bless my ladies! are they all in love;
That every one her own hath garnished
With such bedecking ornaments of praise?

Mar. Here comes Boyet.

Re-enter BOYET.

Prin. Now, what admittance, lord

Boyet. Navarre had notice of your fair approach;
And he, and his competitors in oath,
Were all address'd to meet you, gentle lady,
Before I came. Marry, thus much I have learnt,
He rather means to lodge you in the field,
(Like one that comes here to besiege his court,)
Than seek a dispensation for his oath,
To let you enter his unpeopled house.
Here comes Navarre.

[*The Ladies mask.*]

¹ *To affect* is to incline towards, and thence, metaphorically, to love.

² *First and second cause.* See Illustrations to Romeo and Juliet, Act II. Sc. IV.

³ *Sonnet.* All the old copies have *sonnet*. Hanmer "emended" it into *sonneteer*, which is the received reading. To "turn sonneteer" is not in keeping with Armado's style—as "adieu, valour—rust, rapier;"—and afterwards, "devise, wit—write, pen." He says, in the same phraseology, he will "turn sonnet;" as at the present day we say, "he can turn a tune." Ben Jonson, it will be remembered, speaks of Shakspeare's "well-torned and true-filed lines."

⁴ *Dearest*—best.

⁵ *To utter* is to put forth—as we say, "to utter base coin."

⁶ *Chapman* was formerly a seller—a *cheapman*, from *cheap*, a market; and it is still used in this sense legally, as when we say, "dealer and chapman." But it was also used indifferently for seller and buyer: the bargainer on either side was a *cheapman*, *chapman*, or *copeman*.

⁷ Too little compared to, or in proportion to, his great worthiness.

Enter KING, LONGAVILLE, DUMAIN, BIRON, and Attendants.

King. Fair princess, welcome to the Court of Navarre.

Prin. Fair, I give you back again; and, welcome I have not yet: the roof of this court is too high to be yours; and welcome to the wild fields too base to be mine.

King. You shall be welcome, madam, to my court.

Prin. I will be welcome then; conduct me thither.

King. Hear me, dear lady, I have sworn an oath.

Prin. Our lady help my lord! he'll be forsworn.

King. Not for the world, fair madam, by my will.

Prin. Why, will shall break it; will, and nothing else.

King. Your ladyship is ignorant what it is.

Prin. Were my lord so, his ignorance were wise, Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance.

I hear, your grace hath sworn-out house-keeping:

'Tis deadly sin to keep that oath, my lord,

And sin to break it:

But pardon me, I am too sudden bold;

To teach a teacher ill-beseemeth me.

Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my coming,

And suddenly resolve me in my suit. [*Gives a paper.*]

King. Madam, I will, if suddenly I may.

Prin. You will the sooner, that I were away;

For you'll prove perjurd, if you make me stay.

Biron. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

Ros. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

Biron. I know you did.

Ros. How needless was it then

To ask the question!

Biron. You must not be so quick.

Ros. 'Tis long¹ of you that spur me with such questions.

Biron. Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast, 'twill tire.

Ros. Not till it leave the rider in the mire.

Biron. What time o' day?

Ros. The hour that fools should ask.

Biron. Now fair befall your mask!²

Ros. Fair fall the face it covers!

Biron. And send you many lovers!

Ros. Amen, so you be none.

Biron. Nay, then will I be gone.

King. Madam, your father here doth intimate
The payment of a hundred thousand crowns;
Being but the one half of an entire sum,
Disbursed by my father in his wars.
But say, that he, or we, (as neither have,
Receiv'd that sum; yet there remains unpaid
A hundred thousand more; in surety of the which,
One part of Aquitaine is bound to us,
Although not valued to the money's worth.
If then the king your father will restore
But that one half which is unsatisfied,
We will give up our right in Aquitaine,
And hold fair friendship with his majesty.
But that, it seems, he little purposeth,
For here he doth demand to have repaid
An hundred thousand crowns; and not demands,
On payment of a hundred thousand crowns,
To have his title live in Aquitaine;³
Which we much rather had depart withal,
And have the money by our father lent,
Than Aquitaine so gelded as it is.
Dear princess, were not his requests so far
From reason's yielding, your fair self should make
A yielding, 'gainst some reason, in my breast,
And go well satisfied to France again.

Prin. You do the king my father too much wrong,

And wrong the reputation of your name,
In so unseeming to confess receipt
Of that which hath so faithfully been paid.

King. I do protest, I never heard of it;

And, if you prove it, I'll repay it back,

Or yield up Aquitaine.

Prin. We arrest your word:—

Boyet, you can produce acquittances,

For such a sum, from special officers

Of Charles his father.

King. Satisfy me so.

Boyet. So please your grace, the packet is not come,

Where that and other specialties are bound;

To-morrow you shall have a sight of them.

King. It shall suffice me: at which interview,

All liberal reason I will yield unto.

Meantime, receive such welcome at my hand

As honour, without breach of honour, may

Make tender of to thy true worthiness:

You may not come, fair princess, in my gates;

But here without you shall be so receiv'd,

As you shall deem yourself lodg'd in my heart,

Though so denied fair harbour in my house.

Your own good thoughts excuse me, and farewell:

To-morrow we shall visit you again.

Prin. Sweet health and fair desires consort your grace!

King. Thy own wish wish I thee in every place!

[*Exeunt KING and his train.*]

Biron. Lady, I will commend you to my own heart.

Ros. 'Pray you, do my commendations; I would be glad to see it.

Biron. I would you heard it groan.

Ros. Is the fool sick?

Biron. Sick at the heart.

Ros. Alack, let it blood.

Biron. Would that do it good?

Ros. My physic says, I.

Biron. Will you prick't with your eye?

Ros. No *poynt*,⁴ with my knife.

Biron. Now, God save thy life!

Ros. And yours from long living!

Biron. I cannot stay thanksgiving.

[*Retiring.*]

Dum. Sir, I pray you a word: What lady is that same?

Boyet. The heir of Alençon, Rosaline her name.

Dum. A gallant lady! Monsieur, fare you well. [*Exit.*]

Long. I beseech you a word: What is she in the white?

Boyet. A woman sometimes, if you saw her in the light.

Long. Perchance, light in the light: I desire her name.

Boyet. She hath but one for herself; to desire that, were a shame.

Long. Pray you, sir, whose daughter?

Boyet. Her mother's, I have heard.

Long. God's blessing on your beard!

Boyet. Good sir, be not offended:

She is an heir of Falconbridge.

Long. Nay, my choler is ended.

She is a most sweet lady.

Boyet. Not unlike, sir; that may be.

[*Exit LONG.*]

Biron. What's her name, in the cap?

Boyet. Katharine, by good hap.

Biron. Is she wedded, or no?

Boyet. To her will, sir, or so.

Biron. You are welcome, sir; adieu!

Boyet. Farewell to me, sir, and welcome to you.

[*Exit BIRON.—Ladies unmask.*]

Mar. That last is Biron, the merry mad-cap lord;

Not a word with him but a jest.

Boyet.

And every jest but a word.

¹ *Long of you*—along of you—through you.

² The ladies were masked, and, perhaps, were dressed alike. Biron, subsequently, after an exchange of wit with Rosaline, inquires who Katharine is; and Dumain, in the same manner, asks Boyet as to Rosaline.

³ He requires the repayment of a hundred thousand crowns,—but does not pro-

pose to pay us the other hundred thousand crowns, by which payment he would redeem the mortgage.

⁴ *No poynt*—the double negative, as it is commonly called, of the French—*non point*.

Prin. It was well done of you to take him at his word.

Boyet. I was as willing to grapple, as he was to board.

Mar. Two hot sheeps, marry!

Boyet. And wherefore not ships?

No sheep, sweet lamb, unless we feed on your lips.

Mar. You sheep, and I pasture; Shall that finish the jest?

Boyet. So you grant pasture for me. [*Offering to kiss her.*]

Mar. Not so, gentle beast;

My lips are no common, though several they be.¹

Boyet. Belonging to whom?

Mar. To my fortunes and me.

Prin. Good wits will be jangling: but, gentles, agree:

This civil war of wits were much better us'd

On Navarre and his book-men; for here 'tis abus'd.

Boyet. If my observation, (which very seldom lies,)

By the heart's still rhetoric, disclosed with eyes,

Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected.

Prin. With what?

Boyet. With that which we lovers entitle, affected.

Prin. Your reason.

Boyet. Why, all his behaviours did make their retire

To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire:

His heart, like an agate, with your print impressed,

Proud with his form, in his eye pride expressed:

His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see,

Did stumble with haste in his eyesight to be;

All senses to that sense did make their repair,

To feel only² looking on fairest of fair:

Methought all his senses were lock'd in his eye,

As jewels in crystal for some prince to buy;

Who, tend'ring their own worth, from whence they were glass'd,

Did point out to buy them, along as you pass'd.

His face's own margent did quote such amazes,

That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes:

I'll give you Aquitain, and all that is his,

An you give him for my sake but one loving kiss.

Prin. Come, to our pavilion; Boyet is dispos'd—

Boyet. But to speak that in words, which his eye hath disclos'd:

I only have made a mouth of his eye,

By adding a tongue which I know will not lie.

Ros. Thou art an old love-monger, and speak'st skilfully.

Mar. He is Cupid's grandfather, and learns news of him.

Ros. Then was Venus like her mother; for her father is but grim.

Boyet. Do you hear, my mad wenches?

Mar. No.

Boyet. What, then, do you see?

Ros. Ay, our way to be gone.

Boyet. You are too hard for me. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Another part of the Park.*

Enter ARMADO and MOTH.

Arm. Warble, child; make passionate my sense of hearing.

Moth. *Concolinel*^a— [*Singing.*]

Arm. Sweet air! Go, tenderness of years! take this

¹ *Common*—*several*. Shakspeare here uses his favourite law-phrases,—which practice has given rise to the belief that he was bred in an attorney's office. But there is here, apparently, some confusion in the use,—occasioned by the word *though*. A "*common*," as we all know, is unapportioned land;—a "*several*," land that is private property. Shakspeare uses the word according to this sense in the Sonnets:—

"Why should my heart think that a *several* plot,
Which my heart knows the world's wide *common* place?"

But Dr. James has attempted to show that *several*, or *severell*, in Warwickshire, meant the *common field*;—common to a few proprietors, but not common to all.

key, give enlargement to the swain, bring him festinately hither; I must employ him in a letter to my love.

Moth. Master, will you win your love with a French brawl?^b

Arm. How meanest thou? brawling in French?

Moth. No, my complete master: but to jig off a tune at the tongue's end, canary^c to it with your feet, humour it with turning up your eyelids; sigh a note, and sing a note; sometime through the throat, as if you swallowed love with singing love; sometime through the nose, as if you snuffed up love by smelling love; with your hat, pent-house-like, o'er the shop of your eyes;^d with your arms crossed on your thin-belly³ doublet, like a rabbit on a spit; or your hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting; and keep not too long in one tune, but a snip and away: These are complements,⁴ these are humours; these betray nice wenches, that would be betrayed without these; and make them men of note, (do you note, men?) that most are affected to these.

Arm. How hast thou purchased this experience?

Moth. By my penny of observation.

Arm. But O,—but O—

Moth. —the hobby-horse is forgot.^e

Arm. Callest thou my love, hobby-horse?

Moth. No, master; the hobby-horse is but a colt, and your love, perhaps, a hackney. But have you forgot your love?

Arm. Almost I had.

Moth. Negligent student! learn her by heart.

Arm. By heart, and in heart, boy.

Moth. And out of heart, master: all those three I will prove.

Arm. What wilt thou prove?

Moth. A man, if I live; and this, by, in, and without, upon the instant: By heart you love her, because your heart cannot come by her: in heart you love her, because your heart is in love with her: and out of heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

Arm. I am all these three.

Moth. And three times as much more, and yet nothing at all.

Arm. Fetch hither the swain; he must carry me a letter.

Moth. A message well sympathised; a horse to be ambassador for an ass!

Arm. Ha, ha! what sayest thou?

Moth. Marry, sir, you must send the ass upon the horse, for he is very slow-gaited: But I go.

Arm. The way is but short; away.

Moth. As swift as lead, sir.

Arm. Thy meaning, pretty ingenious?

Is not lead a metal heavy, dull, and slow?

Moth. *Minimè*, honest master; or rather, master, no.

Arm. I say, lead is slow.

Moth. You are too swift, sir, to say so.

Is that lead slow which is fired from a gun?

Arm. Sweet smoke of rhetoric!

He reputes me a cannon; and the bullet, that's he:—

I shoot thee at the swain.

Moth. Thump then, and I flee.

[*Exit.*]

Arm. A most acute juvenal; voluble and free of grace!

By thy favour, sweet welkin, I must sigh in thy face:

Most rude melancholy, valour gives thee place.

My herald is returned.

In this way, the word "*though*" is not contradictory. Maria's lips are common, though several^a—

^a "*Belonging to whom?*"

To my fortunes and me."

I and my fortunes are the co-proprietors of the common field,—but we will not "grant pasture" to others. Provincial usages are important in the illustration of Shakspeare.

² *To feel only*. Thus the ancient copies. Jackson suggests "*To feed on by*."

³ The folio has *thin-belly*, as a compound word. The quarto, *thin belly's*.

⁴ See Note 8, p. 42.

Re-enter MOTH and COSTARD.

Moth. A wonder, master; here's a Costard broken in a shin.¹

Arm. Some enigma, some riddle: come,—thy *l'envoy*;—begin.

Cost. No egma, no riddle, no *l'envoy*; no salve in them all,² sir: O, sir, plantain, a plain plantain; no *l'envoy*, no *l'envoy*, no salve, sir, but a plantain!³

Arm. By virtue, thou enforcest laughter; thy silly thought, my spleen; the heaving of my lungs provokes me to ridiculous smiling: O, pardon me, my stars! Doth the inconsiderate take salve for *l'envoy*, and the word *l'envoy* for a salve?

Moth. Do the wise think them other? is not *l'envoy* a salve?⁴

Arm. No, page: it is an epilogue or discourse, to make plain

Some obscure precedence that hath tofore been sain.

I will example it:

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.

There's the moral: Now the *l'envoy*.

Moth. I will add the *l'envoy*; say the moral again.

Arm. The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.

Moth. Until the goose came out of door,
And stay'd the odds by adding four.

Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow with my *l'envoy*.

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three:

Arm. Until the goose came out of door,
Staying the odds by adding four.⁵

Moth. A good *l'envoy*, ending in the goose;
Would you desire more?

Cost. The boy hath sold him a bargain,⁶ a goose, that's flat:—

Sir, your pennyworth is good, an your goose be fat.—
To sell a bargain well, is as cunning as fast and loose:
Let me see a fat *l'envoy*; ay, that's a fat goose.

Arm. Come hither, come hither: How did this argument begin?

Moth. By saying that a *Costard* was broken in a shin.
Then call'd you for the *l'envoy*.

Cost. True, and I for a plantain: Thus came your argument in;

Then the boy's fat *l'envoy*, the goose that you bought,
And he ended the market.

Arm. But tell me; how was there a *Costard* broken in a shin?

Moth. I will tell you sensibly.

Cost. Thou hast no feeling of it, *Moth*; I will speak that *l'envoy*.

I, *Costard*, running out, that was safely within,
Fell over the threshold, and broke my shin.

Arm. We will talk no more of this matter.

Cost. Till there be more matter in the shin.

Arm. Marry, *Costard*, I will enfranchise thee.

Cost. O, marry me to one Frances;—I smell some *l'envoy*, some goose in this.

Arm. By my sweet soul, I mean, setting thee at liberty, enfreedoming thy person; thou wert immured, restrained, captivated, bound.

Cost. True, true; and now you will be my purgation, and let me loose.

Arm. I give thee thy liberty, set thee from durance; and, in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing but this: Bear this significant to the country maid Jaquenetta: there is remuneration; [*giving him money*] for the best ward of mine honour is rewarding my dependants. *Moth*, follow.

[*Exit.*

Moth. Like the sequel, I.—Signor *Costard*, adieu.

Cost. My sweet ounce of man's flesh! my incony⁶ Jew!

[*Exit* *MOTH*.

Now will I look to his remuneration. Remuneration! O, that's the Latin word for three farthings: three farthings—remuneration.—What's the price of this inkle? a penny—No, I'll give you a remuneration: why, it carries it.—Remuneration!—why, it is a fairer name than French crown. I will never buy and sell out of this word.

Enter *BIRON*.

Biron. O, my good knave *Costard*! exceedingly well met.

Cost. Pray you, sir, how much carnation ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

Biron. What is a remuneration

Cost. Marry, sir, halfpenny farthing.

Biron. O, why then, three-farthings-worth of silk.

Cost. I thank your worship: God be with you!

Biron. O, stay, slave; I must employ thee:
As thou wilt win my favour, good my knave,
Do one thing for me that I shall entreat.

Cost. When would you have it done, sir?

Biron. O, this afternoon.

Cost. Well, I will do it, sir: Fare you well.

Biron. O, thou knowest not what it is.

Cost. I shall know, sir, when I have done it.

Biron. Why, villain, thou must know first.

Cost. I will come to your worship to-morrow morning.

Biron. It must be done this afternoon. Hark, slave, it is but this;—

The princess comes to hunt here in the park,
And in her train there is a gentle lady;
When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her name,
And Rosaline they call her: ask for her;
And to her white hand see thou do commend
This seal'd-up counsel. There's thy guerdon; go.⁷

[*Gives him money.*

Cost. Gardon,—O sweet gardon! better than remuneration; eleven-pence farthing better: Most sweet gardon!—I will do it, sir, in print.—Gardon—remuneration.

[*Exit.*

Biron. O!—And I, forsooth, in love! I, that have been love's whip!

A very beadle to a humorous sigh;
A critic; nay, a night-watch constable;
A domineering pedant o'er the boy,
Than whom no mortal so magnificent!

¹ *Costard broken in a shin.* *Costard* is the head.

² *No salve in them all.* The common reading is "no salve in the mail," which is that of the old copies. We adopt Tyrwhitt's suggestion.

³ When *Moth* quibbles about *Costard* and his shin, *Armado* supposes there is a riddle—and he calls for the *l'envoy*—the address of the old French poets, which conveyed their moral or explanation. *Costard* says, he wants no such things—there is no salve in them all: he wants a plantain for his wound.

⁴ But the arch page makes a joke out of *Costard*'s blunder, and asks "Is not *l'envoy* a salve?" He has read of the *Salve*! of the Romans, and has a pun for the eye ready. Dr. Farmer believes that Shakspeare had here forgot his small Latin, and thought that the words had the same pronunciation. Poor Shakspeare! What a dull dog he must have been at this Latin, according to the no-learning critics!

⁵ So the quarto of 1599. But the folio makes *Armado* merely give the moral, and *Moth* the *l'envoy*, without these repetitions. The sport which so delights *Costard* is lost by the omission. (See Illustration *f*, Act III.)

Incony Jew. *Incony* is thought to be the same as the Scotch *canny*—which is our *knowing*—*cunning*. *Jew* is, perhaps, *Costard*'s superlative notion of a clever fellow.

⁷ We deviate, for once, from a resolution not to dwell upon the commendation, or dispraise, of our labours by other editors, for the purpose of expressing our grateful sense of this note by Mr. White:—

"In the original *Biron* is represented as giving this French name for remuneration correctly, and the clown as mispronouncing,—a trifling but characteristic distinction, neglected by all editors hitherto, except Mr. Knight—even by the careful Capell. It would not be worthy of particular mention, except to remind the reader that there are many hundreds of like restorations of the original text (aside from those of more importance), which are silently made for the first time in this edition."

This wimpled,¹ whining, purblind, wayward boy;
This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid:
Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,
The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,
Liege of all loiterers and malcontents,
Dread prince of plackets, king of cod-pieces,
Sole imperator, and great general
Of trotting paritors,² O my little heart!—
And I to be a corporal of his field,³
And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop!⁴
What? I love! I sue! I seek a wife!
A woman, that is like a German clock,⁵
Still a repairing; ever out of frame;
And never going aright, being a watch,
But being watch'd that it may still go right?
Nay, to be perjurd, which is worst of all:
And, among three, to love the worst of all
A whitely wanton with a velvet brow,
With two pitch balls stuck in her face for eyes;
Ay, and, by heaven, one that will do the deed,
Though Argus were her eunuch and her guard!
And I to sigh for her! to watch for her!
To pray for her? Go to; it is a plague
That Cupid will impose for my neglect
Of his almighty dreadful little might.
Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue, and groan;
Some men must love my lady, and some Joan. [Exit.

RECENT NEW READINGS.

l. p. 47.—“By my penny of observation.

“By my pain of observation.”—*Collier*.

Pain is explained as “the pains he [Moth] had taken in observing the characters of men and women.” The connection between “purchased” and “penny” need hardly be shewn. Certainly the Corrector had taken no pains in observing Moth's character when he made this bald attempt to turn wit into common-place.

Sc. I. p. 48.—“*Sirrah*, Costard, I will enfranchise thee.”

“*Sirrah*, Costard, marry, I will enfranchise thee.”—*Collier*.

The word *marry* is certainly required; and we have taken the liberty not to follow Mr. Collier by its insertion after Costard, but to substitute it for the “*Sirrah*” of the original.

Sc. I. (above).—“A whitely wanton with a velvet brow.”

“A witty wanton with a velvet brow.”—*Collier*.

We agree with Mr. Dyce that *whitely* (in the old editions *whitley*) “is a questionable reading, Rosaline being, as we learn from several places of the play, dark-complexioned.”

ACT IV

SCENE I.—*Another part of the Park.*

Enter the PRINCESS, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE,
BOYET, Lords, Attendants, and a Forester.

Prin. Was that the king that spurr'd his horse so hard
Against the steep uprising of the hill?

Boyet. I know not; but, I think, it was not he.

Prin. Whoe'er he was, he show'd a mounting mind.
Well, lords, to-day we shall have our despatch;
On Saturday we will return to France.—

Then, forester, my friend, where is the bush,
That we must stand and play the murderer in?^a

For. Here by, upon the edge of yonder coppice;
A stand, where you may make the fairest shoot.

Prin. I thank my beauty, I am fair that shoot,
And thereupon thou speak'st, the fairest shoot.

For. Pardon me, madam, for I meant not so.

Prin. What, what! first praise me, and then again say,
no?

O short-liv'd pride! Not fair? alack for woe!

For. Yes, madam, fair.

Prin. Nay, never paint me now;
Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.

Here, good my glass,² take this for telling true;

[Giving him money.

Fair payment for foul words is more than due.

For. Nothing but fair is that which you inherit.

Prin. See, see, my beauty will be sav'd by merit.

O heresy in fair, fit for these days!

A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise.—

But come, the bow:—Now mercy goes to kill,

And shooting well is then accounted ill.

Thus will I save my credit in the shoot:

Not wounding, pity would not let me do't;

If wounding, then it was to shew my skill,

That more for praise, than purpose, meant to kill.

And, out of question, so it is sometimes;

Glory grows guilty of detested crimes

When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,

We bend to that the working of the heart:

As I, for praise alone, now seek to spill

The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill.

Boyet. Do not curst³ wives hold that self-sovereignty⁴

Only for praise' sake, when they strive to be

Lords o'er their lords?

Prin. Only for praise: and praise we may afford

To any lady that subdues a lord.

Enter COSTARD.

Boyet. Here comes a member of the commonwealth.

Cost. God dig-you-den⁵ all! Pray you, which is the
head lady?

Prin. Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the rest that have
no heads.

Cost. Which is the greatest lady, the highest?

Prin. The thickest, and the tallest.

Cost. The thickest, and the tallest! it is so; truth is
truth.

An your waist, mistress, were as slender as my wit,

One of these maids' girdles for your waist should be fit.

Are not you the chief woman? you are the thickest here.

Prin. What's your will, sir? what's your will?

Cost. I have a letter from monsieur Biron to one lady
Rosaline.

Prin. O, thy letter, thy letter; he's a good friend of
mine:

Stand aside, good bearer,—Boyet, you can carve;

Break up this capon.

Boyet. I am bound to serve.—

This letter is mistook, it importeth none here;

It is writ to Jaquenetta.

Prin. We will read it, I swear:

Break the neck of the wax, and every one give ear.

Boyet. [Reads.]

“By heaven, that thou art fair is most infallible; true, that thou art beauteous; truth itself, that thou art lovely: More fairer than fair, beautiful than beauteous, truer than truth itself, have commiseration on thy heroic vassal! The magnanimous and most illustrious king *Cophetua* set eye upon the pernicious and indubitate beggar *Zenelophon*; and he it was that might rightly say, *veni, vidi, vici*; which to annotanize⁶ in the vulgar (O base and obscure vulgar!), *videlicet*, he came, saw, and overcame; he came, one; saw, two; overcame, three. Who came? the king; Why did he come? to see; Why did he see? to overcome: To whom came he? to the beggar; What saw he? the beggar; Who overcame he? the beggar: The conclusion is victory; On whose side? the king's: the captive is enrich'd; On whose side? the beggar's: The catastrophe is a nuptial: On whose side? The king's? no, on both in one, or one in both. I am the king; for so stands the comparison: thou the beggar; for so witnesseth thy lowliness. Shall I command thy love? I may: Shall I enforce thy love? I could: Shall I entreat thy love? I will: What shalt thou exchange for rags? robes; For tittles, titles; For thyself, me. Thus, expecting thy reply, I profane my lips on thy foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy every part.

“Thine, in the dearest design of industry,

“DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.”

⁴ *Self-sovereignty*—used in the same way as self-sufficiency;—not sovereignty over themselves, but in themselves.

⁵ *Dig-you-den*. The popular corruption of *give you good e'en*.

⁶ In the folio and quarto, *annotanize*. Mr. Dyce advocates the modern *anatomise*.

¹ *Wimpled*—veiled.

² *Good my glass*. The Forester is the metaphorical glass of the Princess.

³ *Curst*—shrewish.

Thus dost thou hear the Nemean lion roar
'Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as his prey;
Submissive fall his princely feet before,
And he from forage will incline to play:
But if thou strive, poor soul, what art thou then?
Food for his rage, repasture for his den.

Prin. What plume of feathers is he that indited this letter?

What vane? what weather-cock? did you ever hear better?

Boyct. I am much deceived, but I remember the style.

Prin. Else your memory is bad, going o'er it erewhile.

Boyct. This Armado is a Spaniard, that keeps here in court;

A phantasm, a Monarcho,^b and one that makes sport
To the prince, and his book-mates.

Prin. Thou, fellow, a word:

Who gave thee this letter?

Cost. I told you; my lord.

Prin. To whom shouldst thou give it?

Cost. From my lord to my lady.

Prin. From which lord, to which lady?

Cost. From my lord Biron, a good master of mine;
To a lady of France, that he call'd Rosaline.

Prin. Thou hast mistaken his letter. Come, lords,
away.

Here, sweet, put up this; 'twill be thine another day.

[*Exit PRINCESS and train.*]

Boyct. Who is the suitor? who is the suitor?¹

Ros. Shall I teach you to know?

Boyct. Ay, my continent of beauty.

Ros. Why, she that bears the bow.

Finely put off!

Boyct. My lady goes to kill horns; but, if thou marry,
Hang me by the neck, if horns that year miscarry.

Finely put on!

Ros. Well then, I am the shooter.

Boyct. And who is your deer?

Ros. If we choose by the horns, yourself: come not
near.

Finely put on, indeed!—

Mar. You still wrangle with her, Boyet, and she strikes
at the brow.

Boyct. But she herself is hit lower: Have I hit her now?

Ros. Shall I come upon thee with an old saying, that
was a man when king Pepin of France was a little boy, as
touching the hit it?

Boyct. So I may answer thee with one as old, that was a
woman when queen Guinever of Britain was a little wench,
as touching the hit it.

Ros. [*Singing.*]

Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it,
Thou canst not hit it, my good man.

Boyct.

An I cannot, cannot, cannot,
An I cannot, another can.

[*Exeunt ROS. and KATH.*]

Cost. By my troth, most pleasant! how both did fit it!

Mar. A mark marvellous well shot; for they both did
hit it.

Boyct. A mark! O, mark but that mark; A mark says
my lady!

Let the mark have a prick in't to mete at, if it may be.

Mar. Wide o' the bow hand! I' faith, your hand is out.

Cost. Indeed, a' must shoot nearer, or he'll ne'er hit the
clout.

Boyct. An if my hand be out, then, belike your hand
is in.

Cost. Then will she get the upshot by cleaving the pin.

Mar. Come, come, you talk greasily, your lips grow
foul.

Cost. She's too hard for you at pricks, sir; challenge her
to bowl.

Boyct. I fear too much rubbing; Good night, my good
owl. [*Exeunt BOYET and MARIA.*]

Cost. By my soul, a swain! a most simple clown!

Lord, lord! how the ladies and I have put him down!

O' my troth, most sweet jests! most incony vulgar wit!

When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it were,
so fit.

Armado o' the one side,—O, a most dainty man!

To see him walk before a lady, and to bear her fan!

To see him kiss his hand! and how most sweetly a' will
swear!

And his page o' t'other side, that handful of wit!

Ah, heavens, it is a most pathological nit!

Sola, sola!

[*Shouting within.*]

[*Exit COSTARD, running.*]

SCENE II.—*The same.*

Enter HOLOFERNES,² Sir NATHANIEL, and DULL.

Nath. Very reverent sport, truly; and done in the testi-
mony of a good conscience.

Hol. The deer was, as you know, *sanguis*,—in blood;
ripe as a pomewater,⁴ who now hangeth like a jewel in the
ear of *cælo*,—the sky, the welkin, the heaven; and anon
falleth like a crab, on the face of *terra*,—the soil, the land,
the earth.

Nath. Truly, master Holofernes, the epithets are sweetly
varied, like a scholar at the least: But, sir, I assure ye, it
was a buck of the first head.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, *haud credo*.

Dull. 'Twas not a *haud credo*; 'twas a pricket.⁵

Hol. Most barbarous intimation! yet a kind of insinua-
tion, as it were *in via*, in way, of explication; *facere*, as it
were, replication, or, rather, *ostentare*, to show, as it were,
his inclination,—after his undressed, unpolished, unedu-
cated, unpruned, untrained, or rather unlettered, or,
ratherest, unconfirmed fashion,—to insert again my *haud
credo* for a deer.

Dull. I said, the deer was not a *haud credo*; 'twas a
pricket.

Hol. Twice sod simplicity, *bis coctus*!—O thou monster
ignorance, how deformed dost thou look!

Nath. Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred
in a book; he hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not
drunk ink: his intellect is not replenished; he is only an
animal, only sensible in the duller parts;
And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful
should be

(Which we of taste and feeling are) for those parts that do
fructify in us more than he.

For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiscreet, or
fool,

So, were there a patch set on learning, to see him in a
school:

But *omne bene*, say I; being of an old father's mind,
Many can brook the weather, that love not the wind.

Dull. You two are bookmen: Can you tell by your wit,

¹ *Suitor*. The old copies read "Who is the shooter?" But Boyet asks "Who is the suitor?"—and Rosaline gives him a quibbling answer—"She that bears the bow." We see, then, that *suitor* and *shooter* were pronounced alike in Shakspeare's day; and that the Scotch and Irish pronunciation of this word, which we laugh at now, is nearer the old English than our own pronunciation.

² In the old editions Holofernes is distinguished as "The Pedant."

³ All the old copies have this reading. Steevens would read "in *sanguis*—blood."

Pomewater—a species of apple.

Pricket. Dull contradicts Sir Nathaniel as to the age of the buck. The parson asserts that it was "a buck of the first head"—the constable says it was "a pricket." The buck acquires a new name every year as he approaches to maturity. The first year he is a fawn; the second, a pricket;—the third, a sorrell;—the fourth, a soare;—the fifth, a buck of the first head;—the sixth, a complete buck.

What was a month old at Cain's birth, that's not five weeks old as yet?

Hol. Dictynna, good man Dull; Dictynna, good man Dull.

Dull. What is Dictynna?

Nath. A title to Phœbe, to Luna, to the moon.

Hol. The moon was a month old, when Adam was no more;

And raught¹ not to five weeks, when he came to five-score. The allusion holds in the exchange.

Dull. 'Tis true indeed; the collusion holds in the exchange.

Hol. God comfort thy capacity! I say, the allusion holds in the exchange.

Dull. And I say the pollution holds in the exchange; for the moon is never but a month old: and I say beside, that 'twas a pricket that the princess killed.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extempore epitaph on the death of the deer? and, to humour the ignorant, I have called the deer the princess killed, a pricket.

Nath. *Perge*, good master Holofernes, *perge*; so it shall please you to abrogate scurrility.

Hol. I will something affect the letter;² for it argues facility.

The praiseful princess pierc'd and prick'd a pretty pleasing pricket;
Some say a sore; but not a sore, till now made sore with shooting.
The dogs did yell; put I to sore, then sore jumps from thicket;
Or pricket, sore, or else sorel; the people fall a hooting.
If sore be sore, then L to sore makes fifty sores;³ O sore L!
Of one sore I an hundred make, by adding but one more L.

Nath. A rare talent!

Dull. If a talent be a claw,⁴ look how he claws him with a talent.

Hol. This is a gift that I have, simple, simple; a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions: these are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourished in the womb of *pia mater*, and delivered upon the mellowing of occasion: But the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

Nath. Sir, I praise the Lord for you; and so may my parishioners; for their sons are well tutored by you, and their daughters profit very greatly under you: you are a good member of the commonwealth.

Hol. *Mehercle*, if their sons be ingenious, they shall want no instruction: if their daughters be capable, I will put it to them: But, *vir sabet qui pauca loquitur*. A soul feminine saluteth us.

Enter JAQUENETTA and COSTARD.

Jaq. God give you good morrow, master person.⁵

Hol. Master person, *quasi* pers-on. And if one should be pierced, which is the one?

Cost. Marry, master schoolmaster, he that is likest to a hogshead.

Hol. Of piercing a hogshead! a good lustre of conceit in a turf of earth; fire enough for a flint, pearl enough for a swine: 'tis pretty; it is well.

Jaq. Good master parson, be so good as read me this letter; it was given me by Costard, and sent me from Don Armado; I beseech you, read it.

Hol. *Fauste, precor gelidâ quando pecus omne sub umbrâ*

¹ *Raught*—reached.

² *Affect the letter*—affect alliteration.

³ The pedant brings in the Roman numeral L, as the sign of fifty.

⁴ Talon was formerly written *talent*.

⁵ *Master person*. The derivation of *parson* was, perhaps, commonly understood in Shakspeare's time, and *parson* and *person* were used indifferently. Blackstone has explained the word: "A parson, *persona ecclesiæ*, is one that hath full possession of all the rights of a parochial church. He is called *parson*, *persona*, because by his *person*, the church, which is an invisible body, is represented."—*Commentaries*, b. i.

⁶ The good old Mantuan was Joh. Baptist. Mantuanus, a Carmelite, whose Eclogues were translated into English by George Turberville, in 1567. His first

Ruminat,—and so forth. Ah, good old Mantuan!⁶ I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice:

—*Vinegia, Vinegia,*
*Chi non te vede, ci non te pregia.*⁷

Old Mantuan! old Mantuan! Who understandeth thee not, loves thee not.—*Ut, re, sol, la, mi, fa.*⁸—Under pardon, sir, what are the contents? Or, rather, as Horace says in his—What, my soul, verses?

Nath. Ay, sir, and very learned.

Hol. Let me hear a staff, a stanza, a verse; *Legge, domine.*

Nath.

If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?

Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vowed!

Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll faithful prove;

Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like osiers bowed.⁹

Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes,

Where all those pleasures live, that art would comprehend:

If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice;

Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee commend:

All ignorant that soul, that sees thee without wonder;

(Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire;)

Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful thunder,

Which, not to anger bent, is music, and sweet fire.

Celestial as thou art, oh pardon, love, this wrong,

That sings heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue!

Hol. You find not the apostrophes, and so miss the accent: let me supervise the canzonet. Here are only numbers ratified; but, for the elegancy, facility, and golden cadence of poesy, *carct*. Ovidius Naso was the man: and why, indeed, Naso; but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy, the jerks of invention? *Imitari*, is nothing: so doth the hound his master, the ape his keeper, the tired horse his rider. But damosella virgin, was this directed to you?

Jaq. Ay, sir, from one monsieur Biron, one of the strange queen's lords.

Hol. I will overglance the superscript. "To the snow-white hand of the most beauteous lady Rosaline." I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing to the person written unto:

"Your ladyship's in all desired employment, BIRON." Sir Nathaniel, this Biron is one of the votaries with the king; and here he hath framed a letter to a sequent of the stranger queen's, which, accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarried.—Trip and go, my sweet; deliver this paper into the royal hand of the king; it may concern much: Stay not thy compliment; I forgive thy duty; adieu.

Jaq. Good Costard, go with me.—Sir, God save your life!

Cost. Have with thee, my girl.

[*Exeunt* COST. and JAQ.]

Nath. Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiously; and, as a certain father saith—

Hol. Sir, tell not me of the father, I do fear colourable colours. But, to return to the verses; Did they please you, Sir Nathaniel?

Nath. Marvellous well for the pen.

Hol. I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine; where if, before repast, it shall please you to gratify the table with a grace, I will, on my privilege I have with the parents of the aforesaid child or pupil, undertake your *ben venuto*; where I will prove those verses to be very unlearned, neither savouring of poetry, wit, nor invention: I beseech your society.

Eclogue commences with *Fauste, precor gelidâ*; and Farnaby, in his preface to Martial, says that *pedants* thought more highly of the *Fauste, precor gelidâ*, than of the *Arma virumque cano*. Here, again, the unlearned Shakspeare hits the mark when he meddles with learned matters.

⁷ A proverbial expression applied to Venice, which we find thus in Howell's "Letters:"—

"Venetia, Venetia, chi non te vede, non te pregia,
Ma chi t'ha troppo veduto le dispegia."

⁸ The pedant is in his altitudes. He has quoted Latin and Italian; and in his self-satisfaction he *sol-fas*, to recreate himself and to shew his musical skill.

⁹ "You find not the apostrophes," says Holofernes. We judge it, therefore, right to print *vowed* and *bowed*, instead of *vow'd* and *bow'd*.

Nath. And thank you too: for society (saith the text) is the happiness of life.

Hol. And, certes, the text most infallibly concludes it.—Sir, [to DULL] I do invite you too; you shall not say me, nay: *pauca verba*. Away; the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*Another part of the same.*

Enter BIRON, with a paper.

Biron. The king he is hunting the deer; I am coursing myself: they have pitched a toil; I am toiling in a pitch; pitch that defiles; defile! a foul word. Well, Set thee down, sorrow! for so they say the fool said, and so say I, and I the fool. Well proved, wit! By the Lord, this love is as mad as Ajax: it kills sheep; it kills me, I a sheep: Well proved again on my side! I will not love: If I do, hang me; i' faith, I will not. O, but her eye,—by this light, but for her eye, I would not love her; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By heaven, I do love: and it hath taught me to rhyme, and to be melancholy; and here is part of my rhyme, and here my melancholy. Well, she hath one o' my sonnets already: the clown bore it, the fool sent it, and the lady hath it; sweet clown, sweeter fool, sweetest lady! By the world, I would not care a pin if the other three were in: Here comes one with a paper; God give him grace to groan. [Gets up into a tree.]

Enter the KING, with a paper.

King. Ah me!

Biron. [Aside.] Shot, by heaven!—Proceed, sweet Cupid! thou hast thump'd him with thy bird-bolt under the left pap:—I' faith, secrets.—

King. [Reads.]

So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not
To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,
As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smot!¹
The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows:
Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright
Through the transparent bosom of the deep,
As doth thy face through tears of mine give light:
Thou shin'st in every tear that I do weep;
No drop but as a coach doth carry thee,
So ridest thou triumphing in my woe
Do but behold the tears that swell in me,
And they thy glory through my grief will show:
But do not love thyself; then thou wilt keep
My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.
O queen of queens, how far dost thou excel!
No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell.—

How shall she know my griefs? I'll drop the paper;
Sweet leaves shade folly. Who is he comes here?

[Steps aside.]

Enter LONGAVILLE, with a paper.

What, Longaville! and reading! listen, ear.

Biron. Now, in thy likeness, one more fool appear

[Aside.]

Long. Ah me! I am forsworn.

Biron. Why, he comes in like a perjure, wearing papers.²

[Aside.]

King. In love, I hope; Sweet fellowship in shame!

[Aside.]

Biron. One drunkard loves another of the name.

[Aside.]

Long. Am I the first that have been perjur'd so?

Biron. [Aside.] I could put thee in comfort; not by two, that I know:

Thou mak'st the triumvir, the corner cap of society,
The shape of Love's Tyburn that hangs up simplicity.

Long. I fear, these stubborn lines lack power to move
O sweet Maria, empress of my love!

These numbers will I tear and write in prose.

Biron. [Aside.] O, rhymes are guards³ on wanton Cupid's
hose:

Disfigure not his slop.⁴

Long.

This same shall go.—

[He reads the sonnet.]

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye
(Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument)
Persuade my heart to this false perjury?
Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.
A woman I forswore; but, I will prove,
Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;
Thy grace being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.
Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is:
Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,
Exhal'st this vapour vow; in thee it is:
If broken then, it is no fault of mine,
If by me broke. What fool is not so wise,
To lose an oath to win a paradise?

Biron. [Aside.] This is the liver vein, which makes flesh
a deity:

A green goose, a goddess: pure, pure idolatry.

God amend us, God amend! we are much out o' the way.

Enter DUMAIN, with a paper.

Long. By whom shall I send this?—Company! stay.

[Stepping aside.]

Biron. [Aside.] All hid, all hid, an old infant play
Like a demi-god here sit I in the sky,
And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-eye.
More sacks to the mill! O heavens, I have my wish;
Dumain transform'd: four woodcocks in a dish!

Dum. O most divine Kate!

Biron. O most profane coxcomb!
[Aside.]

Dum. By heaven, the wonder of a mortal eye!

Biron. By earth she is not, corporal:⁵ there you lie.

[Aside.]

Dum. Her amber hairs for foul have amber coted.⁶

Biron. An amber-colour'd raven was well noted. [Aside]

Dum. As upright as the cedar.

Biron. Stoop, I say

Her shoulder is with child. [Aside.]

Dum. As fair as day.

Biron. Ay, as some days; but then no sun must shine.

[Aside.]

Dum. O that I had my wish!

Long. And I had mine!

[Aside.]

King. And I mine too, good lord!

[Aside.]

Biron. Amen, so I had mine: Is not that a good word?

[Aside.]

Dum. I would forget her; but a fever she
Reigns in my blood, and will remember'd be.

Biron. A fever in your blood! why, then incision
Would let her out in saucers; Sweet misprision! [Aside.]

Dum. Once more I'll read the ode that I have writ.

Biron. Once more I'll mark how love can vary wit.

[Aside.]

¹ Smot—the old preterite of smote.

² The perjure—the perjurer—when exposed on the pillory—wore “papers of perjury.”

³ Guards—the hems or boundaries of a garment—generally ornamented.

⁴ The original has *shop*. Theobald introduced *slop*: *hose*, as a part of dress, is a *slop*.

⁵ She is not, corporal. The received reading is, “She is but corporal.” Ours is the ancient reading; and Douce repudiates the modern change. Biron calls Dumain corporal, as he had formerly named himself (Act III.) “corporal of his field,”—of Cupid's field.

⁶ Coted—quoted.

Dum.

On a day, (alack the day!)
 Love, whose month is ever May,
 Spied a blossom, passing fair,
 Playing in the wanton air.
 Through the velvet leaves the wind.
 All unseen, 'gan passage find;
 That the lover, sick to death,
 Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.
 Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow;
 Air, would I might triumph so!
 But, alack, my hand is sworn
 Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn
 Vow, alack, for youth unmeet
 Youth so apt to pluck a sweet.
 Do not call it sin in me,
 That I am forsworn for thee:
 Thou for whom¹ Jove would swear
 Juno but an Ethiop were;
 And deny himself for Jove,
 Turning mortal for thy love.^c

This will I send; and something else more plain,
 That shall express my true love's fasting pain.
 O, would the King, Biron, and Longaville,
 Were lovers too! Ill, to example ill,
 Would from my forehead wipe a perjur'd note;
 For none offend, where all alike do dote.

Long. Dumain, [*advancing*] thy love is far from charity,
 That in love's grief desir'st society:
 You may look pale, but I should blush, I know,
 To be o'erheard, and taken napping so.

King. Come, sir, [*advancing*] you blush; as his your
 case is such;

You chide at him, offending twice as much:
 You do not love Maria; Longaville
 Did never sonnet for her sake compile;
 Nor never lay his wreathed arms athwart
 His loving bosom, to keep down his heart.
 I have been closely shrouded in this bush,
 And mark'd you both, and for you both did blush.
 I heard your guilty rhymes, observ'd your fashion;
 Saw sighs reek from you, noted well your passion;
 Ah me! says one; O Jove! the other cries:
 One, her hairs were gold, crystal the other's eyes:
 You would for paradise break faith and troth; [*To LONG.*
 And Jove, for your love, would infringe an oath.

[*To DUMAIN.*]

What will Biron say, when that he shall hear
 Faith infringed, which such zeal did swear?
 How will he scorn! how will he spend his wit!
 How will he triumph, leap, and laugh at it!
 For all the wealth that ever I did see,
 I would not have him know so much by me.

Biron. Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy
 Ah, good my liege, I pray thee, pardon me:
 [*Descends from the tree.*]

Good heart, what grace hast thou, thus to reprove
 These worms for loving, that art most in love?
 Your eyes do make no coaches; in your tears,
 There is no certain princess that appears:
 You'll not be perjur'd, 'tis a hateful thing;
 Tush, none but minstrels like of sonneting.
 But are you not ashamed? nay, are you not,
 All three of you, to be thus much o'ershot?
 You found his mote; the king your mote² did see;
 But I a beam do find in each of three.
 O, what a scene of foolery have I seen,
 Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow, and of teen.
 O me, with what strict patience have I sat,
 To see a king transformed to a gnat!

¹ Pope introduced *ev'n*—other editors *even*—neither of which is the reading of the originals, or required by the rhythm.

² *Mote*. The quarto and folio have each the synonymous word *moth*.

³ The original has—

"Not you by me, but I betray'd to you."

Monck Mason suggested the transposition.

To see great Hercules whipping a gig
 And profound Solomon tuning a jig,
 And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys,
 And critic Timon laugh at idle toys!
 Where lies thy grief, O tell me, good Dumain?
 And, gentle Longaville, where lies thy pain?
 And where my liege's? all about the breast:—
 A caudle, ho!

King. Too bitter is thy jest.
 Are we betray'd thus to thy over-view?

Biron. Not you to me, but I betray'd by you:³
 I, that am honest; I, that hold it sin
 To break the vow I am engaged in;
 I am betray'd, by keeping company
 With men like men,⁴ of strange inconstancy.
 When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme?
 Or groan for Joan? or spend a minute's time
 In pruning me? When shall you hear that I
 Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,
 A gait, a state, a brow, a breast, a waist,
 A leg, a limb?—

King. Soft; whither away so fast?
 A true man, or a thief, that gallops so?

Biron. I post from love; good lover, let me go.

Enter JAQUENETTA and COSTARD.

Jaq. God bless the king!

King. What present hast thou there?

Cost. Some certain treason.

King. What makes treason here

Cost. Nay, it makes nothing, sir.

King. If it mar nothing neither,
 The treason, and you, go in peace away together.

Jaq. I beseech your grace, let this letter be read;
 Our parson misdoubts it; it was treason, he said.

King. Biron, read it over. [*Giving him the letter.*]
 Where hadst thou it?

Jaq. Of Costard.

King. Where hadst thou it

Cost. Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.

King. How now! what is in you? why dost thou
 tear it?

Biron. A toy, my liege, a toy; your grace needs not
 fear it.

Long. It did move him to passion, and therefore let's
 hear it.

Dum. It is Biron's writing, and here is his name.

[*Picks up the pieces.*]

Biron. Ah, you whoreson loggerhead, [*to COSTARD*] you
 were born to do me shame.—

Guilty, my lord, guilty; I confess, I confess.

King. What?

Biron. That you three fools lack'd me fool to make up
 the mess;

He, he, and you; and you, my liege, and I,
 Are pick-purses in love, and we deserve to die.

O, dismiss this audience, and I shall tell you more

Dum. Now the number is even.

Biron. True, true; we are four

Will these turtles be gone?

King. Hence, sirs; away.

Cost. Walk aside the true folk, and let the traitor stay.

[*Exeunt COST. and JAQ.*]

Biron. Sweet lords, sweet lovers, O let us embrace!

As true we are, as flesh and blood can be:

The sea will ebb and flow, heaven show his face;

Young blood doth not obey an old decree:

⁴ *Men like men*. So the old copies. The epithet *strange* was introduced in the second folio. Sidney Walker communicated to Mr. Dyce, who adopted it, the reading—

"With men like *you*, men of inconstancy."

We cannot cross the cause why we are born ;
Therefore, of all hands must we be forsworn.

King. What, did these rent lines show some love of thine?

Biron. Did they, quoth you Who sees the heavenly Rosaline,

That, like a rude and savage man of Inde,^d

At the first opening of the gorgeous east,
Bows not his vassal head: and, stricken blind,
Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?

What peremptory eagle-sighted eye

Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,
That is not blinded by her majesty?

King. What zeal, what fury hath inspir'd thee now?
My love, her mistress, is a gracious moon;

She, an attending star, scarce seen a light.

Biron. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Biron:

O, but for my love, day would turn to night!

(Of all complexions, the cull'd sovereignty

Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek;

Where several worthies make one dignity;

Where nothing wants, that want itself doth seek.

Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues,—

Fie, painted rhetoric! O, she needs it not:

To things of sale a seller's praise belongs;

She passes praise: then praise too short doth blot.

A wither'd hermit, five-score winters worn,

Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye:

Beauty doth varnish age, as if new-born,

And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy.

O, 'tis the sun that maketh all things shine!

King. By heaven, thy love is black as ebony!

Biron. Is ebony like her? O wood divine!

A wife of such wood were felicity.

O, who can give an oath? where is a book

That I may swear, beauty doth beauty lack:

If that she learn not of her eye to look

No face is fair, that is not full so black.

King. O paradox! Black is the badge of hell,

The hue of dungeons, and the school of night!

And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well.

Biron. Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits of light.

O, if in black my lady's brows be deck'd,

It mourns, that painting, and usurping hair,

Should ravish doters with a false aspect;

And therefore is she born to make black fair.

Her favour turns the fashion of the days;

For native blood is counted painting now

And therefore red, that would avoid dispraise,

Paints itself black to imitate her brow.

Dum. To look like her, are chimney-sweepers black.

Long. And, since her time, are colliers counted bright.

King. And Ethiops of their sweet complexion crack.

Dum. Dark needs no candles now, for dark is light.

Biron. Your mistresses dare never come in rain,

For fear their colours should be wash'd away.

King. 'Twere good, yours did; for, sir, to tell you plain,

I'll find a fairer face not washed to-day.

Biron. I'll prove her fair, or talk till doomsday here.

King. No devil will fright thee then so much as she.

Dum. I never knew man hold vile stuff so dear.

Long. Look, here's thy love: my foot and her face see.

[*Showing his shoe.*]

Biron. O, if the streets were paved with thine eyes,

Her feet were much too dainty for such tread!

Dum. O vile! then as she goes, what upward lies

The street should see as she walk'd over head.

King. But what of this? Are we not all in love

Biron. O, nothing so sure; and thereby all forsworn.

King. Then leave this chat; and, good Biron, now prove

Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.

Dum. Ay, marry, there;—some flattery for this evil.

Long. O, some authority how to proceed;

Some tricks, some quilllets,¹ how to cheat the devil.

Dum. Some salve for perjury.

Biron. O, 'tis more than need!—

Have at you then, affection's men at arms:

Consider, what you first did swear unto;—

To fast,—to study,—and to see no woman;—

Flat treason 'gainst the kingly state of youth.

Say, can you fast? your stomachs are too young;

And abstinence engenders maladies.

And where that you have vow'd to study, lords,

In that each of you hath forsworn his book:

Can you still dream, and pore, and thereon look?

For when would you, my lord, or you, or you,

I have found the ground of study's excellence,

Without the beauty of a woman's face

From women's eyes this doctrine I derive

They are the ground, the books, the academes,

From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire.

Why, universal plodding prisons up

The nimble spirits in the arteries;

As motion, and long-during action, tires

The sinewy vigour of the traveller.

Now, for not looking on a woman's face,

You have in that forsworn the use of eyes;

And study too, the causer of your vow:

For where is any author in the world,

Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye?

Learning is but an adjunct to ourself,

And where we are, our learning likewise is.

Then, when ourselves we see in ladies' eyes,

With ourselves,—

Do we not likewise see our learning there?

O, we have made a vow to study, lords;

And in that vow we have forsworn our books;

For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,²

In leaden contemplation, have found out

Such fiery numbers, as the prompting eyes

Of beauty's tutors have enriched you with

Other slow arts entirely keep the brain;

And therefore finding barren practisers,

Scarce show a harvest of their heavy toil

But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,

Lives not alone immured in the brain;

But with the motion of all elements,

Courses as swift as thought in every power;

And gives to every power a double power,

Above their functions and their offices.

It adds a precious seeing to the eye;

A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind,

A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,

When the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd;

Love's feeling is more soft, and sensible,

Than are the tender horns of cockled snails,

Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste:

For valour, is not love a Hercules,

Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?

Subtle as sphinx; as sweet, and musical,

As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair;

And, when love speaks, the voice of all the gods

Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.²

Never durst poet touch a pen to write,

Until his ink were temper'd with love's sighs.

¹ *Quillet* and *quodlibet* each signify a fallacious subtilty—what you please—an argument without foundation. Milton says, "Let not human *quilllets* keep back divine authority."

² This fine passage has been mightily obscured by the commentators. The

meaning appears to us so clear amidst the blaze of poetical beauty, that an explanation is scarcely wanted:—When love speaks, the responsive harmony of the voice of all the gods makes heaven drowsy.

O, then his lines would ravish savage ears,
And plant in tyrants mild humility.
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;
They are the books, the arts, the academes,
That shew, contain, and nourish all the world;
Else, none at all in aught proves excellent:
Then fools you were these women to forswear;
Or, keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools
For wisdom's sake, a word that all men love;
Or for love's sake, a word that loves all men;
Or for men's sake, the authors of these women;
Or women's sake, by whom we men are men;
Let us once lose our oaths, to find ourselves,
Or else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths
It is religion to be thus forsworn:
For charity itself fulfils the law;
And who can sever love from charity?

King. Saint Cupid, then! and soldiers, to the field!

Biron. Advance your standards, and upon them, lords;
Pell-mell, down with them! but be first advis'd,
In conflict that you get the sun of them.

Long. Now to plain-dealing; lay these glozes by;
Shall we resolve to woo these girls of France?

King. And win them too: therefore let us devise
Some entertainment for them in their tents.

Biron. First, from the park let us conduct them thither;
Then, homeward, every man attach the hand
Of his fair mistress: in the afternoon
We will with some strange pastime solace them,
Such as the shortness of the time can shape;
For revels, dances, masks, and merry hours,
Fore-run fair Love, strewing her way with flowers.

King. Away, away! no time shall be omitted,
That will be time, and may by us be fitted.

Biron. *Allons! Allons!*—Sow'd cockle reap'd no corn;

And justice always whirls in equal measure:
Light wenches may prove plagues to men forsworn;

If so, our copper buys no better treasure. [*Exeunt.*]

RECENT NEW READINGS.

Sc. I. p. 49.—"O heresy in *fair*, fit for these days!"

"O heresy in *faith*, fit for these days!"—*Collier.*

The context shews that *fair* is the right word: it is used for beauty, as it often was. (See Comedy of Errors.)

Sc. I. p. 50.—"Looking babies in her eyes, his passion to declare."—*Collier.*

This is a new line, inserted after—

"To see him kiss his hand! and how most sweetly a' will swear!"

Is the new line Shakspeare's or the Corrector's? In Fletcher's "Loyal Subject," first printed in 1647, we have the very words:—

"Look babies in your eyes, my pretty sweet one."

Massinger, too, has the same words in "The Renegade," and Herrick repeats the image. The Corrector had not far to seek for a new rhyming line. We cannot suppose he lived after Moore, who popularised the image.

Sc. III. p. 54.—"The hue of dungeons, and the school of night."

This is the reading of the original, and is adopted by Tieck in his translation, as giving the notion of something dark, wearisome, and comfortless. Theobald corrected it to *scowl*, and also suggested *stole*. Mr. Collier's Corrector gives *shade*, which Mr. White has adopted; and Mr. Dyce suggests *soil*.

Sc. III. p. 54.—"Teaches such *beauty* as a woman's eye."

"Teaches such *learning* as a woman's eye."—*Collier.*

The name *æsthetics* is modern; but Shakspeare might, out of his own self-consciousness, have known that the philosophy of beauty was a science. Mr. Staunton would prefer *study*, if changed at all; Mr. White gives *learning*, and says *beauty* is an easy misprint.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Another part of the same.

Enter HOLOFERNES, Sir NATHANIEL, and DULL.

Hol. *Satis quod sufficit.*

Nath. I praise God for you, sir: your reasons at dinner

have been sharp and sententious; pleasant without scurrility, witty without affection,¹ audacious without impudency, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy. I did converse this *quondam* day with a companion of the king's, who is intituled, nominated, or called, Don Adriano de Armado.

Hol. *Novi hominem tanquam te:* His humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed,² his eye ambitious, his gait majestical, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thrasonical.³ He is too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too peregrinate, as I may call it.

Nath. A most singular and choice epithet.

[*Takes out his table-book.*]

Hol. He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such fanatical fantasms, such insociable and point-devise⁴ companions; such rackers of orthography, as to speak, dout, fine, when he should say, doubt; det, when he should pronounce debt;—d, e, b, t; not d, e, t:—he clepeth a calf, cauf; half, hauf; neighbour, *vocatur*, nebour; neigh, abbreviated, ne: This is abominable, (which he would call abominable,) it insinuateth me of insanie; *Ne intelligis domine?* to make frantic, lunatic.

Nath. *Laus Deo bone intelligo.*

Hol. *Bone?*—*bonc*, for *benè*: *Priscian* a little scratch'd; 'twill serve.

Enter ARMADO, MOTH, and COSTARD.

Nath. *Videsne quis venit?*

Hol. *Video et gaudco.*

Arm. Chirra!

[*To* MOTH.]

Hol. *Quare Chirra*, not sirrah?

Arm. Men of peace, well encounter'd.

Hol. Most military sir, salutation.

Moth. They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps. [*To* COSTARD *aside.*]

Cost. O, they have lived long on the alms-basket of words! I marvel, thy master hath not eaten thee for a word; for thou art not so long by the head as *honorificabilitudinitatibus*:^a thou art easier swallowed than a flap-dragon.

Moth. Peace; the peal begins.

Arm. Monsieur, [*to* HOL.] are you not letter'd?

Moth. Yes, yes; he teaches boys the horn-book;—What is a, b, spelt backward with a horn on his head?

Hol. Ba, *pueritia*, with a horn added.

Moth. Ba, most silly sheep, with a horn:—You hear his learning.

Hol. *Quis, quis*, thou consonant?

Moth. The third of the five vowels, if you repeat them; or the fifth, if I.^b

Hol. I will repeat them, a, e, i.—

Moth. The sheep; the other two concludes it; o, u.

Arm. Now, by the salt wave of the Mediterranean, a sweet touch, a quick renew of wit:^c snip, snap, quick and home; it rejoiceth my intellect: true wit.

Moth. Offer'd by a child to an old man; which is wit-old.

Hol. What is the figure? what is the figure?

Moth. Horns.

Hol. Thou disputest like an infant; go, whip thy gig.

Moth. Lend me your horn to make one, and I will whip about your infamy *circum circa*; A gig of a cuckold's horn!

Cost. An I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst have it to buy gingerbread: hold, there is the very remu-

¹ *Affection*—affectation.

² *Filed*—polished.

³ *Thrasonical*—from Thraso, the boasting soldier of Terence.

⁴ *Point-devise*—nice to excess, and sometimes, adverbially, for exactly, with the utmost nicety. Gifford thinks this must have been a mathematical phrase. Other examples of its use are found in Shakspeare—and in Holinshed, Drayton, and

Ben Jonson. The phrase, Douce says, "has been supplied from the labours of the needle. *Point*, in the French language, denotes a stitch: *devise*, anything invented, disposed, or arranged. *Point-devise* was therefore a particular sort of patterned lace worked with the needle; and the term *point-lace* is still familiar to every female." It is incorrect to write *point-de-vice*, as is usually done.

neration I had of thy master, thou halfpenny purse of wit, thou pigeon-egg of discretion. O, an the heavens were so pleased that thou wert but my bastard! what a joyful father wouldst thou make me! Go to; thou hast it *ad dunghill*, at the fingers' ends, as they say.

Hol. O, I smell false Latin; dunghill for *unguem*.

Arm. Arts-man, *præambula*; we will be singled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the charge-house on the top of the mountain?

Hol. Or, *mons*, the hill.

Arm. At your sweet pleasure, for the mountain.

Hol. I do, sans question.

Arm. Sir, it is the king's most sweet pleasure and affection, to congratulate the princess at her pavilion, in the posteriors of this day; which the rude multitude call the afternoon.

Hol. The posterior of the day, most generous sir, is liable, congruent, and measurable for the afternoon: the word is well cull'd, chose; sweet and apt, I do assure you, sir, I do assure.

Arm. Sir, the king is a noble gentleman; and my familiar, I do assure you, very good friend:—For what is inward between us, let it pass:—I do beseech thee, remember thy courtesy:¹—I beseech thee, apparel thy head:—And among other importunate and most serious designs, —and of great import indeed, too;—but let that pass:—for I must tell thee, it will please his grace (by the world) sometime to lean upon my poor shoulder; and with his royal finger, thus, dally with my excrement, with my mustachio: but, sweet heart, let that pass. By the world, I recount no fable; some certain special honours it pleaseth his greatness to impart to Armado, a soldier, a man of travel, that hath seen the world: but let that pass.—The very all of all is,—but, sweet heart, I do implore secrecy,—the king would have me present the princess, sweet chuck, with some delightful ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antic, or fire-work. Now, understanding that the curate and your sweet self are good at such eruptions, and sudden breaking out of mirth, as it were, I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your assistance.

Hol. Sir, you shall present before her the nine worthies.—Sir Nathaniel, as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the posterior of this day, to be rendered by our assistance,—the king's command, and this most gallant, illustrate, and learned gentleman,—before the princess; I say, none so fit as to present the nine worthies.

Nath. Where will you find men worthy enough to present them?

Hol. Joshua, yourself; myself, or this gallant gentleman, Judas Maccabæus; this swain, because of his great limb or joint, shall pass Pompey the Great; the page, Hercules.

Arm. Pardon, sir, error: he is not quantity enough for that worthy's thumb: he is not so big as the end of his club.

Hol. Shall I have audience? he shall present Hercules in minority: his *enter* and *exit* shall be strangling a snake; and I will have an apology for that purpose.

Moth. An excellent device! so, if any of the audience hiss, you may cry: Well done, Hercules! now thou crushest the snake! that is the way to make an offence gracious; though few have the grace to do it.

Arm. For the rest of the worthies—

Hol. I will play three myself.

Moth. Thrice-worthy gentleman!

¹ Remember thy courtesy. Theobald is of opinion that the passage should read "remember not thy courtesy," that is, do not take thy hat off. Jackson thinks it should be, "remember my courtesy." It appears to us that the text is right; and that its construction is—for what is confidential between us, let it pass—notice it not—"I do beseech thee, remember thy courtesy"—remember thy obligation to silence as a gentleman. Holofernes then bows; upon which Armado says, "I beseech thee, apparel thy head;" and then goes on with his confidential communications, which he finishes by saying—"Sweet heart, I do implore secrecy."

² Fadge. This word is from the Anglo-Saxon *feg-an*—to join together, and thence to fit, to agree. Somner gives this derivation, and explains that things will

Arm. Shall I tell you a thing?

Hol. We attend.

Arm. We will have, if this fadge² not, an antic. I beseech you, follow.

Hol. *Via*, Goodman Dull! thou hast spoken no word all this while.

Dull. Nor understood none neither, sir.

Hol. *Allons!* we will employ thee.

Dull. I'll make one in a dance, or so; or I will play on the tabor to the worthies, and let them dance the hay.

Hol. Most dull, honest Dull, to our sport, away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Another part of the same. Before the Princess's Pavilion.*

Enter the PRINCESS, KATHARINE, ROSALINE, and MARIA.

Prin. Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart, If fairings come thus plentifully in:

A lady wall'd about with diamonds!

Look you, what I have from the loving king.

Ros. Madam, came nothing else along with that?

Prin. Nothing, but this? yes, as much love in rhyme, As would be cramm'd up in a sheet of paper, Writ on both sides of the leaf, margent and all! That he was fain to seal on Cupid's name.

Ros. That was the way to make his godhead wax;³ For he hath been five thousand years a boy.

Kath. Ay, and a shrewd unhappy gallows too.

Ros. You'll ne'er be friends with him; he kill'd your sister.

Kath. He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy; And so she died: had she been light, like you, Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit, She might have been a grandam ere she died And so may you; for a light heart lives long.

Ros. What's your dark meaning, mouse, of this light word?

Kath. A light condition in a beauty dark.

Ros. We need more light to find your meaning out.

Kath. You'll mar the light, by taking it in snuff; Therefore, I'll darkly end the argument.

Ros. Look, what you do; you do it still i' the dark!

Kath. So do not you; for you are a light wench.

Ros. Indeed, I weigh not you; and therefore light.

Kath. You weigh me not,—O, that's you care not for me.

Ros. Great reason; for, Past cure is still past care.

Prin. Well bandied both; a set of wit⁴ well play'd. But Rosaline, you have a favour too:

Who sent it? and what is it?

Ros. I would, you knew:

An if my face were but as fair as yours, My favour were as great; be witness this.

Nay, I have verses too, I thank Biron:

The numbers true; and, were the numb'ring too,

I were the fairest goddess on the ground:

I am compar'd to twenty thousand fairs.

O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter!

Prin. Anything like?

Ros. Much, in the letters; nothing in the praise.

Prin. Beauteous as ink; a good conclusion.

Kath. Fair as a text B in a copy-book.

not fadge when they cannot be brought together, so as to serve to that end whereto they are designed. In Warner's "Albion's England," we have this passage, which is quoted in Mr. Richardson's valuable Dictionary:—

"It hath beene when as heartie loue
Did treate and tie the knot,
Though now, if gold but lack in graines,
The wedding fadgeth not."

³ To wax—to grow; as we say, the moon waxeth.

⁴ Set of wit. Set is a term used at tennis.

Ros. 'Ware pencils! Ho! let me not die your debtor,
My red dominical, my golden letter:

O that your face were not so full of O's!¹

Kath. A pox of that jest! and I beshrew all shrows!

Prin. But, Katharine, what was sent to you from fair
Dumain?

Kath. Madam, this glove.

Prin. Did he not send you twain

Kath. Yes, madam: and moreover,
Some thousand verses of a faithful lover;
A huge translation of hypocrisy,
Vilely compil'd, profound simplicity.

Mar. This, and these pearls, to me sent Longaville;
The letter is too long by half a mile.

Prin. I think no less: Dost thou not wish in heart,
The chain were longer, and the letter short?

Mar. Ay, or I would these hands might never part.

Prin. We are wise girls, to mock our lovers so.

Ros. They are worse fools to purchase mocking so.
That same Biron I'll torture ere I go.

O, that I knew he were but in by the week!
How I would make him fawn, and beg, and seek;
And wait the season, and observe the times,
And spend his prodigal wits in bootless rhymes;
And shape his service wholly to my behests;²
And make him proud to make me proud that jests!
So portent-like would I o'ersway his state,
That he should be my fool, and I his fate.

Prin. None are so surely caught, when they are catch'd,
As wit turn'd fool: folly, in wisdom hatch'd,
Hath wisdom's warrant, and the help of school;
And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.

Ros. The blood of youth burns not with such excess,
As gravity's revolt to wantonness.³

Mar. Folly in fools bears not so strong a note,
As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote;
Since all the power thereof it doth apply,
To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.

Enter BOYET.

Prin. Here comes Boyet, and mirth is in his face.

Boyet. O, I am stabb'd with laughter. Where's her
grace?

Prin. Thy news, Boyet?

Boyet. Prepare, madam, prepare!—
Arm, wenches, arm! encounters mounted are
Against your peace: Love doth approach disguis'd,
Armed in arguments; you'll be surpris'd:
Muster your wits; stand in your own defence;
Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.

Prin. Saint Dennis to Saint Cupid! What are they,
That charge their breath against us? Say, scout, say.

Boyet. Under the cool shade of a sycamore,
I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour;
When, lo! to interrupt my purpos'd rest,
Toward that shade I might behold address'd
The king and his companions: warily
I stole into a neighbour thicket by,
And overheard what you shall overhear;
That, by and by, disguis'd they will be here.
Their herald is a pretty knavish page,
That well by heart hath conn'd his embassy:
Action, and accent, did they teach him there;
"Thus must thou speak, and thus thy body bear:"
And ever and anon they made a doubt,
Presence majestical would put him out;
"For," quoth the king, "an angel shalt thou see;
Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously."

The boy replied, "An angel is not evil;
I should have fear'd her, had she been a devil."
With that all laugh'd, and clapp'd him on the shoulder;
Making the bold wag by their praises bolder.
One rubb'd his elbow, thus; and fleer'd, and swore,
A better speech was never spoke before:
Another with his finger and his thumb,
Cried, "Via! we will do't, come what will come:"
The third he caper'd and cried, "All goes well;"
The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell.
With that, they all did tumble on the ground,
With such a zealous laughter, so profound,
That in this spleen ridiculous appears,
To check their folly, passion's solemn tears.

Prin. But what, but what, come they to visit us?

Boyet. They do, they do; and are apparel'd thus,—
Like Muscovites, or Russians,⁴ as I guess.⁴
Their purpose is, to parle, to court, and dance:
And every one his love-feat will advance
Unto his several mistress; which they'll know
By favours several, which they did bestow.

Prin. And will they so? the gallants shall be task'd:—
For, ladies, we will every one be mask'd;
And not a man of them shall have the grace,
Despite of suit, to see a lady's face.
Hold, Rosaline, this favour thou shalt wear,
And then the king will court thee for his dear;
Hold, take thou this, my sweet, and give me thine;
So shall Biron take me for Rosaline.—
And change your favours too; so shall your loves
Woo contrary, deceiv'd by these removes.

Ros. Come on then; wear the favours most in sight.

Kath. But, in this changing, what is your intent?

Prin. The effect of my intent is, to cross theirs:
They do it but in mocking merriment;
And mock for mock is only my intent.
Their several counsels they unbosom shall
To loves mistook; and so be mock'd withal,
Upon the next occasion that we meet,
With visages display'd, to talk and greet.

Ros. But shall we dance, if they desire us to't?

Prin. No; to the death we will not move a foot:
Nor to their penn'd speech render we no grace:
But, while 'tis spoke, each turn away her face.

Boyet. Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's heart,
And quite divorce his memory from his part.

Prin. Therefore I do it; and, I make no doubt,
The rest will ne'er come in, if he be out.
There's no such sport as sport by sport o'erthrown;
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our own:
So shall we stay, mocking intended game;
And they, well mock'd, depart away with shame.

[*Trumpets sound within.*]

Boyet. The trumpet sounds; be mask'd, the maskers come.

[*The Ladies mask.*]

*Enter the KING, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN, in
Russian habits and masked; MOTH, Musicians, and
Attendants.*

Moth. "All hail the richest beauties on the earth!"

Boyet. Beauties no richer than rich taffata.

Moth. "A holy parcel of the fairest dames,"

[*The Ladies turn their backs to him.*]

"That ever turn'd their"—backs—"to mortal views!"

Biron. "Their eyes," villain, "their eyes!"

Moth. "That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal views.
Out"—

¹ Rosaline twits Katharine that her face is marked with the small-pox; not so is omitted in the folio.

² *Behests.* The quarto and first folio read *device*. The correction which is necessary for the rhyme was made in the second folio. Is it not *hests*?

³ This was a similar correction by the editor of the second folio, instead of *wanton's be*.

⁴ See Introductory Notice, p. 38.

Boyet. True; out, indeed.

Moth. "Out of your favours, heavenly spirits, vouchsafe Not to behold"—

Biron. "Once to behold," rogue.

Moth. "Once to behold with your sun-beamed eyes,"—"with your sun-beamed eyes"—

Boyet. They will not answer to that epithet, You were best call it, daughter-beamed eyes.

Moth. They do not mark me, and that brings me out.

Biron. Is this your perfectness? begone, you rogue.

Ros. What would these strangers? know their minds, Boyet:

If they do speak our language, 'tis our will
That some plain man recount their purposes:
Know what they would.

Boyet. What would you with the princess?

Biron. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.

Ros. What would they, say they?

Boyet. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.

Ros. Why, that they have; and bid them so be gone.

Boyet. She says, you have it, and you may be gone.

King. Say to her, we have measur'd many miles,
To tread a measure with her on the grass.

Boyet. They say that they have measur'd many a mile,
To tread a measure¹ with you on this grass.

Ros. It is not so: ask them how many inches
Is in one mile: if they have measur'd many,
The measure then of one is easily told.

Boyet. If, to come hither you have measur'd miles,
And many miles, the princess bids you tell,
How many inches do fill up one mile.

Biron. Tell her, we measure them by weary steps.

Boyet. She hears herself.

Ros. How many weary steps,
Of many weary miles you have o'ergone,
Are number'd in the travel of one mile?

Biron. We number nothing that we spend for you;
Our duty is so rich, so infinite,
That we may do it still without accompt.
Vouchsafe to show the sunshine of your face,
That we, like savages, may worship it.

Ros. My face is but a moon, and clouded too.

King. Blessed are clouds, to do as such clouds do!
Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars, to shine
(Those clouds remov'd) upon our watery eyne.

Ros. O vain petitioner! beg a greater matter;
Thou now request'st but moonshine in the water.

King. Then, in our measure, vouchsafe but one change:
Thou bidd'st me beg; this begging is not strange.

Ros. Play, music, then: nay, you must do it soon.

[*Music plays.*]

Not yet;—no dance:—thus change I like the moon.

King. Will you not dance? How come you thus
estrang'd?

Ros. You took the moon at full; but now she's chang'd.

King. Yet still she is the moon, and I the man.

The music plays; vouchsafe some motion to it.

Ros. Our ears vouchsafe it.

King. But your legs should do it.

Ros. Since you are strangers, and come here by chance,
We'll not be nice: take hands;—we will not dance.

King. Why take we hands then?

Ros. Only to part friends:—
Court'sy, sweet hearts; and so the measure ends.

King. More measure of this measure; be not nice.

Ros. We can afford no more at such a price.

King. Prize you yourselves; What buys your company?

Ros. Your absence only.

King. That can never be.

Ros. Then cannot we be bought: and so adieu;
Twice to your visor, and half once to you!

King. If you deny to dance, let's hold more chat.

Ros. In private then.

King. I am best pleas'd with that.

[*They converse apart.*]

Biron. White-handed mistress, one sweet word with
thee.

Prin. Honey, and milk, and sugar; there is three.

Biron. Nay then, two treys, (an if you grow so nice,)
Metheglin, wort, and malmsey;—Well run, dice!
There's half a dozen sweets.

Prin. Seventh sweet, adieu.
Since you can cog,² I'll play no more with you.

Biron. One word in secret.

Prin. Let it not be sweet.

Biron. Thou griev'st my gall.

Prin. Gall? bitter.

Biron. Therefore meet.

[*They converse apart.*]

Dum. Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?

Mar. Name it.

Dum. Fair lady,—

Mar. Say you so? Fair lord,—

Take that for your fair lady.

Dum. Please it you,

As much in private, and I'll bid adieu.

[*They converse apart.*]

Kath. What, was your visor made without a tongue?

Long. I know the reason, lady, why you ask.

Kath. O, for your reason! quickly, sir; I long.

Long. You have a double tongue within your mask,
And would afford my speechless visor half.

Kath. Veal, quoth the Dutchman;—Is not veal a calf?

Long. A calf, fair lady?

Kath. No, a fair lord calf.

Long. Let's part the word.

Kath. No, I'll not be your half:

Take all, and wean it; it may prove an ox.

Long. Look, how you butt yourself in these sharp
mocks!

Will you give horns, chaste lady? do not so.

Kath. Then die a calf, before your horns do grow.

Long. One word in private with you, ere I die.

Kath. Bleat softly then, the butcher hears you cry.

[*They converse apart.*]

Boyet. The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen

As is the razor's edge invisible,

Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen;

Above the sense of sense: so sensible

Seemeth their conference; their conceits have wings,
Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter things.

Ros. Not one word more, my maids; break off, break off.

Biron. By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure scoff!

King. Farewell, mad wenches; you have simple wits.

[*Exeunt KING, Lords, MOTH, Music, and Attendants.*]

Prin. Twenty adieus, my frozen Muscovits.—

Are these the breed of wits so wonder'd at?

Boyet. Tapers they are, with your sweet breath puff'd
out.

Ros. Well-liking wits³ they have; gross, gross; fat, fat.

Prin. O poverty in wit, kingly-poor flout!

Will they not, think you, hang themselves to-night?

Or ever, but in visors, show their faces?

This pert Biron was out of countenance quite.

Ros. O! they were all in lamentable cases!

¹ *Tread a measure.* The measure was a grave courtly dance, of which the steps were slow and measured, like those of a modern minuet. (See Illustrations to *Romeo and Juliet*, Act I.)

² Biron says, "Well run, dice!" The Princess says he can cog.—To cog the dice is to load them,—and thence, generally, to defraud.

³ *Well-liking* is used in the same sense in which the young of the wild goats in Job are said to be in *good-liking*.

The king was weeping-ripe for a good word.

Prin. Biron did swear himself out of all suit.

Mar. Dumain was at my service, and his sword:
No *point*,¹ quoth I; my servant straight was mute.

Kath. Lord Longaville said, I came o'er his heart;
And trow you, what he call'd me?

Prin. Qualm, perhaps.

Kath. Yes, in good faith.

Prin. Go, sickness as thou art!

Ros. Well, better wits have worn plain statute-caps.⁶
But will you hear? the king is my love sworn.

Prin. And quick Biron hath plighted faith to me.

Kath. And Longaville was for my service born.

Mar. Dumain is mine as sure as bark on tree.

Boyet. Madam, and pretty mistresses, give ear:
Immediately they will again be here
In their own shapes; for it can never be,
They will digest this harsh indignity.

Prin. Will they return?

Boyet. They will, they will, God knows,
And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows:
Therefore, change favours; and, when they repair,
Blow like sweet roses in this summer air.

Prin. How blow? how blow? speak to be understood.

Boyet. Fair ladies, mask'd, are roses in their bud:
Dismask'd, their damask sweet commixture shown,
Are angels vailing clouds,² or roses blown.

Prin. Avaunt, perplexity! What shall we do,
If they return in their own shapes to woo?

Ros. Good madam, if by me you'll be advis'd,
Let's mock them still, as well known, as disguis'd:
Let us complain to them what fools were here,
Disguis'd like Muscovites, in shapeless gear;
And wonder what they were; and to what end
Their shallow shows, and prologue vilely penn'd,
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,
Should be presented at our tent to us.

Boyet. Ladies, withdraw: the gallants are at hand.

Prin. Whip to our tents, as roes run over land.

[*Exeunt* PRINCESS, ROS., KATH., and MARIA.]

Enter the KING, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN,
in their proper habits.

King. Fair sir, God save you! Where is the princess?

Boyet. Gone to her tent: Please it your majesty,
Command me any service to her thither?

King. That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.

Boyet. I will; and so will she, I know, my lord. [*Exit.*]

Biron. This fellow pecks up wit, as pigeons peas,³
And utters it again when Jove doth please:
He is wit's peddler; and retails his wares
At wakes, and wassels, meetings, markets, fairs;
And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know,
Have not the grace to grace it with such show.
This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve;
Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve:
He can carve too, and lisp: Why, this is he,
That kiss'd away his hand in courtesy;
This is the ape of form, monsieur the nice,
That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice
In honourable terms; nay, he can sing
A mean⁴ most meanly; and, in ushering,
Mend him who can: the ladies call him, sweet;
The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet:
This is the flower that smiles on every one,
To show his teeth as white as whales'⁵ bone:

And consciences, that will not die in debt,
Pay him the due of honey-tongued Boyet.

King. A blister on his sweet tongue, with my heart,
That put Armado's page out of his part!

Enter the PRINCESS, ushered by BOYET; ROSALINE,
MARIA, KATHARINE, and Attendants.

Biron. See where it comes!—Behaviour, what wert thou,
Till this man show'd thee? and what art thou now?

King. All hail, sweet madam, and fair time of day!

Prin. Fair, in all hail, is foul, as I conceive.

King. Construe my speeches better, if you may.

Prin. Then wish me better, I will give you leave.

King. We came to visit you; and purpose now
To lead you to our court: vouchsafe it then.

Prin. This field shall hold me; and so hold your vow:
Nor God, nor I, delights in perjurd men.

King. Rebuke me not for that which you provoke;
The virtue of your eye must break my oath.

Prin. You nickname virtue: vice you should have spoke;
For virtue's office never breaks men's troth.

Now, by my maiden honour, yet as pure
As the unsullied lily, I protest,
A world of torments though I should endure,
I would not yield to be your house's guest:

So much I hate a breaking-cause to be
Of heavenly oaths, vow'd with integrity.

King. O, you have liv'd in desolation here,
Unseen, unvisited, much to our shame.

Prin. Not so, my lord, it is not so, I swear;

We have had pastimes here, and pleasant game;
A mess of Russians left us but of late.

King. How, madam? Russians?

Prin. Ay, in truth, my lord;
Trim gallants, full of courtship, and of state.

Ros. Madam, speak true:—It is not so, my lord;
My lady (to the manner of the days),
In courtesy, gives undeserving praise.

We four, indeed, confronted were with four
In Russian habit: here they staid an hour,
And talk'd apace; and in that hour, my lord,
They did not bless us with one happy word.
I dare not call them fools; but this I think,
When they are thirsty, fools would fain have drink.

Biron. This jest is dry to me. Gentle sweet,
Your wit makes wise things foolish; when we greet
With eyes best seeing heaven's fiery eye,
By light we lose light: Your capacity
Is of that nature, that to your huge store
Wise things seem foolish, and rich things but poor.

Ros. This proves you wise and rich, for in my eye,—

Biron. I am a fool, and full of poverty.

Ros. But that you take what doth to you belong,
It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.

Biron. O, I am yours, and all that I possess.

Ros. All the fool mine?

Biron. I cannot give you less.

Ros. Which of the visors was it that you wore?

Biron. Where? when? what visor? why demand you
this?

Ros. There, then, that visor; that superfluous case,
That hid the worse, and show'd the better face.

King. We are descried: they'll mock us now downright.

Dum. Let us confess, and turn it to a jest.

Prin. Amaz'd, my lord? Why looks your highness sad?

¹ See Note on Act II. Sc. I.

² To *vail*—to *avale*—to cause to fall down; the clouds open as the angels descend.

³ *Pecks.* So the quarto: the folio *picks*. We adopt the reading which more distinctly expresses the action of a bird with its beak.

⁴ *A mean most meanly.* The mean, in vocal music, is an intermediate part; a part—whether tenor, or second soprano, or contra-tenor—between the two extremes of highest and lowest.

⁵ *Whales' bone*—the tooth of the walrus. The word *whales'* is here a dissyllable.

Ros. Help, hold his brows! he'll swoon! Why look you pale?—
Sea-sick, I think, coming from Muscovy.
Biron. Thus pour the stars down plagues for perjury.
 Can any face of brass hold longer out?—
 Here stand I, lady; dart thy skill at me;
 Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a flout;
 Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance;
 Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit:
 And I will wish thee never more to dance,
 Nor never more in Russian habit wait.
 O! never will I trust to speeches penn'd,
 Nor to the motion of a schoolboy's tongue;
 Nor never come in visor to my friend;
 Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind harper's song
 Taffata phrases, silken terms precise,
 Three-pil'd hyperboles, spruce affectation,¹
 Figures pedantical; these summer-flies
 Have blown me full of maggot ostentation:
 I do forswear them: and I here protest,
 By this white glove, (how white the hand, God knows!)
 Henceforth my wooing mind shall be express'd
 In russet yeas, and honest kersey noes:
 And, to begin, wench,—so God help me, la!—
 My love to thee is sound, sans crack or flaw.
Ros. Sans SANS, I pray you.
Biron. Yet I have a trick
 Of the old rage:—bear with me, I am sick;
 I'll leave it by degrees, Soft, let us see;—
 Write, "Lord have mercy on us,"² on those three;
 They are infected, in their hearts it lies;
 They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes:
 These lords are visited; you are not free,
 For the Lord's tokens on you do I see.
Prin. No, they are free, that gave these tokens to us.
Biron. Our states are forfeit, seek not to undo us.
Ros. It is not so. For how can this be true,
 That you stand forfeit, being those that sue?
Biron. Peace; for I will not have to do with you.
Ros. Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.
Biron. Speak for yourselves, my wit is at an end.
King. Teach us, sweet madam, for our rude transgression
 Some fair excuse.
Prin. The fairest is confession.
 Were you not here, but even now, disguis'd?
King. Madam, I was.
Prin. And were you well advis'd?
King. I was, fair madam.
Prin. When you then were here,
 What did you whisper in your lady's ear?
King. That more than all the world I did respect her.
Prin. When she shall challenge this, you will reject her.
King. Upon mine honour, no.
Prin. Peace, peace, forbear;
 Your oath once broke, you forte not to forswear.
King. Despise me, when I break this oath of mine.
Prin. I will: and therefore keep it:—Rosaline,
 What did the Russian whisper in your ear?
Ros. Madam, he swore that he did hold me dear
 As precious eyesight: and did value me
 Above this world: adding thereto, moreover,
 That he would wed me, or else die my lover.
Prin. God give thee joy of him! the noble lord
 Most honourably doth uphold his word.

King. What mean you, madam? by my life, my troth,
 I never swore this lady such an oath.
Ros. By heaven you did; and to confirm it plain,
 You gave me this: but take it, sir, again.
King. My faith, and this, the princess I did give;
 I knew her by this jewel on her sleeve.
Prin. Pardon me, sir, this jewel did she wear;
 And lord Biron, I thank him, is my dear:—
 What; will you have me, or your pearl again?
Biron. Neither of either; I remit both twain.
 I see the trick on't!—Here was a consent,
 (Knowing aforehand of our merriment,)
 To dash it like a Christmas comedy:
 Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight zany,
 Some mumble-mews, some trencher-knight, some Dick,—
 That smiles his cheek in years;³ and knows the trick
 To make my lady laugh, when she's dispos'd,—
 Told our intents before: which once disclos'd,
 The ladies did change favours; and then we,
 Following the signs, woo'd but the sign of she.
 Now, to our perjury to add more terror,
 We are again forsworn: in will, and error.
 Much upon this it is:—And might not you [To BOYET.
 Forestal our sport, to make us thus untrue?
 Do not you know my lady's foot by the squire,⁴
 And laugh upon the apple of her eye?
 And stand between her back, sir, and the fire,
 Holding a trencher, jesting merrily?
 You put our page out: Go, you are allow'd;⁵
 Die when you will, a smock shall be your shroud.
 You leer upon me, do you? there's an eye,
 Wounds like a leaden sword.
Boyet. Full merrily
 Hath this brave manage, this career, been run.
Biron. Lo, he is tilting straight! Peace; I have done.

Enter COSTARD.

Welcome, pure wit! thou partest a fair fray.
Cost. O Lord, sir, they would know,
 Whether the three worthies shall come in, or no.
Biron. What, are there but three?
Cost. No, sir; but it is vara finè,
 For every one pursents three.
Biron. And three times thrice is nine.
Cost. Not so, sir; under correction, sir; I hope, it is
 not so:
 You cannot beg us,⁶ sir, I can assure you, sir; we know
 what we know:
 I hope, sir, three times thrice, sir,—
Biron. Is not nine.
Cost. Under correction, sir, we know whereuntil it doth
 amount.
Biron. By Jove, I always took three threes for nine.
Cost. O Lord, sir, it were pity you should get your living
 by reckoning, sir.
Biron. How much is it?
Cost. O Lord, sir, the parties themselves, the actors, sir,
 will show whereuntil it doth amount: for mine own part,
 I am, as they say, but to perfect one man, in one poor man;
 Pompion the great, sir.
Biron. Art thou one of the worthies?
Cost. It pleased them to think me worthy of Pompion the
 great: for mine own part, I know not the degree of the
 worthy; but I am to stand for him.

¹ *Affection* is the old reading; modern editors read *affectation*; but *affection* is used in the same sense in the beginning of this act. On the other hand, we have *affectation* in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*. Malone, who prefers *affection*, has not stated the necessity of anglicising *hyperboles*, reading hy-per-boles if we retain *affection*. Without *affectation* the line has imperfect rhythm, and there is no rhyme to *ostentation*.

² *Lord have mercy on us.* The fearful inscription on houses visited with the plague.

³ *In years.* Malone reads *in jeers*. We have in *Twelfth Night*, "He doth

smile his cheek into more lines than are in the new map." The character which Biron gives of Boyet is not that of a jeerer; he is a carry-tale—a please-man. The *in years* is supposed by Warburton to mean into wrinkles. Tieck ingeniously gives an explanation of the supposed wrinkles. Boyet is neither young nor old, but he has smiled so continually, that his cheek, which in respect of years would have been smooth, has become wrinkled through too much smiling.

⁴ *The squire—esquierre—a rule, or square.*

⁵ *Allow'd.* You are an allow'd fool. As in *Twelfth Night*—

"There is no slander in an allow'd fool."

Biron. Go, bid them prepare.

Cost. We will turn it finely off, sir; we will take some care. [Exit COSTARD.]

King. Biron, they will shame us, let them not approach.

Biron. We are shame-proof, my lord: and 'tis some policy

To have one show worse than the king's and his company.

King. I say, they shall not come.

Prin. Nay, my good lord, let me o'er-rule you now:

That sport best pleases that doth least know how:

Where zeal strives to content, and the contents

Die in the zeal of that which it presents,

Their form confounded makes most form in mirth;

When great things labouring perish in their birth.

Biron. A right description of our sport, my lord.

Enter ARMADO.

Arm. Anointed, I implore so much expense of thy royal sweet breath, as will utter a brace of words.

[ARMADO converses with the KING, and delivers him a paper.]

Prin. Doth this man serve God?

Biron. Why ask you?

Prin. He speaks not like a man of God's making.

Arm. That's all one, my fair, sweet, honey monarch: for, I protest, the schoolmaster is exceedingly fantastical; too, too vain; too, too vain; But we will put it, as they say, to *fortuna della guerra*. I wish you the peace of mind, most royal couplement! [Exit ARMADO.]

King. Here is like to be a good presence of worthies: He represents Hector of Troy; the swain, Pompey the Great; the parish curate, Alexander; Armado's page, Hercules; the pedant, Judas Machabæus.

And if these four worthies in their first show thrive, These four will change habits, and present the other five.

Biron. There is five in the first show.

King. You are deceiv'd, 'tis not so.

Biron. The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-priest, the fool, and the boy:—

Abate a throw at novum;¹ and the whole world again Cannot prick out five such, take each one in his vein.

King. The ship is under sail, and here she comes amain.

[Seats brought for the KING, PRINCESS, &c.]

Pagant of the Nine Worthies.²

Enter COSTARD, armed, for Pompey.

Cost. "I Pompey am,"—

Boyet. You lie, you are not he.

Cost. "I Pompey am,"—

Boyet. With libbard's³ head on knee.

Biron. Well said, old mocker; I must needs be friends with thee.

Cost. "I Pompey am, Pompey surnam'd the big,"—

Dum. The great.

Cost. It is great, sir;—"Pompey surnam'd the great; That oft in field, with targe and shield, did make my foe to sweat:

And travelling along this coast, I here am come by chance; And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet lass of France."

If your ladyship would say, "Thanks, Pompey," I had done.

Prin. Great thanks, great Pompey.

Cost. 'Tis not so much worth; but, I hope, I was perfect: I made a little fault in "great."

Biron. My hat to a halfpenny, Pompey proves the best worthy.

Enter NATHANIEL, armed, for Alexander.

Nath. "When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander;

By east, west, north, and south, I spread my conquering might:

My 'scutcheon plain declares that I am Alisander."

Boyet. Your nose says, no, you are not; for it stands too right.

Biron. Your nose smells, no, in this, most tender-smelling knight.

Prin. The conqueror is dismay'd: Proceed, good Alexander.

Nath. "When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander;"—

Boyet. Most true, 'tis right; you were so, Alisander.

Biron. Pompey the great,—

Cost. Your servant, and Costard.

Biron. Take away the conqueror, take away Alisander.

Cost. O, sir, [to NATH.] you have overthrown Alisander the conqueror! You will be scraped out of the painted cloth for this: your lion, that holds his poll-ax sitting on a close stool, will be given to A-jax: he will be the ninth worthy. A conqueror, and afeard to speak! run away for shame, Alisander. [NATH. retires.] There, an't shall please you; a foolish mild man; an honest man, look you, and soon dash'd! He is a marvellous good neighbour, in sooth; and a very good bowler:⁴ but, for Alisander, alas, you see how 'tis;—a little o'erparted:⁵—But there are worthies a coming will speak their mind in some other sort.

Prin. Stand aside, good Pompey.

Enter HOLOFERNES for Judas, and MOTH for Hercules.

Hol. "Great Hercules is presented by this imp,

Whose club kill'd Cerberus, that three-headed canus; And, when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp,

Thus did he strangle serpents in his manus:

Quoniam, he seemeth in minority;

Ergo, I come with this apology."

Keep some state in thy *exit*, and vanish. [MOTH retires.]

Hol. "Judas, I am,"—

Dum. A Judas!

Hol. Not Iscariot, sir,—

"Judas, I am, ycleped Machabæus."

Dum. Judas Machabæus clipt, is plain Judas.

Biron. A kissing traitor:—How art thou prov'd Judas?

Hol. "Judas, I am,"—

Dum. The more shame for you, Judas.

Hol. What mean you, sir?

Boyet. To make Judas hang himself.

Hol. Begin, sir; you are my elder.

Biron. Well follow'd: Judas was hang'd on an elder.⁶

Hol. I will not be put out of countenance.

Biron. Because thou hast no face.

Hol. What is this?

Boyet. A cittern-head.⁵

Dum. The head of a bodkin.

Biron. A death's face in a ring.

Long. The face of an old Roman coin, scarce seen.

Boyet. The pummel of Cæsar's faulchion.

Dum. The carv'd-bone face on a flask.⁶

Biron. St. George's half-cheek in a brooch.

Dum. Ay, and in a brooch of lead.

¹ Abate a throw. *Novum*, or *quinguenove*, was a game at dice, of which nine and five were the principal throws. Biron therefore says, Abate a throw,—that is, leave out the nine,—and the world cannot prick out five such.

² Libbard—leopard.

³ O'erparted—over-parted, not quite equal to his part.

⁴ The common tradition was that Judas hanged himself on an elder-tree. Thus,

in Ben Jonson's "Every Man out of his Humour," "He shall be your Judas, and you shall be his elder-tree to hang on."

⁵ A cittern-head. It appears from several passages in the old dramas, that the head of a cittern, gittern, or guitar, was terminated with a face.

⁶ Flask. A soldier's powder-horn, which was often elaborately carved.

Biron. Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer.
And now, forward; for we have put thee in countenance.
Hol. You have put me out of countenance.
Biron. False: we have given thee faces.
Hol. But you have out-fac'd them all.
Biron. An thou wert a lion, we would do so.
Boyet. Therefore, as he is an ass, let him go.
And so, adieu, sweet Jude! nay, why dost thou stay?
Dum. For the latter end of his name.
Biron. For the ass to the Jude; give it him:—Jud-as,
away.
Hol. This is not generous; not gentle; not humble.
Boyet. A light for monsieur Judas: it grows dark, he
may stumble.
Prin. Alas, poor Machabæus, how hath he been baited!

Enter ARMADO, armed, for HECTOR.

Biron. Hide thy head, Achilles; here comes Hector in
arms.

Dum. Though my mocks come home by me,
I will now be merry.

King. Hector was but a Trojan in respect of this.

Boyet. But is this Hector?

Dum. I think Hector was not so clean-timbered.

Long. His leg is too big for Hector.

Dum. More calf, certain.

Boyet. No; he is best indued in the small.

Biron. This cannot be Hector.

Dum. He's a god or a painter; for he makes faces.

Arm. "The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,
Gave Hector a gift,"—

Dum. A gilt nutmeg.

Biron. A lemon.

Long. Stuck with cloves.

Dum. No, cloven.

Arm. Peace!

"The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,

Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Ilion:

A man so breath'd, that certain he would fight, yea,

From morn till night, out of his pavilion.

I am that flower,"—

Dum. That mint.

Long. That columbine.

Arm. Sweet lord Longaville, rein thy tongue.

Long. I must rather give it the rein, for it runs against
Hector.

Dum. Ay, and Hector's a greyhound.

Arm. The sweet war-man is dead and rotten; sweet
chucks, beat not the bones of the buried: when he breath'd,
he was a man—But I will forward with my device: Sweet
royalty, [to the PRINCESS] bestow on me the sense of
hearing. [BIRON whispers COSTARD.

Prin. Speak, brave Hector: we are much delighted.

Arm. I do adore thy sweet grace's slipper.

Boyet. Loves her by the foot.

Dum. He may not by the yard.

Arm. "This Hector far surmounted Hannibal,"—

Cost. The party is gone, fellow Hector, she is gone; she
is two months on her way.

Arm. What meanest thou?

Cost. Faith, unless you play the honest Trojan, the poor
wench is cast away: she's quick; the child brags in her
belly already; 'tis yours.

Arm. Dost thou infamonize me among potentates? thou
shalt die.

Cost. Then shall Hector be whipped, for Jaquenetta
that is quick by him; and hanged, for Pompey that is
dead by him.

Dum. Most rare Pompey!

Boyet. Renowned Pompey!

Biron. Greater than great, great, great, great Pompey!
Pompey, the huge!

Dum. Hector trembles.

Biron. Pompey is moved:—More Ates, more Ates; stir
them on! stir them on!

Dum. Hector will challenge him.

Biron. Ay, if he have no more man's blood in's belly
than will sup a flea.

Arm. By the north pole, I do challenge thee.

Cost. I will not fight with a pole, like a northern man;¹
I'll slash; I'll do it by the sword:—I pray you, let me
borrow my arms again.

Dum. Room for the incensed worthies.

Cost. I'll do it in my shirt.

Dum. Most resolute Pompey!

Moth. Master, let me take you a button-hole lower. Do
you not see, Pompey is uncasing for the combat? What
mean you? you will lose your reputation.

Arm. Gentlemen, and soldiers, pardon me; I will not
combat in my shirt.

Dum. You may not deny it; Pompey hath made the
challenge.

Arm. Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

Biron. What reason have you for't?

Arm. The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt; I go
woolward for penance.¹

Boyet. True, and it was enjoin'd him in Rome for want
of linen: since when, I'll be sworn, he wore none but a
dishclout of Jaquenetta's; and that 'a wears next his
heart, for a favour.

Enter MERCADE.

Mer. God save you, madam!

Prin. Welcome, Mercade;

But that thou interrupt'st our merriment.

Mer. I am sorry, madam; for the news I bring

Is heavy in my tongue. The king, your father—

Prin. Dead, for my life.

Mer. Even so; my tale is told.

Biron. Worthies, away; the scene begins to cloud.

Arm. For mine own part, I breathe free breath: I have
seen the day of wrong through the little hole of discretion,
and I will right myself like a soldier. [Exeunt Worthies.

King. How fares your majesty?

Prin. Boyet, prepare; I will away to-night.

King. Madam, not so; I do beseech you, stay.

Prin. Prepare, I say.—I thank you, gracious lords,

For all your fair endeavours; and entreat,

Out of a new-sad soul, that you vouchsafe,

In your rich wisdom, to excuse, or hide,

The liberal opposition of our spirits:

If over-boldly we have borne ourselves

In the converse of breath, your gentleness

Was guilty of it.—Farewell, worthy lord!

A heavy heart bears not a nimble² tongue:

Excuse me so, coming so short of thanks

For my great suit so easily obtain'd.

King. The extreme part of time extremely form³

All causes to the purpose of his speed;

And often, at his very loose, decides

That which long process could not arbitrate:

And though the mourning brow of progeny

Forbid the smiling courtesy of love,

The holy suit which fain it would convince;

Yet, since love's argument was first on foot,

Let not the cloud of sorrow justle it

¹ Woolward—wanting the shirt, so as to leave the woollen cloth of the outer coat
next the skin.

² Humble in old editions. Theobald reads nimble, which is now generally
accepted.

³ This is Mr. Dyce's reading: old copies have parts.

From what it purpos'd ; since, to wail friends lost,
Is not by much so wholesome, profitable,
As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

Prin. I understand you not ; my griefs are double.

Biron. Honest plain words best pierce the ear of grief :—
And by these badges understand the king.
For your fair sakes have we neglected time ;
Play'd foul play with our oaths. Your beauty, ladies,
Hath much deform'd us, fashioning our humours
Even to the oppos'd end of our intents :
And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous,—
As love is full of unbefitting strains ;
All wanton as a child, skipping, and vain ;
Form'd by the eye, and, therefore, like the eye,
Full of stray¹ shapes, of habits, and of forms,
Varying in subjects as the eye doth roll
To every varied object in his glance :
Which party-coated presence of loose love
Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,
Have misbecom'd our oaths and gravities,
Those heavenly eyes, that look into these faults,
Suggested us to make : Therefore, ladies,
Our love being yours, the error that love makes
Is likewise yours : we to ourselves prove false,
By being once false for ever to be true
To those that make us both,—fair ladies, you :
And even that falsehood, in itself a sin,
Thus purifies itself, and turns to grace.

Prin. We have receiv'd your letters, full of love ;
Your favours, the ambassadors of love ;
And, in our maiden council, rated them
At courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesy,
As bombast,² and as lining to the time :
But more devout than this, in our respects,
Have we not been : and therefore met your loves
In their own fashion, like a merriment.

Dum. Our letters, madam, show'd much more than
jest.

Long. So did our looks.

Ros. We did not quote them so.

King. Now, at the latest minute of the hour,
Grant us your loves.

Prin. A time, methinks, too short
To make a world-without-end bargain in :
No, no, my lord, your grace is perjur'd much,
Full of dear guiltiness ; and, therefore this,—
If for my love (as there is no such cause)
You will do aught, this shall you do for me :
Your oath I will not trust ; but go with speed
To some forlorn and naked hermitage,
Remote from all the pleasures of the world ;
There stay, until the twelve celestial signs
Have brought about their annual reckoning :
If this austere insociable life
Change not your offer made in heat of blood ;
If frosts, and fasts, hard lodging, and thin weeds,
Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,
But that it bear this trial, and last love ;
Then, at the expiration of the year,
Come challenge, challenge me by these deserts,
And, by this virgin palm, now kissing thine,
I will be thine ; and, till that instant, shut
My woeful self up in a mourning house ;
Raining the tears of lamentation

For the remembrance of my father's death
If this thou do deny, let our hands part ;
Neither intitled in the other's heart.

King. If this, or more than this, I would deny,

To flatter up these powers of mine with rest,
The sudden hand of death close up mine eye !

Hence ever then my heart is in thy breast.

Biron. And what to me, my love ? and what to me ?³

Dum. But what to me, my love ? but what to me ?

Kath. A wife !—A beard, fair health, and honesty ;
With three-fold love I wish you all these three.

Dum. O, shall I say, I thank you, gentle wife ?

Kath. Not so, my lord ;—a twelvemonth and a day

I'll mark no words that smooth-fac'd wooers say :

Come when the king doth to my lady come,

Then, if I have much love, I'll give you some.

Dum. I'll serve thee true and faithfully till then.

Kath. Yet swear not, lest you be forsworn again.

Long. What says Maria ?

Mar. At the twelvemonth's end,

I'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.

Long. I'll stay with patience ; but the time is long.

Mar. The liker you ; few taller are so young.

Biron. Studies my lady ? mistress, look on me,
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,
What humble suit attends thy answer there ;
Impose some service on me for thy love.

Ros. Oft have I heard of you, my lord Biron,
Before I saw you : and the world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks ;
Full of comparisons and wounding flouts ;
Which you on all estates will execute,
That lie within the mercy of your wit :
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain,
And, therewithal, to win me, if you please,
(Without the which I am not to be won,)
You shall this twelvemonth term from day to day
Visit the speechless sick, and still converse
With groaning wretches ; and your task shall be,
With all the fierce endeavour of your wit,
To enforce the pained impotent to smile.

Biron. To move wild laughter in the throat of death ?
It cannot be ; it is impossible :
Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.

Ros. Why, that's the way to choke a gibing spirit,
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace
Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools.
A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it : then, if sickly ears,
Deaf'd with the clamours of their own dear groans,
Will hear your idle scorns, continue them,⁴
And I will have you, and that fault withal ;
But, if they will not, throw away that spirit,
And I shall find you empty of that fault,
Right joyful of your reformation.

Biron. A twelvemonth ? well, befall what will befall,
I'll jest a twelvemonth in an hospital.

Prin. Ay, sweet my lord ; and so I take my leave.

[To the KING.]

King. No, madam, we will bring you on your way.

Biron. Our wooing doth not end like an old play ;
Jack hath not Jill : these ladies' courtesy
Might well have made our sport a comedy.

¹ Full of stray shapes. The old copies read *straying* ; the modern *strange*. Coleridge suggested *stray*.

² Bombast—from *bombagia*, cotton-wool used as stuffing.

³ The following lines here occur in all the old editions :—

"*Ros.* You must be purged too, your sins are rank ;
You are attaint with faults and perjury ;
Therefore, if you my favour mean to get,
A twelvemonth shall you spend, and never rest,
But seek the weary beds of people sick."

There can be no doubt, we think, that Rosaline's speech should be omitted, and Biron left without an answer to his question. This is Coleridge's suggestion. Rosaline's answer being so beautifully expanded in her subsequent speech, we have little doubt that these five lines did occur in the original play, and, by mistake, were not struck out of the copy when it was "augmented and amended." The theory stands upon a different ground from Biron's oratorical repetitions, in the fourth act. Coleridge differs from Warburton as to the propriety of omitting Biron's question. He says—"It is quite in Biron's character ; and Rosaline not answering it immediately, Dumain takes up the question."

⁴ Them—Mr. Dyce's correction of *then*.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

King. Come, sir, it wants a twelvemonth and a day,
And then 'twill end.

Biron. That's too long for a play.

Enter ARMADO.

Arm. Sweet majesty, vouchsafe me,—

Prin. Was not that Hector?

Dum. The worthy knight of Troy.

Arm. I will kiss thy royal finger, and take leave: I am a votary; I have vowed to Jaquenetta to hold the plough for her sweet love three years. But, most esteemed greatness, will you hear the dialogue that the two learned men have compiled, in praise of the owl and the cuckoo? it should have followed in the end of our show.

King. Call them forth quickly, we will do so.

Arm. Holla! approach.

*Enter HOLOFERNES, NATHANIEL, MOTH, COSTARD,
and others.*

This side is Hiems, winter; This Ver, the spring; the one maintained by the owl, the other by the cuckoo. Ver, begin.

SONG.^k

I.

Spring. When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver-white,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow huc,
Do paint the meadows with delight,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he,
Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

II.

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he,
Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo—O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

III.

Winter

When icicles hang by the wall,
And *Dick* the shepherd blows his nail,
And *Tom* bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipp'd, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-who;
Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,
While greasy *Joan* doth keel the pot.

IV.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And *Marion's* nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-who;
Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,
While greasy *Joan* doth keel the pot.

Arm. The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo. You that way; we this way. [*Exeunt.*]

ILLUSTRATIONS TO LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

ACT I.

^a SCENE I.—“*In high-born words, the worth of many a knight
From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate.*”

In the variorum editions of Shakspeare there is a long dissertation by Warburton, to show that the romances of chivalry were of Spanish origin; and an equally long refutation of this opinion by Tyrwhitt. Tyrwhitt is, undoubtedly, more correct than Warburton; for, although the romances of chivalry took root in Spain, very few were of Spanish growth. Shakspeare could have known nothing of these romances through the sources by which they have become familiar to England,—for “*Don Quixote*” was not published till 1605; but “*Amadis of Gaul*” (asserted by Sismondi to be of Portuguese origin) was translated in 1592; and “*Palmerin of England*”—which Southey maintains to be Portuguese—was translated in 1580. It is probable that many of the Spanish romances of the sixteenth century were wholly or partially known in England when Shakspeare wrote *Love's Labour's Lost*; and formed, at least, a subject of conversation amongst the courtiers and men of letters. He, therefore, makes it one of the qualities of Armado to recount “in high-born words” the exploits of the knights of “tawny Spain”—exploits which once received their due meed of admiration, but which “the world's debate,”—the contentions of wars and political changes,—have obscured. The extravagances of these romances, as told by Armado, are pointed at by the King—“I love to hear him lie.”

^b SCENE I.—“*A high hope for a low heaven.*”

This is the reading of the early copies; but it was changed by Theobald to *having*. In our first edition we yielded to the universal

adoption of the change; but we have become satisfied that *heaven* is the true word, and we restore it accordingly. Mr. Whiter, in his “*Specimen of a Commentary*,” has noticed this passage in connexion with his theory of association. The *heaven* here mentioned is the *heaven* of the ancient stage—the covering or internal roof—according to Mr. Whiter. (See *Henry VI.*, Part I., Illustrations of Act I.) The “high words” expected in Armado's letter were associated with a “low heaven,” as the ranting heroes of the early tragedy mouthed their lofty language beneath a very humble roof. Without adopting Mr. Whiter's theory in its full extent, we may receive the term “low heaven” as we receive the term “highest heaven” in *Henry V.*, or the “third heaven” of some of the old comedies. Biron has somewhat profanely said, “I hope in God for high words;” and Longaville reproves him by saying, “Your hope is expressed in strong terms for a very paltry gratification—‘A high hope for a low heaven.’”

^c SCENE I.—“*Curious-knotted garden.*”

The beds, or plots, disposed in mathematical symmetry, were the knots. The gardener in *Richard II.*, comparing England to a neglected garden, says—

“Her fruit-trees all unprun'd, her hedges ruin'd,
Her *knots* disorder'd.”

Milton has exhibited the characteristics of this formal symmetry by a beautiful contrast:—

“Flowers, worthy Paradise, which not nice art
In beds and curious *knots*, but nature boon
Pour'd forth.”

^d SCENE II.—“*The dancing horse will tell you.*”

Our ancestors were fond of learned quadrupeds. “Holden’s camel” was distinguished for “ingenious study,” as mentioned by John Taylor, the water-poet; there was a superlatively wise elephant, noticed by Donne and Jonson;—but the “dancing horse”—“Banks’s horse”—has been celebrated by Shakspeare, and Jonson, and Donne, and Hall, and Taylor, and Sir Kenelm Digby, and Sir Walter Raleigh. The name of this wonderful horse was Morocco. Banks first showed his horse in London in 1589; where, in addition to his usual accomplishments of telling the number of pence in a silver coin, and the number of points in throws of the dice, he filled the town with wonder by going to the top of St. Paul’s. The fame of Banks’s horse led his master to visit the Continent, but he was unfortunate in this step. At Orleans the horse and the master were brought under suspicion of magic; and, to the utter disgrace of Papal ignorance and intolerance, poor Banks and his “fine cut” were at last put to death at Rome; as Jonson quaintly says—

“Being, beyond the sea, burned for one witch.”

ACT III.

^a SCENE I.—“*Concolinel.*”

This was doubtless the burthen of some tender air, that would “make passionate the sense of hearing.” Steevens has shown that, when songs were introduced in the old comedies, the author was, in many cases, content to leave the selection of the song to the player or to the musicians, indicating the place of its introduction by a stage direction.

^o SCENE I.—“*A French brawl.*”

The Elizabethan gallants must have required very serious exercises in the academy of dancing to win their loves. The very names of the dances are enough to astound those for whom the mysteries of the quadrille are sufficiently difficult: “Coratitoes, lavoltos, jigs, measures, pavins, brawls, galliards, canaries.” (Brome’s “City Wit.”) The name of the brawl is derived from the French *branle*, a shaking or swinging motion; and with this dance, which was performed by persons uniting hands in a circle, balls were usually opened. The opening was calculated to put the parties considerably at their ease, if the *branle* be correctly described in a little book of dialogues printed at Antwerp, 1579 “Un des gentilhommes et une des dames, estans les premiers en la danse, laissent les autres (qui cependant continuent la danse), et, se mettans dedans la dicte compagnie, vont baisans par ordre toutes les personnes qui y sont: à sçavoir, le gentilhomme les dames, et la dame les gentilshommes. Puis, ayant achevé leurs baisemens, au lieu qu’ils estoient les premiers en la danse, se mettent les derniers. Et ceste façon de faire se continue par le gentilhomme et la dame qui sont les plus prochains, jusques à ce qu’on vienne aux derniers.” We are obliged to Douce for this information; but we have often looked upon the fine old seat of the Hatton family at Stoke, the scene of Gray’s “long story,” and marvelled at its

“Rich windows that exclude the light,
And passages that lead to nothing,”

without being aware that the “grave Lord-Keeper” had such arduous duties to perform:—

“Full oft within the spacious walls,
When he had fifty winters o’er him,
My grave Lord-Keeper led the brawls;
The seal and maces danc’d before him.
His bushy beard, and shoe-strings green,
His high-crown’d hat, and satin doublet,
Mov’d the stout heart of England’s queen,
Though Pope and Spaniard could not trouble it.”

With regard to the musical character of the *brawl* or *branle* (anciently *bransle*), it is described by De Castilhon as a gay, round dance, the air is short, and *en rondeau*, i.e., ending at each repetition with the first part. Mersenne (*Harmonie Universelle*, 1636) enumerates and describes several kinds of *branle*, and gives examples, in notes, of each.

^c SCENE I.—“*Canary to it.*”

Canary, or *canaries*, an old lively dance. Sir John Hawkins is quite mistaken in supposing this to be of English invention; it most probably originated in Spain, though, from the name, many have attributed its origin to the Canary Islands, instead of concluding, what is most likely, that it was there imported from the civilized mother-country. Thoinot Arbeau and Mersenne both give the tune, but in different forms. Purcell, in his opera *Dioclesian* (1691), introduces a *canaries*, which seems modelled after that published by Arbeau. Purcell’s is set for four bowed instruments, accompanied, most probably, by hautboys.

^d SCENE I.—“*With your hat penthouse-like.*”

In the extremely clever engraved title-page to Burton’s “Anatomy of Melancholy,” the innamorato, who wears “his hat penthouse-like o’er the shop of his eyes,” is represented as an example of love melancholy.

^c SCENE I.—“*The hobby-horse is forgot.*”

The hobby-horses which people ride in the present day are generally very quiet animals, which give little offence to public opinion. But the hobby-horse to which Shakspeare here alludes, and to which he has alluded also in Hamlet, was an animal considered by the Puritans so dangerous, that they exerted all their power to banish him from the May games. The people, however, clung to him with wonderful pertinacity; and it is most probably for this reason that, when an individual cherishes a small piece of folly which he is unwilling to give up, it is called his hobby-horse. The hobby-horse was turned out of the May games with Friar Tuck and Maid Marian, as savouring something of Popery; and some wag wrote his epitaph as described by Hamlet,—

“For, O, for, O, the hobby-horse is forgot.”

The hobby-horse of the May games required a person of considerable skill to manage him, although his body was only of wicker-work, and his head and neck of pasteboard. Sogliardo, in Ben Jonson’s “Every Man out of his Humour,” describes how he danced in him:—

“Sogliardo.—Nay, look you, sir, there’s ne’er a gentleman in the country has the like humours for the hobby-horse as I have; I have the method for the threading of the needle and all, the—

Carlo.—How, the method!

Sog.—Ay, the leigerity for that, and the whighhie, and the daggers in the nose, and the travels of the egg from finger to finger, and all the humours incident to the quality. The horse hangs at home in my parlour. I’ll keep it for a monument as long as I live, sure.”

Strutt, in his antiquarian romance of “Queen-hoo Hall,” has described at length the gambols of the hobby-horse and the dragon and Friar Tuck.

^f SCENE I.—“*The boy hath sold him a bargain.*”

This comedy is running over with allusions to country sports—one of the many proofs that in its original shape it may be assigned to the author’s greenest years. The sport which so delights Costard about the fox, the ape, and the humble-bee, has been explained by Capell, whose lumbering and obscure comments upon Shakspeare have been pillaged and sneered at by the other commentators. In this instance they take no notice of him. It seems, according to Capell, that “selling a bargain” consisted in drawing a person in by some stratagem to proclaim himself fool by his own lips; and thus, when Moth makes his master repeat the *l’envoy* ending in the goose, he proclaims himself a goose, according to the rustic wit, which Costard calls “selling a bargain well.” “Fast and loose,” to which he alludes, was another holiday sport; and the goose that ended the market alludes to the proverb, “Three women and a goose make a market.”

^g SCENE I.—“*Of trotting paritors.*”

The paritor, apparitor, is the officer of the Ecclesiastical Court who carries out citations—often, in old times, against offenders who were prompted by the

“Liege of all loiterers.”

^b SCENE I.—“*And I to be a corporal of his field.*”

A corporal of the field was an officer in some degree resembling our *aide-de-camp*, according to a passage in Lord Strafford's Letters. But, according to Styward's "Pathway of Martial Discipline," 1581, of four corporals of the field, two had charge of the shot, and two of the pikes and bills.

ⁱ SCENE I.—“*And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop.*”

The tumbler was a great itinerant performer in the days of Shakspeare, as he is still. His hoop, which was a necessary accompaniment of his feats, was adorned with ribbons. Strutt, in his "Sports," has given us some representations of the antics which these ancient promoters of mirth exhibited; and they differ very slightly from those which still delight the multitude at country fairs.

^k SCENE I.—“*Like a German clock.*”

The Germans were the great clock-makers of the sixteenth century. The clock at Hampton Court, which, according to the inscription, was set up in 1540, is said to be the first ever made in England. Sir Samuel Meyrick possessed a table-clock of German manufacture, the representations of costume on which show it to be of the time of Elizabeth. It has a double set of hours, namely, from one to twenty-four, which was probably peculiar to the clocks of this period, as we may gather from Othello:—

“He'll watch the horologe a double set.”

It is most probable that the German clock,

“Still a repairing; ever out of frame;
And never going aright,”

was of the common kind which we now call Dutch clocks.

ACT IV.

^a SCENE I.—“*Where is the bush,
That we must stand and play the murderer in?*”

Royal and noble ladies, in the days of Elizabeth, delighted in the somewhat unrefined sport of shooting deer with a cross-bow. In the “alleys green” of Windsor or of Greenwich Parks, the queen would take her stand on an elevated platform, and, as the pricket or the buck was driven past her, would aim the death-shaft, amidst the acclamations of her admiring courtiers. The ladies, it appears, were skilful enough at this sylvan butchering. Sir Francis Leake writes to the Earl of Shrewsbury, “Your lordship has sent me a very great and fat stag, the welcomer being stricken by your right honourable lady's hand.” The practice was as old as the romances of the middle ages; but in those days the ladies were sometimes not so expert as the Countess of Shrewsbury; for, in the history of Prince Arthur, a fair huntress wounds Sir Launcelot of the Lake, instead of the stag at which she aims.

^b SCENE I.—“*A Monarche.*”

This allusion is to a mad Italian, commonly called the *monarch*, whose epitaph, or description, was written by Churchyard, in 1580. His notion was, that he was sovereign of the world; and one of his conceits, recorded by Scot in his “Discovery of Witchcraft,” 1584, was, that all the ships that came into the port of London belonged to him.

^c SCENE III.—“*On a day,*” &c.

This exquisite canzonet was published in the miscellany called “The Passionate Pilgrim,” and it also appears in “England's Helicon,” 1614. The line,

“Thou for whom Jove would swear,”

reads thus in all the old copies; but some modern editors have tampered with the rhythm, by giving us

“Thou for whom even Jove would swear.”

In the same way, the fine pause after the third syllable of

“There to meet with Macbeth,”

has been sought to be destroyed by thrusting in another syllable.

This ode, as Shakspeare terms it, was set to music upwards of seventy years ago, by Jackson, of *Exeter*, for three men's voices, and a more beautiful, finished, and masterly composition of the kind the English school of music cannot produce:—for that we have a school, and one of which we need not be ashamed, will soon cease to be denied. The composer calls this *An Elegy*. This name is not quite consistent with our notion of the word *Elegy*;—but amongst the Greeks and Romans it did not necessarily mean a mournful poem—it was merely verses to be sung. Jackson uses the word in somewhat too scholarly a manner. He was a man of letters, possessing a very superior understanding, and not a mere musician. Indeed, it is but fair to add, that really original and great composers have generally been men of strong minds; the exceptions are only enough in number to prove the rule.

^d SCENE III.—“*That, like a rude and savage man of Inde.*”

Shakspeare might have found an account of the Ghebers, or fire-worshippers of the East, in some of the travellers whose works had preceded Hakluyt's collection. Nothing can be finer or more accurate than this description. The Ghebers, as the elegant poet of “Lalla Rookh” tells us, were not blind idolaters; they worshipped the Creator in the most splendid of his works:—

“Yes,—I am of that impious race,
Those Slaves of Fire who, morn and even,
Hail their Creator's dwelling-place
Among the living lights of heaven!”

^e SCENE III.—“*For when would you, my liege, or you, or you.*”

It will be observed that this line is almost a repetition of a previous one—

“For when would you, my lord, or you, or you;”

and in the same manner throughout this speech the most emphatic parts of the reasoning are repeated with variations. Upon this, conjecture goes to work; and it is pronounced that the lines are unnecessarily repeated. Some of the commentators understood little of rhythm, and they were not very accurate judges of rhetoric. One of the greatest evidences of skill in an orator is the enforcement of an idea by repetition, without repeating the precise form of its original announcement. The speech of Ulysses in the third act of *Troilus and Cressida*—

“Time hath, my lord, a wallet on his back,”

is a wonderful example of this art.

ACT V.

^a SCENE I.—“*Honorificabilitudinitatibus.*”

Taylor, the water-poet, has given us a syllable more of this delight of schoolboys—*honorificabilitudinitatibus*. But he has not equalled Rabelais, who has thus furnished the title of a book that might puzzle Paternoster Row:—*Antipericatametaparthengedamphicribrationes*.

^b SCENE I.—“*The fifth, if I.*”

The pedant asks who is the silly sheep—*quis, quis?* “The third of the five vowels if you repeat them,” says Moth; and the pedant does repeat them—a, e, I; the other two clinch it, saith Moth, o, u (O you). This may appear a poor conundrum, and a low conceit, as Theobald has it, but the satire is in opposing the pedantry of the boy to the pedantry of the man, and making the pedant have the worst of it in what he calls “a quick venew of wit.”

^c SCENE I.—“*Venew of wit.*”

Steevens and Malone fiercely contradict each other as to the meaning of the word *venew*. “The cut-and-thrust notes on this occasion exhibit a complete match between the two great Shaksperian maisters of defence,” says Douce. This industrious commentator

gives us five pages to determine the controversy; the argument of which amounts to this, that *venew* and *bout* equally denote a *hit* in fencing.

^d SCENE II.—“*And are apparel'd thus,—
Like Muscovites or Russians.*”

For the Russian or Muscovite habits assumed by the King and nobles of Navarre we are indebted to Vecellio. At page 303 of the edition of 1598, we find a noble Muscovite whose attire sufficiently corresponds with that described by Hall in his account of a Russian masque at Westminster, in the reign of Henry VIII., quoted by Ritson in illustration of this play.

“In the first year of King Henry VIII.,” says the chronicler, “at a banquet made for the foreign ambassadors in the Parliament-chamber at Westminster, came the Lord Henry Earl of Wiltshire, and the Lord Fitzwalter, in two long gowns of yellow satin traversed with white satin, and in every bend* of white was a bend of crimson satin, after the fashion of Russia or Russland, with furred hats of grey on their heads, either of them having an hatchet in their hands, and boots with pikes turned up.” The boots in Vecellio’s print have no “pikes turned up,” but we perceive the “long gown” of figured satin or damask, and the “furred hat.” At page 283 of the same work we are presented also with the habit of the Grand Duke of Muscovy, a rich and imposing costume which might be worn by his Majesty of Navarre himself.

^e SCENE II.—“*Better wits have worn plain statute-caps.*”

By an Act of Parliament of 1571, it was provided that all above the age of six years, except the nobility and other persons of degree, should, on Sabbath-days and holidays, wear caps of wool, manufactured in England. This was one of the laws for the encouragement of trade, which so occupied the legislative wisdom of our ancestors, and which the people, as constantly as they were enacted, evaded, or openly violated. This very law was repealed in 1597. Those to whom the law applied, and who wore the statute-caps, were citizens, and artificers, and labourers; and thus, as the nobility continued to wear their bonnets and feathers, Rosaline says, “*Better wits have worn plain statute-caps.*”

^f SCENE II.—“*You cannot beg us.*”

Costard means to say we are not idiots. One of the most abominable corruptions of the feudal system of government was for the sovereign, who was the legal guardian of idiots, to grant the wardship of such an unhappy person to some favourite, granting with the idiot the right of using his property. Ritson, and Douce more correctly, give a curious anecdote illustrative of this custom, and of its abuse:—

“The Lord North begg’d old Bladwell for a foole (though he could never prove him so), and having him in his custodie as a lunaticke, he carried him to a gentleman’s house, one day, that was his neighbour. The L. North and the gentleman retir’d awhile to private discourse, and left Bladwell in the dining-roome, which was hung with a faire hanging; Bladwell walking up and downe, and viewing the imagerie, spyed a foole at last in the hanging, and without delay drawes his knife, flyes at the foole, cutts him cleane out, and layes him on the floore; my Lord and the gentleman coming in againe, and finding the tapestry thus defac’d, he ask’d Bladwell what

* By *bend* is meant a broad diagonal stripe. It is an heraldic term, and constantly used in the description of dresses by writers of the middle ages.

he meant by such a rude uncivill act; he answered, Sir, be content, I have rather done you a courtesie than a wrong, for, if ever my L. N. had seene the foole there he would have begg’d him, and so you might have lost your whole suite.” (Harl. MS. 6395.)

^g SCENE II.—“*Pageant of the Nine Worthies.*”

The genuine worthies of the old pageant were Joshua, David, Judas Maccabæus, Hector, Alexander, Julius Cæsar, Arthur, Charlemagne, and Godfrey of Bulloigne. Sometimes Guy of Warwick was substituted for Godfrey of Bulloigne. These redoubted personages, according to a manuscript in the British Museum (Harl. 2057), were clad in complete armour, with crowns of gold on their heads, every one having his esquire to bear before him his shield and pennon at arms. According to this manuscript, these “Lords” were dressed as three Hebrews, three Infidels, and three Christians. Shakspeare overthrew the just proportion of age and country, for he gives us four infidels, Hector, Pompey, Alexander, and Hercules, out of the five of the schoolmaster’s pageant. In the MS. of the Harleian Collection, which is a Chester pageant, with illuminations, the *Four Seasons* conclude the representation of the Nine Worthies. Shakspeare must have seen such an exhibition, and have thence derived the songs of *Ver* and *Hiems*.

SCENE II.—“*A very good bowler.*”

The game of bowls, according to Strutt, appears to have prevailed in the fourteenth century, for he has given us figures of three persons engaged in bowling, from a manuscript of that date.

ⁱ SCENE II.—“*I will not fight with a pole, like a northern man.*”

The old quarter-staff play of England was most practised in the north. Strutt, in his “Sports,” and Ritson, in his “Robin Hood Poems,” have given us representations of these loving contests.

^k SCENE II.—“*When daisies pied.*”

The first two stanzas of this song are set to music by Dr. Arne, with all that justness of conception and simple elegance of which he was so great a master, and which are conspicuous in nearly all of his compositions that are in union with Shakspeare’s words. The song having been “married” to music, it would not be well to disturb the received reading. Yet the deviations from all the original copies must be noted. There is a transposition in the first four lines, to meet the alternate rhymes in the subsequent verses. In the original we find:—

“When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
And lady-smocks and silver-white,
Do paint the meadows with delight.”

In the third and fourth verses,

“*To-who*”

is a modern introduction to correspond with “Cuckoo;” but “*To-who*” alone is not the song of the owl—it is “*Tu-whit, to-who.*” The original lines stand thus:—

“Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whit, to-who,
A merry note.”

Did not the original music vary with the varying form of the metre?

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTICE.

CHARLES LAMB was wont to call *Love's Labour's Lost* the Comedy of Leisure. 'Tis certain that in the commonwealth of King Ferdinand of Navarre we have

"all men idle, all;
And women too."

The courtiers, in their pursuit of "that angel knowledge," waste their time in subtle contentions how that angel is to be won;—the ladies from France spread their pavilions in the sunny park, and there keep up their round of jokes with their "wit's peddler," Boyet, "the nice;"—Armado listens to his page while he warbles "Concolinel;"—Jaquenetta, though she is "allowed for the dey," seems to have no dairy to look after;—Costard acts as if he were neither ploughman nor swineherd, and born for no other work than to laugh for ever at Moth, and, in the excess of his love for that "pathetical nit," to exclaim, "An I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst have it to buy gingerbread;"—the schoolmaster appears to be without scholars, the curate without a cure, the constable without watch and ward. There is, indeed, one parenthesis of real business connected with the progress of the action—the difference between France and Navarre in the matter of Aquitain. But the settlement of this business is deferred till "to-morrow"—the "packet of specialities" is not come; and whether Aquitain goes back to France, or the hundred thousand crowns return to Navarre, we never learn. This matter, then, being postponed till a more fitting season, the whole set abandon themselves to what Dr. Johnson calls "strenuous idleness." The King and his courtiers forswear their studies, and every man becomes a lover and a sonneteer;—the refined traveller of Spain resigns himself to his passion for the dairy-maid; the schoolmaster and the curate talk learnedly after dinner; and, at last, the King, the nobles, the priest, the pedant, the braggart, the page, and the clown, join in one dance of mummery, in which they all laugh, and are laughed at. But still all this idleness is too energetic to warrant us in calling this the Comedy of Leisure. Let us try again. Is it not the Comedy of Affectations?

Molière, in his *Précieuses Ridicules*, has admirably hit off *one* affectation that had found its way into the private life of his own times. The ladies aspired to be wooed after the fashion of the Grand Cyrus. Madelon will be called Polixène, and Cathos Aminte. They dismiss their plain honest lovers, because marriage ought to be at the end of the romance, and not at the beginning. They dote upon Mascarille (the disguised lacquey) when he assures them "*Les gens de qualité savent tout sans avoir jamais rien appris.*" They are in ecstasies at everything. Madelon is "*furieusement pour les portraits*;"—Cathos loves "*terriblement les énigmes.*" Even Mascarille's ribbon is "*furieusement bien choisi*;"—his gloves "*sentent terriblement bons*;"—and his feathers are "*effroyablement belles.*" But in the *Précieuses Ridicules*, Molière, as we have said, dealt with one affectation;—in *Love's Labour's Lost* Shakspeare presents us almost every variety of affectation that is founded upon a misdirection of intellectual activity. We have here many of the forms in which cleverness is exhibited as opposed to wisdom, and false refinement as opposed to simplicity. The affected characters, even the most fantastical, are not fools; but, at the same time, the natural characters, who, in this play, are chiefly the women, have their intellectual foibles. All the modes of affectation are developed in one continued stream of fun and drollery;—every one is laughing at the folly of the other, and the laugh grows louder and louder as the more natural characters, one by one, trip up the heels of the more affected. The most affected at last join in the laugh with the most natural; and the whole comes down to "plain kersey yea and nay,"—from the syntax of Holofernes, and the "fire-new words" of Armado, to "greasy Joan" and "roasted crabs."—Let us hastily review the comedy under this aspect.

The affectation of the King and his courtiers begins at the very

beginning of the play. The mistake upon which they set out, in their desire to make their Court "a little academe," is not an uncommon one. It is the attempt to separate the contemplative from the active life; to forego duties for abstractions; to sacrifice innocent pleasures for plans of mortification, difficult to be executed, and useless if carried through. Many a young student has been haunted by the same dream; and he only required to be living in an age when vows bound mankind to objects of pursuit that now present but the ludicrous side, to have had his dreams converted into very silly realities. The resistance of Biron to the vow of his fellows is singularly able,—his reasoning is deep and true, and ought to have turned them aside from their folly:—

"Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,
That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks;
Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save base authority from others' books."

But the vow is ratified, and its abjuration will only be the result of its practical inconvenience. The "French king's daughter," the "admired princess," is coming to confer with the King and his Court, who have resolved to talk with no woman for three years:—

"So study evermore is overshot."

But the "child of fancy" appears—the "fantastic"—the "magnificent"—the "man of great spirit who grows melancholy"—he who "is ill at reckoning because it fitteth the spirit of a tapster"—he who confesses to be a "gentleman and a gamester," because "both are the varnish of a complete man." How capitally does Moth, his page, hit him off, when he intimates that only "the base vulgar" call deuce-ace three! And yet this indolent piece of refinement is

"A man in all the world's new fashions planted,
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain,"

and he himself has no mean idea of his abilities—he is "for whole volumes in folio." Moth, who continually draws him out to laugh at him, is an embryo wag, whose common sense is constantly opposed to his master's affectation; and Costard is another cunning bit of nature, though cast in a coarser mould, whose heart runs over with joy at the tricks of his little friend, this "nit of mischief."

The Princess and her train arrive at Navarre. We have already learnt to like the King and his lords, and have seen their fine natures shining through the affectations by which they are clouded. We scarcely require, therefore, to hear their eulogies delivered from the mouths of the Princess's ladies, who have appreciated their real worth. Biron, however, has all along been our favourite; and we feel that, in some degree, he deserves the character which Rosaline gives him:—

"A merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal
His eye begets occasion for his wit;
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest;
Which his fair tongue (conceit's expositor)
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished;
So sweet and voluble is his discourse."

But, with all this disposition to think highly of the nobles of the self-denying Court, the "mad wenches" of France are determined to use their "civil war of wits" on "Navarre and his book-men" for their absurd vows; and well do they keep their determination. Boyet is a capital courtier, always ready for a gibe at the ladies, and always ready to bear their gibes. Costard thinks he is "a most simple clown;" but Biron more accurately describes him at length:—

"Why, this is he,
That kiss'd away his hand in courtesy:

This is the ape of form, monsieur the nice,
That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice
In honourable terms; nay, he can sing
A mean most meanly; and, in ushering,
Mend him who can: the ladies call him, sweet;
The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet."

We are very much tempted to think that, in his character of Boyet, Shakspeare had in view that most amusing coxcomb Master Robert Laneham, whose letter from Kenilworth, in which he gives the following account of himself, was printed in 1575: "Always among the gentlewomen with my good will, and when I see company according, then I can be as lively too. Sometimes I foot it with dancing; now with my gittern and else with my cittern; then at the virginals; ye know nothing comes amiss to me; then carol I up a song withal, that by and by they come flocking about me like bees to honey, and ever they cry, 'Another, good Laneham, another.'"

Before the end of Navarre's first interview with the Princess, Boyet has discovered that he is "infected." At the end of the next act we learn from Biron himself that he is in the same condition. Away then goes the vow with the King and Biron. In the fourth act we find that the infection has spread to all the lords; but the love of the King and his courtiers is thoroughly characteristic. It may be sincere enough, but it is still love fantastical.—It hath taught Biron "to rhyme and to be melancholy." The King drops his paper of poesy; Longaville reads his sonnet, which makes "flesh a deity;" and Dumain, in his most beautiful anacreontic,—as sweet a piece of music as Shakspeare ever penned,—shows "how love can vary wit." The scene in which each lover is detected by the other, and all laughed at by Biron, till he is detected himself, is thoroughly dramatic; and there is perhaps nothing finer in the whole range of the Shaksperian comedy than the passage where Biron casts aside his disguises, and rises to the height of poetry and eloquence. The burst when the "rent lines" discover "some love" of Biron is incomparably fine:—

"Who sees the heavenly Rosaline,
That, like a rude and savage man of Inde,
At the first opening of the gorgeous east,
Bows not his vassal head; and, stricken blind,
Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?"

The famous speech of Biron which follows is perhaps unmatched as a display of poetical rhetoric, except by the speeches of Ulysses to Achilles in the third act of *Troilus and Cressida*. Coleridge has admirably described this speech of Biron "It is logic clothed in rhetoric;—but observe how Shakspeare, in his two-fold being of poet and philosopher, avails himself of it to convey profound truths in the most lively images,—the whole remaining faithful to the character supposed to utter the lines, and the expressions themselves constituting a further development of that character."* The rhetoric of Biron produces its effect. "Now to plain dealing," says Longaville, but Biron, the merry man whose love is still half fun, is for more circuitous modes than laying their hearts at the feet of their mistresses. He is of opinion that

"Revels, dances, masks, and merry hours,
Fore-run fair Love,"

and he therefore recommends "some strange pastime" to solace the dames. But "the gallants will be task'd."

King and Princess, lords and ladies, must make way for the great pedants. The *form* of affectation is now entirely changed. It is not the cleverness of rising superior to all other men by despising the "affects to which every man is born;—it is not the cleverness of labouring at the most magnificent phrases to express the most common ideas;—but it is the cleverness of two persons using conventional terms, which they have picked up from a common source, and which they believe sealed to the mass of mankind, instead of employing the ordinary colloquial phrases by which ideas are rendered intelligible. This is pedantry—and Shakspeare shows his excellent judgment in bringing a brace of pedants upon the scene. In

* *Literary Remains*, vol. ii. p. 105.

O'Keefe's "Agreeable Surprise," and in Colman's "Heir at Law," we have a single pedant,—the one talking Latin to a milk-maid, and the other to a tallow-chandler. This is farce. But the pedantry of Holofernes and the curate is comedy. They each address the other in their freemasonry of learning. They each flatter the other. But for the rest of the world they look down upon them. "Sir," saith the curate, excusing the "twice-sod simplicity" of Goodman Dull, "he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book; he hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink: his intellect is not replenished." But Goodman Dull has his intellect stimulated by this abuse. He has heard the riddles of the "ink-horn" men, and he sports a riddle of his own:—

"You two are bookmen: Can you tell by your wit,
What was a month old at Cain's birth, that's not five weeks old as yet?"

The answer of Holofernes is the very quintessence of pedantry. He gives Goodman Dull the hardest name for the moon in the mythology. Goodman Dull is with difficulty quieted. Holofernes then exhibits his poetry; and he "will somewhat affect the letter, for it argues facility." He produces, as all pedants attempt to produce, not what is good when executed, but what is difficult of execution. Satisfied with his own performances—"the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it"—he is profuse in his contempt for other men's productions. He undertakes to prove Biron's canzonet "to be very unlearned, neither savouring of poetry, wit, nor invention. The portrait is two hundred years old, and yet how many of the present day might sit for it! Holofernes, however, is not meant by Shakspeare for a blockhead. He is made of better stuff than the ordinary run of those who "educate youth at the charge-house." Shakspeare has taken care that we should see flashes of good sense amidst his folly. To say nothing of the curate's commendations of his "reasons at dinner," we have his own description of Armado, to show how clearly he could discover the ludicrous side of others. The pedant can see the ridiculous in pedantry of another stamp. But the poet also takes care that the ridiculous side of "the two learned men" shall still be prominent. Moth and Costard are again brought upon the scene to laugh at those who "have been at a great feast of languages, and have stolen the scraps." Costard himself is growing affected. He has picked up the fashion of being clever, and he has himself stolen *honorificabilitudinitatibus* out of "the alms-basket of words." But business proceeds:—Holofernes will present before the Princess the nine worthies, and he will play three himself. The soul of the schoolmaster is in this magnificent device; and he looks down with most self-satisfied pity on honest Dull, who has spoken no word, and understood none.

The ladies have received verses and jewels from their lovers; but they trust not to the verses—they think them "bootless rhymes," the effusions of "prodigal wits":—

"Folly in fools bears not so strong a note,
As foolery in the wise."

When Boyet discloses to the Princess the scheme of the masque of Muscovites, she is more confirmed in her determination to laugh at the laughers:—

"They do it but in mocking merriment;
And mock for mock is only my intent."

The affectation of "speeches penn'd" is overthrown in a moment by the shrewdness of the women, who encounter the fustian harangue with prosaic action. Moth comes in crammed with others' affectations:—

"All hail, the richest beauties on the earth!
A holy parcel of the fairest dames"—

The ladies turn their backs on him—

"That ever turn'd their—backs—to mortal views!"

Biron in vain gives him the cue—"their eyes, villain, their eyes!"—"the pigeon-egg of discretion" has ceased to be discreet—he is out, and the speech is ended. The maskers will try for themselves. They

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

each take a masked lady apart, and each finds a wrong mistress, who has no sympathy with him. The keen breath of "mocking wenches" has puffed out all their fine conceits:—

"Well, better wits have worn plain statute-caps."

The sharp medicine has had its effect. The King and his lords return without their disguises; and being doomed to hear the echo of the laugh at their folly, they come down from their stilts to the level ground of common sense:—from "taffata phrases" and "figures pedantical" to

"Russet yeas, and honest kersey noes."

But the worthies are coming; we have not yet done with the affectations and the mocking merriment. Biron maliciously desires "to have one show worse than the King's and his company." Those who have been laughed at now take to laughing at others. Costard, who is the most natural of the worthies, comes off with the fewest hurts. He has performed Pompey marvellously well, and he is not a little vain of his performance—"I hope I was perfect." When the learned curate breaks down as Alexander, the apology of Costard for his overthrow is inimitable: "There, an't shall please you; a foolish mild man; an honest man, look you, and soon dash'd! He is a marvellous good neighbour, in sooth; and a very good bowler: but, for Alisander, alas, you see how 'tis; a little o'erparted." Holofernes comes off worse than the curate—"Alas, poor Machabæus, how hath he been baited!" We feel, in spite of our inclination to laugh at the pedant, that his remonstrance is just—"This is not generous, not gentle, not humble." We know that to be generous, to be gentle,

to be humble, are the especial virtues of the great; and Shakspeare makes us see that the schoolmaster is right. Lastly, comes Armado. His discomfiture is still more signal. The malicious trick that Biron suggests to Costard shews that Rosaline's original praise of him was not altogether deserved—that his merriment was not always

"Within the limit of becoming mirth."

The affectations of Biron are cast aside, but he has a natural fault to correct, worse than any affectation; and beautifully does Rosaline hold up to him the glass which shews him how

"to choke a gibing spirit,
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace
Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools."

The affectations are blown into thin air. The King and his courtiers have to turn from speculation to action—from fruitless vows to deeds of charity and piety. Armado is about to apply to what is useful: "I have vowed to Jaquenetta to hold the plough for her sweet love three years." The voices of the pedants are heard no more in scraps of Latin. They are no longer "singled from the barbarous." But, on the contrary, "the dialogue that the two learned men have compiled, in praise of the owl and the cuckoo," is full of the most familiar images, expressed in the most homely language. Shakspeare, unquestionably, to our minds, brought in this most characteristic song—(a song that he might have written and sung in the chimney-corner of his father's own kitchen, long before he dreamt of having a play acted before Queen Elizabeth)—to mark, by an emphatic close, the triumph of simplicity over false refinement.

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR:

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

STATE OF THE TEXT, AND CHRONOLOGY, OF THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

THE first edition of this play was published in 1602, under the following title: "A most pleasaunt and excellent conceited Comedy of Sir John Falstaffe, and the Merry Wives of Windsor. Entermixed with sundrie variable and pleasing humors of Sir Hugh the Welch Knight, Justice Shallow, and his wise Cousin M. Slender. With the swaggering vaine of Ancient Pistoll and Corporall Nym. By William Shakespeare. As it hath bene divers times acted by the Right Honourable my Lord Chamberlaines Servants; Both before her Majestie and else where. London: Printed by T. C. for Arthur Johnson," &c., &c. 1602. The same copy was reprinted in 1619. The comedy as it now stands first appeared in the folio of 1623; and the play in that edition contains very nearly twice the number of lines that the quarto contains. The succession of scenes is the same in both copies, except in one instance; but the speeches of the several characters are greatly elaborated in the amended copy, and several of the characters not only heightened, but new distinctive features given to them. For example, the *Slender* of the present comedy—one of the most perfect of the minor characters of Shakspeare—is a very inferior conception in the first copy. Our *Slender* has been worked up out of the first rough sketch, with touches at once delicate and powerful. Again, the *Justice Shallow* of the quarto is an amusing person—but he is not the present Shallow; we have not even the repetitions which identify him with the Shallow of Henry IV. We point out these matters here, for the purpose of shewing that, although the quarto of 1602 was most probably piratically published when the play had been remodelled, and was reprinted without alteration in 1619 (the amended copy then remaining unpublished), the copy of that first edition must not be considered as an imperfect transcript of the complete play. The differences between the two copies are produced by the alterations of the author working upon his first sketch. The extent of these changes and elaborations can only be satisfactorily perceived by comparing the two copies, scene by scene. We have given a few examples in our foot-notes; and we here subjoin the scene at Herne's Oak, which has no doubt been completely re-written:—

QUARTO OF 1602.

Qui. You fairies that do haunt these shady groves,
Look round about the wood if you can spy
A mortal that doth haunt our sacred round:
If such a one you can espy, give him his due,
And leave not till you pinch him black and blue.
Give them their charge, Puck, ere they part away.
Sir Hugh. Come hither, Peane, go to the country houses,
And when you find a slut that lies asleep,
And all her dishes foul, and room unswept,
With your long nails pinch her till she cry,
And swear to mend her sluttish housewifery.
Fal. I warrant you, I will perform your will.
Hu. Where's Pead? Go and see where brokers sleep,
And fox-eyed serjeants, with their mace,
Go lay the proctors in the street,
And pinch the lousy serjeant's face.
Spare none of these when th' are a bed,
But such whose nose looks blue and red.
Qui. Away, begone, his mind fulfil,
And look that none of you stand still.
Some do that thing, some do this
All do something, none amiss.
Sir Hugh. I smell a man of middle earth.
Fal. God bless me from that Welch fairy.
Quick. Look every one about this round,

And if that any here be found,
For his presumption in this place,
Spare neither leg, arm, head, nor face.
Sir Hugh. See I have spied one by good luck,
His body man, his head a buck.
Fal. God send me good fortune now, and I care not.
Quick. Go strait, and do as I command,
And take a taper in your hand,
And set it to his fingers' ends,
And if you see it him offends,
And that he starteth at the flame,
Then he is mortal, know his name:
If with an F it doth begin,
Why then be sure he's full of sin.
About it then, and know the truth,
Of this same metamorphosed youth.
Sir Hugh. Give me the tapers, I will try
And if that he love vetery.

FOLIO OF 1623.

Quick. Fairies, black, grey, green, and white,
You moonshine-revellers, and shades of night,
You orphan-heirs of fixed destiny,
Attend your office and your quality.
Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy oyes.
Pist. Elves, list your names; silence, you airy toys.
Cricket, to Windsor chimnies shalt thou leap:
Where fires thou find'st unrak'd, and hearths unswept,
There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry:
Our radiant queen hates sluts and sluttery.
Fal. They are fairies; he that speaks to them shall die
I'll wink and couch: no man their works must eye.
[*Lies down upon his face.*]
Eva. Where's Pede?—Go you, and where you find a maid,
That, ere she sleep, has thrice her prayers said,
Raise up the organs of her fantasy,
Sleep she as sound as careless infancy;
But those as sleep and think not on their sins,
Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides, and shins.
Quick. About, about;
Search Windsor castle, elves, within and out:
Strew good luck, ouches, on every sacred room;
That it may stand till the perpetual doom,
In state as wholesome, as in state 'tis fit;
Worthy the owner, and the owner it.
The several chairs of order look you scour
With juice of balm, and every precious flower:
Each fair instalment, coat, and several crest,
With loyal blazon, evermore be blest!
And nightly, meadow-fairies, look you sing,
Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring:
The expressure that it bears green let it be,
More fertile-fresh than all the field to see;
And, *Hony soit qui mal y pense*, write
In emerald tufts, flowers purple, blue, and white:
Like sapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery,
Buckled below fair knighthood's bending knee:
Fairies use flowers for their charactery.
Away; disperse: But, till 'tis one o'clock,
Our dance of custom, round about the oak
Of Herne the Hunter let us not forget.
Eva. Pray you, lock hand in hand; yourselves in order set:
And twenty glow-worms shall our lanterns be,
To guide our measure round about the tree.
But, stay: I smell a man of middle earth.
Fal. Heavens defend me from that Welch fairy!
Lest he transform me to a piece of cheese!
Pist. Vild worm, thou wast o'erlooked even in thy birth.
Quick. With trial-fire touch me his finger end:
If he be chaste, the flame will back descend,
And turn him to no pain; but if he start,
It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.
Pist. A trial, come.
Eva. Come, will this wood take fire?
[*They burn him with their tapers.*]
Fal. Oh, oh, oh!

Quick. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire !
About him, fairies ; sing a scornful rhyme ;
And, as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

The quarto copy of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* being so completely different from the amended play, affords little assistance in the settlement of the text. Indeed, following the folio of 1623, there are very few real difficulties. Modern editors appear to us to have gone beyond their proper line of duty in "rescuing" lines from the quarto which the author had manifestly superseded by other passages. We have, for the most part, rejected these restorations, as they are called, but have given the passages in our foot-notes.

But, if the quarto is not to be taken as a guide in the formation of a text, it appears to us, viewed in connexion with some circumstances which we shall venture to point out as heretofore in some degree unregarded, to be a highly interesting literary curiosity.

Malone, contrary to his opinion with regard to the quarto edition of *Henry V.*, says of the quarto of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, "The old edition in 1602, like that of *Romeo and Juliet*, is apparently a rough draft, and not a mutilated or imperfect copy." His view, therefore, of the period when this play was written, applies to the "rough draft." Malone's opinion of the date of this sketch is thus stated in his "Chronological Order :"—

"The following line in the earliest edition of this comedy,

'Sail like my pinnacle to those golden shores,'

shews that it was written after Sir Walter Raleigh's return from Guiana in 1596.

"The first sketch of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* was printed in 1602. It was entered in the books of the Stationers' Company on the 18th of January, 1601-2, and was therefore probably written in 1601, after the two parts of *King Henry IV.*, being, it is said, composed at the desire of Queen Elizabeth, in order to exhibit Falstaff in love, when all the pleasantry which he could afford in any other situation was exhausted. But it may not be thought so clear that it was written after *King Henry V.* Nym and Bardolph are both hanged in *King Henry V.*, yet appear in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. Falstaff is disgraced in the Second Part of *King Henry IV.*, and dies in *King Henry V.* ; but, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, he talks as if he were yet in favour at court : 'If it should come to the ear of the court how I have been transformed,' &c. : and Mr. Page dis-countenances Fenton's addresses to his daughter because he 'kept company with the wild prince and with Pointz.' These circumstances seem to favour the supposition that this play was written between the First and Second Parts of *King Henry IV.* But that it was not written then, may be collected from the tradition above mentioned. The truth, I believe, is, that though it ought to be read (as Dr. Johnson has observed) between the Second Part of *King Henry IV.* and *King Henry V.*, it was written after *King Henry V.*, and after Shakspeare had killed Falstaff. In obedience to the royal commands, having revived him, he found it necessary at the same time to revive all those persons with whom he was wont to be exhibited, Nym, Pistol, Bardolph, and the Page : and disposed of them as he found it convenient, without a strict regard to their situations, or catastrophes in former plays."

The opinion that this comedy was written after the two parts of *Henry IV.* is not quite in consonance with the tradition that Queen Elizabeth desired to see Falstaff in love ; for Shakspeare might have given this turn to the character in *Henry V.*, after the announcement in the Epilogue to the Second Part of *Henry IV.*, "Our humble author will continue the story, with Sir John in it." Malone's theory, therefore, that it was produced after *Henry V.*, is in accordance with the tradition as received by him with such an implicit belief. George Chalmers, however, in his "Supplemental Apology," laughs at the tradition, and at Malone's theory. He believes that the three historical plays and the comedy were successively written in 1596, and in 1597, but that *Henry V.* was produced the last. He says : "In it (*Henry V.*) Falstaff does not come out upon the stage, but dies of a sweat, after performing less than the attentive auditors

were led to expect : and in it, ancient Pistol appears as the husband of Mistress Quickly ; who also dies, during the ancient's absence in the wars of France. Yet do the commentators bring the knight to life, and revive and unmarry the dame, by assigning the year 1601 as the epoch of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. Queen Elizabeth is said by the critics to have commanded these miracles to be worked in 1601,—a time when she was in no proper mood for such fooleries. The tradition on which is founded the story of Elizabeth's command to exhibit the facetious knight in love, I think too improbable for belief." Chalmers goes on to argue that after Falstaff's disgrace at the end of the Second Part of *Henry IV.* (which is followed in *Henry V.* by the assertion that "the King has killed his heart") he was not in a fit condition for "a speedy appearance amongst the *Merry Wives of Windsor* ;" and further, that if it be true, as the first act of the Second Part evinces, that Sir John, soon after doing good service at Shrewsbury, was sent off, with some charge, to Lord John of Lancaster at York, he could not consistently saunter to Windsor, after his rencounter with the Chief Justice." Looking at these contradictions, Chalmers places "the true epoch of this comedy in 1596 ;" and affirms "*that its proper place is before the First Part of Henry IV.*" We had been strongly impressed with the same opinion before we had seen the passage in Chalmers, which is not given under his view of the chronology of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. But we are quite aware that the theory is at first sight open to objection : though it is clearly not so objectionable as Malone's assertion that Shakspeare revived his dead Falstaff, Quickly, Nym, and Bardolph ; and it perhaps gets rid of the difficulties which belong to Dr. Johnson's opinion that "the present play ought to be read between *Henry IV.* and *Henry V.*" The question, altogether, appears to us very interesting as a piece of literary history ; and we therefore request the indulgence of our readers whilst we examine it somewhat in detail.

And first, of the tradition upon which Malone builds. Dennis, in an epistle prefixed to "The Comical Gallant," an alteration of this play which he published in 1702, says "This comedy was written at her (Queen Elizabeth's) command, and by her direction, and she was so eager to see it acted that she commanded it to be finished in fourteen days ; and was afterwards, as tradition tells us, very well pleased at the representation." The tradition, however, soon became more circumstantial ; for Rowe and Pope and Theobald each inform us that Elizabeth was so well pleased *with the Falstaff of the two parts of Henry IV.*, that she commanded a play to be written by Shakspeare in which he should shew the Knight in Love. Malone considers that the tradition, as given by Dennis, came to him from Dryden, who received it from Davenant. The more circumstantial tradition was furnished by Gildon, who published it in his "Remarks on Shakspeare's Plays," in 1710. The tradition, as stated by Dennis, is not inconsistent with the belief that *The Merry Wives of Windsor* [of course we speak of the sketch] was produced *before* the two parts of *Henry IV.* The more circumstantial tradition is completely reconcilable only with Malone's theory, that Shakspeare, *continuing* the comic characters of the historical plays in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, ventured upon the daring experiment of reviving the dead.

Malone, according to his theory, believes that the sketch of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, "finished in fourteen days," was written in 1601 ; Chalmers that it was written in 1596. We are inclined to think that the period of the production of the original sketch might have been even earlier than 1596.

Raleigh returned from his expedition to Guiana in 1596, having sailed in 1595. In the present text of *The Merry Wives* (Act I. Sc. III.) Falstaff says : "Here's another letter to her : she bears the purse too ; she is a *region in Guiana*, all gold and bounty. I will be cheater to them both, and they shall be exchequers to me : they shall be my East and West Indies." In the original sketch the passage stands thus : "Here is another letter to her ; she bears the purse too. They shall be exchequers to me, and I'll be cheaters to them both. They shall be my East and West Indies." In the amended text we have, subsequently :—

"Sail like my pinnacle to those golden shores;"

which line is found in the quarto, *the* being in the place of *those*. This line *alone* is taken by Malone to shew that the comedy, in its first unfinished state, "was written after Sir Walter Raleigh's return from Guiana in 1596." Surely this is not precise enough. *Golden shores* were spoken of metaphorically before Raleigh's voyage; but the *region in Guiana* is a very different indication. To our minds it shews that the sketch was written *before* Raleigh's return;—the finished play after Guiana was known and talked of.

"The Fairy Queen" of Spenser was published in 1596. "The whole plot," says Chalmers, "which was laid by Mrs. Page, to be executed at the hour of fairy revel, around Herne's Oak, by urchins, ouphes, and fairies, green and white, was plainly an allusion to the *Fairy Queen* of 1596, which for some time after its publication was the universal talk." A *general* mention of fairies and fairy revels might naturally occur without any allusion to Spenser; and thus in the original sketch we have only such a general mention. But in the amended copy of the folio *the Fairy Queen* is presented to the audience three times as a familiar name. If these passages may be taken to allude to "The Fairy Queen" of Spenser, we have another proof (as far as such proof can go) that the original sketch, in which they do *not* occur, was written before 1596.

Again, in Falstaff's address to the Merry Wives at Herne's Oak, we have—"Let the sky rain potatoes, and snow eringoes." The words *potatoes* and *eringoes* are in Lodge's "Devil's Incarnate," 1596; but they are *not* found in the original sketch of this comedy.

Whatever may be the date of the original sketch, there can be no doubt, we think, that the play, as we have received it from the folio of 1623, was enlarged and revived after the production of Henry IV. Some would assign this revival to the time of James I. The passages which indicate this, according to Malone and Chambers, are those in which Falstaff says, "You'll complain of me to the *King*,"—the word being *Council* in the quarto; "these *Knights* will hack" (See Act II. Sc. I.); Mrs. Quickly's allusion to *Coaches* (See Illustration); the poetical description of the insignia of the Garter; and the mention of the "*Cotsall*" games. But as not one of these passages is found in the original quarto, the question of the date of the sketch remains untouched by them. The *exact* date is of very little importance, because we do not know the *exact* dates of the two parts of Henry IV. But, before we leave this branch of the subject, we may briefly notice a matter which is in itself curious, and hitherto unnoticed.

In the original sketch we have the following passage:—

"*Doctor.* Where be my host de gartir?
Host. O, here sir, in perplexity.
Doctor. I cannot tell vat be dad,
 But be-gar I will tell you von ting.
 Dere be a *Germane* duke come to de court
 Has cosened all the hosts of Brainford
 And Redding."

In the folio the passage stands thus:—

"*Caius.* Vere is mine *Host de Jarterre*?
Host. Here, master doctor, in perplexity and doubtful dilemma.
Caius. I cannot tell vat is dat: but it is tell a me, dat you make grand preparation for a duke *de Jarmany*; by my trot, dere is no duke dat de court is know to come."

In the original sketch we have the story of the "cozenage" of my Host of the Garter by some Germans, who pretended to be of the retinue of a German Duke. Now, if we knew that a real German Duke had visited Windsor (a rare occurrence in the days of Elizabeth), we should have the date of the comedy pretty exactly fixed. The circumstance would be one of those local and temporary allusions which Shakspeare seized upon to arrest the attention of his audience. In 1592, a German Duke did visit Windsor. We had access, through the kindness of Mr. T. Rodd, to a narrative printed in the old German language, of the journey to England of

the Duke of Würtemberg, in 1592, which narrative, drawn up by his Secretary, contains a daily journal of his proceedings. He was accompanied by a considerable retinue, and travelled under the name of "the Count Mombeliard."

The title of this work may be translated as follows:—

"A short and true description of the bathing journey* which his Serene Highness the Right Honourable Prince and Lord Frederick, Duke of Würtemberg, and Teck, Count of Mumpelgart, Lord (Baron) of Heidenheim, Knight of the two ancient royal orders of St. Michael, in France, and of the Garter, in England, &c., &c., lately performed, in the year 1592, from Mumpelgart, into the celebrated kingdom of England, afterwards returning through the Netherlands, until his arrival again at Mumpelgart. Noted down from day to day in the briefest manner, by your Princely Grace's gracious command, by your fellow-traveller and Private Secretary. Printed at Tübingen, by Erhardo Cellio, in 1602."

This curious volume contains a sort of passport from Lord Howard, addressed to all Justices of Peace, Mayors, and Bailiffs, which we give without correction of the orthography:—

"Theras this nobleman, Counte Mombeliard, is to passe ouer Contrye in England, in to the lowe Countreyes, Thise schal be to wil and command you in heer Majte. name for such, and is heer pleasure to see him fournessed with post horses in his trauail to the sea side, and there to soecke up such schippinge as schalbe fit for his transportations, *he pay nothing for the same*, for wich tis schalbe your sufficient warrante soo see that your faile noth thereof at your perilles. From Bifleete, the 2 uf September, 1592. Your friend, C. HOWARD."

The "German duke" visited Windsor; was shewn "the splendidly beautiful and royal castle;" hunted in the "parks full of fallow-deer and other game;" heard the music of an organ, and of other instruments, with the voices of little boys, as well as a sermon an hour long, in a church covered with lead; and, after staying two days, departed for Hampton Court.† His grace and his suite must have caused a sensation at Windsor. Probably mine Host of the Garter had really made "grand preparation for a Duke de Jarmany;"—at any rate he would believe Bardolph's story,—"*the Germans desire to have three of your horses.*" Was there any dispute about the ultimate payment for the Duke's horses, for which *he* was "*to pay nothing?*" Was my host out of his reckoning when he said, "*They shall have my horses, but I'll make them pay?*" We have little doubt that the passages which relate to the German Duke (all of which, with slight alteration, are in the original sketch) have reference to the Duke of Würtemberg's visit to Windsor in 1592,—a matter to be forgotten in 1601, when Malone says the sketch was written; and somewhat stale in 1596, which Chalmers assigns as its date.

We now proceed to the more interesting point—was The Merry Wives of Windsor produced, either *after* the First Part of Henry IV., *after* the Second Part, *after* Henry V., or *before* all of these historical plays? Let us first state the difficulties which inseparably belong to the *circumstances* under which the similar characters of the historical plays and the comedy are found, if the comedy is to be received as a *continuation* of the historical plays.

The Falstaff of the two parts of Henry IV., who dies in Henry V., but who, according to Malone, comes alive again in The Merry Wives, is found at Windsor, living lavishly at the Garter Inn, sitting "at ten pounds a week,"—with Bardolph and Nym and Pistol and the Page, his "followers." At what point of his previous life is Falstaff in this flourishing condition? At Windsor he is represented as having committed an outrage upon one Justice Shallow. Could this outrage have been perpetrated after the borrowing of the "thousand pound," which was unpaid at the time of Henry V.'s coronation; or did it take place before Falstaff and Shallow renewed their youthful acquaintance under the auspices of Justice Silence? Johnson says "this play should be read between King Henry IV. and King

* The author, in an address to the reader, explains that this title, though it may appear strange, as only one bathing-place is visited, has been adopted, because as in the "usual bathing-journeys it is common to assemble together, as well all sorts of strange persons out of foreign places and nations, as known friends and

sick people, even so in the description of this bathing-journey will be found all sorts of curious things, and strange (marvellous) histories."

† We have given the description of the Parks in the Local Illustration of Act II.

Henry V.," that is, after Falstaff's renewed intercourse with Shallow, the borrowing of the thousand pounds, and the failure of his schemes at the coronation. Another writer says "it ought rather to be read between the First and the Second Part of King Henry IV.,"—that is, before Falstaff had met Shallow at his seat in Gloucestershire, at which meeting Shallow recollects nothing that had taken place at Windsor, and had clean forgotten the outrages of Falstaff upon his keeper, his dogs, and his deer. But Falstaff had been surrounded by much more important circumstances than had belonged to his acquaintance with Master Shallow. He had been the intimate of a Prince—he had held high charge in the royal army. We learn indeed that he is a "soldier" when he addresses Mrs. Ford; but he entirely abstains from any of those allusions to his royal friend which might have been supposed to be acceptable to a Merry Wife of Windsor. In the folio copy of the amended play, we have, positively, not one allusion to his connection with the Court. In the quarto there is one solitary passage, which would apply to any Court—to that of Elizabeth, as well as to that of Henry V. "Well, if the fine wits of the Court hear this, they'll so whip me with their keen jests that they'll melt me out like tallow." In the same quarto, when Falstaff hears the noise of hunters at Herne's Oak, he exclaims, "I'll lay my life the mad Prince of Wales is stealing his father's deer." This points apparently at the Prince of Henry IV.; but we think it had reference to the Prince of the "Famous Victories,"—a character with whom Shakspeare's audience was familiar. The passage is left out in the amended play; but we find another passage which certainly is meant for a link, however slight, between The Merry Wives and Henry IV.: Page objects to Fenton that "he kept company with the wild Prince and with Pointz." The corresponding passage in the quarto is "the gentleman is wild—he knows too much."

What does Shallow do at Windsor—he who inquired "how a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair?"—Robert Shallow, of Gloucestershire, "a poor esquire of this county, and one of the king's justices of the peace?" It is true that we are told by Slender that he was "in the county of Gloster, justice of peace and *coram*,"—but this information is first given us in the amended edition. In the sketch, *Master Shallow* (we do not find even his name of Robert) is indeed a "cavalero justice," according to our Host of the Garter, but his commission may be in Berkshire for aught that the poet tells us to the contrary. Slender, indeed, is "as good as is any in Glostershire, under the degree of a squire," and he is Shallow's cousin;—but of Shallow "the local habitation" is undefined enough to make us believe that he might have been a son, or indeed a father (for he says, "I am fourscore"), of the real Justice Shallow. Again:—In Henry IV., Part I., we have a *Hostess* without a name,—the "good pint-pot" who is exhorted by Falstaff "love thy husband;"—in Henry IV., Part II., we have *Hostess Quickly*,—"a poor widow," according to the Chief Justice, to whom Falstaff owes himself and his money too;—in Henry V., this good *Hostess* is "the *quondam Quickly*," who has married Pistol, and who, if the received opinion be correct, died before her husband returned from the wars of Henry V. Where shall we place the *Mistress Quickly*, than whom "never a woman in Windsor knows more of Anne's mind,"—and who defies all angels "but in the way of honesty?" She has evidently had no previous passages with Sir John Falstaff;—she is "a foolish carrion only,—Dr. Caius's nurse, or his dry nurse, or his cook, or his laundry;—she has not heard Falstaff declaim, "as like one of these harlotry players as I ever see;"—she has not sat with him by a sea-coal fire, when goodwife Keech, the butcher's wife, came in and called her "gossip Quickly;"—she did not see him "fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' ends," when "there was but one way." Falstaff and Quickly are strangers. She is to him either "goodwife" or "good maid,"—and at any rate only "fair woman." Surely, we cannot place *Mistress Quickly* of The Merry Wives after Henry V., when she was dead; or after the Second Part of Henry IV., when she was a "poor widow;" or after a still earlier time, when she had a husband and children. She must stand

alone in The Merry Wives,—an undefined predecessor of the famous Quickly of the Boar's Head.

But Pistol and Bardolph—are they not the same "irregular humorists" (as they are called in the original list of characters to the Second Part of Henry IV.), acting with Falstaff under the same circumstances? We think not. The Pistol of The Merry Wives is not the "ancient" Pistol of the Second Part of Henry IV. and of Henry V., nor is Bardolph the "corporal" Bardolph of the Second Part of Henry IV., nor the "lieutenant" Bardolph of Henry V. In the title-page, indeed, of the sketch, published as we believe without authority as a substitute for the more complete play, we have "the swaggering vaine (vein) of *ancient* Pistoll and corporal *Nym*." Corporal Nym is no companion of Falstaff in the historical plays, for he first makes his appearance in the Henry V. Neither Pistol, nor Bardolph, nor Nym appears in The Merry Wives to be a soldier serving under Falstaff. They are his "cogging companions" of the first sketch; they are his "coney-catching rascals" of the amended play;—in both they are his "followers" whom he can turn away, discard, cashier; but Falstaff is not their "captain."

It certainly does appear to us that these anomalous positions in which the characters common to The Merry Wives of Windsor and the Henry IV. and Henry V. are placed, furnish a very strong presumption that the comedy was *not a continuation* of the histories. That The Merry Wives of Windsor was a continuation of Henry V. appears to us impossible. Malone does not think it very clear that The Merry Wives of Windsor "was written after King Henry V. Nym and Bardolph are both *hanged* in King Henry V., yet appear in The Merry Wives of Windsor. Falstaff is disgraced in the Second Part of King Henry IV., and *dies* in King Henry V.; but in The Merry Wives of Windsor he talks as if he were yet in favour at court." Assuredly these are very natural objections to the theory that the comedy was written after Henry V.; but Malone disposes of the difficulty by the summary process of *revival*. Did ever any the most bungling writer of imagination proceed upon such a principle as is here imputed to the most skilful of dramatists? Would any audience ever endure such a violence to their habitual modes of thought? Would the readers of the *Spectator* have tolerated the revival of Sir Roger de Coverley in the *Guardian*? Could the mother of the Mary of Avenel of the "Monastery" be found alive in the "Abbot," except through the agency of the White Lady? The conception is much too monstrous.

Every person who has written on the *character* of Falstaff admits the inferiority of the *butt* of The Merry Wives of Windsor to the *wit* of the Boar's Head. It is remarkable that in Morgann's very elaborate "Essay on the Character of Falstaff" not one of his characteristics is derived from the comedy. It has been regretted, by more than one critic, that Shakspeare should have carried on the disgrace of Falstaff in the conclusion of Henry IV., to the further humiliation of the scenes at Datchet Mead and Herne's Oak; and, what is worse, that Shakspeare should in the comedy have exaggerated the vices of Falstaff, and brought him down from his intellectual eminence. Shakspeare found somewhat similar incidents to the adventures of Falstaff with Mrs. Ford in a "Story of the Two Lovers of Pisa," published in Tarleton's "Newes out of Purgatorie," 1590. In that story an intrigue is carried on, with no innocent intentions on the part of the lady, with a young man who makes the old husband his confidant, as Falstaff makes Brook, and whose escapes in chests and up chimneys may have suggested the higher comedy of the buck-basket and the wise woman of Brentford. The story is given at length in Malone's edition of our poet. But Shakspeare desired to shew a butt and a dupe—not a successful gallant; a husband jealous without cause—not an unhappy old man plotting against his betrayers. He gave the whole affair a ludicrous turn. He made the lover old and fat and avaricious;—betrayed by his own greediness and vanity into the most humiliating scrapes, so that his complete degradation was the natural dénouement of the whole adventure, and the progress of his shame the proper source of merriment.

Could the adroit and witty Falstaff of Henry IV. have been selected by Shakspeare for such an exhibition? In truth the Falstaff of The Merry Wives, *especially as we have him in the first sketch*, is not at all adroit, and not very witty. Read the very first scene in which Falstaff appears in this comedy. To Shallow's reproaches he opposes no weapon but impudence, and that not of the sublime kind which so astounds us in the Henry IV. Read further the scene in which he discloses his views upon the Merry Wives to Pistol and Nym. Here Pistol is the wit:—

Fal. My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Pist. Two yards and more.

Fal. No quips now, Pistol."

Again, in the same scene:—

Fal. Sometimes the beam of her view gilded my foot, sometimes my portly belly.
Pist. Then did the sun on dunghill shine."

There can be no doubt, however, that when the comedy was remodelled, which certainly was done after the production of Henry IV., the character of Falstaff was much heightened. But still the poet kept him far behind the Falstaff of Henry IV. Falstaff's descriptions, first to Bardolph and then to Brook, of his buck-basket adventure, are amongst the best things in the comedy, and they are very slightly altered from the original sketch. But compare them with any of the racy passages of the Falstaff of the Boar's Head, and after the comparison we feel ourselves in the presence of a being of far lower powers of intellect than the Falstaff "unimitated, unimitable." Is this acknowledged inferiority of the Falstaff of The Merry Wives most easily reconciled with the theory that he was produced before or after the Falstaff of the Henry IV.? That Elizabeth might have suggested The Merry Wives, originally, upon some traditional tale of Windsor—that it might have been acted in the gallery which she built at Windsor, and which still bears her name—we can understand; but we cannot reconcile the belief that Shakspeare produced the Falstaff of The Merry Wives after the Falstaff of Henry IV. with our unbounded confidence in the habitual power of such a poet. To him Falstaff was a thing of reality. He had drawn a man altogether different from other men, but altogether in nature. Could *he* much lower the character of that man? Another and a feebler dramatist might have given us the Falstaff of The Merry Wives as an imitation of the Falstaff of Henry IV.; but Shakspeare *must* have abided by the *one* Falstaff that he had made after such a wondrous fashion of truth and originality.

And then Justice Shallow—never-to-be-forgotten Justice Shallow! The Shallow who will bring Falstaff "before the Council" is not the Shallow who with him "heard the chimes at midnight." The Shallow of the sketch of The Merry Wives has not even Shallow's trick of repetition. In the amended play this characteristic may be recognised; but in the sketch there is not a trace of it. For example, in the first scene of the finished play we find Shallow talking somewhat like the great Shallow, especially about the fallow greyhound; in the sketch this passage is altogether wanting. In the sketch he says to Page: "Though he be a knight he shall not think to carry it so away. Master Page, I will not be wrong'd." In the finished play we have: "He hath wrong'd me, indeed he hath, at a word he hath: believe me, Robert Shallow, esquire, saith he is wrong'd." And Bardolph too! Could it be predicated that the Bardolph of a comedy which was produced after the Henry IV. would want those "meteors and exhalations" which characterise the Bardolph who was a standing joke to Falstaff and the Prince? Would his zeal cease to "burn in his nose?" Absolutely, in the first sketch, there is not the slightest allusion to that face which ever "blushed extempore." One mention, indeed, there is in the complete play of the "red face," and one supposed allusion of "Scarlet and John." The commentators have wished to show that Bardolph in both copies is called "a tinder-box" on account of his nose; but this is not very clear. And then Pistol is not the magnificent bully of the Second Part of Henry IV. and of Henry V. He has "affectations," as Sir Hugh mentions, and

speaks "in Latin," as Slender has it;—but he is here literally "a tame cheater," but not without considerable cleverness. "Why then the world's mine oyster" is essentially higher than the obscure bombast of the real Pistol. Of Mistress Quickly we have already spoken as to the circumstances in which she is placed; and these circumstances are so essentially different that we can scarcely recognise any marked similarity of character in the original sketch.

Having, then, seen the great and insuperable difficulties which belong to the theory that The Merry Wives of Windsor was written *after* the histories, let us consider what difficulties, both of situation and character, present themselves under the other theory, that the comedy was produced *before* the histories.

First, is it irreconcilable with the tradition referring to Queen Elizabeth? It is not so, if we adopt the tradition as related by Dennis—this comedy was written by Queen Elizabeth's command, and finished in fourteen days. This statement of the matter is plain and simple; because it is disembarassed of those explanations and inferences which never belong to any popular tradition, but are superadded by ingenious persons who have a theory to establish. We can perfectly understand how The Merry Wives of Windsor, as we have it in the first sketch, might have been produced by Shakspeare in a fortnight;—and how such a slight and lively piece, containing many local allusions, and perhaps some delineations of real characters, might have furnished the greatest solace to Elizabeth some seven or eight years before the end of the sixteenth century, after mornings busily employed in talking politics with Leicester, or in translating Boetius in her own private chamber. The manners throughout, and without any disguise, are those of Elizabeth's own time. Leave out the line in the amended play of "the mad Prince and Poins,"—and the line in the sketch about "the wild Prince killing his father's deer"—and the whole play (taken apart from the histories) might with much greater propriety be acted with the costume of the age of Elizabeth. It is for this reason, most probably, that we find so little of pure poetry either in the sketch or the finished performance. As Shakspeare placed his characters in his own country, with the manners of his own days, he made them speak like ordinary human beings, shewing

"— deeds, and language, such as men do use,
And persons such as Comedy would choose,
When she would shew an image of the times,
And sport with human follies, not with crimes."*

We may believe, therefore, the tradition (without adopting the circumstances which make it difficult of belief) and accept the theory that The Merry Wives of Windsor was written before the Henry IV.

Secondly, is the theory that the comedy was produced *before* the histories irreconcilable with the *contradictory circumstances* which render the other theory so difficult of admission? Assuming that the comedy was written before the histories, it can be read without any violence to our indelible recollections of the situations of the characters in the Henry IV. and Henry V. It must be read with a conviction that if there be any connexion of the action at all, it is a very slight one—and that this action precedes the Henry IV. by some indefinite period. Then, the Falstaff who in the quiet shades of Windsor did begin to perceive he was "made an ass" had not acquired the experience of the city, for before he knew Hal he "knew nothing;"—then the fair maid Quickly, who afterwards contrived to have a husband and be a poor widow without changing her name, knew no higher sphere than the charge of Dr. Caius's laundry and kitchen;—then Pistol was not an ancient, certainly had not married the quondam Quickly, had not made the dangerous experiment of jesting with Fluellen, and occasionally talked like a reasonable being;—then Shallow had some unexplained business which took him from Gloucestershire to Windsor, travelled without his man Davy, had not lent a thousand pounds to Sir John Falstaff, and was not quite so silly and so delightful as when he had drunk "too much sack at supper" toasting "all the cavaleroes about London;"

* Ben Jonson. Prologue to "Every Man in his Humour."

—then, lastly, Bardolph was not “Master Corporate Bardolph,” and certainly Nym and he had not been hanged.

Thirdly, does the theory of the production of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* before Henry IV. and Henry V. furnish a proper solution of the remarkable inferiority in the comedy of several of the characters which are common to both? If we accept the opinion that the Falstaff, the Shallow, the Quickly, the Pistol, Bardolph, and Nym, of *The Merry Wives*, were all originally conceived by the poet before the characters with similar names in the Henry IV. and Henry V.; and that after they had been in some degree adopted in the historical plays, Shakspeare remodelled *The Merry Wives*, and heightened the resemblances of character which the resemblances of name implied,—the inferiority in several of these characters, especially in the sketch, will be accounted for, without assuming, with Johnson, that “the poet approached as near as he could to the work enjoined him; yet having perhaps in the former play completed his own idea, seems not to have been able to give Falstaff all his former powers of entertainment.” Johnson’s opinion proceeds upon the very just assumption that *continuations* are, for the most part, inferior to original conceptions. But *The Merry Wives* could not have been proposed as a continuation of the Henry IV. and the Henry V., even if it had been written after those plays. If it were written after the histories the author certainly mystified all the new circumstances as compared with those which had preceded them, for the purpose of destroying the idea of continuation. This appears to us too violent an assumption. But no other can be maintained. To attribute such interminable contradictions to negligence, is to assume that Shakspeare was not only the greatest of poets, but of blunderers.

And now we must hazard a conjecture. In the Introductory Notice to Henry IV. will be found a brief account of the evidence by which it has been attempted to shew that the Falstaff of the *First Part* of Henry IV. was originally called *Oldcastle*. If that were the case, and the balance of evidence is in favour of that opinion, the whole matter seems to us clearer. Let it be remembered that Falstaff and Bardolph are the only characters that are common to the *First Part* of Henry IV. and *The Merry Wives of Windsor*; for in the original copy of Henry IV., Part I., the person who stands amongst the modern list of characters as Quickly is invariably called *the Hostess*. If the Falstaff, then, of Henry IV. were originally Oldcastle, we have only Bardolph left in common to the two dramas. Was Bardolph originally called so in Henry IV., Part I.? When Poins proposes to the Prince to go to Gadshill he says, in the original copy, “I have a jest to execute that I cannot manage alone,—Falstaff, Harvey, Rossil, and Gadshill shall rob these men,” &c. We now read “Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill,” &c. It has been conjectured that Harvey and Rossil were the names of actors; but as *Oldcastle* remains where we now read Falstaff in one place of the original copy, might not in the same way Bardolph have been originally *Harvey or Rossil*? This point, however, is not material. If Shakspeare were compelled, by a strong expression of public opinion, to remove the name of *Oldcastle* from the *First Part* of Henry IV., the name of *Falstaff* was ready to his hand as a substitute. He had drawn a *knight, fat and unscrupulous*, as he had represented *Oldcastle*, but far his inferior in wit, humour, inexhaustible merriment, presence of mind, and intellectual activity. The transition was not inconsistent from the Falstaff of *The Merry Wives* to the Falstaff of Henry IV. The character, when Shakspeare remodelled the first sketch of the comedy, required some elevation;—but it still might stand at a long distance, without offence to an audience who knew that the inferior creation was first produced. With Falstaff Shakspeare might have transferred Bardolph to the *First Part* of Henry IV., but materially altered. The base Hungarian wight who would “the spigot wield,” had, as a tapster, made his nose a “fiery kitchen” to roast malt-worms; and he was fit to save him “a thousand marks in links and torches.” When, further, Falstaff had completely superseded Oldcastle in the *First Part* of Henry IV., Shakspeare might have adopted Pistol and

Shallow and Quickly in the Second Part,—but greatly changed;—and lastly, have introduced Nym to the Henry V. unchanged. All this being accomplished, he would naturally have remodelled the first sketch of *The Merry Wives*,—making the relations between the characters of the comedy and of the histories closer, but still of purpose keeping the situations sufficiently distinct. He thus for ever connected *The Merry Wives* with the historical plays. The Falstaff of the comedy must now belong to the age of Henry IV.; but to be understood he must, we venture to think, be regarded as the embryo Falstaff.

We request that it may be borne in mind that the entire argument which we have thus advanced is founded upon a conviction that the original sketch, as published in the quarto of 1602, is an authentic production of our poet. Had no such sketch existed, we must have reconciled the difficulties of believing *The Merry Wives of Windsor* to have been produced after Henry IV. and Henry V., as we best might have done. Then we must have acknowledged that the characters of Falstaff and Shallow and Quickly were the same in the comedy and the Henry IV., though represented under different circumstances. Then we must have believed that the contradictory situations were to be explained by the determination of Shakspeare boldly to disregard the circumstances which resulted from his compliance with the commands of Elizabeth—“to shew Falstaff in love.” But that sketch being preserved to us, it is much easier, we think, to believe that it was produced before the histories; and that the characters were subsequently heightened, and more strikingly delineated, to assimilate them to the characters of the histories. After all, we have endeavoured, whilst we have expressed our own belief, fairly to present both sides of the question. The point, we think, is of interest to the lovers of Shakspeare; for inferring that the comedy is a continuation of the history, the inferiority of the Falstaff of *The Merry Wives* to the Falstaff of Henry IV. implies a considerable abatement of the poet’s skill. On the other hand, the conviction that the sketch of the comedy preceded the history—that it was an early play, and that it was subsequently remodelled—is consistent with the belief in the progression of that extraordinary intellect which acquired greater vigour the more its powers were exercised.

COSTUME.

The costume of this comedy is, of course, the same with that of the two parts of Henry IV., and, therefore, for its general description we must refer our readers to the notice affixed to Part I. of that play. Chaucer, however, who wrote his “*Canterbury Tales*” towards the close of the previous reign, gives us a few hints for the habit of some of the principal characters in *The Merry Wives*. Dr. Caius, for instance, should be clothed, like the Doctor of Physic, “in sanguine and in perse” (*i.e.* in purple and light blue), the gown being “lined with tafata and sendal.” In “*The Testament of Cresseide*” Chaucer speaks of a Physician in “a scarlet gown,” and “furred well, as such a one ought to be;” but scarlet and purple were terms used indifferently one for the other, and the phrase “scarlet red” was generally used to designate that colour which we now call scarlet.

The Franklin or Country Gentleman—the Master Page or Master Ford of this play—is merely said to have worn an anelace or knife, and a white silk gipciere or purse hanging at his girdle.

The young Squire may furnish us with the dress of Master Fenton. He is described as wearing a short gown, with sleeves long and wide, and embroidered “as it were a mead, all full of fresh flowers white and red.” Falstaff, when dressed as Herne the Hunter, should be attired like his Yeoman, in a coat and hood of green, with a horn slung in a green baldrick.

The Wife of Bath is said to have worn, on a Sunday or holyday, kerchiefs on her head of the finest manufacture, but in such a quantity as to weigh nearly a pound. When abroad, she wore “a hat as broad as is a buckler or a targe.” Her stockings were of fine scarlet red, and her shoes “full moist and new.” The high-crowned hats and point-lace aprons, in which the *Merry Wives of Windsor* have been usually depicted, are of the seventeenth, instead of the fifteenth century.

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Sir JOHN FALSTAFF.
FENTON.
SHALLOW, *a country justice*.
SLENDER, *cousin to Shallow*.
Mr. FORD, } *two gentlemen dwelling at Windsor*.
Mr. PAGE, }
WILLIAM PAGE, *a boy, son to Mr. Page*.
Sir HUGH EVANS, *a Welch parson*.
Dr. CAIUS, *a French physician*.
Host of the Garter Inn.

BARDOLPH, } *followers of Falstaff*.
PISTOL, }
NYM, }
ROBIN, *page to Falstaff*.
SIMPLE, *servant to Slender*.
RUGBY, *servant to Dr. Caius*.
Mrs. FORD.
Mrs. PAGE.
Mrs. ANNE PAGE, *her daughter*.
Mrs. QUICKLY, *servant to Dr. Caius*.
Servants to Page, Ford, &c.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Windsor. *Garden Front of Page's House.*

Enter Justice SHALLOW, SLENDER, and Sir HUGH EVANS.

Shal. Sir Hugh,^a persuade me not; I will make a Star-chamber¹ matter of it: if he were twenty sir John Falstaffs, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, esquire.

Slen. In the county of Gloster, justice of peace, and *coram*.

Shal. Ay, cousin Slender, and *Cust-alorum*.²

Slen. Ay, and *ratolorum* too; and a gentleman born, master parson; who writes himself *armigero*; in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation, *armigero*.³

Shal. Ay, that I do; and have done⁴ any time these three hundred years.

Slen. All his successors, gone before him, have don't; and all his ancestors, that come after him, may: they may give the dozen white lues in their coat.

Shal. It is an old coat.

Eva. The dozen white louses do become an old coat well; it agrees well, passant: it is a familiar beast to man, and signifies love.

Shal. The luce is the fresh fish; the salt fish is an old coat.^b

Slen. I may quarter, coz?

Shal. You may, by marrying.

Eva. It is marring, indeed, if he quarter it.

Shal. Not a whit.

Eva. Yes, py'r-lady; if he has a quarter of your coat there is but three skirts for yourself, in my simple conjectures: but that is all one: If sir John Falstaff have committed disparagements unto you, I am of the church, and will be glad to do my benevolence, to make atonements and compromises between you.

Shal. The Council shall hear it; it is a riot.

Eva. It is not meet the Council hear a riot; there is no fear of Got in a riot: the Council, look you, shall desire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a riot; take your vizaments⁵ in that.

Shal. Ha! o' my life, if I were young again the sword should end it.

Eva. It is petter that friends is the sword, and end it: and there is also another device in my prain, which, peradventure, prings goot discretions with it: There is Anne

Page, which is daughter to master George Page, which is pretty virginity.

Slen. Mistress Anne Page? She has brown hair, and speaks small like a woman.

Eva. It is that fery person for all the 'orld, as just as you will desire; and seven hundred pounds of monies, and gold, and silver, is her grandsire upon his death's-bed, (Got deliver to a joyful resurrections!) give, when she is able to overtake seventeen years old: it were a goot motion if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and desire a marriage between master Abraham and mistress Anne Page.

Shal. Did her grandsire leave her seven hundred pound?

Eva. Ay, and her father is make her a petter penny.

Shal. I know the young gentlewoman; she has good gifts.

Eva. Seven hundred pounds, and possibilities, is goot gifts.

Shal. Well, let us see honest master Page: Is Falstaff there?

Eva. Shall I tell you a lie? I do despise a liar as I do despise one that is false; or as I despise one that is not true. The knight, sir John, is there; and, I beseech you, be ruled by your well-willers. I will peat the door [*knocks*] for master Page. What, hoa! Got pless your house here!

Enter PAGE.

Page. Who's there?

Eva. Here is Got's plessing, and your friend, and justice Shallow: and here young master Slender; that, peradventures, shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

Page. I am glad to see your worships well: I thank you for my venison, master Shallow.

Shal. Master Page, I am glad to see you; Much good do it your good heart! I wished your venison better; it was ill killed:—How doth good mistress Page?—and I thank⁶ you always with my heart, la; with my heart.

Page. Sir, I thank you.

Shal. Sir, I thank you; by yea and no, I do.

Page. I am glad to see you, good master Slender.

Slen. How does your fallow greyhound, sir? I heard say he was out-run on Cotsall.⁶

Page. It could not be judg'd, sir.

Slen. You'll not confess, you'll not confess.

So in Ben Jonson ("Magnetic Lady," Act III. Sc. IV.):—

"There is a Court above, of the Star-chamber,
To punish routs and riots."

Cust-alorum is meant for an abridgment of *Custos Rotulorum*. Slender, not understanding the abbreviation, adds, "and *ratolorum* too."

³ The Justice signed his attestations, "jurat 'coram me, Roberto Shallow, armigero."

⁴ *Have done*—we have done—"his successors, gone before him," as Slender explains it.

⁵ *Vizaments*—advisements.

⁶ *I thank you*. So the folio. The early quartos, "I love you."

Shal. That he will not;—'tis your fault, 'tis your fault :
—'Tis a good dog.

Page. A cur, sir.

Shal. Sir, he's a good dog, and a fair dog; Can there be more said? he is good, and fair. Is sir John Falstaff here?

Page. Sir, he is within; and I would I could do a good office between you.

Eva. It is spoke as a Christians ought to speak.

Shal. He hath wrong'd me, master Page.

Page. Sir, he doth in some sort confess it.

Shal. If it be confess'd it is not redress'd; is not that so, master Page? He hath wrong'd me; indeed he hath;—at a word he hath;—believe me; Robert Shallow, esquire, saith he is wrong'd.

Page. Here comes sir John.

Enter Sir JOHN FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, NYM, and PISTOL.

Fal. Now, master Shallow; you'll complain of me to the king?

Shal. Knight, you have beaten my men, killed my deer, and broke open my lodge.

Fal. But not kiss'd your keeper's daughter.

Shal. Tut, a pin! this shall be answer'd.

Fal. I will answer it straight;—I have done all this :—That is now answer'd.

Shal. The Council shall know this.

Fal. 'Twere better for you if it were known in counsel;¹ you'll be laughed at.

Eva. *Pauca verba*, sir John, goot worts.

Fal. Good worts! good cabbage.²—Slender, I broke your head; What matter have you against me?

Slen. Marry, sir, I have matter in my head against you; and against your coney-catching³ rascals, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol. [They carried me to the tavern and made me drunk, and afterwards picked my pocket.⁴]

Bar. You Banbury cheese!⁵

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Pist. How now, Mephostophilus?⁶

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I say! *pauca, pauca*; slice! that's my humour.

Slen. Where's Simple, my man?—can you tell, cousin?

Eva. Peace: I pray you! Now let us understand: There is three umpires in this matter, as I understand: that is—master Page, *fidelicet*, master Page; and there is myself, *fidelicet*, myself; and the three party is, lastly and finally, mine host of the Garter.

Page. We three, to hear it and end it between them.

Eva. Fery goot: I will make a prief of it in my note-book; and we will afterwards 'ork upon the cause, with as great discreetly as we can.

Fal. Pistol,—

Pist. He hears with ears.

Eva. The tevil and his tam! what phrase is this, *He hears with ear*? Why, it is affectations.

Fal. Pistol, did you pick master Slender's purse?

Slen. Ay, by these gloves, did he, (or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again else,) of seven groats in mill-sixpences,⁴ and two Edward shovel-boards, that cost me two shilling and two pence a-piece of Yead Miller, by these gloves.

¹ *Counsel*. Steevens adopts the spelling of the first quarto—*Council* and *counsell*. The folio, in both cases, has *councell*. In the distinction which Steevens has suggested, Falstaff makes a small jest—quibbling between the *Council* of the Star-chamber and *counsel* in the sense of a man's private advisers. Probably Steevens is right.

² *Worts* was the generic name of cabbages;—we have still *cole-wort*.

³ *Coney-catcher* was synonymous with *sharp*.

⁴ The passage between brackets is not in the folio.

⁵ In "Jack Drum's Entertainment" (1601) we have, "You are like a Banbury cheese—nothing but *paring*."

⁶ *Mephostophilus* is an evil spirit in the old story of "Sir John Faustus;" but a very inferior demon to the extraordinary creation of Goethe.

Fal. Is this true, Pistol?

Eva. No; it is false, if it is a pick-purse.

Pist. Ha, thou mountain-foreigner!—Sir John and master mine,

I combat challenge of this latten bilbo:⁷

Word of denial in thy labras⁸ here;

Word of denial: froth and scum, thou liest!

Slen. By these gloves, then 'twas he.

Nym. Be advis'd, sir, and pass good humours; I will say, *marry trap*, with you, if you run the nuthook's humour⁹ on me: that is the very note of it.

Slen. By this hat, then, he in the red face had it: for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an ass.

Fal. What say you, Scarlet and John

Bard. Why, sir, for my part, I say, the gentleman had drunk himself out of his five sentences.

Eva. It is his five senses: fie, what the ignorance is!

Bard. And being fap,¹⁰ sir, was, as they say, cashier'd: and so conclusions passed the careers.¹¹

Slen. Ay, you spake in Latin then too; but 'tis no matter: I'll ne'er be drunk whilst I live again, but in honest, civil, godly company, for this trick: if I be drunk, I'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves.

Eva. So Got 'udge me, that is a virtuous mind.

Fal. You hear all these matters denied, gentlemen; you hear it.

Enter Mistress ANNE PAGE with wine; Mistress FORD and Mistress PAGE following.

Page. Nay, daughter, carry the wine in; we'll drink within. [Exit ANNE PAGE.]

Slen. O heaven! this is mistress Anne Page.

Page. How now, mistress Ford?

Fal. Mistress Ford, by my troth, you are very well met: by your leave, good mistress. [Kissing her.]

Page. Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome: Come, we have a hot venison pasty to dinner; come, gentlemen, I hope we shall drink down all unkindness.

[Exit all but SHALLOW, SLENDER, and EVANS.]

Slen. I had rather than forty shillings, I had my book of Songs and Sonnets⁶ here:—

Enter SIMPLE.

How now, Simple! Where have you been? I must wait on myself, must I? You have not the Book of Riddles about you, have you?

Sim. Book of Riddles? why, did you not lend it to Alice Shortcake upon Allhallowmas last, a fortnight afore Michaelmas?¹²

Shal. Come, coz; come, coz; we stay for you. A word with you, coz: marry, this, coz; There is, as 'twere, a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off by sir Hugh here: Do you understand me?

Slen. Ay, sir, you shall find me reasonable; if it be so, I shall do that that is reason.

Shal. Nay, but understand me.

Slen. So I do, sir.

Eva. Give ear to his motions, master Slender: I will description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Bilbo is a sword; a *latten bilbo*—a sword made of a thin latten plate—expresses Pistol's opinion of Slender's weakness.

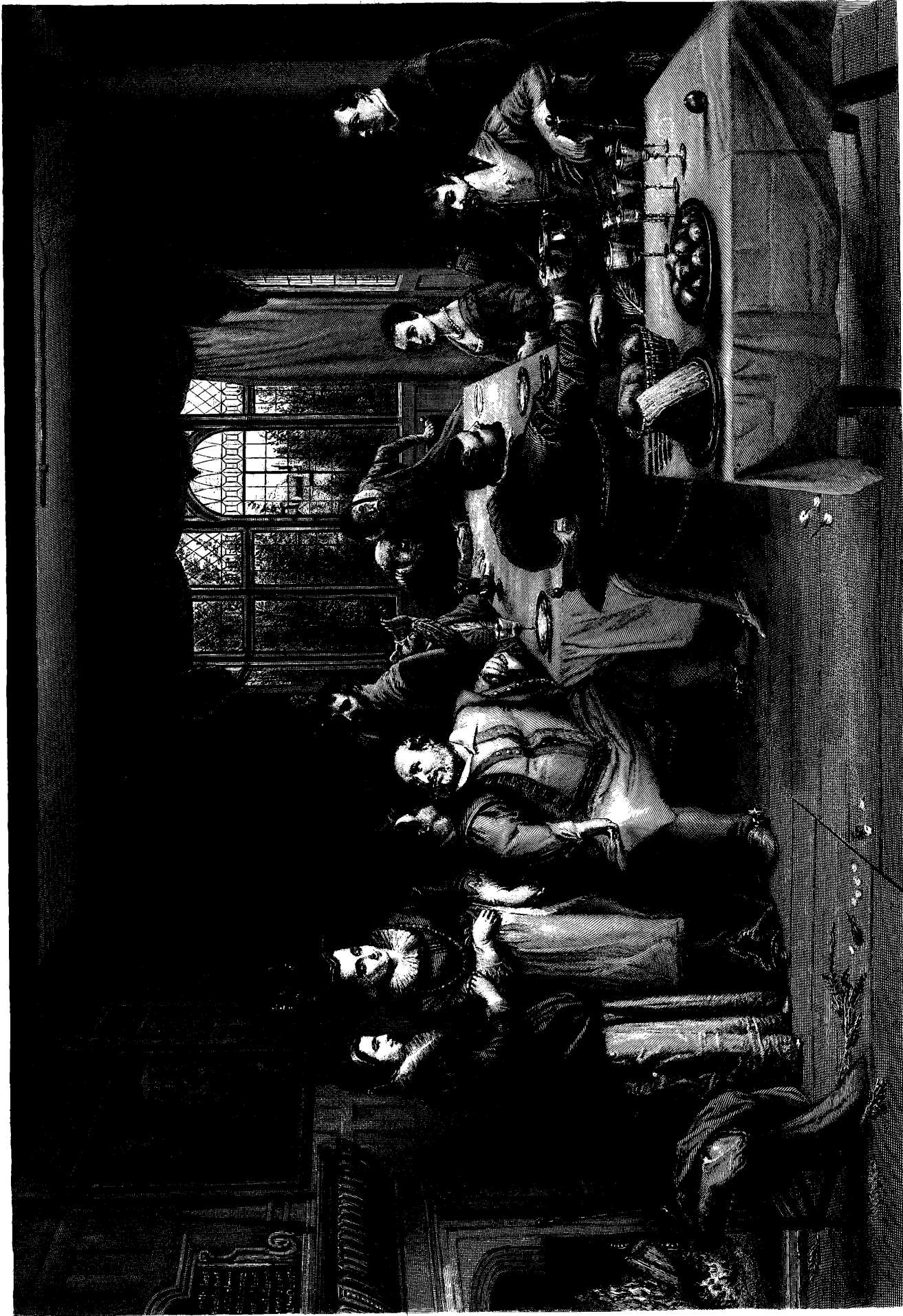
⁸ *Labras*—lips;—"word of denial in thy labras," is equivalent to "the lie in thy teeth."

⁹ The *nuthook* was used by the thief to hook portable commodities out of a window,—and thus Nym, in his queer fashion, means, "if you say I'm a thief."

¹⁰ *Fap*—a cant word for *drunk*.

¹¹ *Careers*. In the *manège* to run a career was to gallop a horse violently backwards and forwards.

¹² Theobald proposed *Martlemas*.



C. R. LESLIE. A. PINX.

GREATBACH. SCULPT.

FALSTAFF AND HIS FRIENDS.

(THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.)

LONDON: VIRTUE &



Slen. Nay, I will do as my cousin Shallow says: I pray you, pardon me; he's a justice of peace in his country, simple though I stand here.

Eva. But that is not the question; the question is concerning your marriage.

Shal. Ay, there's the point, sir.

Eva. Marry, is it; the very point of it; to mistress Anne Page.

Slen. Why, if it be so I will marry her upon any reasonable demands.

Eva. But can you affection the 'oman? Let us command to know that of your mouth or of your lips; for divers philosophers hold that the lips is parcel of the mouth:—Therefore, precisely, can you carry your good will to the maid?

Shal. Cousin Abraham Slender, can you love her?

Slen. I hope, sir,—I will do as it shall become one that would do reason.

Eva. Nay, Got's lords and his ladies, you must speak possitable, if you can carry her your desires towards her.

Shal. That you must: Will you, upon good dowry, marry her?

Slen. I will do a greater thing than that, upon your request, cousin, in any reason.

Shal. Nay, conceive me, conceive me, sweet coz; what I do is to pleasure you, coz: Can you love the maid?

Slen. I will marry her, sir, at your request; but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are married and have more occasion to know one another: I hope, upon familiarity will grow more contempt;¹ but if you say, *marry her*, I will marry her, that I am freely dissolved, and dissolutely.

Eva. It is a fery discretion answer; save, the faul' is in the 'ort dissolutely: the 'ort is, according to our meaning, resolutely;—his meaning is good.

Shal. Ay, I think my cousin meant well.

Slen. Ay, or else I would I might be hanged, la.

Re-enter ANNE PAGE.

Shal. Here comes fair mistress Anne:—Would I were young for your sake, mistress Anne!

Annc. The dinner is on the table; my father desires your worship's company.

Shal. I will wait on him, fair mistress Anne.

Eva. Od's plessed will! I will not be absence at the grace.

[*Exeunt SHALLOW and Sir H. EVANS.*]

Annc. Will't please your worship to come in, sir?

Slen. No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily; I am very well.

Annc. The dinner attends you, sir.

Slen. I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forsooth. Go, sirrah, for 'all you are my man, go, wait upon my cousin Shallow: [*Exit SIMPLE.*] A justice of peace sometime may be beholden to his friend for a man:—I keep but three men and a boy yet, till my mother be dead: But what though? yet I live like a poor gentleman born.

Annc. I may not go in without your worship; they will not sit till you come.

Slen. I' faith, I'll eat nothing; I thank you as much as though I did.

Annc. I pray you, sir, walk in.

Slen. I had rather walk here, I thank you; I bruised my shin the other day with playing at sword and dagger with a master of fence,² three veney's for a dish of stewed prunes; and, by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot

meat since. Why do your dogs bark so? be there bears i' the town?

Annc. I think there are, sir; I heard them talked of.

Slen. I love the sport well; but I shall as soon quarrel at it, as any man in England:—You are afraid if you see the bear loose, are you not?

Annc. Ay, indeed, sir.

Slen. That's meat and drink to me now: I have seen Sackerson³ loose twenty times; and have taken him by the chain: but, I warrant you, the women have so cried and shriek'd at it, that it pass'd:²—but women, indeed, cannot abide 'em; they are very ill favoured rough things.

Re-enter PAGE.

Page. Come, gentle master Slender, come; we stay for you.

Slen. I'll eat nothing, I thank you, sir.

Page. By cock and pye, you shall not choose, sir: come, come.

Slen. Nay, pray you, lead the way.

Page. Come on, sir.

Slen. Mistress Anne, yourself shall go first.

Annc. Not I, sir; pray you, keep on.

Slen. Truly, I will not go first; truly, la: I will not do you that wrong.

Annc. I pray you, sir.

Slen. I'll rather be unmannerly than troublesome; you do yourself wrong, indeed, la. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same.*

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS and SIMPLE.

Eva. Go your ways, and ask of³ Doctor Caius' house,—wnich is the way: and there dwells one mistress Quickly, which is in the manner of his nurse, or his dry nurse, or his cook, or his laundry,⁴ his washer, and his wringer.

Sim. Well, sir.

Eva. Nay, it is petter yet:—give her this letter; for it is a 'oman that altogether's acquaintance with mistress Anne Page: and the letter is, to desire and require her to solicit your master's desires to mistress Anne Page: I pray you, begone; I will make an end of my dinner; there's pippins and cheese to come. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A Room in the Garter Inn.*

Enter FALSTAFF, HOST, BARDOLPH, NYM, PISTOL, and ROBIN.

Fal. Mine host of the Garter.—

Host. What says my bully-rook?⁵ Speak scholarly and wisely.

Fal. Truly, mine host, I must turn away some of my followers.

Host. Discard, bully Hercules; cashier: let them wag; trot, trot.

Fal. I sit at ten pounds a week.

Host. Thou'rt an emperor, Cæsar, Keisar, and Pheezar. I will entertain Bardolph; he shall draw, he shall tap: said I well, bully Hector?

Fal. Do so, good mine host.

Host. I have spoke; let him follow: Let me see thee froth and lime:⁶ I am at a word: follow. [*Exit HOST.*]

have applied such offensive terms to Falstaff, who sat "at ten pounds a week." Rowe has *bully-rock*, which Mr. White adopts, showing, by quotations from Sedley and others, that a *bully-rock* was a brave dashing fellow.

⁶ *Froth, and lime*, in the folio. The reading of the quarto is "*froth and lime*," which is interpreted to *froth* the beer and *lime* the sack. Steevens says the beer was frothed by putting soap in the tankard, and the sack made sparkling by lime in the glass. He does not give us his authority for these retail mysteries of the drawer's craft. Mr. Staunton prints, "let me see thee froth and lime:" assuming *froth and lime* to be an old cant term for a tapster.

¹ *Contempt*. The folio reads *content*—the word which Slender meant to use. But the poor soul was thinking of his copy-book adage,—“Too much familiarity breeds contempt.”

² *It pass'd*—it *surpass'd*; or, it *pass'd* expression—a common mode of referring to something extraordinary. Thus in Act IV. Sc. II., “this passes.”

³ *Of Doctor Caius' house*—ask for Dr. Caius' house—ask which is the way.

⁴ *Laundry*. Sir Hugh means to say *launder*, or *laundress*.

⁵ Douce says that *bully-rook* is not derived from the *rook* of chess;—but that it means a hectoring, cheating sharper. We scarcely think that the Host would

Fal. Bardolph, follow him: a tapster is a good trade: an old cloak makes a new jerkin; a withered servingman a fresh tapster: Go; adieu.

Bard. It is a life that I have desired; I will thrive.

[Exit BARD.]

Pist. O base Hungarian¹ wight! wilt thou the spigot wield?

Nym. He was gotten in drink: Is not the humour conceited? [His mind is not heroic, and there's the humour of it.²]

Fal. I am glad I am so acquit of this tinder-box; his thefts were too open; his filching was like an unskilful singer,—he kept not time.

Nym. The good humour is to steal at a minute's rest.³

Pist. Convey, the wise it call: Steal! foh; a fico for the phrase.

Fal. Well, sirs, I am almost out at heels.

Pist. Why then let kibes ensue.

Fal. There is no remedy; I must coney-catch; I must shift.

Pist. Young ravens must have food.

Fal. Which of you know Ford of this town?

Pist. I ken the wight; he is of substance good.

Fal. My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Pist. Two yards and more.

Fal. No quips now, Pistol: Indeed I am in the waist two yards about; but I am now about no waste; I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's wife; I spy entertainment in her; she discourses, she carves,⁴ she gives the leer of invitation: I can construe the action of her familiar style; and the hardest voice of her behaviour, to be English'd rightly, is, I am sir John Falstaff's.

Pist. He hath studied her will, and translated her will,⁵ out of honesty into English.

Nym. The anchor is deep: Will that humour pass?

Fal. Now, the report goes she has all the rule of her husband's purse; he hath a legion of angels.⁶

Pist. As many devils entertain; and, "To her boy," say I.

Nym. The humour rises; it is good: humour me the angels.

Fal. I have writ me here a letter to her: and here another to Page's wife; who even now gave me good eyes too; examin'd my parts with most judicious eyliads; sometimes the beam of her view gilded my foot, sometimes my portly belly.

Pist. Then did the sun on dunghill shine.

Nym. I thank thee for that humour.

Fal. O, she did so course o'er my exteriors with such a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye did seem to scorch me up like a burning glass! Here's another letter to her: she bears the purse too; she is a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty. I will be cheater to them both, and they shall be exchequers to me; they shall be my East and

West Indies, and I will trade to them both. Go, bear thou this letter to mistress Page; and thou this to mistress Ford: we will thrive, lads, we will thrive.

Pist. Shall I sir Pandarus of Troy become, And by my side wear steel? then, Lucifer take all!

Nym. I will run no base humour: here, take the humour letter; I will keep the 'haviour of reputation.

Fal. Hold, sirrah, [to ROB.] bear you these letters tightly;⁷

Sail like my pinnace⁸ to these golden shores.—

Rogues, hence, avaunt! vanish like hail-stones, go;

Trudge, plod away i' the hoof; seek shelter, pack!

Falstaff will learn the humour of the age,⁹

French thrift, you rogues; myself, and skirted page.

[Exit FALSTAFF and ROBIN.]

Pist. Let vultures gripe thy guts! for gourd and fullam holds,

And high and low beguile the rich and poor;¹⁰

Tester I'll have in pouch, when thou shalt lack,

Base Phrygian Turk!

Nym. I have operations,¹¹ which be humours of revenge.

Pist. Wilt thou revenge?

Nym. By welkin, and her stars!

Pist. With wit, or steel?

Nym. With both the humours, I:

I will discuss the humour of this love to Ford.¹²

Pist. And I to Page shall eke unfold,

How Falstaff, varlet vile,

His dove will prove, his gold will hold,

And his soft couch defile.

Nym. My humour shall not cool: I will incense Ford to deal with poison; I will possess him with yellowness, for the revolt of mien¹³ is dangerous: that is my true humour.

Pist. Thou art the Mars of malcontents: I second thee troop on.

[Exit.]

SCENE IV.—A Room in Dr. Caius's House.

Enter Mrs. QUICKLY, SIMPLE, and RUGBY.

Quick. What: John Rugby!—I pray thee go to the case-ment, and see if you can see my master, master Doctor Caius, coming: if he do, i' faith, and find anybody in the house, here will be an old abusing of God's patience and the king's English.

Rug. I'll go watch.

[Exit RUGBY.]

Quick. Go; and we'll have a posset for't soon at night, in faith, at the latter end of a sea-coal fire. An honest, willing, kind fellow, as ever servant shall come in house withal; and, I warrant you, no tell-tale, nor no breed-bate:¹⁴ his worst fault is that he is given to prayer; he is something peevish that way; but nobody but has his fault;—but let that pass. Peter Simple you say your name is?

Sim. Ay, for fault of a better.

¹ *Hungarian.* So the folio. The quarto, which has supplied the ordinary reading, gives us *Gongarian*. The editors have retained "*Gongarian*" because they find a similar epithet in one of the old bombast plays. *Hungarian* means a gipsy, and is equivalent to the *Bohemian* of "Quentin Durward." In this play the Host calls Simple a "*Bohemian Tartar*." Bishop Hall in his "*Satires*" has a punning couplet—

"So sharp and meagre that who should them see
Would swear they lately came from Hungary"—

and therefore Malone says that "a Hungarian signified a hungry, starved fellow."

² The passage in brackets was inserted by Theobald from the quarto.

³ See Recent New Readings, p. 82.

⁴ "She discourses, she *carves*," so the folio; "she *craves*," in the quarto. Falstaff does not use the word in the sense of helping guests at table. In Love's Labour's Lost, Act V. Sc. II., Biron says of Boyet, "He can carve too, and lisp," evidently in reference to his courtier-like accomplishments. Mr. Hunter and Mr. Dyce have given several instances of *carve* being used in the sense of "some form of action which indicated the desire that the person whom it addressed should be attentive and propitious;" and we agree with the definition of Mr. Hunter.

⁵ The ordinary reading is "he hath studied her *well*, and translated her *well*." The folio gives *will* in the two instances. Mr. Dyce says *will* is an evident misprint, and that the quarto has *well*. Mr. White prints "studied her *well*, and translated her *will*." The Cambridge editors suggest "studied her *well*, and translated her *ill*."

⁶ So the folio. The quarto reads "she hath legions of angels." But Mrs. Ford has only the *rule* of the purse—not the possession of it.

⁷ *Tightly*—briskly, cleverly.

⁸ *Pinnace*—a small vessel attached to, or in company with, a larger.

⁹ The folio has *honour*; the quarto, *humour*.

¹⁰ *Gourd, fullam, high and low*, were cant terms for *false dice*. Pistol will have his tester in pouch by cheating at play.

¹¹ The quarto reads, "I have operations *in my head*."

¹² The editors have altered "Ford" to "Page," and "Page" to "Ford," because "the very reverse of this happens." Steevens says, "Shakspeare is frequently guilty of these little forgetfulnesses." And yet the quarto gives us the reading which the editors adopt. But had Shakspeare, who was not quite so forgetful as they represent, no reason for making the change? Nym suggests the scheme of betraying Falstaff, and it was natural that Ford being first mentioned by Sir John, and Ford's wife being most the subject of conversation, Nym should first propose to "discuss the humour of this love" to Ford. How the worthies arranged their plans afterwards has little to do with the matter: and it is to be observed that they are together when the disclosure takes place to both husbands.

¹³ *Mien.* This is *mine* in the folio; but *mien* was thus spelt. By "the revolt of mien" Nym may intend the change of complexion—the yellowness of jealousy. Or he may intend by "the revolt of *mine*," *my* revolt. The matter is not worth discussing.

¹⁴ *Bate* is *strife*. It is "debate."

Quick. And master Slender's your master?

Sim. Ay, forsooth.

Quick. Does he not wear a great round beard, like a glover's paring knife?

Sim. No, forsooth: he hath but a little wee face, with a little yellow beard; a cane-coloured beard.¹

Quick. A softly-sprighted man, is he not?

Sim. Ay, forsooth: but he is as tall a man of his hands as any is between this and his head; he hath fought with a warrener.

Quick. How say you?—O, I should remember him: Does he not hold up his head, as it were? and strut in his gait?

Sim. Yes, indeed, does he.

Quick. Well, heaven send Anne Page no worse fortune! Tell master parson Evans I will do what I can for your master: Anne is a good girl, and I wish—

Re-enter RUGBY.

Rug. Out, alas! here comes my master.

Quick. We shall all be shent:² Run in here, good young man; go into this closet. [*Shuts SIMPLE in the closet.*] He will not stay long.—What, John Rugby! John, what John, I say! Go, John, go inquire for thy master; I doubt he be not well, that he comes not home:—*and down, down, adown-a, &c.* [*Sings.*]

Enter Doctor CAIUS.

Caius. Vat is you sing? I do not like dese toys; Pray you, go and vetch me in my closet *un boitier verd*; a box, a green-a box; Do intend vat I speak? a green-a box.

Quick. Ay, forsooth, I'll fetch it you. I am glad he went not in himself: if he had found the young man, he would have been horn-mad. [*Aside.*]

Caius. *Fe, fe, fe, fe! ma foi, il fait fort chaud. Je m'en vais à la Cour,—la grande affaire.*

Quick. Is it this, sir?

Caius. *Ouy; mette le au mon pocket; Dépêche quickly:—* Vere is dat knave Rugby?

Quick. What, John Rugby! John!

Rug. Here, sir.

Caius. You are John Rugby, and you are Jack Rugby: Come, take-a your rapier, and come after my heel to de court.

Rug. 'Tis ready, sir, here in the porch.

Caius. By my trot, I tarry too long;—Od's me! *Qu'ay j'oublié?* dere is some simples in my closet dat I will not for the varld I shall leave behind.

Quick. Ah me! he'll find the young man there, and be mad!

Caius. *O diable, diable!* vat is in my closet?—Villainy! *larron!* [*Pulling SIMPLE out.*] Rugby, my rapier.

Quick. Good master, be content.

Caius. Verefore shall I be content-a?

Quick. The young man is an honest man.

Caius. Vat shall de honest man do in my closet? dere is no honest man dat shall come in my closet.

Quick. I beseech you, be not so flegmatick; hear the truth of it: He came of an errand to me from parson Hugh.

Caius. Vell.

Sim. Ay, forsooth, to desire her to—

Quick. Peace, I pray you.

Caius. Peace-a your tongue:—Speak-a your tale.

Sim. To desire this honest gentlewoman, your maid, to

speak a good word to Mrs. Anne Page for my master, in the way of marriage.

Quick. This is all, indeed, la; but I'll ne'er put my finger in the fire, and need not.

Caius. Sir Hugh send-a you?—Rugby, *baillez* me some paper: Tarry you a little-a while. [*Writes.*]

Quick. I am glad he is so quiet: if he had been thoroughly moved you should have heard him so loud and so melancholy.—But notwithstanding, man, I'll do your master what good I can: and the very yea and the no is, the French doctor, my master,—I may call him my master, look you, for I keep his house; and I wash, wring, brew, bake, scour, dress meat and drink, make the beds, and do all myself:—

Sim. 'Tis a great charge to come under one body's hand.

Quick. Are you avis'd o' that? you shall find it a great charge: and to be up early and down late;—but notwithstanding, (to tell you in your ear; I would have no words of it;) my master himself is in love with mistress Anne Page: but notwithstanding that, I know Anne's mind,—that's neither here nor there.

Caius. You jack'nape; give-a dis letter to sir Hugh; by gar, it is a challenge: I will cut his troat in de park; and I vill teach a scurvy jack-a-nape priest to meddle or make:—you may be gone; it is not good you tarry here:—by gar, I vill cut all his two stones; by gar, he shall not have a stone to trow at his dog. [*Exit SIMPLE.*]

Quick. Alas, he speaks but for his friend.

Caius. It is no matter-a for dat:—do not you tell-a me dat I shall have Anne Page for myself?—by gar, I will kill de Jack Priest; and I have appointed mine host of *de Farterre* to measure our weapon:—by gar, I vill myself have Anne Page.

Quick. Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall be well: we must give folks leave to prate: What, the good-jer!

Caius. Rugby, come to de court vid me:—By gar, if I have not Anne Page, I shall turn your head out of my door:—Follow my heels, Rugby.

[*Excunt CAIUS and RUGBY.*]

Quick. You shall have An fools-head of your own. No, I know Anne's mind for that: never a woman in Windsor knows more of Anne's mind than I do: nor can do more than I do with her, I thank heaven.

Fent. [*Within*] Who's within there? ho!

Quick. Who's there, I trow? Come near the house, I pray you.

Enter FENTON.

Fent. How now, good woman; how dost thou?

Quick. The better that it pleases your good worship to ask.

Fent. What news? how does pretty mistress Anne?

Quick. In truth, sir, and she is pretty, and honest, and gentle; and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way; I praise heaven for it.

Fent. Shall I do any good, think'st thou? Shall I not lose my suit?

Quick. Troth, sir, all is in his hands above: but notwithstanding, master Fenton, I'll be sworn on a book, she loves you:—Have not your worship a wart above your eye?

Fent. Yes, marry, have I; what of that?

Quick. Well, thereby hangs a tale;—good faith, it is such another Nan; but, I detest, an honest maid as ever broke bread;—We had an hour's talk of that wart:—I shall never laugh but in that maid's company! But,

¹ *Quick.* He has as it were a *whay*-coloured beard.

Sim. Indeed my master's beard is *kane*-coloured."

The spelling of the folio is, however, "*Caine*-coloured."

² *Shent*—roughly handled.

¹ The ordinary reading is "a *Cain*-coloured beard." Cain and Judas, according to Theobald, were represented in the old tapestries with yellow beards. But surely the representation was not so general as to become the popular designation of a colour; whereas the colour of *cane* is intelligible to all. The quarto confirms this:—

indeed, she is given too much to allicholly and musing :
But for you—Well, go to.

Fent. Well, I shall see her to-day ; Hold, there's money
for thee ; let me have thy voice in my behalf ; if thou
seest her before me, commend me.

Quick. Will I ? i' faith, that we will ; and I will tell
your worship more of the wart, the next time we have
confidence ; and of other wooers.

Fent. Well, farewell ; I am in great haste now. [*Exit.*]

Quick. Farewell to your worship.—Truly, an honest
gentleman ; but Anne loves him not ; for I know Anne's
mind as well as another does :—Out upon't ! what have I
forgot ? [*Exit.*]

RECENT NEW READINGS.

Sc. III. p. 80.—“Steal at a *minute's* rest.”

“Steal at a *minim's* rest.”—*Singer.*

The same correction has been proposed by Mr. Langton. But to rest, to set up a
rest, was a phrase of card-playing, equivalent to standing upon the game. The
player was allowed time to make up his mind. Bardolph's thefts were too open ;
he did not deliberate. Nym would pause. We believe the original reading,
which we give, is right. If Nym only paused while he could count two, the time
of a minim, he would be as rash as Bardolph. Mr. Collier's “Corrector” agrees
with Langton and Singer.

Sc. III. p. 80.—“She is a region in Guiana, all gold and *bounty*.”

“She is a region in Guiana, all gold and *beauty*.”—*Collier.*

In favour of the correction, Mr. Collier says, “Guiana was famous for its beauty
as well as for its gold, and thus the parallel between it and Mrs. Page is more
exact.” But Falstaff nowhere speaks of Mrs. Page as a beauty. He writes to
her, “You are not young.” She herself says, “Have I 'scaped love-letters in the
holy-day time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them ?” Falstaff thinks
only of her money, and her bounty in parting with it. “She bears the purse too.”

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Before Page's House.*

Enter Mistress PAGE, with a letter.

Mrs. Page. What ! have I 'scaped love-letters in the
holy-day time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for
them ? Let me see : [*Reads.*]

“Ask me no reason why I love you ; for though love use reason for his pre-
cision, he admits him not for his counsellor :¹ You are not young, no more am I ;
go to then, there's sympathy : you are merry, so am I ; Ha ! ha ! then there's
more sympathy : you love sack, and so do I ; Would you desire better sympathy ?
Let it suffice thee, Mistress Page (at the least, if the love of a soldier can suffice),
that I love thee. I will not say, pity me, 'tis not a soldier-like phrase ; but I say,
love me. By me—

Thine own true knight,
By day or night,
Or any kind of light,
With all his might,
For thee to fight,

*John Falstaff.”*²

What a Herod of Jewry is this !—O wicked, wicked world !
—one that is well nigh worn to pieces with age, to shew
himself a young gallant ! What an unweighed behaviour
hath this Flemish drunkard^a picked (with the devil's name)
out of my conversation, that he dares in this manner assay
me ? Why, he hath not been thrice in my company !—
What should I say to him ?—I was then frugal of my mirth :
—heaven forgive me ! Why I'll exhibit a bill in the par-
liament for the putting down of men.³ How shall I be
revenged on him ? for revenged I will be, as sure as his
guts are made of puddings.

¹ Johnson would read *physician*, instead of *precision* ; not Farmer, as Mr. Collier
says. Farmer only adopted it. Johnson, in his Dictionary, published before
his Shakspeare, defines *precision* as “one who limits or restrains,” quoting this
passage as an authority. The *precision* of Shakspeare's time was the same as the
Puritan, to whom was commonly ascribed the mere show of sanctity : “I will set
my countenance like a precision.”

² The corresponding letter in the quarto furnishes a striking example of the care-
ful mode in which this play was elaborated from the first sketch :—

“Mistress Page, I love you. Ask me no reason, because they're impossible to
allege. You are fair, and I am fat. You love sack, so do I. As I am sure I have
no mind but to love, so I know you have no heart but to grant. A soldier doth
not use many words where he knows a letter may serve for a sentence. I love
you, and so I leave you.

“Yours,

Sir John Falstaff.”

Enter Mistress FORD.

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page ! trust me, I was going to
your house !

Mrs. Page. And trust me, I was coming to you. You
look very ill.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I'll ne'er believe that ; I have to shew
to the contrary.

Mrs. Page. 'Faith, but you do, in my mind.

Mrs. Ford. Well, I do, then ; yet, I say, I could shew
you to the contrary ; O, mistress Page, give me some
counsel !

Mrs. Page. What's the matter, woman ?

Mrs. Ford. O woman, if it were not for one trifling
respect, I could come to such honour !

Mrs. Page. Hang the trifle, woman ; take the honour :
What is it ?—dispense with trifles ;—what is it ?

Mrs. Ford. If I would but go to hell for an eternal
moment, or so, I could be knighted.

Mrs. Page. What ? thou liest !—Sir Alice Ford ! These
knights will hack ;⁴ and so thou shouldst not alter the
article of thy gentry.

Mrs. Ford. We burn day-light :⁵—here, read, read :—
perceive how I might be knighted.—I shall think the worse
of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of
men's liking : And yet he would not swear ; praised
women's modesty ; and gave such orderly and well-behaved
reproof to all uncomeliness,—that I would have sworn his
disposition would have gone to the truth of his words : but
they do no more adhere and keep place together than the
hundredth psalm to the tune of *Green sleeves*.^b What tem-
pest, I trow, threw this whale with so many tons of oil in
his belly, ashore at Windsor ? How shall I be revenged
on him ? I think the best way were to entertain him with
hope, till the wicked fire of lust have melted him in his
own grease.—Did you ever hear the like ?

Mrs. Page. Letter for letter ; but that the name of Page
and Ford differs !—To thy great comfort in this mystery of
ill opinions, here's the twin-brother of thy letter : but let
thine inherit first ; for, I protest, mine never shall. I
warrant he hath a thousand of these letters, writ with blank
space for different names, (sure more,) and these are of the
second edition : He will print them out of doubt ; for he
cares not what he puts into the press when he would put us
two. I had rather be a giantess, and lie under mount
Pelion. Well, I will find you twenty lascivious turtles,
ere one chaste man.

Mrs. Ford. Why, this is the very same ; the very hand,
the very words : What doth he think of us ?

Mrs. Page. Nay, I know not : It makes me almost ready
to wrangle with mine own honesty. I'll entertain myself
like one that I am not acquainted withal ; for, sure, unless
he know some strain⁶ in me, that I know not myself, he
would never have boarded me in this fury.

Mrs. Ford. Boarding, call you it ? I'll be sure to keep
him above deck.

Mrs. Page. So will I ; if he come under my hatches I'll
never to sea again. Let's be reveng'd on him : let's ap-
point him a meeting ; give him a show of comfort in his
suit ; and lead him on with a fine baited delay, till he hath
pawn'd his horses to mine host of the Garter.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I will consent to act any villainy against
him, that may not sully the chariness of our honesty. O,

³ Theobald would read *fat* men, because the quarto has “I shall trust *fat* men
the worse while I live, for his sake.” The folio has a corresponding passage to
this—“I shall think the worse of *fat* men, as long as I have an eye to make differ-
ence of men's liking ;”—and the quarto has no parallel to “a bill in parliament.”

⁴ *Will hack.* James I. would make fifty knights before breakfast ; and there-
fore “these knights will hack”—will become common ; and for this cause the
honour of being “Sir Alice Ford” would not “alter the article of thy gentry”—
would not add any lustre to thy gentry. The passage was added in the folio, and
it furnishes a proof that the play was enlarged after the accession of James.

⁵ *We burn day-light*—we waste our time like those who use “lamps by day.”
See *Romeo and Juliet*, Act I. Sc. IV.

⁶ *Strain*—turn, humour, disposition.

that my husband saw this letter! it would give eternal food to his jealousy.

Mrs. Page. Why, look, where he comes; and my good man too; he's far from jealousy as I am from giving him cause; and that, I hope, is an unmeasurable distance.

Mrs. Ford. You are the happier woman.

Mrs. Page. Let's consult together against this greasy knight: Come hither. *[They retire.]*

Enter FORD, PISTOL, PAGE, and NYM.

Ford. Well, I hope it be not so.

Pist. Hope is a curtall¹ dog in some affairs: Sir John affects thy wife.

Ford. Why, sir, my wife is not young.

Pist. He wooes both high and low, both rich and poor, Both young and old, one with another, Ford; He loves thy galley-mawfry; Ford, perpend.

Ford. Love my wife?

Pist. With liver burning hot: Prevent, or go thou, Like sir Actæon he, with Ringwood at thy heels:— O, odious is the name!

Ford. What name, sir?

Pist. The horn, I say: Farewell.

Take heed; have open eye; for thieves do foot by night: Take heed, ere summer comes, or cuckoo birds do sing.— Away, sir corporal Nym.—

Believe it, Page; he speaks sense.² *[Exit PISTOL.]*

Ford. I will be patient; I will find out this.

Nym. And this is true; *[to PAGE.]* I like not the humour of lying. He hath wronged me in some humours: I should have borne the humoured letter to her; but I have a sword, and it shall bite upon my necessity. He loves your wife; there's the short and the long. My name is corporal Nym; I speak, and I avouch. 'Tis true:—my name is Nym, and Falstaff loves your wife.—Adieu! I love not the humour of bread and cheese. Adieu. *[Exit NYM.]*

Page. The humour of it, quoth 'a! here's a fellow frights humour out of his wits.

Ford. I will seek out Falstaff.

Page. I never heard such a drawling, affecting rogue.

Ford. If I do find it, well.

Page. I will not believe such a Cataian,³ though the priest o' the town commended him for a true man.

Ford. 'Twas a good sensible fellow: Well.

Page. How now, Meg?

Mrs. Page. Whither go you, George?—Hark you.

Mrs. Ford. How now, sweet Frank? why art thou melancholy?

Ford. I melancholy! I am not melancholy.—Get you home, go.

Mrs. Ford. 'Faith, thou hast some crotchets in thy head now.—Will you go, mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. Have with you.—You'll come to dinner, George? Look, who comes yonder: she shall be our messenger to this paltry knight. *[Aside to Mrs. FORD.]*

Enter Mrs. QUICKLY.

Mrs. Ford. Trust me, I thought on her: she'll fit it.

Mrs. Page. You are come to see my daughter Anne?

Quick. Ay, forsooth. And I pray, how does good mistress Anne?

Mrs. Page. Go in with us and see; we have an hour's talk with you.

[Exeunt Mrs. PAGE, Mrs. FORD, and Mrs. QUICKLY.]

Page. How now, master Ford?

Ford. You heard what this knave told me; did you not?

Page. Yes. And you heard what the other told me?

Ford. Do you think there is truth in them?

Page. Hang 'em, slaves; I do not think the knight would offer it: but these that accuse him in his intent towards our wives are a yoke of his discarded men: very rogues, now they be out of service.

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry were they.

Ford. I like it never the better for that.—Does he lie at the Garter?

Page. Ay, marry, does he. If he should intend this voyage towards my wife, I would turn her loose to him; and what he gets more of her than sharp words, let it lie on my head.

Ford. I do not misdoubt my wife; but I would be loth to turn them together: A man may be too confident: I would have nothing lie on my head: I cannot be thus satisfied.

Page. Look, where my ranting host of the Garter comes: there is either liquor in his pate, or money in his purse, when he looks so merrily.—How now, mine host?

Enter HOST and SHALLOW.

Host. How now, bully-rook! thou'rt a gentleman: cavalero justice, I say.

Shal. I follow, mine host, I follow.—Good even, and twenty, good master Page! Master Page, will you go with us? we have sport in hand.

Host. Tell him, cavalero-justice; tell him, bully-rook.

Shal. Sir, there is a fray to be fought, between Sir Hugh the Welch priest, and Caius the French doctor.

Ford. Good mine host o' the Garter, a word with you.

Host. What say'st thou, my bully-rook? *[They go aside.]*

Shal. Will you *[to PAGE]* go with us to behold it? My merry host hath had the measuring of their weapons; and, I think, hath appointed them contrary places: for, believe me, I hear the parson is no jester. Hark, I will tell you what our sport shall be.

Host. Hast thou no suit against my knight, my guest-cavalier?

Ford. None, I protest: but I'll give you a pottle of burnt sack to give me recourse to him, and tell him my name is Brook:⁴ only for a jest.

Host. My hand, bully; thou shalt have egress and regress; said I well? and thy name shall be Brook: It is a merry knight. Will you go on, heers?⁵

Shal. Have with you, mine host.

Page. I have heard the Frenchman hath good skill in his rapier.⁶

Shal. Tut, sir, I could have told you more: In these times you stand on distance, your passes, stoccadoes, and I know not what: 'tis the heart, master Page; 'tis here, 'tis here. I have seen the time with my long sword I would have made you four tall fellows skip like rats.

¹ *Curtall dog.* This is not literally a dog without a tail, as it is explained generally; nor is it spelt *curtail*. The "curtal dog" is, like the "curtal friar," an expression of contempt. The worthless dog may have a short tail, and the Franciscan friar might wear a short garment; and thus they each may be *curtailed*. But the word came to express some general defect, and is here used in that sense.

² Pistol confirms what Nym has been saying, aside, to Page.

³ Warburton says *Cataian* meant a liar, because the old travellers in Cathay, such as Marco Polo and Mandeville, told incredible stories of that country. Steevens says that *Cataian* meant a sharper, the Chinese being held to be of thievish propensities.

⁴ The folio throughout gives the assumed name of Ford as *Broome*; the quartos *Brooke*. We must adopt the reading of *Brook*, for we otherwise lose a jest which the folio gives us—"Such Brooks are welcome to me that o'erflow such liquor." For a century after Shakspeare, however, the stage name was *Broome*. In Johnson's "Lives of the Poets" (Life of Fenton) we have the following anecdote:—

"Fenton was one day in the company of Broome, his associate, and Ford, a clergyman. * * * They determined all to see *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, which was acted that night; and Fenton, as a dramatic poet, took them to the stage-door; where the door-keeper, inquiring who they were, was told that they were three very necessary men, Ford, Broome, and Fenton." The name in the play which Pope restored to *Brook* was then *Broome*.

⁵ *Heers.* The folio reads *an-heires*;—the parallel passage in the quarto is, "here boys, shall we wag?" The ordinary reading is, "will you go on, *hearts*?" Malone would read, "will you go and *hear us*?" Boaden proposes, "will you go, *Cavaleires*?" We think that the Host, who, although he desires to talk with the German gentlemen who "speak English," is fond of using foreign words which he has picked up from his guests, such as cavalero, Francisco, and varletto, employs the Dutch *Heer*, or the German *Herr*,—Sir,—Master. Both words are pronounced nearly alike. He says, "will you go on, heers?" Theobald proposed *mynheers*, which is perhaps right.

Host. Here, boys, here, here! shall we wag?

Page. Have with you:—I had rather hear them scold than fight. [*Exeunt* HOST, SHALLOW, and PAGE.]

Ford. Though Page be a secure fool, and stands so firmly on his wife's frailty, yet I cannot put off my opinion so easily: She was in his company at Page's house; and, what they made there I know not. Well, I will look further into't: and I have a disguise to sound Falstaff: If I find her honest, I lose not my labour; if she be otherwise, 'tis labour well bestowed. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Garter Inn.*

Enter FALSTAFF and PISTOL.

Fal. I will not lend thee a penny.

Pist. Why, then the world's mine oyster, Which I with sword will open.¹

Fal. Not a penny. I have been content, sir, you should lay my countenance to pawn: I have grated upon my good friends for three reprieves for you and your coach-fellow, Nym; or else you had looked through the grate, like a geminy of baboons. I am damned in hell, for swearing to gentlemen my friends you were good soldiers and tall fellows: and when mistress Bridget lost the handle of her fan, I took't upon mine honour thou hadst it not.

Pist. Didst not thou share? hadst thou not fifteen pence?

Fal. Reason, you rogue, reason: Think'st thou I'll endanger my soul *gratis*? At a word, hang no more about me, I am no gibbet for you:—go.—A short knife and a throng;²—to your manor of Picket-hatch,³ go.—You'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue!—You stand upon your honour!—Why, thou unconfinable baseness, it is as much as I can do to keep the terms of my honour precise. I, I, I myself sometimes, leaving the fear of heaven on the left hand, and hiding mine honour in my necessity, am fain to shuffle, to edge, and to lurch; and yet you, rogue, will ensconce your rags, your cat-a-mountain looks, your red-lattice phrases,⁴ and your bold-beating oaths, under the shelter of your honour! You will not do it, you?

Pist. I do relent. What would thou more of man?

Enter ROBIN.

Rob. Sir, here's a woman would speak with you.

Fal. Let her approach.

Enter Mistress QUICKLY.

Quick. Give your worship good-morrow.

Fal. Good-morrow, good wife.

Quick. Not so, an't please your worship.

Fal. Good maid, then.

Quick. I'll be sworn; as my mother was, the first hour I was born.

Fal. I do believe the swearer: What with me?

Quick. Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word or two?

Fal. Two thousand, fair woman: and I'll vouchsafe thee the hearing.

Quick. There is one mistress Ford, sir;—I pray, come a little nearer this ways:—I myself dwell with master doctor Caius.

Fal. Well, on: Mistress Ford, you say,—

Quick. Your worship says very true: I pray your worship, come a little nearer this ways.

Fal. I warrant thee, nobody hears;—mine own people, mine own people.

Quick. Are they so? Heaven bless them, and make them his servants!

Fal. Well: Mistress Ford;—what of her?

Quick. Why, sir, she's a good creature. Lord, lord! your worship's a wanton: Well, heaven forgive you, and all of us, I pray!

Fal. Mistress Ford;—come, mistress Ford,—

Quick. Marry, this is the short and the long of it; you have brought her into such a canaries, as 'tis wonderful. The best courtier of them all, when the court lay at Windsor, could never have brought her to such a canary. Yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches; I warrant you, coach after coach,⁴ letter after letter, gift after gift; smelling so sweetly (all musk), and so rushling, I warrant you, in silk and gold; and in such alligant terms; and in such wine and sugar of the best, and the fairest, that would have won any woman's heart; and, I warrant you, they could never get an eye-wink of her.—I had myself twenty angels given me this morning; but I defy all angels, (in any such sort, as they say,) but in the way of honesty:—and, I warrant you, they could never get her so much as sip on a cup with the proudest of them all: and yet there has been earls, nay, which is more, pensioners;⁵ but, I warrant you, all is one with her.

Fal. But what says she to me? be brief, my good she Mercury.

Quick. Marry, she hath received your letter; for the which she thanks you a thousand times: and she gives you to notify, that her husband will be absence from his house between ten and eleven.

Fal. Ten and eleven?

Quick. Ay, forsooth; and then you may come and see the picture, she says, that you wot of; master Ford, her husband, will be from home. Alas! the sweet woman leads an ill life with him; he's a very jealous man: she leads a very frampold⁵ life with him, good heart.

Fal. Ten and eleven: Woman, commend me to her; I will not fail her.

Quick. Why you say well: But I have another messenger to your worship: Mistress Page hath her hearty commendations to you too;—and let me tell you in your ear, she's as fartuous a civil modest wife, and one (I tell you) that will not miss you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in Windsor, whoe'er be the other. and she bade me tell your worship that her husband is seldom from home; but, she hopes, there will come a time. I never knew a woman so dote upon a man; surely, I think you have charms, la; yes, in truth.

Fal. Not I, I assure thee; setting the attraction of my good parts aside I have no other charms.

Quick. Blessing on your heart for't!

Fal. But, I pray thee, tell me this: has Ford's wife and Page's wife acquainted each other how they love me?

Quick. That were a jest, indeed!—they have not so little grace, I hope:—that were a trick, indeed! But mistress Page would desire you to send her your little page, of all loves:⁶ her husband has a marvellous infection to the little page: and, truly, master Page is an honest man. Never a wife in Windsor leads a better life than she does; do what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will; and, truly, she deserves it: for if there be a kind woman in Windsor, she is one. You must send her your page; no remedy.

¹ The passage in the quarto is thus:—

“*Fal.* I'll not lend thee a penny.

Pist. I will retort the sum in equipage.

Fal. Not a penny.”

The editors could not be satisfied to receive the beautiful answer of Pistol, “Why, then the world's mine oyster,” &c., without retaining the weaker passage, “I will retort the sum in equipage.”

² *A short knife*, &c.—a knife to cut purses, and a mob to find them amongst.

³ *Picket-hatch* is mentioned in one of Ben Jonson's Epigrams, in company with “*Merse Lambeth* and *White Fryers*.” Each of these was an *Alsatia* in Shakespeare's day.

⁴ *Red-lattice phrases*—ale-house terms. Thus Falstaff's page in *Henry IV.* says, “He called me, even now, my lord, through a *red-lattice*.”

⁵ *Frampold*—fretful, uneasy.

⁶ *Of all loves*. This pretty antique phrase is now obsolete. We have it in *Othello*: “The general so likes your music, that he desires you, of all loves, to make no more noise with it.”

Fal. Why, I will.

Quick. Nay, but do so then: and, look you he may come and go between you both; and, in any case, have a nay-word, that you may know one another's mind, and the boy never need to understand any thing; for 'tis not good that children should know any wickedness; old folks, you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world.

Fal. Fare thee well: commend me to them both: there's my purse; I am yet thy debtor.—Boy, go along with this woman.—This news distracts me!

[*Exeunt QUICKLY and ROBIN.*]

Pist. This punk is one of Cupid's carriers:—
Clap on more sails; pursue, up with your fights;¹
Give fire; she is my prize, or ocean whelm them all!

[*Exit PISTOL.*]

Fal. Say'st thou so, old Jack? go thy ways; I'll make more of thy old body than I have done. Will they yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after the expense of so much money, be now a gainer? Good body, I thank thee: Let them say, 'tis grossly done; so it be fairly done no matter.

Enter BARDOLPH.

Bard. Sir John, there's one master Brook below would fain speak with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath sent your worship a morning's draught of sack.^f

Fal. Brook is his name?

Bard. Ay, sir.

Fal. Call him in; [*Exit BARDOLPH.*] Such Brooks are welcome to me that o'erflow such liquor. Ah! ha! mistress Ford and mistress Page, have I encompassed you? go to; *via!*

Re-enter BARDOLPH, with FORD disguised.

Ford. Bless you, sir.

Fal. And you, sir: Would you speak with me?

Ford. I make bold to press with so little preparation upon you.

Fal. You're welcome. What's your will? Give us leave, drawer. [*Exit BARDOLPH.*]

Ford. Sir, I am a gentleman that have spent much; my name is Brook.

Fal. Good master Brook, I desire more acquaintance of you.

Ford. Good sir John, I sue for yours: not to charge you; for I must let you understand I think myself in better plight for a lender than you are: the which hath something emboldened me to this unseasoned intrusion: for they say, if money go before all ways do lie open.

Fal. Money is a good soldier, sir, and will on.

Ford. Troth, and I have a bag of money here troubles me: if you will help to bear it, sir John, take all, or half, for easing me of the carriage.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your porter.

Ford. I will tell you, sir, if you will give me the hearing.

Fal. Speak, good master Brook; I shall be glad to be your servant.

Ford. Sir, I hear you are a scholar,—I will be brief with you,—and you have been a man long known to me, though I had never so good means, as desire, to make myself acquainted with you. I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine own imperfection: but, good sir John, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the register of your own; that I may pass with a reproof the

easier, sith you yourself know how easy it is to be such an offender.

Fal. Very well, sir; proceed.

Ford. There is a gentlewoman in this town, her husband's name is Ford.

Fal. Well, sir.

Ford. I have long loved her, and I protest to you, bestowed much on her; followed her with a doting observance; engrossed opportunities to meet her; fee'd every slight occasion that could but niggardly give me sight of her; not only bought many presents to give her, but have given largely to many, to know what she would have given: briefly, I have pursued her as love hath pursued me, which hath been on the wing of all occasions. But whatsoever I have merited, either in my mind, or in my means, meed, I am sure, I have received none; unless experience be a jewel; that I have purchased at an infinite rate; and that hath taught me to say this:—

Love like a shadow flies, when substance love pursues
Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues.

Fal. Have you received no promise of satisfaction at her hands?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Have you importuned her to such a purpose?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Of what quality was your love then?

Ford. Like a fair house built on another man's ground; so that I have lost my edifice, by mistaking the place where I erected it.

Fal. To what purpose have you unfolded this to me?

Ford. When I have told you that I have told you all. Some say, that, though she appear honest to me, yet, in other places, she enlargeth her mirth so far that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now, sir John, here is the heart of my purpose: You are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance, authentic in your place and person, generally allowed for your many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations.

Fal. O, sir!

Ford. Believe it, for you know it:—There is money: spend it, spend it; spend more; spend all I have; only give me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this Ford's wife: use your art of wooing, win her to consent to you; if any man may you may as soon as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection, that I should win what you would enjoy? Methinks, you prescribe to yourself very preposterously.

Ford. O, understand my drift! she dwells so securely on the excellency of her honour, that the folly of my soul dares not present itself; she is too bright to be looked against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my desires had instance and argument to commend themselves: I could drive her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too strongly embattled against me: What say you to't, sir John?

Fal. Master Brook, I will first make bold with your money; next, give me your hand; and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy Ford's wife.

Ford. O good sir!

Fal. I say you shall.

Ford. Want no money, sir John, you shall want none.

Fal. Want no mistress Ford, master Brook, you shall want none. I shall be with her, (I may tell you,) by her own appointment; even as you came in to me, her assistant, or go-between, parted from me: I say, I shall be

¹ *Fights.* Dryden, in his tragedy of "Amboyna," has—
"Up with your fights,
And your nettings prepare."

It appears that *fights* were waist-cloths, to conceal the men; *coverts*, says Mr. White, from Cole's English Dict., 1677.

with her between ten and eleven; for at that time the jealous rascally knave, her husband, will be forth. Come you to me at night; you shall know how I speed.

Ford. I am blest in your acquaintance. Do you know Ford, sir?

Fal. Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave! I know him not:—yet I wrong him to call him poor; they say the jealous wittolly knave hath masses of money; for the which his wife seems to me well-favoured. I will use her as the key of the cuckoldly rogue's coffer; and there's my harvest-home.

Ford. I would you knew Ford, sir; that you might avoid him if you saw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanical salt-butter rogue! I will stare him out of his wits; I will awe him with my cudgel: it shall hang like a meteor o'er the cuckold's horns: master Brook, thou shalt know I will predominate over the peasant, and thou shalt lie with his wife.—Come to me soon at night:—Ford's a knave, and I will aggravate his stile; thou, master Brook, shalt know him for knave and cuckold:—come to me soon at night. *[Exit.]*

Ford. What a damned Epicurean rascal is this!—My heart is ready to crack with impatience.—Who says, this is improvident jealousy? My wife hath sent to him, the hour is fixed, the match is made. Would any man have thought this?—See the hell of having a false woman! My bed shall be abused, my coffers ransacked, my reputation gnawn at; and I shall not only receive this villainous wrong, but stand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that does me this wrong. Terms! names!—Amaimon sounds well; Lucifer, well; Barbason, well; yet they are devils' additions, the names of fiends! but cuckold! wittol-cuckold! the devil himself hath not such a name. Page is an ass, a secure ass! he will trust his wife, he will not be jealous; I will rather trust a Fleming with my butter, parson Hugh the Welchman with my cheese, an Irishman with my aqua-vitæ bottle, or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my wife with herself: then she plots, then she ruminates, then she devises; and what they think in their hearts they may effect they will break their hearts but they will effect. Heaven be praised for my jealousy!—Eleven o'clock the hour.—I will prevent this, detect my wife, be revenged on Falstaff, and laugh at Page. I will about it; better three hours too soon than a minute too late. Fie, fie, fie! cuckold! cuckold! cuckold! *[Exit.]*

SCENE III.—*Field near Windsor.*

Enter CAIUS and RUGBY.

Caius. Jack Rugby!

Rug. Sir.

Caius. Vat is de clock, Jack?

Rug. 'Tis past the hour, sir, that sir Hugh promised to meet.

Caius. By gar, he has save his soul, dat he is no come; he has pray his Pible vell, dat he is no come: by gar, Jack Rugby, he is dead already if he be come.

Rug. He is wise, sir; he knew your worship would kill him if he came.

Caius. By gar, de herring is no dead so as I vill kill him. Take your rapier, Jack; I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

Rug. Alas, sir, I cannot fence.

Caius. Villainy, take your rapier.

Rug. Forbear; here's company.

Enter HOST, SHALLOW, SLENDER, and PAGE.

Host. 'Bless thee, bully doctor.

Shal. Save you, master doctor Caius.

Page. Now, good master doctor.

Slen. Give you good-morrow, sir.

Caius. Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for?

Host. To see thee fight, to see thee foin, to see thee traverse, to see thee here, to see thee there; to see thee pass thy punto, thy stock, thy reverse, thy distance, thy montant. Is he dead, my Ethiopian? is he dead, my Francisco? ha, bully! What says my Æsculapius? my Galen? my heart of elder? ha! is he dead, bully Stale? is he dead?

Caius. By gar, he is de coward Jack priest of de vorld; he is not show his face.

Host. Thou art a Castilian,¹ king Urinal! Hector of Greece, my boy!

Caius. I pray you, bear vitness that me have stay six or seven, two, tree hours for him, and he is no come.

Shal. He is the wiser man, master doctor: he is a curer of souls and you a curer of bodies; if you should fight, you go against the hair of your professions; is it not true, master Page?

Page. Master Shallow, you have yourself been a great fighter, though now a man of peace.

Shal. Bodykins, master Page, though I now be old, and of the peace, if I see a sword out my finger itches to make one: though we are justices, and doctors, and churchmen, master Page, we have some salt of our youth in us; we are the sons of women, master Page.

Page. 'Tis true, master Shallow.

Shal. It will be found so, master Page. Master doctor Caius, I am come to fetch you home. I am sworn of the peace; you have shewed yourself a wise physician, and sir Hugh hath shewn himself a wise and patient churchman: you must go with me, master doctor.

Host. Pardon, guest justice:—ah, monsieur Mock-water.²

Caius. Mock-vater! vat is dat?

Host. Mock-water, in our English tongue, is valour, bully.

Caius. By gar, then I have as much mock-vater as de Englishman:—Scurvy jack-dog priest! by gar, me vill cut his ears.

Host. He will clapper-claw thee tightly, bully.

Caius. Clapper-de-claw! vat is dat?

Host. That is, he will make thee amends.

Caius. By gar, me do look he shall clapper-de-claw me; for, by gar, me vill have it.

Host. And I will provoke him to't, or let him wag.

Caius. Me tank you for dat.

Host. And moreover, bully,—But first, master guest, and master Page, and eke cavalero Slender, go you through the town to Frogmore. *[Aside to them.]*

Page. Sir Hugh is there, is he?

Host. He is there: see what humour he is in; and I will bring the doctor about by the fields: will it do well?

Shal. We will do it.

Page, Shal., and Slen. Adieu, good master doctor.

[Exeunt PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER.]

Caius. By gar, me vill kill de priest; for he speak for a jack-an-ape to Anne Page.

Host. Let him die: sheath thy impatience; throw cold water on thy choler: go about the fields with me through Frogmore; I will bring thee where mistress Anne Page is, at a farm-house, a feasting: and thou shalt woo her: Cry'd game?³ said I well?

¹ *Castilian.* The Host ridicules the Doctor through his ignorance of English. He is a "heart of elder," the elder being filled with soft pith;—he is a Castilian, that name being an opprobrious designation for the Spaniards, whom the English of Elizabeth's time hated as much as their descendants were accustomed to hate the French.

² *Mock-water.* So the original; it was changed by Farmer to *muck-water*.

Lord Chedworth suggests that as the lustre of a diamond is called its *water*, mock-water may mean a *counterfeit* valour. Surely this is very daring. *Mock-water*, or *muck-water*, was some allusion to the profession of Caius.

³ *Cry'd game.* So the folio. Warburton proposed to read *cry'd aim*, and much learning has been expended in support of this reading. Those who retain the original *cry'd game* suppose that the Host addresses Dr. Caius by this as a

Caius. By gar, me tank you for dat : by gar, I love you ; and I shall procure-a you de good guest, de earl, de knight, de lords, de gentlemen, my patients.

Host. For the which I will be thy adversary toward Anne Page ; said I well ?

Caius. By gar, 'tis good ; vell said.

Host. Let us wag then.

Caius. Come at my heels, Jack Rugby. [Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Field near Frogmore.*

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS and SIMPLE.

Eva. I pray you now, good master Slender's serving-man, and friend Simple by your name, which way have you looked for master Caius, that calls himself Doctor of Physic ?

Sim. Marry, sir, the pittie-ward,¹ the park-ward, every way ; old Windsor way, and every way but the town way.

Eva. I most fehemently desire you, you will also look that way.

Sim. I will, sir.

Eva. Pless my soul ! how full of cholers I am, and trembling of mind !—I shall be glad if he have deceived me :—how melancholies I am ! I will knog his urinals about his knave's costard, when I have good opportunities for the 'ork—pless my soul ! [Sings.

To shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals ;
There will we make our peds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies.
To shallow—

'Mercy on me ! I have a great dispositions to cry.

Melodious birds sing madrigals :
When as I sat in Pabylon,—
And a thousand vagram posies.
To shallow—

Sim. Yonder he is coming, this way, sir Hugh.

Eva. He's welcome :

To shallow rivers, to whose falls^a—

Heaven prosper the right !—What weapons is he ?

Sim. No weapons, sir : There comes my master, master Shallow, and another gentleman from Frogmore, over the stile, this way.

Eva. Pray you, give me my gown ; or else keep it in your arms.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER.

Shal. How now, master parson ? Good-morrow, good sir Hugh. Keep a gamester from the dice, and a good student from his book, and it is wonderful.

Slen. Ah, sweet Anne Page !

Page. Save you, good sir Hugh !

Eva. Pless you from his mercy sake, all of you !

Shal. What ! the sword and the word ! do you study them both, master parson ?

Page. And youthful still, in your doublet and hose, this raw rheumatic day ?

Eva. There is reasons and causes for it.

Page. We are come to you to do a good office, master parson.

name, in the same way that he calls him "heart of elder." Mr. Dyce has "Cried I aim ?" Mr. White retains "cried game," believing it to be a colloquial phrase of which the meaning can only be guessed at. Mr. Collier's corrected copy has "Curds and cream."

¹ *Pittie-ward.* Steevens changed this to *city-ward*, which he explains "towards London ;"—as if Windsor were as near the city as Whitechapel. *Pittie-ward* is undoubtedly right, and is of the same import as *petty-ward*. A part of Windsor

Eva. Fery well : What is it ?

Page. Yonder is a most reverend gentleman, who be-like, having received wrong by some person, is at most odds with his own gravity and patience, that ever you saw.

Shal. I have lived fourscore years and upward ; I never heard a man of his place, gravity, and learning, so wide of his own respect.

Eva. What is he ?

Page. I think you know him ; master doctor Caius, the renowned French Physician.

Eva. Got's will, and his passion of my heart ! I had as lief you would tell me of a mess of porridge.

Page. Why ?

Eva. He has no more knowledge in Hibocrates and Galen,—and he is a knave besides ; a cowardly knave, as you would desires to be acquainted withal.

Page. I warrant you, he's the man should fight with him.

Slen. O, sweet Anne Page !

Shal. It appears so, by his weapons :—Keep them asunder ;—here comes doctor Caius.

Enter HOST, CAIUS, and RUGBY.

Page. Nay, good master parson, keep in your weapon.

Shal. So do you, good master doctor.

Host. Disarm them, and let them question ; let them keep their limbs whole, and hack our English.

Caius. I pray you let-a me speak a word vit your ear ; Verefore vill you not meet a-me ?

Eva. Pray you, use your patience : in good time.

Caius. By gar, you are de coward, de Jack dog, John ape.

Eva. Pray you, let us not be laughing-stogs to other men's humours ; I desire you in friendship, and I will one way or other make you amends :—I will knog your urinal about your knave's cogscomb [for missing your meetings and appointments].²

Caius. *Diable !*—Jack Rugby,—mine *host de 'Farterre*, have I not stay for him, to kill him ? have I not, at de place I did appoint ?

Eva. As I am a christians soul, now, look you, this is the place appointed ; I'll be judgment by mine host of de Garter.

Host. Peace, I say, Guallia and Gaul : French and Welch ; soul-curer and body-curer.

Caius. Ay, dat is very good ! excellent !

Host. Peace, I say ; hear mine host of the Garter. Am I politic ? am I subtle ? am I a Machiavel ? Shall I lose my doctor ? no ; he gives me the potions, and the motions. Shall I lose my parson ? my priest ? my sir Hugh ? no : he gives me the proverbs and the no-verbs.—[Give me thy hand, terrestrial ; so :]³—Give me thy hand, celestial ; so. —Boys of art, I have deceived you both ; I have directed you to wrong places ; your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, and let burnt sack be the issue.—Come, lay their swords to pawn :—Follow me, lads of peace ; follow, follow, follow.

Shal. Trust me, a mad host :—Follow, gentlemen, follow.

Slen. O, sweet Anne Page !

[Exeunt SHALLOW, SLENDER, PAGE, and HOST.

Caius. Ha ! do I perceive dat ? have you make-a de sot of us ? ha, ha !

Eva. This is well ; he has made us his vlouting-stog.—I desire you that we may be friends ; and let us knog our

Castle is still called the *lower ward*, and in the same way another part might have been known as the *park-ward*.

² The passage in brackets is not in the folio, but in the quarto. It appears to have a necessary connexion with the retort of Caius.

³ The passage in brackets is not in the folio, but is found in the quarto. The address of the Host to the Doctor as terrestrial, and to the Parson as celestial, is too humorous to be lost.

prains together, to be revenge on this same scall,¹ scurvy, coggng companion, the host of the Garter.

Caius. By gar, vit all my heart; he promise to bring me vere is Anne Page; by gar, he deceive me too.

Eva. Well, I will smite his noddles:—Pray you, follow.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Street in Windsor.*

Enter Mistress PAGE and ROBIN.

Mrs. Page. Nay, keep your way, little gallant; you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader: Whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your master's heels?

Rob. I had rather, forsooth, go before you like a man, than follow him like a dwarf.

Mrs. Page. O you are a flattering boy; now, I see, you'll be a courtier.

Enter FORD.

Ford. Well met, mistress Page: Whither go you?

Mrs. Page. Truly, sir, to see your wife; is she at home?

Ford. Ay; and as idle as she may hang together, for want of company. I think if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

Mrs. Page. Be sure of that,—two other husbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weathercock?

Mrs. Page. I cannot tell what the dickens his name is my husband had him of: What do you call your knight's name, sirrah?

Rob. Sir John Falstaff.

Ford. Sir John Falstaff!

Mrs. Page. He, he; I can never hit on's name.—There is such a league between my good man and he!—Is your wife at home, indeed?

Ford. Indeed, she is.

Mrs. Page. By your leave, sir:—I am sick, till I see her.
[*Exeunt Mrs. PAGE and ROBIN.*]

Ford. Has Page any brains? hath he any eyes? hath he any thinking? Sure, they sleep; he hath no use of them. Why, this boy will carry a letter twenty miles, as easy as a cannon will shoot point-blank twelve score. He pieces out his wife's inclination; he gives her folly motion and advantage: and now she's going to my wife, and Falstaff's boy with her. A man may hear this shower sing in the wind!—and Falstaff's boy with her!—Good plots!—they are laid; and our revolted wives share damnation together. Well; I will take him, then torture my wife, pluck the borrowed veil of modesty from the so seeming mistress Page, divulge Page himself for a secure and wilful Actæon; and to these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall cry aim.² [*Clock strikes.*] The clock gives me my cue, and my assurance bids me search; There I shall find Falstaff: I shall be rather praised for this than mocked; for it is as positive as the earth is firm that Falstaff is there: I will go.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, SLENDER, HOST, Sir HUGH EVANS, CAIUS, and RUGBY.

Shal., Page, &c. Well met, master Ford.

Ford. Trust me, a good knot: I have good cheer at home; and, I pray you all go with me.

Shal. I must excuse myself, master Ford.

Slen. And so must I, sir; we have appointed to dine with mistress Anne, and I would not break with her for more money than I'll speak of.

¹ Scall—scald. Thus Fluellen, "scald knave."

² Cry aim. See Note 3 to Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act III. Sc. I.

³ Probably an allusion to the custom of wearing the flower called *bachelor's buttons*. But a very similar phrase is common in the midland counties:—"It does not lie in your breeches," meaning it is not within your compass. "'Tis in his buttons" therefore means, he is the man to do it.

⁴ Pipe-wine. Ford will pipe while Falstaff dances.

⁵ Whitsters. A launder is still called a whitster; but the *whitsters* of the

Shal. We have lingered about a match between Anne Page and my cousin Slender, and this day we shall have our answer.

Slen. I hope I have your good will, father Page.

Page. You have, master Slender; I stand wholly for you:—but my wife, master doctor, is for you altogether.

Caius. Ay, by gar; and de maid is love a-me; my nursh-a Quickly tell me so mush.

Host. What say you to young master Fenton? he capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verses, he speaks holiday, he smells April and May: he will carry't, he will carry't; 'tis in his buttons;³ he will carry't.

Page. Not by my consent, I promise you. The gentleman is of no having; he kept company with the wild Prince and Poins; he is of too high a region, he knows too much. No, he shall not knit a knot in his fortunes with the finger of my substance: if he take her, let him take her simply; the wealth I have waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that way.

Ford. I beseech you, heartily, some of you go home with me to dinner: besides your cheer, you shall have sport; I will show you a monster.—Master doctor, you shall go; so shall you, master Page;—and you, sir Hugh.

Shal. Well, fare you well:—we shall have the freer wooing at master Page's.

[*Exeunt SHALLOW and SLENDER.*]

Caius. Go home, John Rugby; I come anon.

[*Exit RUGBY.*]

Host. Farewell, my hearts: I will to my honest knight Falstaff, and drink canary with him.

[*Exit HOST.*]

Ford. [*Aside.*] I think I shall drink in pipe-wine⁴ first with him; I will make him dance. Will you go, gentles?

All. Have with you, to see this monster.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A Room in Ford's House.*

Enter Mrs. FORD and Mrs. PAGE.

Mrs. Ford. What, John! What, Robert!

Mrs. Page. Quickly, quickly. Is the buck-basket—

Mrs. Ford. I warrant:—What, Robin, I say.

Enter Servants, with a basket.

Mrs. Page. Come, come, come.

Mrs. Ford. Here, set it down.

Mrs. Page. Give your men the charge; we must be brief.

Mrs. Ford. Marry, as I told you before, John, and Robert, be ready here hard by in the brew-house; and when I suddenly call you, come forth, and (without any pause or staggering), take this basket on your shoulders: that done, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the whitsters⁵ in Datchet mead, and there empty it in the muddy ditch, close by the Thames side.

Mrs. Page. You will do it?

Mrs. Ford. I have told them over and over; they lack no direction: Be gone, and come when you are called.

[*Exeunt Servants.*]

Mrs. Page. Here comes little Robin.

Enter ROBIN.

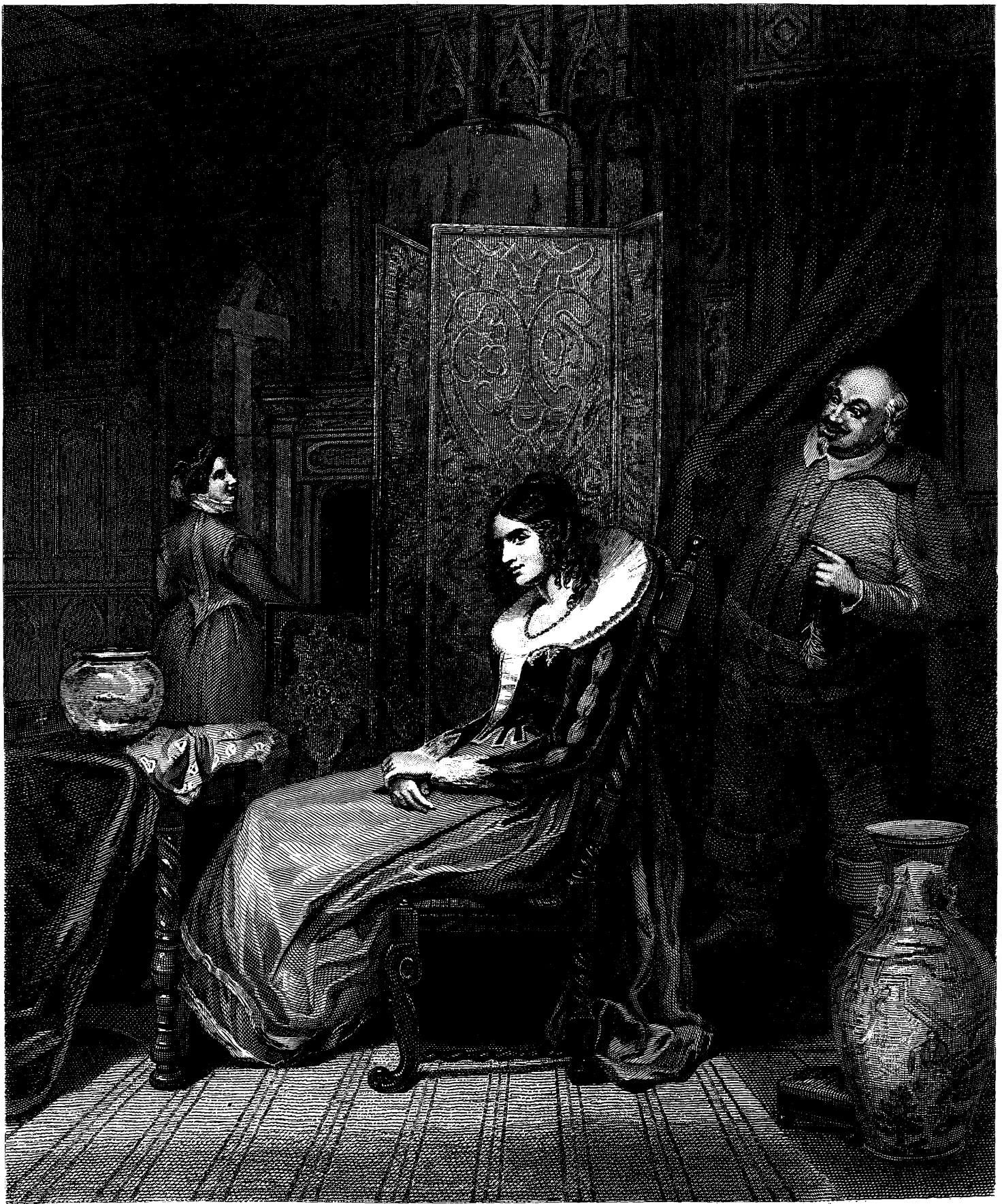
Mrs. Ford. How now, my eyas-musket:⁶ what news with you?

Thames were probably akin to the *blanchisseuses* of the Seine, and washed in the same fashion.

⁶ *Eyas-musket.* The *musket* is the small sparrow-hawk; the *eyas* is a general name for a very young hawk—the first of five several names by which a falcon is called in its first year. Spenser has a pretty image connected with the *eyas*:—

"Youthful gay,
Like eyas-hawk up mounts into the skies,
His newly budded pinions to essay."





Rob. My master, sir John, is come in at your back-door, mistress Ford; and requests your company.

Mrs. Page. You little Jack-a-lent,¹ have you been true to us?

Rob. Ay, I'll be sworn: My master knows not of your being here; and hath threatened to put me into everlasting liberty if I tell you of it; for, he swears, he'll turn me away.

Mrs. Page. Thou'rt a good boy; this secrecy of thine shall be a tailor to thee, and shall make thee a new doublet and hose. I'll go hide me.

Mrs. Ford. Do so:—Go tell thy master, I am alone. Mistress Page, remember you your cue. [*Exit ROBIN.*]

Mrs. Page. I warrant thee; if I do not act it, hiss me. [*Exit Mrs. PAGE.*]

Mrs. Ford. Go to then; we'll use this unwholesome humidity, this gross watery pumpion. We'll teach him to know turtles from jays.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Have I caught thee, my heavenly jewel?² Why, now let me die, for I have lived long enough; this is the period of my ambition. O this blessed hour!

Mrs. Ford. O sweet sir John!

Fal. Mistress Ford, I cannot cog, I cannot prate, mistress Ford. Now shall I sin in my wish: I would thy husband were dead. I'll speak it before the best lord, I would make thee my lady.

Mrs. Ford. I your lady, sir John! alas, I should be a pitiful lady.

Fal. Let the court of France shew me such another. I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond: Thou hast the right arched beauty³ of the brow, that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian admittance.

Mrs. Ford. A plain kerchief, sir John: my brows become nothing else; nor that well neither,

Fal. Thou art a tyrant⁴ to say so: thou wouldst make an absolute courtier; and the firm fixture of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gait, in a semi-circled farthingale. I see what thou wert if Fortune thy foe were not; Nature thy friend:⁵ Come, thou canst not hide it.

Mrs. Ford. Believe me, there's no such thing in me.

Fal. What made me love thee? let that persuade thee there's something extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog, and say thou art this and that, like a many of these lispig hawthorn buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like Bucklersbury in simple-time:⁶ I cannot: but I love thee; none but thee; and thou deservest it.

Mrs. Ford. Do not betray me, sir. I fear you love mistress Page.

Fal. Thou might'st as well say I love to walk by the Counter-gate; which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime-kiln.

Mrs. Ford. Well, heaven knows how I love you; and you shall one day find it.

Fal. Keep in that mind; I'll deserve it.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I must tell you, so you do; or else I could not be in that mind.

Rob. [*Within.*] Mistress Ford, mistress Ford! here's mistress Page at the door, sweating, and blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs speak with you presently.

Fal. She shall not see me; I will ensconce me behind the arras.

Mrs. Ford. Pray you, do so: she's a very tattling woman. [*FALSTAFF hides himself.*]

Enter Mistress PAGE and ROBIN.

What's the matter? how now?

Mrs. Page. O mistress Ford, what have you done? You're shamed, you're overthrown, you're undone for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What's the matter, good mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. O well-a-day, mistress Ford! having an honest man to your husband, to give him such cause of suspicion!

Mrs. Ford. What cause of suspicion?

Mrs. Page. What cause of suspicion?—Out upon you! how am I mistook in you!

Mrs. Ford. Why, alas! what's the matter?

Mrs. Page. Your husband's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in Windsor, to search for the gentleman that, he says, is here now in the house, by your consent, to take an ill advantage of his absence: You are undone.

Mrs. Ford. 'Tis not so, I hope.⁶

Mrs. Page. Pray heaven it be not so, that you have such a man here; but 'tis most certain your husband's coming with half Windsor at his heels, to search for such a one. I come before to tell you. If you know yourself clear, why I am glad of it; but if you have a friend here, convey him out. Be not amazed; call all your senses to you; defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What shall I do?—There is a gentleman, my dear friend; and I fear not mine own shame so much as his peril: I had rather than a thousand pound he were out of the house.

Mrs. Page. For shame, never stand *you had rather*, and *you had rather*; your husband's here at hand; bethink you of some conveyance: in the house you cannot hide him.—O, how have you deceived me!—Look, here is a basket; if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here; and throw foul linen upon him, as if it were going to bucking: Or, it is whiting-time, send him by your two men to Datchet mead.

Mrs. Ford. He's too big to go in there: What shall I do?

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Let me see't, let me see't! O let me see't! I'll in, I'll in; follow your friend's counsel;—I'll in.

Mrs. Page. What! sir John Falstaff! Are these your letters, knight?

Fal. I love thee.⁷ Help me away: let me creep in here; I'll never—

[*He goes into the basket; they cover him with foul linen.*]

Mrs. Page. Help to cover your master, boy: Call your men, mistress Ford:—You dissembling knight!

Mrs. Ford. What John, Robert, John! [*Exit ROBIN.*]

¹ *Jack-a-lent*—a puppet thrown at in Lent. Thus in Ben Jonson's "Tale of a Tub:—"

"On an Ash Wednesday,
Where thou didst stand six weeks the Jack o' Lent
For boys to hurl three throws a penny at thee."

"Have I caught my heavenly jewel?" is the first line of a song in Sidney's "Astrophel and Stella." In the quarto the line stands without the *thee* of the present text.

³ *Arched beauty*. Thus the folio; the quarto, which the modern editors follow, has *arched bent*. Surely a *bent arch* is a term in which the epithet might be dispensed with.

⁴ *Tyrant*. So the folio; the quarto, *traitor*.

⁵ The passage in the folio stands thus: "I see what thou wert if Fortune thy foe, were not Nature thy friend." It is not found in the quarto. Upon Pope's correction the common reading is, "I see what thou wert, if Fortune thy foe were

not; Nature *is* thy friend." Boswell proposes to retain the old reading, with its original punctuation, and explains it thus: "If Fortune *being* thy foe, Nature were not thy friend." But what would Mrs. Ford be, if both Fortune and Nature were leagued against her—if Fortune were her foe and Nature not her friend? "Fortune, my foe," was the beginning of an old ballad. We do not think that a perfect sense can be made of the passage as it stands. Mr. Collier proposes to read it thus:—"Nature *being* thy friend."

⁶ In the modern editions, Mrs. Ford says, before "'Tis not so, I hope,"—"Speak louder,"—recovered by Steevens from "the two elder quartos." We have no hesitation in rejecting this restoration. In the second scene of the fourth act, where Falstaff again hides himself upon the interruption of Mrs. Page, Mrs. Ford says, "Speak louder," which is *not* found in the two elder quartos. By such restorations as these, the care of the poet to avoid repetitions in the more skilful arrangement of his materials is rendered useless.

⁷ Another restoration from the quarto:—"I love thee *and none but thee*."

Re-enter Servants. Go take up these clothes here, quickly; where's the cowl-staff?¹ look, how you drumble; carry them to the laundress in Datchet mead; quickly, come.

Enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, and Sir HUGH EVANS.

Ford. Pray you, come near: if I suspect without cause, why then make sport at me, then let me be your jest; I deserve it.—How now? whither bear you this?

Serv. To the laundress, forsooth.

Mrs. Ford. Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? You were best meddle with buck-washing.

Ford. Buck? I would I could wash myself of the buck! Buck, buck, buck? Ay, buck; I warrant you, buck; and of the season too, it shall appear. [*Exeunt Servants with the basket.*] Gentlemen, I have dreamed to-night; I'll tell you my dream. Here, here, here be my keys; ascend my chambers, search, seek, find out: I'll warrant we'll unkenel the fox:—Let me stop this way first:—so, now uncape.

Page. Good master Ford, be contented: you wrong yourself too much.

Ford. True, master Page.—Up, gentlemen; you shall see sport anon follow me, gentlemen. [*Exit.*]

Eva. This is fery fantastical humours and jealousies.

Caius. By gar, 'tis no de fashion of France: it is not jealous in France.

Page. Nay, follow him, gentlemen; see the issue of his search. [*Exeunt EVANS, PAGE, and CAIUS.*]

Mrs. Page. Is there not a double excellency in this?

Mrs. Ford. I know not which pleases me better, that my husband is deceived, or sir John.

Mrs. Page. What a taking was he in, when your husband asked what was in the basket!²

Mrs. Ford. I am half afraid he will have need of washing; so throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest rascal! I would all of the same strain were in the same distress.

Mrs. Ford. I think my husband hath some special suspicion of Falstaff's being here; for I never saw him so gross in his jealousy till now.

Mrs. Page. I will lay a plot to try that: And we will yet have more tricks with Falstaff: his dissolute disease will scarce obey this medicine.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we send that foolish carrion, mistress Quickly, to him, and excuse his throwing into the water; and give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment?

Mrs. Page. We will do it; let him be sent for to-morrow eight o'clock, to have amends.

Re-enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, and Sir HUGH EVANS.

Ford. I cannot find him: may be the knave bragged of that he could not compass.

Mrs. Page. Heard you that?

Mrs. Ford. You use me well, master Ford, do you?

Ford. Ay, I do so.

Mrs. Ford. Heaven make you better than your thoughts!

Ford. Amen.

Mrs. Page. You do yourself mighty wrong, master Ford.

Ford. Ay, ay; I must bear it.

Eva. If there be any pody in the house, and in the chambers, and in the coffer, and in the presses, heaven forgive my sins at the day of judgment!

Caius. By gar, nor I too; dere is no bodies.

Page. Fie, fie, master Ford! are you not ashamed? What spirit, what devil suggests this imagination? I would not have your distemper in this kind, for the wealth of Windsor Castle.

Ford. 'Tis my fault, master Page: I suffer for it.

Eva. You suffer for a pad conscience: your wife is as honest a 'omans as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.

Caius. By gar, I see 'tis an honest woman.

Ford. Well;—I promised you a dinner:—Come, come, walk in the park: I pray you, pardon me; I will hereafter make known to you why I have done this.—Come, wife;—come, mistress Page; I pray you pardon me; pray heartily, pardon me.

Page. Let's go in, gentlemen; but, trust me, we'll mock him. I do invite you to-morrow morning to my house to breakfast: after, we'll a birding together; I have a fine hawk for the bush: Shall it be so?

Ford. Any thing.

Eva. If there is one, I shall make two in the company.

Caius. If there be one or two, I shall make-a de tird.

Ford. Pray you go, master Page.

Eva. I pray you now, remembrance to-morrow on the lousy knave, mine host.

Caius. Dat is good; by gar, vit all my heart.

Eva. A lousy knave; to have his gibes and his mockeries. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—A Room in Page's House.³

Enter FENTON and Mistress ANNE PAGE.

Fent. I see I cannot get thy father's love;
Therefore no more turn me to him, sweet Nan.

Anne. Alas! how then?

Fent. Why, thou must be thyself.

He doth object, I am too great of birth;
And that, my state being gall'd with my expense,
I seek to heal it only by his wealth:
Besides these, other bars he lays before me,—
My riots past, my wild societies;
And tells me, 'tis a thing impossible
I should love thee, but as a property.

Anne. May be, he tells you true.

Fent. No, heaven so speed me in my time to come!
Albeit, I will confess thy father's wealth
Was the first motive that I woo'd thee, Anne:
Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value
Than stamps in gold, or sums in sealed bags;
And 'tis the very riches of thyself
That now I aim at.

Anne. Gentle master Fenton,
Yet seek my father's love; still seek it, sir:
If opportunity and humblest suit
Cannot attain it, why then.—Hark you hither.

[*They converse apart.*]

Enter SHALLOW, SLENDER, and Mrs. QUICKLY.

Shal. Break their talk, mistress Quickly; my kinsman shall speak for himself.

Slen. I'll make a shaft or a bolt on't: slid, 'tis but venturing.

Shal. Be not dismay'd.

Slen. No, she shall not dismay me: I care not for that,—but that I am afeard.

Quick. Hark ye: master Slender would speak a word with you.

Anne. I come to him.—This is my father's choice.
O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults
Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year!

[*Aside.*]

¹ A cowl-staff is explained to be a staff used for carrying a basket with two handles.

² What was in the basket. The folio has *who*; but we are justified in printing *what* from Falstaff's speech to Brook:—"Met the jealous knave their master in the door; who asked them once or twice *what* they had in their basket?"

³ Scene IV. In the quartos, this scene, although much shorter than in the folio, follows the fifth scene, where Falstaff relates his Thames adventure. The skill of the dramatist is shewn in the interposition of an episode between the beginning and end of the catastrophe of the buck-basket.

Quick. And how does good master Fenton? Pray you, a word with you.

Shal. She's coming; to her, coz. O boy, thou hadst a father!

Slen. I had a father, mistress Anne;—my uncle can tell you good jests of him:—Pray you, uncle, tell mistress Anne the jest, how my father stole two geese out of a pen, good uncle.

Shal. Mistress Anne, my cousin loves you.

Slen. Ay, that I do; as well as I love any woman in Glostershire.

Shal. He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

Slen. Ay, that I will, come cut and long-tail,¹ under the degree of a 'squire.

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure.

Anne. Good master Shallow, let him woo for himself.

Shal. Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for that good comfort. She calls you, coz: I'll leave you.

Anne. Now, master Slender.

Slen. Now, good mistress Anne.

Anne. What is your will?

Slen. My will? 'od's heartlings, that's a pretty jest, indeed! I ne'er made my will yet, I thank heaven; I am not such a sickly creature, I give heaven praise.

Anne. I mean, master Slender, what would you with me?

Slen. Truly, for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you: Your father, and my uncle, have made motions: if it be my luck, so: if not, happy man be his dole! They can tell you how things go better than I can: You may ask your father; here he comes.

Enter PAGE and Mistress PAGE.

Page. Now, master Slender:—Love him, daughter Anne.—

Why, how now! what does master Fenton here?
You wrong me, sir, thus still to haunt my house:
I told you, sir, my daughter is dispos'd of.

Fent. Nay, master Page, be not impatient.

Mrs. Page. Good master Fenton, come not to my child.

Page. She is no match for you.

Fent. Sir, will you hear me?

Page. No, good master Fenton.

Come, master Shallow; come, son Slender, in:—

Knowing my mind, you wrong me, master Fenton.

[Exeunt PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER.]

Quick. Speak to mistress Page.

Fent. Good mistress Page, for that I love your daughter
In such a righteous fashion as I do,
Perforce, against all checks, rebukes, and manners,
I must advance the colours of my love,
And not retire: Let me have your good will.

Anne. Good mother, do not marry me to yond' fool.

Mrs. Page. I mean it not; I seek you a better husband.

Quick. That's my master, master doctor.

Anne. Alas, I had rather be set quick i' the earth,
And bowl'd to death with turnips.²

Mrs. Page. Come, trouble not yourself: Good master Fenton,

I will not be your friend, nor enemy:

My daughter will I question how she loves you,

And as I find her, so am I affected;

'Till then, farewell, sir:—She must needs go in;

Her father will be angry. *[Exeunt Mrs. PAGE and ANNE.]*

Fent. Farewell, gentle mistress; farewell, Nan.

Quick. This is my doing now.—Nay, said I, will you cast away your child on a fool, and a physician?³ Look on master Fenton:—this is my doing.

Fent. I thank thee; and I pray thee, once to-night Give my sweet Nan this ring: There's for thy pains.

[Exit.]

Quick. Now heaven send thee good fortune! A kind heart he hath: a woman would run through fire and water for such a kind heart. But yet, I would my master had mistress Anne; or I would master Slender had her: or, in sooth, I would master Fenton had her: I will do what I can for them all three; for so I have promised, and I'll be as good as my word; but speciously for master Fenton. Well, I must of another errand to sir John Falstaff from my two mistresses. What a beast am I to slack it! *[Exit.]*

SCENE V.—A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, I say,—

Bard. Here, sir.

Fal. Go fetch me a quart of sack; put a toast in't. *[Exit BARD.]* Have I lived to be carried in a basket, like a barrow of butcher's offal; and to be thrown in the Thames? Well, if I be served such another trick, I'll have my brains ta'en out, and butter'd, and give them to a dog for a new year's gift. The rogues slighted me into the river with as little remorse as they would have drowned a bitch's blind puppies, fifteen i' the litter: and you may know by my size that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking; if the bottom were as deep as hell I should down. I had been drowned but that the shore was shelvy and shallow,—a death that I abhor; for the water swells a man; and what a thing should I have been when I had been swelled! I should have been a mountain of mummy.

Re-enter BARDOLPH with the wine.

Bard. Here's mistress Quickly, sir, to speak with you.

Fal. Come let me pour in some sack to the Thames water; for my belly's as cold as if I had swallowed snow-balls for pills to cool the reins. Call her in.

Bard. Come in, woman.

Enter Mrs. QUICKLY.

Quick. By your leave; I cry you mercy: Give your worship good-morrow.

Fal. Take away these chalices: Go, brew me a pottle of sack finely.

Bard. With eggs, sir?

Fal. Simple of itself; I'll no pullet-sperm in my brewage. —*[Exit BARDOLPH.]*—How now?

Quick. Marry, sir, I came to your worship from mistress Ford.

Fal. Mistress Ford! I have had ford enough: I was thrown into the ford: I have my belly full of ford.

Quick. Alas the day! good heart, that was not her fault: she does so take on with her men; they mistook their erection.

Fal. So did I mine, to build upon a foolish woman's promise.

Quick. Well, she laments, sir, for it, that it would yearn your heart to see it. Her husband goes 'this morning a birding: she desires you once more to come to her between

¹ *Cut and long-tail.* The commentators give us a world of dissertation to prove, and to disprove, that unlawful dogs had their tails cut by the forest laws; and it seems to be settled that such dogs were only maimed on the fore-foot. *Come cut and long-tail* appears to mean, come people of all degrees—*long tail* as opposed to *bob tail*, a member of the worshipful firm of Tag, Rag, & Co.

² It is said that this is a proverb in the southern counties. We never heard it. In Ben Jonson's "Bartholomew Fair" there is a similar notion: "Would I had

been set in the ground, all but the head of me, and had my brains bowl'd at." The refined cruelties of Oriental despotism suggested the punishment of burying an offender in this manner. Sir Thomas Roe, in his "Voyage to the East Indies," tells a story of the Mogul murdering one of his women in this barbarous fashion.

³ The *fool* was Slender, patronized by Master Page; the *physician*, Dr. Caius, whose suit Mrs. Page favoured.

eight and nine. I must carry her word quickly: she'll make you amends, I warrant you.

Fal. Well, I will visit her: Tell her so; and bid her think what a man is: let her consider his frailty, and then judge of my merit.

Quick. I will tell her.

Fal. Do so. Between nine and ten, say'st thou?

Quick. Eight and nine, sir.

Fal. Well, be gone: I will not miss her.

Quick. Peace be with you, sir. *[Exit.]*

Fal. I marvel I hear not of master Brook; he sent me word to stay within: I like his money well. O here he comes.

Enter FORD.

Ford. Bless you, sir!

Fal. Now, master Brook; you come to know what hath passed between me and Ford's wife.

Ford. That, indeed, sir John, is my business.

Fal. Master Brook, I will not lie to you: I was at her house the hour she appointed me.

Ford. And sped¹ you, sir?

Fal. Very ill-favouredly, master Brook.

Ford. How so, sir? Did she change her determination?

Fal. No, master Brook; but the peaking cornuto her husband, master Brook, dwelling in a continual 'larum of jealousy, comes me in the instant of our encounter, after we had embraced, kissed, protested, and, as it were, spoke the prologue of our comedy; and at his heels a rabble of his companions, thither provoked and instigated by his distemper, and forsooth, to search his house for his wife's love.

Ford. What, while you were there?

Fal. While I was there.

Ford. And did he search for you and could not find you?

Fal. You shall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one mistress Page; gives intelligence of Ford's approach; and, in her invention and Ford's wife's distraction, they conveyed me into a buck-basket.

Ford. A buck-basket?

Fal. Yes, a buck-basket; rammed me in with foul shirts and smocks, socks, foul stockings, greasy napkins; that, master Brook, there was the rankest compound of villainous smell that ever offended nostril.

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Fal. Nay, you shall hear, master Brook, what I have suffered to bring this woman to evil for your good. Being thus crammed in the basket, a couple of Ford's knaves, his hinds, were called forth by their mistress, to carry me in the name of foul clothes to Datchet-lane: they took me on their shoulders; met the jealous knave their master in the door; who asked them once or twice what they had in their basket: I quaked for fear lest the lunatic knave would have searched it; but fate, ordaining he should be a cuckold, held his hand. Well: on went he for a search, and away went I for foul clothes. But mark the sequel, master Brook: I suffered the pangs of three several deaths: first, an intolerable fright, to be detected with a jealous rotten bell-wether: next, to be compassed, like a good bilbo, in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head: and then, to be stopped in, like a strong distillation, with stinking clothes that fretted in their own grease: think of that,—a man of my kidney,—think of that; that am as subject to heat as butter; a man of continual dissolution and thaw; it was a miracle to 'scape suffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half stewed in grease, like a Dutch dish, to be thrown into the Thames, and cooled, glowing hot, in that surge, like a horseshoe; think of that,—hissing hot,—think of that, master Brook.

Ford. In good sadness, sir, I am sorry that for my sake you have suffered all this. My suit then is desperate; you'll undertake her no more.

Fal. Master Brook, I will be thrown into Etna, as I have been thrown into Thames, ere I will leave her thus. Her husband is this morning gone a birding: I have received from her another embassy of meeting; 'twixt eight and nine is the hour, master Brook.

Ford. 'Tis past eight already, sir.

Fal. Is it? I will then address me to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speed; and the conclusion shall be crowned with your enjoying her: Adieu. You shall have her, master Brook; master Brook, you shall cuckold Ford. *[Exit.]*

Ford. Hum! ha! is this a vision? is this a dream? do I sleep? Master Ford, awake; awake, master Ford; there's a hole made in your best coat, master Ford. This 'tis to be married! this 'tis to have linen and buck-baskets!—Well, I will proclaim myself what I am: I will now take the lecher; he is at my house: he cannot 'scape me; 'tis impossible he should; he cannot creep into a halfpenny purse, nor into a pepper-box; but, lest the devil that guides him should aid him, I will search impossible places. Though what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not shall not make me tame: If I have horns to make me mad, let the proverb go with me, I'll be horn mad. *[Exit.]*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The Street.

Enter Mrs. PAGE, Mrs. QUICKLY, and WILLIAM.

Mrs. Page. Is he at master Ford's already, think'st thou?

Quick. Sure he is by this; or will be presently: but truly he is very courageous mad, about his throwing into the water. Mistress Ford desires you to come suddenly.

Mrs. Page. I'll be with her by-and-by; I'll but bring my young man here to school. Look, where his master comes; 'tis a playing day, I see.

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS.

How now, sir Hugh? no school to-day?

Eva. No; master Slender is let the boys leave to play.

Quick. Blessing of his heart!

Mrs. Page. Sir Hugh, my husband says my son profits nothing in the world at his book. I pray you, ask him some questions in his accidence.

Eva. Come hither, William; hold up your head; come.

Mrs. Page. Come on, sirrah: hold up your head; answer your master, be not afraid.

Eva. William, how many numbers is in nouns?

Will. Two.

Quick. Truly, I thought there had been one number more; because they say, od's nouns.

Eva. Peace your tattlings. What is *fair*, William?

Will. *Pulcher*.

Quick. Poulcats! there are fairer things than poulcats, sure.

Eva. You are a very simplicity 'oman; I pray you, peace. What is *lapis*, William?

Will. A stone.

Eva. And what is a stone, William?

Will. A pebble.

Eva. No, it is *lapis*; I pray you remember in your prain.

Will. *Lapis*.

Eva. That is a good William. What is he, William, that does lend articles?

¹ *Sped you*. Malone would read "how sped you?" But *sped you* does not require the addition.

Will. Articles are borrowed of the pronoun; and be thus declined, *Singulariter, nominativo, hic, hæc, hoc.*

Eva. *Nominativo, hig, hag, hog;*—pray you, mark: *genitivo, hujus:* Well, what is your *accusative case?*

Will. *Accusativo, hinc.*

Eva. I pray you, have your remembrance, child; *Accusativo, hing, hang, hog.*

Quick. Hang hog is Latin for bacon, I warrant you.¹

Eva. Leave your prabbles, 'oman. What is the *focative case,* William?

Will. O—*vocativo, O.*

Eva. Remember, William, *focative is, caret.*

Quick. And that's a good root.

Eva. 'Oman, forbear.

Mrs. Page. Peace.

Eva. What is your *genitive case plural,* William?

Will. *Genitive case?*

Eva. Ay.

Will. *Genitive,—horum, harum, horum.*

Quick. 'Vengeance of Jenny's case! fie on her!—never name her, child, if she be a whore.

Eva. For shame, 'oman.

Quick. You do ill to teach the child such words: he teaches him to hick and to hack, which they'll do fast enough of themselves, and to call *horum*:—fie upon you!

Eva. 'Oman, art thou lunatics? hast thou no understandings for thy cases, and the numbers of the genders? Thou art as foolish christian creatures as I would desires.

Mrs. Page. Prithee, hold thy peace.

Eva. Shew me now, William, some declensions of your pronouns.

Will. Forsooth, I have forgot.

Eva. It is *qui, quæ, quod;* if you forget your *quies,* your *quæs,* and your *quods,* you must be preeches. Go your ways, and play, go.

Mrs. Page. He is a better scholar than I thought he was.

Eva. He is a good sprag² memory. Farewell, mistress Page.

Mrs. Page. Adieu, good sir Hugh. [*Exit Sir HUGH.*]
Get you home, boy.—Come, we stay too long. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Room in Ford's House.

Enter FALSTAFF and Mrs. FORD.

Fal. Mistress Ford, your sorrow hath eaten up my sufferance: I see you are obsequious in your love, and I profess requital to a hair's breadth; not only, mistress Ford, in the simple office of love, but in all the accoutrement, complement, and ceremony of it. But are you sure of your husband now?

Mrs. Ford. He's a birding, sweet sir John.

Mrs. Page. [*Within.*] What hoa, gossip Ford! what hoa!

Mrs. Ford. Step into the chamber, sir John.

[*Exit FALSTAFF.*]

Enter Mrs. PAGE.

Mrs. Page. How now, sweetheart? who's at home beside yourself?

Mrs. Ford. Why, none but mine own people.

Mrs. Page. Indeed?

Mrs. Ford. No, certainly;—Speak louder. [*Aside.*]

Mrs. Page. Truly, I am so glad you have nobody here.

Mrs. Ford. Why?

Mrs. Page. Why, woman, your husband is in his old lunes³ again: he so takes on yonder with my husband; so rails against all married mankind; so curses all Eve's daughters, of what complexion soever; and so buffets himself on the forehead, crying *Peer-out, peer-out!* that any madness I ever yet beheld seemed but tameness, civility, and patience, to this his distemper he is in now; I am glad the fat knight is not here.

Mrs. Ford. Why, does he talk of him?

Mrs. Page. Of none but him; and swears he was carried out, the last time he searched for him, in a basket: protests to my husband he is now here; and hath drawn him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his suspicion; but I am glad the knight is not here: now he shall see his own foolery.

Mrs. Ford. How near is he, mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. Hard by; at street end; he will be here anon.

Mrs. Ford. I am undone!—the knight is here.

Mrs. Page. Why then you are utterly ashamed, and he's but a dead man. What a woman are you?—Away with him, away with him; better shame than murder.

Mrs. Ford. Which way should he go? how should I bestow him? Shall I put him into the basket again?

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. No, I'll come no more i' the basket: May I not go out ere he come?

Mrs. Page. Alas, three of master Ford's brothers watch the door with pistols, that none shall issue out; otherwise you might slip away ere he came. But what make you here?

Fal. What shall I do?—I'll creep up into the chimney.

Mrs. Ford. There they always use to discharge their birding pieces: Creep into the kiln hole.

Fal. Where is it?

Mrs. Ford. He will seek there, on my word. Neither press, coffer, chest, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an abstract for the remembrance of such places, and goes to them by his note: There is no hiding you in the house.

Fal. I'll go out then.

Mrs. Page. If you go out in your own semblance, you die, sir John. Unless you go out disguised,—

Mrs. Ford. How might we disguise him?

Mrs. Page. Alas the day, I know not. There is no woman's gown big enough for him; otherwise he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchief, and so escape.

Fal. Good hearts, devise something: any extremity, rather than a mischief.

Mrs. Ford. My maid's aunt, the fat woman of Brentford, has a gown above.

Mrs. Page. On my word, it will serve him; she is as big as he is: and there's her thrum'd hat, and her muffler too: Run up, sir John.

Mrs. Ford. Go, go, sweet sir John: mistress Page and I will look some linen for your head.

Mrs. Page. Quick, quick; we'll come dress you straight: put on the gown the while. [*Exit FALSTAFF.*]

Mrs. Ford. I would my husband would meet him in this shape: he cannot abide the old woman of Brentford; he swears she's a witch; forbade her my house, and hath threatened to beat her.

Mrs. Page. Heaven guide him to thy husband's cudgel; and the devil guide his cudgel afterwards!

¹ *Hang hog, &c.* This joke is in all probability derived from the traditionary anecdote of Sir Nicholas Bacon, which is told by Lord Bacon in his "Apothegms": "Sir Nicholas Bacon being judge of the Northern Circuit, when he came to pass sentence upon the malefactors, was by one of them mightily importuned to save his life. When nothing he had said would avail, he at length desired his mercy on account of kindred. Prithee, said my lord, how came that in? Why if it please you, my lord, your name is *Bacon* and mine is *Hog*, and in all ages

Hog and Bacon are so near kindred that they are not to be separated. Ay but, replied the judge, you and I cannot be of kindred unless you be hanged; for Hog is not Bacon till it be well hang'd."

² *Sprag*—quick, lively.

³ *Lunes.* The folio has *lines*; the quarto, "his old vein." Theobald changed *lines* to *lunes*, which is the received reading. Old *lines* may be the same as old courses, old humours, old vein.

Mrs. Ford. But is my husband coming?

Mrs. Page. Ay, in good sadness, is he; and talks of the basket too, howsoever he hath had intelligence.

Mrs. Ford. We'll try that; for I'll appoint my men to carry the basket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did last time.

Mrs. Page. Nay, but he'll be here presently: let's go dress him like the witch of Brentford.

Mrs. Ford. I'll first direct my men what they shall do with the basket. Go up, I'll bring linen for him straight.

[*Exit.*]

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest varlet! we cannot misuse him enough.¹

We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do,

Wives may be merry and yet honest too:

We do not act that often jest and laugh;

'Tis old but true, Still swine eat all the draff. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter Mrs. FORD, with two Servants.

Mrs. Ford. Go, sirs, take the basket again on your shoulders; your master is hard at door; if he bid you set it down, obey him: quickly, despatch. [*Exit.*]

1 *Serv.* Come, come, take it up.

2 *Serv.* Pray heaven it be not full of knight again.²

1 *Serv.* I hope not; I had as lief bear so much lead.

Enter FORD, PAGE, SHALLOW, CAIUS, and Sir HUGH EVANS.

Ford. Ay, but if it prove true, master Page, have you any way then to unfool me again?—Set down the basket, villain:—Somebody call my wife:—Youth in a basket!³—O, you panderly rascals! there's a knot, a ging,⁴ a pack, a conspiracy against me: Now shall the devil be shamed. What! wife, I say!—Come, come forth. Behold what honest clothes you send forth to bleaching.

Page. Why, this passes! Master Ford, you are not to go loose any longer; you must be pinioned.

Eva. Why, this is lunatics! this is mad as a mad dog!

Shal. Indeed, master Ford, this is not well; indeed.

Enter Mrs. FORD.

Ford. So say I too, sir.—Come, hither, mistress Ford; mistress Ford, the honest woman, the modest wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her husband!—I suspect without cause, mistress, do I?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven be my witness you do, if you suspect me of any dishonesty.

Ford. Well said, brazen-face; hold it out.—Come forth, sirrah. [*Pulls the clothes out of the basket.*]

Page. This passes!

Mrs. Ford. Are you not ashamed? let the clothes alone.

Ford. I shall find you anon,

Eva. 'Tis unreasonable! Will you take up your wife's clothes? Come away.

Ford. Empty the basket, I say.

Mrs. Ford. Why, man, why,—

Ford. Master Page, as I am a man, there was one conveyed out of my house yesterday in this basket: Why may not he be there again? In my house I am sure he is: my intelligence is true: my jealousy is reasonable: Pluck me out all the linen.

Mrs. Ford. If you find a man there, he shall die a flea's death.

Page. Here's no man.

Shal. By my fidelity, this is not well, master Ford; this wrongs you.

Eva. Master Ford, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart: this is jealousies.

Ford. Well, he's not here I seek for.

Page. No, nor nowhere else, but in your brain.

Ford. Help to search my house this one time: if I find not what I seek, shew no colour for my extremity, let me for ever be your table-sport; let them say of me, As jealous as Ford, that searched a hollow walnut for his wife's leman. Satisfy me once more; once more search with me.

Mrs. Ford. What ho, mistress Page! come you, and the old woman, down; my husband will come into the chamber.

Ford. Old woman! What old woman's that?

Mrs. Ford. Why, it is my maid's aunt of Brentford.

Ford. A witch, a quean, an old cozening quean! Have I not forbid her my house? She comes of errands, does she? We are simple men; we do not know what's brought to pass under the profession of fortune-telling. She works by charms, by spells, by the figure, and such daubery as this is; beyond our element: we know nothing.—Come down, you witch, you hag you; come down I say.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, good, sweet husband;—good gentlemen, let him not strike the old woman.

Enter FALSTAFF in women's clothes, led by Mrs. PAGE.

Mrs. Page. Come, mother Prat, come, give me your hand.

Ford. I'll prat her:—Out of my door, you witch, [*beats him,*] you rag, you baggage, you polecat, you ronyon! out! out! I'll conjure you, I'll fortune-tell you.

[*Exit FALSTAFF.*]

Mrs. Page. Are you not ashamed? I think you have killed the poor woman.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, he will do it:—'Tis a goodly credit for you.

Ford. Hang her, witch!

Eva. By yea and no, I think, the 'oman is a witch indeed: I like not when a 'oman has a great peard; I spy a great peard under her muffler.⁵

Ford. Will you follow, gentlemen? I beseech you, follow; see but the issue of my jealousy: if I cry out thus upon no trail, never trust me when I open again.

Page. Let's obey his humour a little further: Come, gentlemen. [*Exeunt PAGE, FORD, SHALLOW, and EVANS.*]

Mrs. Page. Trust me, he beat him most pitifully.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, by the mass, that he did not; he beat him most unpitifully methought.

Mrs. Page. I'll have the cudgel hallowed and hung o'er the altar; it hath done meritorious service.

Mrs. Ford. What think you? May we, with the warrant of womanhood, and the witness of a good conscience, pursue him with any further revenge?

Mrs. Page. The spirit of wantonness is, sure, scared out of him; if the devil have him not in fee-simple, with fine and recovery, he will never, I think, in the way of waste, attempt us again.⁵

¹ The folio of 1623 reads "misuse enough." The second folio inserted *him*—"we cannot misuse him enough"—which is the received reading. Malone says *him* was accidentally omitted.

² *Full of knight.* So the folio of 1623. The second folio has "full of the knight," which is the received reading. The article destroys the wit. The servant uses *knight* as he would say *lead*.

³ We print the speech as in the folio,—and, if properly read, it most vividly presents the incoherent and abrupt mode in which a mind overwrought by passion expresses its thoughts. Ford exclaims, "Somebody call my wife." He then cries out to the supposed disturber of his peace, "Youth in a basket!" and instantly turns upon the people of his household with reproaches. Malone found

"come out here" in the old quarto, and foisted it in after "youth in a basket;" whereas "O, you panderly rascals!" to "what! wife, I say!" is parenthetical; and "come, come forth" is addressed to the "youth in a basket," and not to Mrs. Ford.

⁴ *Ging*—gang.

⁵ This is one of the many examples of Shakspeare's legal knowledge. He certainly knew much more of law than his commentators. Ritson, upon this passage, says, "Fee-simple is the *largest* estate, and fine and recovery the *strongest* assurance, known to English law." Surely the passage means that the devil had Falstaff as an entire estate, with the power of barring entail—of disposing of him according to his own desire;—as absolute a power as any self-willed person, such as the devil is said to be, could wish.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we tell our husbands how we have served him?

Mrs. Page. Yes, by all means; if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husband's brains. If they can find in their hearts the poor unvirtuous fat knight shall be any further afflicted, we two will still be the ministers.

Mrs. Ford. I'll warrant they'll have him publicly shamed: and, methinks, there would be no period to the jest,¹ should he not be publicly shamed.

Mrs. Page. Come, to the forge with it then, shape it: I would not have things cool. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter HOST and BARDOLPH.

Bard. Sir, the Germans desire to have three of your horses: the duke himself will be to-morrow at court, and they are going to meet him.

Host. What duke should that be comes so secretly? I hear not of him in the court: Let me speak with the gentlemen; they speak English?

Bard. Ay, sir; I'll call them to you.

Host. They shall have my horses; but I'll make them pay, I'll sauce them: they have had my house a week at command; I have turned away my other guests: they must come off; I'll sauce them: Come. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—A Room in Ford's House.

Enter PAGE, FORD, Mrs. PAGE, Mrs. FORD, and Sir HUGH EVANS.

Eva. 'Tis one of the pest discretions of a 'oman as ever I did look upon.

Page. And did he send you both these letters at an instant?

Mrs. Page. Within a quarter of an hour.

Ford. Pardon me, wife: Henceforth do what thou wilt; I rather will suspect the sun with cold² Than thee with wantonness: now doth thy honour stand, In him that was of late an heretic, As firm as faith.

Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well; no more: Be not as extreme in submission As in offence;

But let our plot go forward: let our wives Yet once again, to make us public sport, Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow, Where we may take him, and disgrace him for it.

Ford. There is no better way than that they spoke of.

Page. How! to send him word they'll meet him in the park at midnight? fie, fie; he'll never come.

Eva. You say, he has been thrown in the rivers; and has been grievously peaten, as an old 'oman; methinks, there should be terrors in him that he should not come: methinks, his flesh is punished, he shall have no desires.

Page. So think I too.

Mrs. Ford. Devise but how you'll use him when he comes, And let us two devise to bring him thither.

¹ No period to the jest—we should have to keep on the jest in other forms, unless his public shame concluded it. There would be no end to the jest.

² Cold. The folio reads gold. Rowe changed the word to cold, which is perhaps the true reading. To suspect the sun with gold may mean to suspect the sun of being corrupted with gold; yet with cold (of cold) is more properly in apposition with wantonness (of wantonness).

³ Takes—seizes with disease. As in Lear—

“Strike her young bones,
Ye taking airs.”

⁴ This line is not in the folio; but it is certainly wanting. The passage in the quarto in which this line occurs is a remarkable example of the care with which the first sketch has been improved.

“Hear my device.
Oft have you heard since *Horne* the hunter died,
That women to affright their little children
Say that he walks in shape of a great stag.”

Mrs. Page. There is an old tale goes, that Herne the hunter,

Sometime a keeper here in Windsor forest,
Doth all the winter time, at still midnight,
Walk round about an oak, with great ragg'd horns;
And there he blasts the tree, and takes³ the cattle;
And makes milch-kine yield blood, and shakes a chain
In a most hideous and dreadful manner:
You have heard of such a spirit; and well you know,
The superstitious, idle-headed eld
Received, and did deliver to our age,
This tale of Herne the hunter for a truth.

Page. Why, yet there want not many that do fear
In deep of night to walk by this Herne's oak:
But what of this?

Mrs. Ford. Marry, this is our device;
That Falstaff at that oak shall meet with us,
[Disguised like Herne, with huge horns on his head.⁴]

Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come,
And in this shape: When you have brought him thither,
What shall be done with him? what is your plot?

Mrs. Page. That likewise have we thought upon, and thus:

Nan Page my daughter, and my little son,
And three or four more of their growth, we'll dress
Like urchins, ouphes,⁵ and fairies, green and white,
With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads,
And rattles in their hands; upon a sudden,
As Falstaff, she, and I, are newly met,
Let them from forth a saw-pit rush at once
With some diffused⁶ song; upon their sight,
We two in great amazedness will fly:
Then let them all encircle him about,
And fairy-like, to pinch⁷ the unclean knight;
And ask him, why, that hour of fairy revel,
In their so sacred paths he dares to tread,
In shape profane.

Mrs. Ford. And till he tell the truth,
Let the supposed fairies pinch him sound,
And burn him with their tapers.

Mrs. Page. The truth being known,
We'll all present ourselves; dis-horn the spirit,
And mock him home to Windsor.

Ford. The children must
Be practised well to this, or they'll ne'er do't.

Eva. I will teach the children their behaviours; and I
will be like a jack-an-apes also, to burn the knight with
my taber.

Ford. That will be excellent. I'll go buy them vizards.

Mrs. Page. My Nan shall be the queen of all the fairies,
Finely attired in a robe of white.

Page. That silk will I go buy!—and in that time
Shall master Slender steal my Nan away, [Aside.]
And marry her at Eton.—Go, send to Falstaff straight.

Ford. Nay, I'll to him again, in name of Brook;
He'll tell me all his purpose: Sure, he'll come.

Mrs. Page. Fear not you that: Go, get us properties,
And tricking for our fairies.

Eva. Let us about it: It is admirable pleasures, and fery
honest knaveries. Exeunt PAGE, FORD, and EVANS.

Now, for that Falstaffe hath been so deceived
As that he dares not venture to the house,
We'll send him word to meet us in the field,
Disguised like *Horne*, with huge horns on his head.
The hour shall be just between twelve and one,
And at that time we will meet him both:
Then would I have you present there at hand,
With little boys disguised and drest like fairies,
For to affright fat Falstaffe in the woods.”

⁵ Ouphes—goblins.

⁶ Diffused—wild.

⁷ To pinch. To as a prefix to a verb is frequent in Spenser: as—

“With locks all loose, and raiment all to-tore.”

We find it in Milton's “Comus:”—

“Were all to-ruffled and sometimes impair'd.”

Mr. Page. Go, mistress Ford,
Send quickly to sir John, to know his mind.

[*Exit Mrs. FORD.*]

I'll to the doctor; he hath my good will,
And none but he, to marry with Nan Page.
That Slender, though well landed, is an idiot;
And he my husband best of all affects:
The doctor is well-money'd, and his friends
Potent at court; he, none but he, shall have her,
Though twenty thousand worthier come to crave her.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*A Room in the Garter Inn.*

Enter HOST and SIMPLE.

Host. What wouldst thou have, boor? what, thick-skin? speak, breathe, discuss; brief, short, quick, snap.

Sim. Marry, sir, I come to speak with sir John Falstaff from master Slender.

Host. There's his chamber, his house, his castle, his standing-bed, and truckle-bed; 'tis painted about with the story of the prodigal, fresh and new: Go, knock and call; he'll speak like an Anthropophaginian unto thee: Knock, I say.

Sim. There's an old woman, a fat woman, gone up into his chamber: I'll be so bold as stay, sir, till she come down; I come to speak with her, indeed.

Host. Ha! a fat woman! the knight may be robbed: I'll call.—Bully knight! Bully sir John! speak from thy lungs military: Art thou there? it is thine host, thine Ephesian, calls.

Fal. [*above*]. How now, mine host?

Host. Here's a Bohemian-Tartar carries the coming down of thy fat woman. Let her descend, bully, let her descend; my chambers are honourable: Fie! privacy? fie!

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. There was, mine host, an old fat woman even now with me; but she's gone.

Sim. Pray you, sir, was't not the wise woman of Brentford?¹

Fal. Ay, marry, was it, muscle-shell: What would you with her?

Sim. My master, sir, my master Slender, sent to her, seeing her go thorough the streets, to know, sir, whether one Nym, sir, that beguiled him of a chain, had the chain or no.

Fal. I spake with the old woman about it.

Sim. And what says she, I pray, sir?

Fal. Marry, she says, that the very same man that beguiled master Slender of his chain cozened him of it.

Sim. I would I could have spoken with the woman herself: I had other things to have spoken with her too, from him.

Fal. What are they? let us know.

Host. Ay, come; quick.

Sim. I may not conceal them, sir.

Host. Conceal them, or thou diest.

Sim. Why, sir, they were nothing but about mistress Anne Page; to know if it were my master's fortune to have her, or no.

Fal. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

Sim. What, sir?

Fal. To have her,—or no: Go; say, the woman told me so.

Sim. May I be bold to say so, sir?

Fal. Ay, sir Tike; who more bold?

Sim. I thank your worship: I shall make my master glad with these tidings. [*Exit SIMPLE.*]

Host. Thou art clerkly, thou art clerkly, sir John: Was there a wise woman with thee?

Fal. Ay, that there was, mine host; one that hath taught me more wit than ever I learned before in my life; and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.

Enter BARDOLPH.

Bard. Out, alas, sir! cozenage! mere cozenage.

Host. Where be my horses? speak well of them, varletto.

Bard. Run away with the cozeners: for so soon as I came beyond Eton, they threw me off, from behind one of them, in a slough of mire; and set spurs and away, like three German devils, three Doctor Faustuses.

Host. They are gone but to meet the duke, villain: do not say they be fled; Germans are honest men.

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS.

Eva. Where is mine host?

Host. What is the matter, sir?

Eva. Have a care of your entertainments: there is a friend of mine come to town, tells me there is three couzin germans, that has cozened all the hosts of Readings, of Maidenhead, of Colebrook, of horses and money. I tell you for good-will, look you: you are wise, and full of gibes and vlouting-stogs; and 'tis not convenient you should be cozened: Fare you well. [*Exit.*]

Enter Dr. CAIUS.

Caius. Vere is mine *Host de Farterre*?

Host. Here, master doctor, in perplexity, and doubtful dilemma.

Caius. I cannot tell vat is dat: But it is tell-a me, dat you make grand preparation for a duke *de Farmany* by my trot, dere is no duke dat de court is know to come: I tell you for good vill: adieu. [*Exit.*]

Host. Hue and cry, villain, go:—assist me, knight; I am undone: fly, run, hue and cry, villain! I am undone!

[*Exeunt HOST and BARDOLPH.*]

Fal. I would all the world might be cozened; for I have been cozened and beaten too. If it should come to the ear of the court, how I have been transformed, and how my transformation hath been washed and cudgelled, they would melt me out of my fat, drop by drop, and liquor fishermen's boots with me. I warrant, they would whip me with their fine wits, till I were as crest-fallen as a dried pear. I never prospered since I forswore myself at *primero*. Well, if my wind were but long enough to say my prayers, I would repent.—

Enter Mistress QUICKLY.

Now! whence come you?

Quick. From the two parties, forsooth.

Fal. The devil take one party, and his dam the other, and so they shall be both bestowed! I have suffered more for their sakes, more, than the villainous inconstancy of man's disposition is able to bear.

Quick. And have not they suffered? Yes, I warrant; speciously one of them; mistress Ford, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot see a white spot about her.

Fal. What tell'st thou me of black and blue? I was beaten myself into all the colours of the rainbow; and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of Brentford; but that my admirable dexterity of wit, my counterfeiting the action of an old woman, deliver'd me, the knave con-

¹ *Wise woman.* Scott, in his "Discovery of Witchcraft," says—"At this day it is indifferent to say in the English tongue, She is a *witch*, or she is a *wise-woman*."

stable had set me i' the stocks, i' the common stocks, for a witch.

Quick. Sir, let me speak with you in your chamber: you shall hear how things go; and, I warrant, to your content. Here is a letter will say somewhat. Good hearts, what ado here is to bring you together! Sure, one of you does not serve heaven well that you are so crossed.

Fal. Come up into my chamber. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*Another Room in the Garter Inn.*

Enter FENTON and HOST.

Host. Master Fenton, talk not to me; my mind is heavy, I will give over all.

Fent. Yet hear me speak: Assist me in my purpose, And, as I am a gentleman, I'll give thee A hundred pounds in gold, more than your loss.

Host. I will hear you, master Fenton; and I will, at the least, keep your counsel.

Fent. From time to time I have acquainted you With the dear love I bear to fair Anne Page; Who, mutually, hath answered my affection (So far forth as herself might be her chooser), Even to my wish: I have a letter from her Of such contents as you will wonder at; The mirth whereof so larded with my matter, That neither, singly, can be manifested, Without the shew of both,—wherein fat Falstaff¹ Hath a great scene: the image of the jest I'll shew you here at large. Hark, good mine host: To-night at Herne's oak, just 'twixt twelve and one, Must my sweet Nan present the fairy queen: The purpose why, is here; in which disguise, While other jests are something rank on foot, Her father hath commanded her to slip Away with Slender, and with him at Eton Immediately to marry: she hath consented: Now, sir, Her mother, even strong against that match, And firm for doctor Caius, hath appointed That he shall likewise shuffle her away, While other sports are tasking of their minds, And at the deanery, where a priest attends, Straight marry her: to this her mother's plot She, seemingly obedient, likewise hath Made promise to the doctor.—Now thus it rests: Her father means she shall be all in white; And in that habit, when Slender sees his time To take her by the hand, and bid her go, She shall go with him: her mother hath intended, The better to denote her to the doctor, (For they must all be mask'd and vizarded,) That, quaint in green, she shall be loose enrob'd, With ribbands pendant, flaring 'bout her head; And when the doctor spies his vantage ripe, To pinch her by the hand, and, on that token, The maid hath given consent to go with him.

Host. Which means she to deceive? father or mother?

Fent. Both, my good host, to go along with me: And here it rests,—that you'll procure the vicar To stay for me at church, 'twixt twelve and one, And, in the lawful name of marrying, To give our hearts united ceremony.

Host. Well, husband your device; I'll to the vicar: Bring you the maid, you shall not lack a priest.

Fent. So shall I evermore be bound to thee; Besides, I'll make a present recompense. [*Exeunt.*]

¹ This line in the folio is—

“Without the show of both; fat Falstaff.”

In the quarto, *wherein*, which appears necessary.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Garter Inn.*

Enter FALSTAFF and Mrs. QUICKLY.

Fal. Prithee, no more prattling;—go. I'll hold: This is the third time; I hope, good luck lies in odd numbers. Away, go; they say there is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance, or death.—Away.

Quick. I'll provide you a chain: and I'll do what I can to get you a pair of horns.

Fal. Away, I say; time wears: hold up your head, and mince. [*Exit Mrs. QUICKLY.*]

Enter FORD.

How now, master Brook? Master Brook, the matter will be known to-night, or never. Be you in the park about midnight, at Herne's oak, and you shall see wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her yesterday, sir, as you told me you had appointed?

Fal. I went to her, master Brook, as you see, like a poor old man: but I came from her, master Brook, like a poor old woman. That same knave, Ford her husband, hath the finest mad devil of jealousy in him, master Brook, that ever governed frenzy. I will tell you:—He beat me grievously, in the shape of a woman; for in the shape of man, master Brook, I fear not Goliath with a weaver's beam; because I know also, life is a shuttle. I am in haste; go along with me; I'll tell you all, master Brook. Since I pluck'd geese, play'd truant, and whipp'd top, I knew not what it was to be beaten, till lately. Follow me: I'll tell you 'strange things of this knave Ford; on whom to-night I will be revenged, and I will deliver his wife into your hand.—Follow: Strange things in hand, master Brook! follow. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Windsor Park.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER.

Page. Come, come; we'll couch i' the castle-ditch, till we see the light of our fairies.—Remember, son Slender, my daughter.

Slen. Ay, forsooth; I have spoke with her, and we have a nay-word, how to know one another. I come to her in white, and cry, *mum*; she cries *budget*; and by that we know one another.

Shal. That's good too; but what needs either your *mum*, or her *budget*? the white will decipher her well enough.—It hath struck ten o'clock.

Page. The night is dark; light and spirits will become it well. Heaven prosper our sport! No man means evil but the devil, and we shall know him by his horns. Let's away; follow me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The Street in Windsor.*

Enter Mrs. PAGE, Mrs. FORD, and Dr. CAIUS.

Mrs. Page. Master Doctor, my daughter is in green: when you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the deanery, and despatch it quickly: Go before into the park; we two must go together.

Caius. I know vat I have to do; Adieu.

Mrs. Page. Fare you well, sir. [*Exit CAIUS.*] My husband will not rejoice so much at the abuse of Falstaff, as he will chafe at the doctor's marrying my daughter: but 'tis no matter; better a little chiding than a great deal of heartbreak.

Mrs. Ford. Where is Nan now, and her troop of fairies? and the Welch devil, Hugh?

Mrs. Page. They are all couched in a pit hard by Herne's oak, with obscured lights; which, at the very instant of Falstaff's and our meeting, they will at once display to the night.

Mrs. Ford. That cannot choose but amaze him.

Mrs. Page. If he be not amazed, he will be mocked; if he be amazed, he will every way be mocked.

Mrs. Ford. We'll betray him finely.

Mrs. Page. Against such lewdsters, and their lechery, Those that betray them do no treachery.

Mrs. Ford. The hour draws on. To the oak, to the oak!
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Windsor Park.

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS, and Fairies.

Eva. Trib, trib, fairies; come; and remember your parts: be pold, I pray you; follow me into the pit; and when I give the watch-ords, do as I pid you; Come, come; trib, trib.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—Another part of the Park.

Enter FALSTAFF, disguised with a buck's head on.

Fal. The Windsor bell hath struck twelve; the minute draws on: Now, the hot-blooded gods assist me:—Remember, Jove, thou wast a bull for thy Europa; love set on thy horns. O powerful love! that, in some respects, makes a beast a man; in some other, a man a beast. You were also, Jupiter, a swan, for the love of Leda:—O, omnipotent love! how near the god drew to the complexion of a goose!—A fault done first in the form of a beast;—O Jove, a beastly fault! and then another fault in the semblance of a fowl; think on't, Jove; a foul fault. When gods have hot backs, what shall poor men do? For me, I am here a Windsor stag; and the fattest, I think, i' the forest: Send me a cool rut-time, Jove, or who can blame me to piss my tallow? Who comes here? my doe?

Enter Mrs. FORD and Mrs. PAGE.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John? art thou there, my deer? my male deer?

Fal. My doe with the black scut?—Let the sky rain potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of *Green sleeves*; hail kissing-comfits, and snow eringoes;¹ let there come a tempest of provocation, I will shelter me here.

[*Embracing her.*]

Mrs. Ford. Mrs. Page is come with me, sweetheart.

Fal. Divide me like a bribe-buck, each a haunch: I will keep my sides to myself, my shoulders for the fellow of this walk, and my horns I bequeath your husbands. Am I a woodman?² ha! Speak I likè Herne the hunter?—Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience; he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome!
[*Noise within.*]

Mrs. Page. Alas! what noise!

Mrs. Ford. Heaven forgive our sins!

Fal. What should this be?

Mrs. Ford. } Away, away.

Mrs. Page. } [*They run off.*]

Fal. I think the devil will not have me damned, lest the oil that is in me should set hell on fire; he would never else cross me thus.

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS like a satyr; Mrs. QUICKLY, and PISTOL; ANNE PAGE, as the Fairy Queen, attended by her brother and others, dressed like fairies, with waxen tapers on their heads.

Quick. Fairies, black, grey, green, and white,
You moon-shine revellers, and shades of night,
You orphan-heirs of fixed destiny,
Attend your office and your quality.
Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy oyes.³

Pist. Elves, list your names; silence, you airy toys.
Cricket, to Windsor chimneys shalt thou leap:
Where fires thou find'st unrak'd, and hearths unswept,
There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry:
Our radiant queen hates sluts and sluttery.

Fal. They are fairies; he that speaks to them shall die:
I'll wink and couch: no man their works must eye.

[*Lies down upon his face.*]

Eva. Where's *Pede*?—Go you, and where you find a maid,

That, ere she sleep, has thrice her prayers said,
Raise up the organs of her fantasy,⁴
Sleep she as sound as careless infancy;
But those as sleep and think not on their sins,
Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides, and shins.

Anne. About, about;

Search Windsor-castle, elves, within and out:
Strew good luck, ouphes, on every sacred room;
That it may stand till the perpetual doom,
In state as wholesome, as in state 'tis fit;
Worthy the owner, and the owner it.
The several chairs of order look you scour
With juice of balm, and every precious flower:
Each fair instalment, coat, and several crest,
With loyal blazon, evermore be blest!
And nightly, meadow-fairies, look, you sing,
Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring:
The expressure that it bears, green let it be,
More fertile-fresh than all the field to see;
And, *Hony soit qui mal y pense*,⁵ write,
In emerald tufts, flowers purple, blue, and white:
Like sapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery,
Buckled below fair knight-hood's bending knee:
Fairies use flowers for their charactery.
Away; disperse: But, till 'tis one o'clock,
Our dance of custom round about the oak
Of Herne the hunter, let us not forget.

Eva. Pray you, lock hand in hand; yourselves in order set:

And twenty glow-worms shall our lanterns be,
To guide our measure round about the tree.
But, stay: I smell a man of middle earth.

Fal. Heavens defend me from that Welch fairy!

Lest he transform me to a piece of cheese!

Pist. Vile worm, thou wast overlook'd even in thy birth.

Anne. With trial-fire touch me his finger-end.

If he be chaste, the flame will back descend

And turn him to no pain; but if he start,

It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.

Pist. A trial, come.

Eva.

Come, will this wood take fire?

[*They burn him with their tapers.*]

Fal. Oh, oh, oh!

Anne. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire!

About him, fairies; sing a scornful rhyme;

And, as you trip, still pinch him to your time.⁶

¹ Holinshed tells us that in 1583 was performed "a very stately tragedy named *Dido*, wherein the queen's banquet (with *Aeneas*' narration of the destruction of Troy,) was lively described in a *marcypaine pattern*,—the tempest wherein it hailed small confects, rained rose-water, and sned an artificial kind of snow."

² Do I understand *woodman's* craft—the hunter's art?

³ The *o-yes*, the *oyes*, of the crier of a proclamation, was clearly a monosyllable, rhyming to *toys*.

⁴ *Elevate* her fancy.

⁵ *Pense* is a dissyllable—a proof that Shakspeare knew the distinction between French verse and prose.

⁶ Theobald here inserts a speech from the quarto: "It is right; indeed he is full of lecheries and iniquity." Theobald says, "This speech is very much in character for Sir Hugh." He forgets that the real actors of the comedy are here speaking in assumed characters. Pistol has a speech or two; but all traces of Pistol's own character are suppressed. The entire scene is elevated into pure

SONG.

Fie on sinful fantasy !
Fie on lust and luxury !
Lust is but a bloody fire,
Kindled with unchaste desire,
Fed in heart ; whose flames aspire,
As thoughts do blow them, higher and higher.
Pinch him, fairies, mutually ;
Pinch him for his villainy ;
Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
Till candles, and star-light, and moon-shine be out.

During this song, the fairies pinch FALSTAFF. Dr. CAIUS comes one way, and steals away a fairy in green ; SLENDER another way, and takes off a fairy in white ; and FENTON comes, and steals away Mrs. ANNE PAGE. A noise of hunting is made within. All the fairies run away. FALSTAFF pulls off his buck's head, and rises.

Enter PAGE, FORD, Mrs. PAGE, and Mrs. FORD. They lay hold on him.

Page. Nay, do not fly ; I think, we have watch'd you now :

Will none but Herne the hunter serve your turn ?

Mrs. Page. I pray you, come ; hold up the jest no higher : Now, good sir John, how like you Windsor wives ? See you these, husband ? do not these fair yokes Become the forest better than the town ?

Ford. Now, sir, who's a cuckold now ?—Master Brook, Falstaff's a knave, a cuckoldly knave ; here are his horns, master Brook : And, master Brook, he hath enjoyed nothing of Ford's but his buck-basket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of money, which must be paid to master Brook ; his horses are arrested for it, master Brook.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John, we have had ill luck ; we could never meet. I will never take you for my love again, but I will always count you my deer.

Fal. I do begin to perceive that I am made an ass.

Ford. Ay, and an ox too ; both the proofs are extant.

Fal. And these are not fairies ? I was three or four times in the thought they were not fairies : and yet the guiltiness of my mind, the sudden surprise of my powers, drove the grossness of the foppery into a received belief, in despite of the teeth of all rhyme and reason, that they were fairies. See now, how wit may be made a Jack-a-lent, when 'tis upon ill employment.

Eva. Sir John Falstaff, serve Got, and leave your desires, and fairies will not pinse you.

Ford. Well said, fairy Hugh.

Eva. And leave you your jealousies too, I pray you.

Ford. I will never mistrust my wife again, till thou art able to woo her in good English.

Fal. Have I laid my brain in the sun, and dried it, that it wants matter to prevent so gross o'er-reaching as this ? Am I ridden with a Welch goat too ? Shall I have a coxcomb of frize ? 'Tis time I were choked with a piece of toasted cheese.

Eva. Seese is not good to give putter ; your pelly is all putter.

Fal. Seese and putter ! have I lived to stand at the taunts of one that makes fritters of English ? This is enough to be the decay of lust and late-walking through the realm.

Mrs. Page. Why, sir John, do you think, though we would have thrust virtue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders, and have given ourselves without scruple to hell, that ever the devil could have made you our delight ?

poetry in the amended edition, and none of the coarseness of the original is retained. For example, in the quarto, Sir Hugh says—

"Where's Pede ?
Go and see where brokers sleep,
And fox-eyed sergeants with their mace ;
Go lay the proctors in the street,
And pinch the lousy serjeant's face ;
Spare none of these when they're a-bed
But such whose nose looks blue and red."

Ford. What, a hodge-pudding ? a bag of flax ?

Mrs. Page. A puffed man ?

Page. Old, cold, withered, and of intolerable entrails ?

Ford. And one that is as slanderous as Satan ?

Page. And as poor as Job ?

Ford. And as wicked as his wife ?

Eva. And given to fornications, and to taverns, and sack, and wine, and metheglins, and to drinkings, and swearings, and starings, pribbles and prabbles ?

Fal. Well, I am your theme : you have the start of me ; I am dejected ; I am not able to answer the Welch flannel : ignorance itself is a plummet o'er me ; use me as you will.

Ford. Marry, sir, we'll bring you to Windsor, to one master Brook, that you have cozened of money, to whom you should have been a pander : over and above that you have suffered, I think, to repay that money will be a biting affliction.¹

Page. Yet be cheerful, knight : thou shalt eat a posset to-night at my house ; where I will desire thee to laugh at my wife that now laughs at thee : Tell her master Slender hath married her daughter.

Mrs. Page. Doctors doubt that ; if Anne Page be my daughter, she is, by this, doctor Caius' wife. [*Aside.*]

Enter SLENDER.

Slender. Whoo, ho ! ho ! father Page !

Page. Son ! how now ? how now, son ? have you despatched ?

Slender. Despatched !—I'll make the best in Gloucestershire know on't ; would I were hang'd, la, else.

Page. Of what, son ?

Slender. I came yonder at Eton to marry mistress Anne Page, and she's a great lubberly boy. If it had not been i' the church, I would have swung him, or he should have swung me. If I did not think it had been Anne Page would I might never stir, and 'tis a post-master's boy.

Page. Upon my life then you took the wrong.

Slender. What need you tell me that ? I think so, when I took a boy for a girl : If I had been married to him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had him.

Page. Why, this is your own folly. Did not I tell you how you should know my daughter by her garments ?

Slender. I went to her in white,² and cry'd *mum*, and she cry'd *budget*, as Anne and I had appointed ; and yet it was not Anne, but a post-master's boy.³

Mrs. Page. Good George, be not angry : I knew of your purpose ; turned my daughter into green ; and, indeed, she is now with the doctor at the deanery, and there married.

Enter CAIUS.

Caius. Vere is mistress Page ? By gar, I am cozened ; I ha' married *un garçon*, a boy ; *un paisan*, by gar, a boy ; it is not Anne Page : by gar, I am cozened.

Mrs. Page. Why, did you take her in green ?

Caius. Ay, be gar, and 'tis a boy ; be gar, I'll raise all Windsor. [*Exit CAIUS.*]

Ford. This is strange : Who hath got the right Anne ?

Page. My heart misgives me : Here comes master Fenton.

Enter FENTON and ANNE PAGE.

How now, master Fenton ?

¹ The whole scene being changed, three lines are here often foisted in from the quarto :—

"Mrs. Ford. Nay, husband, let that go to make amends :
Forgive that sum, and so we'll all be friends."

² The folio has *green*, which Pope changed to *white*, also changing, in the next speech, *white* to *green*.

³ Two other lines are here introduced in the same way :—

"Eva. Jesu ! Master Slender, cannot you see but marry poys ?
Page. O, I am vexed at heart : What shall I do ?"

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

Anne. Pardon, good father! good my mother, pardon!

Page. Now, mistress? how chance you went not with master Slender?

Mrs. Page. Why went you not with master doctor, maid?

Fent. You do amaze her: Hear the truth of it.

You would have married her most shamefully,
Where there was no proportion held in love.

The truth is, she and I, long since contracted,

Are now so sure that nothing can dissolve us.

The offence is holy that she hath committed:

And this deceit loses the name of craft,

Of disobedience, or unduteous title;

Since therein she doth evitate and shun

A thousand irreligious cursed hours,

Which forced marriage would have brought upon her.

Ford. Stand not amaz'd: here is no remedy:

In love, the heavens themselves do guide the state;

Money buys lands, and wives are sold by fate.

Fal. I am glad, though you have ta'en a special stand to
strike at me, that your arrow hath glanced.

Page. Well, what remedy? Fenton, heaven give thee
joy!

What cannot be eschew'd must be embrac'd.

Fal. When night-dogs run all sorts of deer are chas'd.¹

Mrs. Page. Well, I will muse no further: master Fenton,
Heaven give you many, many merry days!

Good husband, let us every one go home,
And laugh this sport o'er by a country fire;
Sir John and all.

Ford. Let it be so:—Sir John,
To master Brook you yet shall hold your word;
For he, to-night, shall lie with Mrs. Ford. [Exeunt.]

RECENT NEW READINGS.

It was suggested to us by Dr. Maginn that the poetical speeches in Scene V. belong to *Anne*, as the Fairy Queen. In all previous modern editions they are all very inappropriately given to *Quickly*. We have traced the origin of this mistake, which is perfectly evident. In the original quarto we have not a word of the arrangement for *Anne* to "present the Fairy Queen." These lines are only found in the folio:—

"To-night, at Herne's oak, just 'twixt twelve and one,
Must my sweet Nan present the fairy queen."

But in the quarto edition, in the stage-direction of this scene, we have, "Enter Sir Hugh like a satyr, and boys dressed like fairies." What the Queen had to say was greatly elaborated in the folio; and there the stage-direction is for the entrance, *without any designation* of "Anne Page, Fairies, Page, Ford, Quickly," &c. We have no doubt that the poet having determined that *Anne* should "present the fairy queen," these speeches unquestionably belong to her, and we have made the change accordingly. Mr. Dyce and Mr. Staunton adopt the change; Mr. White, in his edition of the Plays, contends that *Quickly* is right, but he says it has been the "invariable custom since Malone's time" to substitute "*Anne Page* as the *Fairy Queen*" when the characters enter, while the speeches were given to *Quickly*. "The inconsistency was avoided by Mr. Collier at the suggestion of Mr. Harness." He goes on to say that *Qui.* and *Quic.* could not have been invariably misprinted for *Qu.*; that the speeches of *Pistol* and *Sir Hugh* are as much inconsistent with the characters as those of *Mrs. Quickly*; that they were all assuming parts, and were lightly masked; and that *Anne Page* did *not* play the Fairy Queen, for, as she assured her lover, she intended to deceive her father and mother, "and she did so."

ILLUSTRATIONS TO THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

ACT I.

^a SCENE I.—"*Sir Hugh, persuade me not.*"

WE find several instances in Shakspeare of a priest being called *Sir*: as, *Sir Hugh* in this comedy; *Sir Oliver* in *As You Like It*; *Sir Topas* in *Twelfth Night*; and *Sir Nathaniel* in *Love's Labour's Lost*. In a curious treatise quoted by Todd, entitled "A Decacordon of Ten Quodlibeticall Questions concerning Religion and State, &c., newly imprinted, 1602," we have the following magniloquent explanation of the matter:—

"By the laws armorial, civil, and of arms, a *Priest* in his place in civil conversation is always before any Esquire, as being a *Knight's fellow* by his holy orders: and the third of the three *Sirs*, which only were in request of old (no baron, viscount, earl, nor marquis being then in use) to wit, *Sir King*, *Sir Knight*, and *Sir Priest*; this word *Dominus*, in Latin, being a noun substantive common to them all, as *Dominus meus Rex*, *Dominus meus Joab*, *Dominus Sacerdos* and afterwards, when honours began to take their subordination one under another, and titles of princely dignity to be hereditary to succeeding posterity (which happened upon the fall of the Roman empire) then *Dominus* was in Latin applied to all noble and generous hearts, even from the king to the meanest *Priest*, or temporal person of gentle blood, coat-armour perfect, and ancestry. But *Sir* in English was restrained to these four; *Sir Knight*, *Sir Priest*, *Sir Graduate*, and in common speech *Sir Esquire*: so as always since distinction of titles were, *Sir Priest* was ever the second."

Fuller, in his "Church History," gives us a more homely version of the title. After saying that anciently there were in England more *Sirs* than *Knights*, he adds, "Such priests as have the addition of *Sir* before their Christian name were men not graduated in the university, being in orders, but not in degrees, whilst others entitled

masters had commenced in the arts." In a note in Smith's "Antiquities of Westminster, Mr. John Sidney Hawkins gives us the following explanation of the passage in Fuller:—

"It was, probably, only a translation of the Latin *dominus*, which in strictness means, when applied to persons under the degree of knighthood, nothing more than master, or, as it is now written Mr. In the university persons would rank according to their academical degrees only, and there was, consequently, no danger of confusion between baronets and knights and those of the clergy, but to preserve the distinction which Fuller points out, it seems to have been thought necessary to translate *dominus*, in this case, by the appellative *Sir*; for had *magister* been used instead of *dominus*, or had *dominus* been rendered master, non-graduates, to whom it had been applied, would have been mistaken for *magistri artium*, masters of arts."

^b SCENE I.—"*The luce is the fresh fish; the salt fish is an old coat.*"

This speech is an heraldic puzzle. It is pretty clear that "the dozen white luses" apply to the arms of the Lucy family. In Ferne's "Blazon of Gentry," 1586, we have, "Signs of the coat should something agree with the name. It is the coat of Geffray Lord Lucy. He did bear gules, three *lucies* hariant [hauriant] argent." The luce is a *pike*,—"the fresh fish;" not the "familiar beast to man." So far is clear; but why "the salt fish is an old coat" is not so intelligible.

Since our first edition we have received an ingenious explanation from a correspondent, "A Lover of Heraldry."

"The arms of the Lucies (now quartered by the Duke of Northumberland), are gules, three *lucies* hauriant, argent. The fish is called hauriant in heraldry when it is drawn erect, or in the act of springing up to draw in the air. Now Shallow is not a very exact herald, and does not apply the special term *hauriant* to the luce, but the term *saltant* or *saliant*, which expresses the same thing, but is only used of beasts, like lions, &c. The first part of the sentence is merely in answer to what Sir Hugh has just said, explaining what the luce is. 'The luce is the fresh fish,' i.e., the large fresh-water fish, the pike.

¹ We have also another line restored—rescued, as the editor says—good in itself, but out of place:—

"Eva. I will dance and eat plums at your wedding."

Then he goes on in conclusion, but without any opposition of the latter part of his sentence to the first, 'The *salt* fish (*i.e.* the fish or luce *saltant*) is an old coat.' Without taking it as a strict and formed adjective, in Shallow's mouth the *salt* luce may mean the *saltant* lucies."

^c SCENE I.—" *I heard say he was out-run on Cotsall.*"

The Cotswold Hills in Gloucestershire, like many other places, were anciently famous for rural sports. In the Second Part of Henry IV., Shallow mentions "Will Squele, a Cotswold man," as one of his four swinge bucklers. But Cotswold subsequently became famous for "the yearly celebration of Mr. Robert Dover's Olympick Games."

^d SCENE I.—" *Seven groats in mill-sixpences.*"

How Slender could be robbed of two shillings and fourpence in sixpences would require his own ingenuity to explain. The mill sixpences coined in 1561 and 1562 were the first milled money used in this kingdom.

^e SCENE I.—" *I had rather than forty shillings, I had my book of Songs and Sonnets here.*"

The exquisite bit of nature of poor Slender wanting his book of Songs and Sonnets, and his book of Riddles to help him out in his talk with Anne Page, is not found in the original sketch.

^f SCENE I.—" *Master of fence.*"

Steevens informs us that "master of defence, on this occasion, does not simply mean a professor of the art of fencing, but a person who had taken his master's degree in it;" and he adds, that in this art there were three degrees, a master, a provost, and a scholar. We doubt whether Slender, "on this occasion," meant very precisely to indicate the quality of the professor with whom he played at sword and dagger.

^g SCENE I.—" *Sackerson loose.*"

The inquiry of Slender, "Be there bears i' the town?" furnishes a proof of the universality of the practice of bear-baiting. In the time of Henry VIII. the bear gardens on Bankside were open on Sundays; and the price of admission was a halfpenny. That it was a barbarous custom we can have no doubt. Master Laneham, in his Letters from Kenilworth, tells us that when the bear was loose from the dogs, it was a matter of goodly relief to him to shake his ears twice or thrice. Sackerson was a celebrated bear exhibited in Paris Garden, in Southwark. In a collection of epigrams by Sir John Davies we have the lines:—

"Publius, a student of the common law,
To Paris-garden doth himself withdraw;
Leaving old Ployden, Dyer, and Broke alone,
To see old Harry Hunkes and Sacarson."

If Slender had "taken him by the chain," Sackerson and Slender must have been equals in simplicity. Slender's triumph of manhood over the women, who "so cried and shrieked at it," is exquisite. The passage is wonderfully improved from the corresponding one in the original sketch:—

"*Slender.* What, have you bears in your town, mistress Anne, your dogs bark so.
Anne. I cannot tell master Slender, I think there be.

"*Slender.* Ha, how say you? I warrant you're afraid of a bear let loose, are you not?"

"*Anne.* Yes, trust me.

"*Slender.* Now that's meat and drink to me. I'll run to a bear, and take her by the muzzle, you never saw the like. But indeed I cannot blame you, for they are marvellous rough things.

"*Anne.* Will you go in to dinner, master Slender? The meat stays for you.

"*Slender.* No faith, not I, I thank you. I cannot abide the smell of hot meat, ne'er since I broke my shin. I'll tell you how it came, by my troth. A fencer and I played three venies for a dish of stewed prunes, and I with my ward defending my head, he hit my shin; yes, faith."

ACT II.

^a SCENE I.—" *This Flemish drunkard.*"

The English of the days of Elizabeth accused the people of the Low Countries with having taught them to drink to excess. The "men of war" who had campaigned in Flanders, according to Sir John Smythe, in his "Discourses," 1590, introduced this vice amongst us; "whereof it is come to pass that now-a-days there are very few feasts where our said men of war are present, but that they do invite and procure all the company, of what calling soever they be, to carousing and quaffing; and, because they will not be denied their challenges, they, with many new conges, ceremonies, and reverences, drink to the health and prosperity of princes; to the health of counsellors, and unto the health of their greatest friends both at home and abroad: in which exercise they never cease till they be dead drunk, or, as the Flemings say, Doot drunken." He adds: "And this aforesaid detestable vice hath within these six or seven years taken wonderful root amongst our English nation, that in times past was wont to be of all nations of Christendom one of the soberest."

^b SCENE I. (also ACT V. SC. V.)—" *Green sleeves.*"

This appears to have been a very popular song in Shakspeare's time, and, judging from an allusion to it in Fletcher's tragi-comedy, "The Loyal Subject," as well as from a pamphlet entered at Stationers' Hall, in February, 1580, under the title of "A representation against *Green sleeves*, by W. Elderton," was thought gross even in an age when what was in gay society called polite conversation was rarely free from indelicacy, and the drama teemed with jokes and expressions that now would not be tolerated in the servants' hall. The original words of *Green Sleeves* have not descended to us, but the tune was too good to be condemned to that oblivion which has been the fate of the verses to which it was first set; hence many adapted their poetical effusions to it, and among those extant is "a new courtly sonnet of the Lady Greensleeves," reprinted in Ellis's "Specimens of the Early English Poets," from an extremely scarce miscellany, called "A Handful of Pleasant Delites, &c., by Clement Robinson, and others, 12mo, 1584." This sonnet contains some curious particulars respecting female dress and manners during the sixteenth century. At the time too when it was the fashion, in England and in France, to set sacred words to popular tunes, this air, among others, was selected for the purpose, as we learn from the books of the Stationers' Company, wherein appears, in September, 1580, the following entry:—" *Greensleeves*, moralized to the Scriptures."

Green Sleeves is to be found in all the editions of "The Dancing Master" that have come under our notice. In the seventeenth (1721), which is the best, it takes the title of "Greensleeves and yellow lace." It was introduced by Gay, or his friend Dr. Pepusch, in "The Beggars' Opera," set to the song, "Since laws were made for every degree," and is still well known, in quarters where ancient customs are yet kept up in all their rude simplicity, as "Christmas comes but once a year." Sir J. Hawkins, in the Appendix to his "History of Music," gives the first strain only: why he omitted the latter half is not stated.* In all the copies of the air it appears in the now obsolete measure of six crotchets. In "The Dancing Master" it is set in the key of A minor; in "The Beggars' Opera," in G minor.

^c SCENE I.—" *I have heard the Frenchman hath good skill in his rapier.*"

Shallow ridicules the formalities that belong to the use of the rapier, which those of the old school thought a cowardly weapon. The introduction of the rapier into England was ascribed to one Roland York, who is thus spoken of in Carleton's "Thankful Remembrance of God's Mercy," 1625 "He was a Londoner, famous among the cutters of his time, for bringing in a new kind of fight,—to run the point of the rapier into a man's body. This manner of fight he brought first into England, with great admiration of his audaciousness; when in England, before that time, the use was, with little bucklers, and with broad swords, to strike, and not to thrust; and it was accounted unmanly to strike under the girdle." This passage

* In "A Collection of National English Airs," edited by W. Chappell (a very interesting work, shewing great research), this tune is inserted in the key of E minor, with a moving base by Dr. Crotch.

from Carleton appears to be an inaccurate statement from Darcie's "Annals of Elizabeth," wherein it is said that Rowland York was the first that brought into England "that wicked and pernicious fashion to fight in the fields, in duels, with a rapier called a tucke, only for the thrust," &c. Douce distinguishes between the *rapier* generally, and the *tucke for the thrust*. It appears, however, from other authorities, that the rapier was in use in the time of Henry VIII.; and Douce holds that "it is impossible to decide that this weapon, which, with its name, we received from the French, might not have been known as early as the reign of Henry IV., or even of Richard II."

^d SCENE II.—"Coach after coach."

"Coaches," says Malone, "as appears from Howe's continuation of Stow's Chronicle, did not come into general use till the year 1605." Chalmers, on the contrary, has shewn us, from the "Journals of Parliament," that a bill was introduced during the session of 1601 to restrain the *excessive use* of coaches.

^e SCENE II.—"Nay, which is more, pensioners."

Pensioners might have been put higher than earls by Mistress Quickly, on account of their splendid dress. Shakspeare alludes to this in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* :—

"The cowslips tall her pensioners be,
In their gold coat spots you see."

But the pensioners of Elizabeth were also men of large fortune. Tyrwhitt illustrates the passage before us from Gervase Holles's "Life of the First Earl of Clare:" "I have heard the Earl of Clare say, that when he was pensioner to the queen, he did not know a worse man of the whole band than himself; and that all the world knew he had then an inheritance of £4,000 a year."

^f SCENE II.—"Hath sent your worship a morning's draught of sack."

Presents of wine were often sent from one guest in a tavern to another,—sometimes by way of a friendly memorial, and sometimes as an introduction to acquaintance. "Ben Jonson was at a tavern, and in comes Bishop Corbet (but not so then) into the next room. Ben Jonson calls for a quart of raw wine, and gives it to the tapster. 'Sirrah,' says he, 'carry this to the gentleman in the next chamber, and tell him, I sacrifice my service to him.' The fellow did, and in those words. 'Friend,' says Dr. Corbet, 'I thank him for his love: but pr'ythee tell him from me that he is mistaken; for sacrifices are always burnt.'"—*Merry Passages and Jeasts*, Harl. MSS. 6395.

ACT III.

^a SCENE I.—"To shallow rivers, to whose falls."

The exquisite little poem whence this couplet is quoted has, strange to say, never yet, as a whole, been "married to immortal notes;" though the first, second, fourth, and fifth stanzas are set as a four-part glee by Webbe, and, of the kind, a more beautiful composition cannot be named.

The lines which Sir Hugh Evans hums over are a scrap of a song which we find in that delicious pastoral scene of Isaac Walton, where the anglers meet the milk-maid and her mother, and hear them sing "that smooth song which was made by Kit Marlowe, now at least fifty years ago; old fashioned poetry, but choicely good." Sir

Hugh Evans in his "trempling of mind" misquotes the lines, introducing a passage from the old version of the 137th Psalm—

"When as I sat in Pabylon."

Warburton, who had the good taste to print in his edition of Shakspeare this poem, with the "answer to it, which was made by Sir Walter Raleigh, in his younger days," according to Walton, assigns that of "The Passionate Shepherd" to Shakspeare himself. It is found in the edition of Shakspeare's Sonnets printed by Jaggard in 1599; but is given to Marlowe in "England's Helicon," 1600. We cannot omit this "old fashioned poetry, but choicely good." The verses are variously printed in different collections. Our copy is taken from Percy's "Reliques," with the exception of the stanza in brackets.

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

"Come live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and vallies, dale and field,
And all the craggy mountains yield.
There will we sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals:
There will I make thee beds of roses
With a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Imbroider'd all with leaves of myrtle;
A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Slippers lined choicely for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold;
A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps, and amber studs:
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Then live with me, and be my love.
[Thy silver dishes for thy meat,
As precious as the gods do eat,
Shall on an ivory table be
Prepar'd each day for thee and me.]
The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,
For thy delight each May morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love."

^b SCENE III.—"Bucklersbury in simple-time."

Bucklersbury, in the time of Shakspeare, was chiefly inhabited by druggists, who then did the office of the herbalist, and filled the air with the fragrance of rosemary and lavender in "simple-time."

ACT IV.

^a SCENE II.—"I spy a great peard under her muffler."

The *muffler* covered a portion of the face—sometimes the lower part, sometimes the upper. It was enacted, says Douce, by a Scottish statute in 1457, that "na woman cum to kirk, nor mercat, with her face *mussaled*, or covered that scho may not be kend." Yet the ladies of Scotland, according to Warton, continued *muzzled* during three reigns.

^b SCENE V.—"His standing-bed and truckle-bed."

The standing bed was for the master, the truckle bed for the servant. (See Illustration to *Romeo and Juliet*, Act II.)

LOCAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

ACT I.

In the original editions of this comedy we have no descriptions of the scenes, such as "Street in Windsor," "Windsor Park," "Field near Frogmore." These necessary explanations were added by Rowe; but we may collect from the text that Shakspeare had a perfect knowledge of the localities of Windsor. Having the advantage of the same local experience, we shall attempt to follow the poet in these passages; and, without going into any minute descriptions, endeavour to shew what was the Windsor of our ancestors, and such as it presented itself to Shakspeare's observation.

Although we have reason to believe that the action of this play might originally have belonged to the time of Elizabeth, yet the connection of some of the characters as they now stand with characters of the historical plays of Henry IV. must place the period of the action about two centuries before Shakspeare's own age. At that period the town of Windsor no doubt consisted of scattered houses, surrounded with trees and gardens, approaching the castle, but not encroaching upon the ancient fortifications. The line of the walls and circular towers on the west and south sides next the town was then unobstructed; and the moat or ditch by which the castle was then surrounded on all sides was open. In the time of Henry IV., Windsor, although in many respects splendid as a palace, must externally have presented the character of a very strong fortress. Its terraces, which were commenced by Elizabeth, and finished by Charles II., did not conceal the stern grandeur of the walls standing boldly upon the rock of chalk. The windows of the towers were little more than loopholes; and the only appearance of natural ornament was probably the clustering ivy in which the rook and starling had long built unmolested. The site of the present splendid Chapel of St. George was occupied by a meaner edifice, which Edward IV. pulled down, substituting that exquisite gem which is now amongst our best preserved ecclesiastical monuments. The buildings which were added by Henry VII., and by Elizabeth, at the western end of the north front of the Upper Ward, were of a more ornamental character than the older parts of the castle, indicating the establishment of an order of things in which the monarch and the people could dwell more in security.

ACT II.

It is not very easy to define the spot where, according to the mischievous arrangement of mine Host of the Garter, Dr. Caius waited for Sir Hugh Evans. Sir Hugh, we know, waited for Dr. Caius near Frogmore; for the Host tells Shallow, and Page, and Slender, "Go you through the town to Frogmore;" and he takes the Doctor to meet Sir Hugh "about the fields through Frogmore." The stage-direction for this third scene of the second act is "Windsor Park." But had Caius waited in Windsor Park he would have been near Frogmore, and it would not have been necessary to go through the town, or through the fields. We should be inclined, therefore, to place the locality of the third scene in the meadows near the Thames on the west side of Windsor, and we have altered the stage direction accordingly. Frogmore was probably a small village in Shakspeare's time; and at any rate it had its farm-house, where Anne Page was "a feasting." "Old Windsor way" was farther than Frogmore from Windsor, so that Simple had little chance of finding Caius in that direction. The park—the Little Park as it is now called—undoubtedly came close to the castle ditch on the south-east. Some of the oaks not a quarter of a mile from the castle, and which appear to have formed part of an avenue, are of great antiquity. Of the supposed locality of Herne's Oak in this park we shall speak in the fifth act. The forest, perhaps, stretched up irregularly towards the castle, unenclosed, with meadows and common fields interposing. The connection between the forest and the castle by the Long Walk was made in the reign of Anne, the town receiving a grant for the property then enclosed. The description of Windsor nearest to the period of this comedy is that of Lord Surrey's poem, 1546, a stanza of which will be found in Henry IV. Part II. Our readers will not be displeased to have it presented to them, entire:—

So cruel prison how could betide, alas!

As proud Windsor? where I in lust and joy,
With a king's son, my childish years did pass,
In greater feast than Priam's sons of Troy.

Where each sweet place returns a taste full sour.

The large green courts, where we were wont to hove,*
With eyes cast up unto the Maiden's Tower,
And easy sighs, such as folk draw in love.

The stately seats, the ladies bright of hue,
The dances short, long tales of great delight;
With words, and looks, that tigers could but rue,
Where each of us did plead the other's right.

The palme-play,† where, despoiled‡ for the game,
With dazed eyes oft we by gleams of love,
Have miss'd the ball, and got sight of our dame,
To bait her eyes, which kept the leads above.

The gravel'd ground, with sleeves tied on the helm,
On foaming horse with swords and friendly hearts;
With chere, as though one should another whelm,
Where we have fought, and chased oft with darts.

With silver drops the meads yet spread for ruth;
In active games of nimbleness and strength,
Where we did strain, trained with swarms of youth,
Our tender limbs, that yet shot up in length.

The secret groves, which oft we made resound
Of pleasant plaint, and of our ladies' praise;
Recording soft what grace each one had found,
What hope of speed, what dread of long delays.

The wild forest, the clothed holts with green;
With reins averted, and swiftly-breathed horse,
With cry of hounds, and merry blasts between,
Where we did chase the fearful hart of force.

The Journal of the Secretary of the Duke of Würtemberg, described in the Introductory Notice, contains the following curious description of the Parks of Windsor in 1592:—

"Her Majesty appointed a respectable elderly English nobleman to attend upon your Princely Grace, and required and ordered the same not only to shew to your Princely Grace the splendidly beautiful and royal castle of Windsor, but also to make the residence pleasant and merry with shooting and hunting the numerous herds of game; for it is well known that the aforesaid place, Windsor, has upwards of sixty parks adjoining each other, full of fallow-deer and other game, of all sorts of colours, which may be driven from one park (all being enclosed with hedges) to another, and thus one can enjoy a splendid and royal sport.

"The hunters (deer or park keepers) who live in separate but excellent houses, as had been appointed, made excellent sport for your Princely Grace. In the first Park your Princely Grace shot a fallow deer through the thigh, and it was soon after captured by the dogs. In the next you hunted a stag for a long time over a broad and pleasant plain, with a pack of remarkably good hounds; your Princely Grace first shot it with an English cross-bow, and the hounds at length outwearied and captured it.

"In the third you loosed a stag, but somewhat too quickly, for he was caught too soon, and almost before he came right out upon the plain.

"These three deer were sent to Windsor, and were presented to your Princely Grace: one of these was done justice to in the apartments of Monsieur de Beauvois, the French ambassador."

ACT III.

When Mistress Ford is plotting the adventure of the buck-basket with Mistress Page, she directs her servants thus: "Take this basket on your shoulders: that done, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the whitsters in Datchet Mead, and there empty it in the muddy ditch close by the Thames side." When Falstaff describes his misfortune to Bardolph, he says, "Have I lived to be carried in a basket like a barrow of butcher's offal, and to be thrown into the Thames? . . . The rogues slighted me into the river. . . I had been drowned, but that the shore was shelvy and shallow." Again, to Ford he says, "A couple of Ford's knaves, his hinds, were called forth by their mistress to carry me in the name of foul clothes to

* Linger, or hover.

† Tennis-court.

‡ Stripped.
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Datchet Lane." Datchet Mead, although the name is not now in use, was all that flat ground, now enclosed by a wall, lying under the north terrace. The street which leads to it is still called Datchet Lane. The road now passes round the park wall to Datchet by a very circuitous route; but before the enclosure of the mead, in the time of William III., the road passed across it. It is probable, therefore, that the shore being "shelvy and shallow," the Thames overflowed the mead in part; so that the whitsters "might bleach their summer smocks" upon the wide plain which the Thames still occasionally inundates. Probably some creek flowed into it, which Mistress Ford denominated a "muddy ditch." The most ancient representation which we can find of this locality is a print published in the time of Queen Anne, in which the mead is represented as enclosed by its present wall, within which is a triple belt of elms, with two formal avenues at equal distances, and an enormous embanked pond in the centre. The river below Windsor Bridge divides into two streams as at present.

ACT IV.

Eton was probably a village in the time of Henry IV. It is scarcely necessary to say that the present College was founded by Henry VI. The church where Anne Page was "immediately to marry" with Slender was probably the ancient parish church, which has long since fallen to decay.

In Scene III. Bardolph informs the Host that the Germans desire to have three of his horses; the duke himself will be to-morrow at Court, and they are going to meet him. Mine Host, although he hears not in the Court of the Duke "who comes so secretly," says the Germans shall have his horses. He is indeed in "perplexity and doubtful dilemma" when he is told of the "three couzin germans, that has cozened all the hosts of Readings, of Maidenhead, of Colebrook, of horses and money." In our extracts from the "Bathing Journey" of the Duke of Würtemberg, &c., we felt it necessary to confine ourselves to what especially related to Windsor. Mr. Halliwell, in his folio Shakspeare, vol. ii., has given a translation of some portions, which we purposely omitted. In our first edition we said with reference to the hosts of Reading, of Maidenhead, of Colebrook, that Shakspeare was probably familiar with the road from London to Maidenhead in his journey to Stratford through Oxford. In the original sketch the German Duke has "cozened all the hosts of Braintford and Reading." This would imply such a knowledge of the course of the Duke of Würtemberg—in conjunction with the subsequent passage in the folio, of the cozening of the hosts of Reading, Maidenhead, and Colebrook—as would render it not improbable that Shakspeare was acquainted with the curious volume which we first brought into notice. According to this narrative, Elizabeth, on being made officially acquainted with the arrival of his Highness in London, despatched from the residence of the court at Reading a page of honour to convey him thither, in a coach sent by the queen. They travelled from London in this coach with post-horses. At noon they dined at Hounsloe; towards night they reached Maidenhead; and on the next morning arrived about noon at Reiding. We need not follow the narration of the interviews of the Queen and the Duke during two days. On the third day, the queen having left Reading with her Court, his Highness, in company with the French ambassador, travelled back towards London, and in the evening arrived at Windsor, which is described as twelve miles from Reading. Here he stayed two days, seeing the castle, as noticed in our Local Illustration to Act II. From this narrative we may judge that the cozenage of our Host of the Garter was practised upon him during the period when the Duke had travelled from London to Reading, and back again to Windsor.

ACT V.

The question whether the Herne's Oak of Shakspeare is at present existing, or whether it was cut down some sixty years before, had become, at the time of the publication of our first edition, a subject of much controversy. Mr. Jesse, the author of those very agreeable volumes, "Gleanings in Natural History," maintained that the identical tree was still standing. The *Quarterly Review*, on the contrary, asserted that the tree had been cut down. At Windsor there were

many believers in the present Herne's Oak, and many non-believers. We have bestowed some care in the investigation of the question; and we shall endeavour to present to our readers the result of our inquiries in connection with our own early recollections.*

The memory of the editor carries him back to Windsor as it was forty years ago. The castle was then almost uninhabited. The king and his family lived in an ugly barrack-looking building called the Queen's Lodge, which stood opposite the south front of the castle. The great quadrangle, the terrace, and every part of the Home Park, were a free playground for the boys of Windsor. The path to Datchet passed immediately under the south terrace, direct from west to east, and it abruptly descended into the Lower Park, at a place called Dodd's Hill. From this path several paths diverged in a south-easterly direction towards the dairy at Frogmore; and one of these went close by a little dell, in which long rank grass, and fern, and low thorns grew in profusion. Near this dell stood several venerable oaks. Our earliest recollections associate this place with birds'-nests and mushrooms; but some five or six years later we came to look here for the "oak with great ragged horns," to which we had been introduced in the newly-discovered world of Shakspeare. There was an oak, whose upper branches were much decayed, standing some thirty or forty yards from the deep side of the dell; and there was another oak with fewer branches, whose top was also bare, standing in the line of the avenue near the park wall. We have heard each of these oaks called Herne's Oak; but the application of the name to the oak in the avenue is certainly more recent. That tree, as we first recollect it, had not its trunk bare. Its dimensions were comparatively small, and it seemed to us to have no pretensions to the honour which it occasionally received. The old people, however, used to say that Herne's Oak was cut down or blown down, and certainly our own impressions were that Herne's Oak was gone. One thing, however, consoled us. The little dell was assuredly the "pit hard by Herne's Oak" in which Anne Page and her troop of fairies "couched with obscured lights." And so we for ever associated this dell with Shakspeare.

Years passed on—Windsor ceased to be familiar to us. When Mr. Jesse, however, published his second series of "Gleanings" in 1834, we were pleased to find this passage: "The most interesting tree at Windsor, for there can be little doubt of its identity, is the celebrated Herne's Oak. There is indeed a story prevalent in the neighbourhood respecting its destruction. It was stated to have been felled by command of his late Majesty George III. about fifty years ago, under peculiar circumstances. The whole story, the details of which it is unnecessary to enter upon, appeared so improbable, that I have taken some pains to ascertain the inaccuracy of it, and have now every reason to believe that it is perfectly unfounded." But we were not quite satisfied with Mr. Jesse's description of this oak. In his "Gleanings" he says, "In following the footpath which leads from the Windsor-road to Queen Adelaide's Lodge, in the Little Park, about half-way on the right, a dead tree may be seen close to an avenue of elms. This is what is pointed out as Herne's Oak." Now we distinctly recollected that one of the trees, which some persons said was Herne's Oak, was not only close to an avenue of elms, but formed part of the avenue; the other oak which pretended to the name was some distance from the avenue. Mr. Jesse goes on to say:—

"The footpath which leads across the park is stated to have passed, in former times, close to Herne's Oak. The path is now at a little distance from it, and was, probably, altered, in order to protect the tree from injury."

Here again was the manifestation of some imperfect local knowledge, which led us to doubt Mr. Jesse's strong assertion of the tree's identity. The footpath, so far from being altered to protect the tree from injury, was actually made, for the first time, some five-and-twenty years ago, when the ancient footpath to Datchet, which crossed the upper part of the park, passing, as we have mentioned, under the south terrace, was diverted by order of the magistrates, in order to give a greater privacy to the castle. The present pathway to Datchet was then first made, and a causeway was carried across the little dell. One of the paths from the castle to the dairy went near this dell, but it was on the more northern side, and not far from the other tree which some persons called Herne's Oak. Indeed, we were by no means sure that Mr. Jesse's description did not apply to this other tree. The expression "close to the avenue" might include it. Cer-

* We had better keep the dates as they stand in this Illustration, as published in 1839, in the first edition of the "Pictorial Shakspeare."

tainly his engraving was much more like that tree, as we recollect it, than the tree *in* the avenue.

Towards the end of 1838, the following passage in the *Quarterly Review* came to destroy the little hope which we had indulged that Mr. Jesse had restored to us Herne's Oak:—

"Among his anecdotes of celebrated English oaks, we were surprised to find Mr. Loudon adopting (at least so we understand him) an apocryphal story about Herne's Oak, given in the lively pages of Mr. Jesse's 'Gleanings.' That gentleman, if he had taken any trouble, might have ascertained that the tree in question was cut down one morning, by order of King George III., when in a state of great, but transient, excitement; the circumstance caused much regret and astonishment at the time."

Mr. Jesse replied to this statement, in a letter addressed to the editor of the *Times*, dated Nov. 28, 1838. Mr. Jesse says that the story thus given was often repeated by George IV., who, however, always added, "That tree was supposed to have been Herne's Oak, but it was not." Mr. Jesse adds, that the tree thus cut down, which stood near the castle, was an elm. We may take the liberty of mentioning that George IV. did not *always* add that the tree cut down was *not* Herne's Oak; and this we know from the very best authority—the king's own statement to Mr. Croker, who furnished the information to us. We have a letter in which that gentleman says that the cutting down of Herne's Oak was mentioned by George IV., as one of the results of his father's mental indisposition. Mr. Jesse goes on to say, that soon after the circumstance referred to, three large old oak-trees were blown down in a gale of wind in the Little Park; and one of them, supposed to be Herne's Oak, was cut up and made into boxes and other Shaksperian relics. Mr. Jesse, however, conceives that the matter is put beyond doubt by the following statement:—

"To set the matter at rest, however, I will now repeat the substance of some information given to me relative to Herne's Oak by Mr. Ingalt, the present respectable bailiff and manager of Windsor Home Park. He states that he was appointed to that situation by George III., about forty years ago. On receiving his appointment he was directed to attend upon the King at the Castle, and on arriving there he found His Majesty with 'the old Lord Winchilsea.' After a little delay, the King set off to walk in the park, attended by Lord Winchilsea, and Mr. Ingalt was desired to follow them. Nothing was said to him until the King stopped opposite an oak-tree. He then turned to Mr. Ingalt and said, 'I brought you here to point out this tree to you. I commit it to your especial charge, and take care that no damage is ever done to it. I had rather that every tree in the park should be cut down than that this tree should be hurt. *This is Herne's Oak.*' Mr. Ingalt added, that this was the tree still standing near Queen Elizabeth's Walk, and is the same tree which I have mentioned and given a sketch of in my 'Gleanings in Natural History.' Sapless and leafless it certainly is, and its rugged bark has all disappeared.

'Its boughs are moss'd with age,
And high top bald with gray antiquity;'

but there it stands, and long may it do so, an object of interest to every admirer of our immortal bard. In this state it has been, probably, long before the recollection of the oldest person living. Its trunk appears, however, sound, like a piece of ship-timber, and it has always been protected by a strong fence round it—a proof of the care which has been taken of the tree, and of the interest which is attached to it."

Mr. Engall (not Ingalt), "the present respectable bailiff and manager of Windsor Home Park," certainly did not reside at Windsor forty years ago. He is not now what may be called an old man; and he was originally about the person of George III. at one of those seasons of affliction which were so distressing to his Majesty's family, and to his subjects. The conversation thus reported by Mr. Jesse is entirely at variance with much earlier recollections of George III., which we shall presently shew.

We are here relieved from the doubt as to which tree Mr. Jesse originally intended to describe as Herne's Oak, by the following passage of his letter to the *Times*:—"King William III. was a great planter of avenues, and to him we are indebted for those in Hampton Court and Bushey Park, and also those at Windsor. All these have been made in a straight line, with the exception of one in the Home Park, which diverges a little, *so as to take in Herne's Oak as a part of the avenue*—a proof, at least, that William III. preferred

distorting his avenue to cutting down the tree in order to make way for it in a direct line, affording another instance of the care taken of this tree 150 years ago."

With our own recollections of the localities still vivid, we have recently visited the favourite haunts of our boyhood in the Little Park. Our sensations were not pleasurable. The spot is so changed, that we could scarcely recognise it. We lamented twenty-five years ago that the common footpath to Datchet should have been carried through the picturesque dell, near which all tradition agreed that Herne's Oak stood; but we were not prepared to find that, during the alterations of the castle, the most extensive and deepest part of the dell, all on the north of the path, had been filled up and made perfectly level. Our old favourite thorns are now all buried, and the antique roots of the old trees that stood in and about the dell are covered up. Surely the rubbish of the castle might have been conveyed to a less interesting place of deposit. The smaller and shallower part of the dell, that on the south of the path, has been half filled up, and what remains is of a formal and artificial character. Mr. Jesse seems quite unaware of the change that has taken place in the locality, for in his "Gleanings" he says "I was glad to find a pit hard by, where Nan and her troop of fairies, and the Welsh Devil Evans, might all have couched, without being perceived by the 'fat Windsor stag' when he spake like Herne the hunter. The pit above alluded to has recently had a few thorns planted in it; and the circumstance of its being near the oak, with the diversion of the footpath, seems to prove the identity of the tree, in addition to the traditions respecting it." The divergence of the avenue which Mr. Jesse, somewhat enthusiastically, attributes to the respect of William III. for Herne's Oak, must, we fear, be assigned to less poetical motives. The avenue, we understand, formed the original boundary of the park in that direction. It diverges at least 120 yards before it reaches Mr. Jesse's Herne's Oak; and there is little doubt that the meadow on the south of the avenue after it diverges, which in our remembrance was a separate enclosure, was formerly a common field. The oak which Mr. Jesse calls Herne's is now perfectly bare down to the very roots. "In this state," says Mr. Jesse, "it has been, probably, long before the recollection of the oldest person living." He adds, "It has always been protected by a strong fence round it." In our own recollection this tree was unprotected by any fence, and its upper part only was withered and without bark. So far from Herne the Hunter having blasted it, it appears to have suffered a premature decay, and it fell down in 1863. This tree was of small girth compared with other trees about it. It was not more than fifteen feet in circumference at the largest part, while there is a magnificent oak at about 200 yards' distance whose girth is nearly thirty feet.

The subject, after the publication of our first edition, was investigated with great acuteness by Dr. Bromet, and his conclusions are given in a very interesting letter in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for April, 1841. He collected a variety of testimony from different persons, which went to prove that a tree called Herne's Oak was cut down some sixty years before, and that the tree which now pretends to the honour—"this oak"—had acquired the name in very modern times. "Its present name was not conferred upon it until some time after the demolition of another old tree, formerly possessing that title." This entirely agrees with our own personal recollections of the talk of Windsor about Herne's Oak. But Dr. Bromet justly observes that the "strongest proof" against the claims of Mr. Jesse's oak is "Collier's map of 1742," which actually points out "Sir John Falstaff's oak" as being, *not in the present avenue, but outside it, near the edge of the pit.*

The Professor of Landscape Drawing at Sandhurst, Mr. W. Delamotte, who became a pupil of Benjamin West in 1792, has often heard his master lament that Herne's Oak had been cut down, to the great annoyance, as Mr. West stated, of the king and the royal family. According to Mr. West's account of the circumstance, the king had directed all the trees in the park to be numbered; and upon the representation of the bailiff, whose name was Robinson, that certain trees encumbered the ground, directions were given to fell those trees, and Herne's Oak was amongst the condemned. Mr. West, who was residing at Windsor at the time, traced this oak to the spot where it was conveyed, and obtained a large piece of one of its knotty arms, which Mr. Delamotte has often seen. Mr. Ralph West, however, the eldest son of the President, who, as a youth, was distinguished for his love of art, and his great skill as a draftsman, made a drawing of this tree before it was felled. The locality of the tree, as indicated by the position

of the castle in this sketch, perfectly corresponds with the best traditions.

We might here dismiss the subject, had we not been favoured with a communication in accordance with the views which we have already taken. Mr. Nicholson, the eminent landscape draftsman, has furnished Mr. Crofton Croker, who has taken a kind interest in our work, with the following information :—

About the year 1800, he was on a visit to the Dowager Countess of Kingston, at Old Windsor; and his mornings were chiefly employed in sketching, or rather making studies of the old trees in the forest. This circumstance one day led the conversation of some visitors to Lady Kingston to Herne's Oak. Mrs. Bonfoy and her daughter, Lady Ely, were present; and as they were very much with the royal family, Mr. Nicholson requested Lady Ely to procure for him any information that she could from the king respecting Herne's Oak, which, considering his Majesty's tenacious memory and familiarity with Windsor, the king could probably give better than any one else.

In a very few days, Lady Ely informed Mr. Nicholson that she had made the inquiry he wished of the king, who told her that "when he (George III.) was a young man, it was represented to him that there were a number of old oaks in the park which had become unsightly objects, and that it would be desirable to take them down; he gave immediate directions that such trees as were of this description should be removed; but he was afterwards sorry that he had given such an order inadvertently, because he found that, among the rest, the remains of Herne's Oak had been destroyed."

There is a third version of the popular belief regarding the removal

of Herne's Oak, which differs from the preceding statements, and yet is sufficiently circumstantial. The best information we have gathered on the subject is derived from a letter obligingly communicated to us, written by the son of Mr. John Piper, of Cambridge, formerly a gunmaker at Windsor, and of which the following are extracts. It will be remarked how closely this statement of Mr. Piper agrees with the information derived from Collier's plan :—

"My father states that about sixty-four years since there was a deep chalk-pit sunk inside the park at Windsor, nearly opposite the Hope Inn (which is now nearly filled up again, and through which the road to Datchet now runs). The chalk was taken in immense quantities from this pit to fill up the ditch which then ran round the castle, it being considered it would render the foundations of the castle and connected buildings more secure, as in many places they were giving way. The removal of the chalk from the pit for this purpose in some measure undermined a fine oak-tree, which stood on the upper side of the pit, nearest the castle. Shortly after a storm came and blew this tree down, and this circumstance created a great sensation at the time, as *that* tree was considered to be the identical Herne's Oak of Shakspeare notoriety. My father had in his boyish days very frequently played in the pit and round the tree, and its locality is therefore strongly impressed on his memory, although now between sixty and seventy years since." The letter then concludes thus :—"My father wishes me to add that it must not be inferred that there was no pit existing *previous* to the removal of the chalk for the purpose stated." There was before then such a pit as described in Act V. Scene III., where Mrs. Page says—

"They are all couched in a pit close to Herne's oak."

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RIGHTLY to appreciate this comedy, it is, we conceive, absolutely necessary to dissociate it from the historical plays of Henry IV. and Henry V. Whether Shakspeare produced the original sketch of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* before those plays, and remodelled it after their appearance,—or whether he produced both the original sketch and the finished performance when his audiences were perfectly familiar with the Falstaff, Shallow, Pistol, Nym, Bardolph, and Mistress Quickly of Henry IV. and Henry V.,—it is perfectly certain that *he* did not intend *The Merry Wives* as a continuation. It is impossible, however, not to associate the period of the comedy with the period of the histories. For although the characters which are common to all the dramas act in the comedy under very different circumstances, and are, to our minds, not only different in their moods but in some of their distinctive features, they must each be received as identical—*alter et idem*. Still the connection must be as far as possible removed from our view, that we may avoid comparisons which the author certainly was desirous to avoid, when in remodelling the comedy he introduced no circumstances which could connect it with the histories; and when he not only did not reject what would be called the anachronisms of the first sketch, but in the perfect play heaped on such anachronisms with a profuseness that is not exhibited in any other of his dramas. We must, therefore, not only dissociate the characters of *The Merry Wives* from the similar characters of the histories, but suffer our minds to slide into the belief that the manners of the times of Henry IV. had sufficient points in common with those of the times of Elizabeth to justify the poet in taking no great pains to distinguish between them. We must suffer ourselves to be carried away with the nature and fun of this comedy, without encumbering our minds with any precise idea of the social circumstances under which the characters lived. We must not startle, therefore, at the mention of star-chambers, and Edward shovel-boards, and Sackerson, and Guiana, and rapiers, and Flemish drunkards, and coaches, and pensioners. The characters

speak in the language of truth and nature, which belongs to all time; and we must forget that they sometimes use the expressions of a particular time to which they do not in strict propriety belong.

The critics have been singularly laudatory of this comedy. Warton calls it "the most complete specimen of Shakspeare's comic powers." Johnson says, "This comedy is remarkable for the variety and number of the personages, who exhibit more characters appropriated and discriminated than perhaps can be found in any other play."

Its general power, that power by which all works of genius shall finally be tried, is such, that perhaps it never yet had reader or spectator who did not think it too soon at the end." We agree with much of this; but we certainly cannot agree with Warton that it is "the most complete specimen of Shakspeare's comic powers." We cannot forget *As You Like It*, and *Twelfth Night*, and *Much Ado about Nothing*. We cannot forget those exquisite combinations of the highest wit with the purest poetry, in which the wit flows from the same everlasting fountain as the poetry,—both revealing all that is most intense and profound and beautiful and graceful in humanity. Of those qualities which put Shakspeare above all other men that ever existed, *The Merry Wives of Windsor* exhibits few traces. Some of the touches, however, which no other hand could give, are to be found in *Slender*, and we think in *Quickly*. *Slender*, little as he has to do, is the character that most frequently floats before our fancy when we think of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. *Slender* and *Anne Page* are the favourites of our modern school of English painting, which has attempted, and successfully, to carry the truth of the Dutch School into a more refined region of domestic art. We do not wish *Anne Page* to have been married to *Slender*, but in their poetical alliance they are inseparable. It is in the remodelled play that we find, for the most part, such Shaksperian passages in the character of *Slender* as, "If I be drunk, I'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves,"—which resolve, as Evans says, shews his "virtuous mind." In the remodelled play, too, we

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find the most peculiar traces of the master-hand in Quickly,—such as “His worst fault is that he is given to prayer; he is something peevish that way;” and “The boy never need to understand anything, for ’tis not good that children should know any wickedness. Old folks, you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world;” and again, “Good hearts, what ado there is to bring you together! Sure, one of you does not serve heaven well that you are so crossed.” Johnson objects to this latter passage as profane; but overlooks the extraordinary depth of the satire. Shakspeare’s profound knowledge of the human heart is as much displayed in these three little sentences as in his Hamlet and his Iago.

The principal action of this comedy—the adventures of Falstaff with the Merry Wives—sweeps on with a rapidity of movement which hurries us forward to the *dénouement* as irresistibly as if the actors were under the influence of that destiny which belongs to the empire of tragedy. No reverses, no disgraces, can save Falstaff from his final humiliation. The net is around him, but he does not see the meshes; he fancies himself the deceiver, but he is the deceived. He will stare Ford “out of his wits,” he will “awe him with his cudgel;” yet he lives “to be carried in a basket like a barrow of butcher’s offal, and to be thrown into the Thames.” But his confidence is undaunted: “I will be thrown into Etna, as I have been into Thames, ere I will leave her;” yet “since I plucked geese, played truant, and whipped ’top, I knew not what it was to be beaten till lately.” Lastly, he will rush upon a third adventure: “This is the third time; I hope good luck lies in odd numbers;” yet his good luck ends in “I do begin to perceive that I am made an ass.” The real jealousy of Ford most skilfully helps on the merry devices of his wife; and with equal skill does the poet make him throw away his jealousy, and assist in the last plot against the “unclean knight.” The misadventures of Falstaff are most agreeably varied. The disguise of the old woman of Brentford puts him altogether in a different situation from his suffocation in the buck-basket; and the fairy machinery of Herne’s Oak carries the catastrophe out of the region of comedy into that of romance.

The movement of the principal action is beautifully contrasted with the occasional repose of the other scenes. The Windsor of the time of Elizabeth is presented to us as the quiet country town, sleeping under the shadow of its neighbour, the castle. Amidst its gabled houses, separated by pretty gardens, from which the elm and the chestnut and the lime throw their branches across the unpaved road, we find a goodly company, with little to do but gossip and laugh, and make sport out of each other’s cholers and weak-

nesses. We see Master Page training his “fallow greyhound;” and we go with Master Ford “a-birding.” We listen to the “pribbles and prabbles” of Sir Hugh Evans and Justice Shallow with a quiet satisfaction; for they talk as unartificial men ordinarily talk, without much wisdom, but with good temper and sincerity. We find ourselves in the days of ancient hospitality, when men could make their fellows welcome without ostentatious display, and half-a-dozen neighbours “could drink down all unkindness” over “a hot venison pasty.” The more busy inhabitants of the town have time to tattle, and to laugh, and be laughed at. Mine Host of the Garter is the prince of hosts; he is the very soul of fun and good temper;—he is not solicitous whether Falstaff sit “at ten pounds a week” or at two:—he readily takes “the withered serving-man for a fresh tapster;”—his confidence in his own cleverness is delicious:—“Am I politic, am I subtle, am I a Machiavel?”—the Germans “shall have my horses, but I’ll make them pay, I’ll sauce them.” When he loses his horses, and his “mind is heavy,” we rejoice that Fenton will give him “a hundred pound in gold” more than his loss. His contrivances to manage the fray between the furious French doctor and the honest Welsh parson are productive of the happiest situations. Caius waiting for his adversary—“de herring is no dead so as I vill kill him”—is capital. But Sir Hugh, with his,—

“There will we make our peds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies,
To shallow—

Mercy on me! I have a great dispositions to cry,”—is inimitable.

With regard to the under-plot of Fenton and Anne Page—the scheme of Page to marry her to Slender—the counter-plot of her mother, “firm for Dr. Caius”—and the management of the lovers to obtain a triumph out of the devices against them—it may be sufficient to point out how skilfully it is interwoven with the Herne’s Oak adventure of Falstaff. Though Slender “went to her in white, and cry’d mum, and she cry’d budget, yet it was not Anne, but a post-master’s boy;”—though Caius did “take her in green,” he “ha’ married un *garçon*, a boy; un *paisan*.”—but Anne and Fenton,

“long since contracted,
Are now so sure, that nothing can dissolve *them*.”

Over all the misadventures of that night, when “all sorts of deer were chas’d,” Shakspeare throws his own tolerant spirit of forgiveness and consent:—

“Good husband, let us every one go home,
And laugh this sport o’er by a country fire;
Sir John and all.”

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

STATE OF THE TEXT, AND CHRONOLOGY, OF THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

THE Comedy of Errors was first printed in the folio collection of Shakspeare's Plays in 1623. There can be no doubt that it was therein printed from the author's manuscript. Appearing for the first time after the death of Shakspeare, this copy presents many typographical errors; and in a few passages the text is manifestly corrupt. The difficulties, however, are not very considerable; and the original copy is decidedly better, for the most part, than the modern innovations. Malone, in adhering to this text, was more distinctly opposed to Steevens than in other plays, in which he has, though evidently contrary to his own better opinion, adopted the suggestions of Steevens and others, who introduced what they considered amendments, but which amendments were founded upon an imperfect knowledge of the phraseology and metre of their author.

The Comedy of Errors was clearly one of Shakspeare's very early plays. It was probably untouched by its author after its first production. We have here no existing sketch to enable us to trace what he introduced, and what he corrected, in the maturity of his judgment. It was, we imagine, one of the pieces for which he would manifest little solicitude after his genius was fully developed. The play is amongst those mentioned by Meres in 1598. The only allusion in it which can be taken to fix a date is that which is supposed to refer to the civil contests of France upon the accession of Henry IV. We have noticed this passage in our Illustrations of Act III.; but we are by no means sure that the *équivoque* in the description of France, "arm'd and reverted, making war against her heir," is to be received with reference to the war of the League. The spelling of *heire* in the original copy is not conclusive; for the words *heire* and *haire* are confounded in other places of the early copies of Shakspeare's dramas. At any rate, the change of *heire* to *haire* in the second folio shews that the supposed allusion to Henry IV. was forgotten in 1632.

We must depend, then, upon the internal evidence of this being a very early play. This evidence consists,

1. In the great prevalence of that measure which was known to our language, as early as the time of Chaucer, by the name of "rime dogerel." This peculiarity is found only in three of our author's plays,—in *Love's Labour's Lost*, in *The Taming of the Shrew*, and in *The Comedy of Errors*. But this measure was a distinguishing characteristic of the early English drama. It prevails very much more in this play than in *Love's Labour's Lost*; for prose is here much more sparingly introduced. The doggerel seems to stand half-way between prose and verse, marking the distinction between the language of a work of art, and that of ordinary life, in the same way that the recitative does in a musical composition. It is to be observed, too, in *The Comedy of Errors*, that this measure is very carefully regulated by somewhat strict laws:—

"We came into the world like brother and brother,
And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another."

This concluding passage which is cast in the same mould as the other similar verses of the play, is much more regular in its structure than the following in *Love's Labour's Lost*:—

"And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be,
Which we of taste and feeling are, for those parts that do fructify in us
more than he."

The latter line almost reminds us of "Mrs. Harris's Petition," which, according to Swift, "Humbly sheweth

"That I went to warm myself in Lady Betty's chamber, because I was cold,
And I had in a purse seven pounds, four shillings and sixpence, besides
farthings, in money and gold."

The measure in *The Comedy of Errors* was formed by Shakspeare upon his rude predecessors. In some of these it is not only occasionally introduced, but constitutes the great mass of the dialogue. In "*Gammer Gurton's Needle*," for example, a long play of five acts, which has been called the first English comedy, the doggerel measure prevails throughout, as in the concluding lines:—

"But now, my good masters, since we must be gone,
And leave you behind us, here all alone,
Since at our last ending, thus merry we be.
For Gammer Gurton's Needle's sake, let us have a plaudytie."

The supposed earlier comedy of "*Ralph Roister Doister*" is composed in the same measure. Nor was it in humorous performances alone that this structure of verse (which Shakspeare always uses as a vehicle of fun) was introduced. In "*Damon and Pithias*," a serious play, which was probably produced about 1570, the sentence of Dionysius is thus pronounced upon Pithias:—

"Pithias, seeing thou takest me at my word, take Damon to thee:
For two months he is thine; unbind him; I set him free;
Which time once expired, if he appear not the next day by noon,
Without further delay thou shalt lose thy life, and that full soon."

There cannot, we think, be a stronger proof that *The Comedy of Errors* was an early play of our author than its agreement, in this particular, with the models which Shakspeare found in his almost immediate predecessors.

2. In *Love's Labour's Lost*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and *The Comedy of Errors*, alternate rhymes are very frequently introduced. Shakspeare obtained the mastery over this species of verse in the *Venus and Adonis*, "the first heir of his invention," as he himself calls it. He writes it with extraordinary facility—with an ease and power that strikingly contrast with the more laboured elegiac stanzas of modern times. Nothing can be more harmonious, or the harmony more varied, than this measure in Shakspeare's hands. Take, for example, the well-known lines in the *Venus and Adonis*:—

"Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear,
Or, like a fairy, trip upon the green,
Or, like a nymph, with long dishevell'd hair,
Dance on the sands, and yet no footing seen."

Compare these with the following in *Love's Labour's Lost*:—

"A wither'd hermit, five-score winters worn,
Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye:
Beauty doth varnish age, as if new-born,
And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy."

Or with these in *Romeo and Juliet*:—

"If I profane with my unworthiest hand
This holy shrine, the gentle sin is this,—
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand,
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss."

Or with some of the lines in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, such as—

"Why should you think that I should woo in scorn?
Scorn and derision never come in tears:
Look, when I vow I weep; and vows so born
In their nativity all truth appears."

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

Or, lastly, with the exquisite address of Antipholus of Syracuse to Luciana, in the third act of *The Comedy of Errors* :—

“Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak ;
Lay open to my earthy gross conceit,
Smother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,
The folded meaning of your words' deceit.”

There was clearly a time in Shakspeare's poetical life when he delighted in this species of versification ; and in many of the instances in which he has employed it in the dramas we have mentioned, the passages have somewhat of a fragmentary appearance, as if they were not originally cast in a dramatic mould, but were amongst those scattered thoughts of the young poet which had shaped themselves into verse, without a purpose beyond that of embodying his feeling of the beautiful and the harmonious. When the time arrived that he had fully dedicated himself to the great work of his life, he rarely ventured upon cultivating these offshoots of his early versification. The doggerel was entirely rejected—the alternate rhymes no longer tempted him by their music to introduce a measure which is scarcely akin with the dramatic spirit—the couplet was adopted more and more sparingly—and he finally adheres to the blank verse which he may almost be said to have created,—in his hands certainly the grandest as well as the sweetest form in which the highest thoughts were ever unfolded to listening humanity.

SUPPOSED SOURCE OF THE PLOT.

The commentators have puzzled themselves, after their usual fashion, with the evidence which this play undoubtedly presents of Shakspeare's ability to read Latin, and their dogged resolution to maintain the opinion that in an age of grammar-schools our poet never could have attained that common accomplishment. The speech of Ægeon, in the first scene,—

“A heavier task could not have been impos'd
Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable,”—

is, they admit, an imitation of the

“Infandum, Regina, jubes renovare dolorem”

of Virgil.

“Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine,”

is in Catullus, Ovid, and Horace. The “owls” that “suck our breath” are the “*striges*” of Ovid. The apostrophe of Dromio to the virtues of “beating”—“When I am cold he heats me with beating ; when I am warm he cools me with beating ; I am waked with it when I sleep ; rais'd with it when I sit ; driven out of doors with it when I go from home ; welcomed home with it when I return”—is modelled upon Cicero :—“*Hæc studia adolescentiam agunt, senectutem oblectant, secundas res ornant, adversis perfugium ac solatium præbent, delectant domi, non impediunt foris, pernociant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur.*” The burning of the conjurer's beard is an incident copied from the twelfth book of Virgil's “*Æneid*,” where Corinæus sings “the goodly bush of hair” of Ebusus in a manner scarcely consistent with the dignity of heroic poetry. Lastly, in the original copy of *The Comedy of Errors* the Antipholus of Ephesus is called *Sereptus*—a corruption of the epithet by which one of the twin-brothers in Plautus is distinguished—*Menæchmus Surreptus*. There was a translation of this comedy of Plautus, to which we shall presently more fully advert. “If the poet had not dipped into the original Plautus,” says Capell, “*Surreptus* had never stood in his copy, the translation having no such *agnomen*, but calling one brother simply *Menæchmus*, the other *Sosicles*.” With all these admissions on the part of some of those who proclaimed that Farmer had made a wonderful discovery when he attempted to prove that Shakspeare did not know the difference between *clarus* and *carus*—(see Henry V., Act V., Illustration)—they will not swerve from their belief that his mind was so constituted as to be incapable of attaining that species of knowledge which was of the easiest attainment in his own day, and for the teaching of which a school was expressly endowed at Stratford-upon-Avon. Steevens says, “Shakspeare might have taken the general plan of this comedy from a

translation of the ‘*Menæchmi*’ of Plautus, by W. W., *i.e.* (according to Wood) William Warner, in 1595.” Ritson thinks that Shakspeare was under no obligation to this translation, but that *The Comedy of Errors* “was not originally his, but proceeded from some inferior playwright, who was *capable* of reading the ‘*Menæchmi*’ without the help of a translation.” Malone entirely disagrees with Ritson's theory that this comedy was founded upon an earlier production, but sets up a theory of his own to get over the difficulty started by Ritson, that not a single name, word, or line is taken from Warner's translation. A play called “*The Historie of Error*” was enacted before Queen Elizabeth, “by the children of Powles,” in 1576 ; and from this piece, says Malone, “it is extremely probable that he was furnished with the fable of the present comedy,” as well as the designation of “*surreptus*.” Here is, unquestionably, a very early play of Shakspeare,—and yet Steevens maintains that it was taken from a translation of Plautus, published in 1595 ; the play has no resemblance, beyond the general character of the incidents, to this translation,—and therefore Ritson pronounces that it is not entirely Shakspeare's work ; and while Malone denies this, he guesses that *The Comedy of Errors* was founded upon a much older play. And why all this contradictory hypothesis ? Simply, because these most learned men are resolved to hold their own heads higher than Shakspeare, by maintaining that he could not do what they could—read Plautus in the original. We have not a doubt that *The Comedy of Errors* was written at least five years before the publication of Warner's translation of the “*Menæchmi*,” and, further, that Shakspeare, in the composition of his own play, was perfectly familiar with the “*Menæchmi*” of Plautus. In *Hamlet* he gives, in a word, the characteristics of two ancient dramatists ;—his criticism is decisive as to his familiarity with the originals : “Seneca cannot be too *heavy*, nor Plautus too *light*.” We shall furnish a few extracts from this translation of 1595 ; whence it will be seen, incidentally, that the lightness of the free and natural old Roman is wondrously loaded by the prosaic hand of Master William Warner.

The original argument of the “*Menæchmi*,” it will be perceived, at once gave Shakspeare the epithet *Surreptus*, as well as furnished him with some of the characters of his play, much more distinctly than the translation, which we present with it :—

[PLAUTUS.]

“Mercator Siculus, cui erant gemini filii ;
Ei, surrepto altero, mors obtigit.
Nomen surreptitii illi indit qui domi est
Avus paternus, facit Menæchmum Sosiclem.
Et is germanum, postquam adolevit, quæritat
Circum omnes oras. Post Epidamnum devenit :
Hic fuerat auctus ille surreptitius.
Menæchmum civem credunt omnes advenam :
Eumque appellant, meretrix, uxor et socer.
Ii se cognoscunt fratres postremò invicem.”

[WARNER.]

“Two twinborn sons, a Sicill merchant had,
Menechmus one, and Sosicles the other :
The first his father lost a little lad.
The grandsire named the latter like his brother.
This (grown a man) long travel took to seek
His brother, and to Epidamnum came,
Where th' other dwelt enrich'd, and him so like,
That citizens there take him for the same :
Father, wife, neighbours, each mistaking either,
Much pleasant error, ere they meet together.”

This argument is almost sufficient to point out the difference between the plots of Plautus and of Shakspeare. It stands in the place of the beautiful narrative of Ægeon, in the first scene of *The Comedy of Errors*. In Plautus we have no broken-hearted father bereft of both his sons : he is dead ; and the grandfather changes the name of the one child who remains to him. Shakspeare does not stop to tell us how the twin-brothers bear the same name ; nor does he explain the matter any more in the case of the Dromios, whose introduction upon the scene is his own creation. In Plautus, the brother, Menæchmus Sosicles, who remained with the grandsire, comes to Epidamnum in search of his twin-brother who was stolen, and he is accompanied by his servant Messenio ; but all the per-

plexities that are so naturally occasioned by the confusion of the two twin-servants are entirely wanting. The mistakes are carried on by the "meretrix, uxor, et socer" (softened by Warner into "father, wife, neighbours"). We have "Medicus," the prototype of Doctor Pinch; but the mother of the twins is not found in Plautus. We scarcely need say that the Parasite and the Father-in-law have no place in Shakspeare's comedy. The scene in *The Comedy of Errors* is changed from Epidamnum to Ephesus; but we have mention of Epidamnum once or twice in the play.

The "Menæchmi" opens with the favourite character of the Roman comedy—the Parasite; the scene is at Epidamnum. The Parasite is going to dine with Menæchmus, who comes out from his house, upbraiding his jealous wife. But she is not jealous without provocation.

"Hanc modò uxori intus palam surripui; ad scortum fero."

The Antipholus of Shakspeare does not propose to dine with one "pretty and wild," and to bestow "the chain" upon his hostess, till he has been provoked by having his own doors shut upon him. Our poet has thus preserved some sympathy for his Antipholus, which the Menæchmus of Plautus forfeits upon his first entrance. Menæchmus and the Parasite go to dine with Erotium (meretrix). Those who talk of Shakspeare's anachronisms have never pointed out to us what formidable liberties the translators of Shakspeare's time did not scruple to take with their originals. Menæchmus gives very precise directions for his dinner, after the most approved Roman fashion:—

"Jube igitur nobis tribus apud te prandium accurari
Atque aliquid scitamentorum de foro obsonarier,
Glandionidem suillam, laridum pernonidem, aut
Sineiput, aut polimenta porcina, aut aliquid ad eum modum."

This passage W. W. thus interprets:—"Let a good dinner be made for us three. Hark ye, some oysters, a mary-bone pie or two, some artichokes, and potato roots; let our other dishes be as you please." In reading this bald attempt to transfuse the Roman luxuries into words accommodated to English ideas, we are forcibly reminded how "rare Ben" dealt with the spirit of antiquity in such matters:—

"The tongues of carps, dormice, and camels' heels,
Boil'd in the spirit of sol, and dissolv'd pearl,
Apicius' diet, 'gainst the epilepsy:
And I will eat these broths with spoons of amber
Headed with diamond and carbuncle.
My foot-boy shall eat pheasants, calver'd salmons,
Knots, godwits, lampreys: I myself will have
The beards of barbels serv'd, instead of sallads;
Oil'd mushrooms," &c.—*Alchemist*, Act II. Sc. I.

The second act in Plautus opens with the landing of Menæchmus Sosicles and Messenio at Epidamnum. The following is Warner's translation of the scene:—

Men. Surely, Messenio, I think seafarers never take so comfortable a joy in anything as, when they have been long tost and turmoiled in the wide seas, they hap at last to ken land.

Mes. I'll be sworn, I should not be gladder to see a whole country of mine own, than I have been at such a sight. But I pray, wherefore are we now come to Epidamnum? must we needs go to see every town that we hear of?

Men. Till I find my brother, all towns are alike to me: I must try in all places.

Mes. Why then, let's even as long as we live seek your brother: six years now have we roamed about thus, Istria, Hyspania, Massylia, Illyria, all the upper sea, all high Greece, all haven towns in Italy. I think if we had sought a needle all this time we must needs have found it, had it been above ground. It cannot be that he is alive; and to seek a dead man thus among the living, what folly is it?

Men. Yea, could I but once find any man that could certainly inform me of his death, I were satisfied; otherwise I can never desist seeking: little knowest thou, Messenio, how near my heart it goes.

Mes. This is washing of a blackamoor. Faith, let's go home, unless you mean we should write a story of our travail.

Men. Sirrah, no more of these saucy speeches. I perceive I must teach you how to serve me, not to rule me.

Mes. Ay, so, now it appears what it is to be a servant. Well, I must speak my conscience. Do ye hear, sir? Faith I must tell you one thing, when I look into the lean estate of your purse, and consider advisedly of your decaying stock, I hold it very needful to be drawing homeward, lest in looking your brother, we quite lose ourselves. For this assure yourself, this town, Epidamnum, is a place of outrageous expenses, exceeding in all riot and lasciviousness: and (I hear) as full of ribalds, parasites, drunkards, catchpoles, coney-catchers, and sycophants, as it can hold. Then for courtezans, why here's the currentest stamp of them in the world. You must not think here to scape with as light cost as in other places. The very name shows the nature, no man comes hither *sine damno*.

Men. You say very well indeed: give me my purse into mine own keeping, because I will so be the safer, *sine damno*."

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Steevens considered that the description of Ephesus in *The Comedy of Errors*—

"They say, this town is full of cozenage," &c.—

was derived from Warner's translation, where "ribalds, parasites, drunkards, catch-poles, coney-catchers, sycophants, and courtezans," are found; the *voluptarii*, *potatores*, *sycophantæ*, *palpatores*, and *meretrices* of Plautus. But surely the "jugglers," "sorcerers," "witches," of Shakspeare are not these. With his exquisite judgment, he gave Ephesus more characteristic "liberties of sin." The cook of the courtesan, in Plautus, first mistakes the wandering brother for the profligate of Epidamnum. Erotium next encounters him, and with *her* he dines; and, leaving her, takes charges of a cloak which the Menæchmus of Epidamnum had given her. In *The Comedy of Errors* the stranger brother dines with the wife of him of Ephesus. The Parasite next meets with the wanderer, and being enraged that the dinner is finished in his absence, resolves to disclose the infidelities of Menæchmus to his jealous wife. The "errors" proceed, in the maid of Erotium bringing him a chain which she says he had stolen from his wife: he is to cause it to be made heavier and of a newer fashion. The traveller goes his way with the cloak and the chain. The jealous wife and the Parasite lie in wait for the faithless husband, who, the Parasite reports, is carrying the cloak to the dyer's; and they fall with their reproaches upon the Menæchmus of Epidamnum, who left the courtesan to attend to his business. A scene of violence ensues; and the bewildered man repairs to Erotium for his dinner. He meets with reproaches only; for he knows nothing of the cloak and the chain. The stranger Menæchmus, who has the cloak and chain, encounters the wife of his brother, and of course he utterly denies any knowledge of her. Her father comes to her assistance, upon her hastily sending for him. He first reproaches his daughter for her suspicions of her husband and her shrewish temper: Luciana reasons in a somewhat similar way with Adriana in *The Comedy of Errors*; and the Abbess is more earnest in her condemnation of the complaining wife. The scene in Plautus wants all the elevation that we find in Shakspeare; and the old man seems to think that the wife has little to grieve for, as long as she has food, clothes, and servants. Menæchmus, the traveller, of course cannot comprehend all this; and the father and daughter agree that he is mad, and send for a doctor. He escapes from the discipline which is preparing for him; and the doctor's assistants lay hold of Menæchmus, the citizen. He is rescued by Messenio, the servant of the traveller, who mistakes him for his master, and begs his freedom. The servant, going to his inn, meets with his real master; and, while disputing with him, the Menæchmus of Epidamnum joins them. Of course, the *éclaircissement* is the natural consequence of the presence of both upon the same scene. The brothers resolve to leave Epidamnum together; the citizen making proclamation that he will sell all his goods, and adding, with his accustomed loose notions of conjugal duty—

"Venibit uxor quoque etiam, si quis emptor venerit."

Hazlitt has said, "This comedy is taken *very much* from the 'Menæchmi' of Plautus, and is not an improvement on it." We think he is wrong in both assertions.

PERIOD OF THE ACTION.

We have noticed some of the anachronisms which the translator of Plautus, in Shakspeare's time, did not hesitate to introduce into his performance. W. W. did not do this ignorantly, for he was a learned person; and, we are told in an address of "The Printer to his Readers," had "divers of this poet's comedies Englished, for the use and delight of his private friends, who in Plautus' own words are not able to understand them." There was, no doubt, a complete agreement as to the principle of such anachronisms in the writers of Shakspeare's day. They employed the conventional ideas of their own time instead of those which properly belonged to the date of their story; they translated images as well as words; they were

addressing uncritical readers and spectators, and they thought it necessary to make themselves intelligible by speaking of familiar instead of recondite things. Thus W. W. not only gives us mary-bone pies and potatoes, instead of the complicated messes of the Roman sensualist, but he talks of constables and toll-gatherers, Bedlam fools, and claret. In Douce's "Essay on the Anachronisms and some other Incongruities of Shakspeare," the offences of our poet in *The Comedy of Errors* are thus summed up:—"In the *ancient* city of Ephesus we have ducats, marks, and guilders, and the *Abbess of a Nunnery*. Mention is also made of several modern European kingdoms, and of America; of Henry the Fourth of France,* of Turkish tapestry, a rapier, and a striking-clock; of Lapland sorcerers, Satan, and even of Adam and Noah. In one place Antipholus calls himself a *Christian*. As we are unacquainted with the immediate source whence this play was derived, it is impossible to ascertain whether Shakspeare is responsible for these anachronisms." The ducats, marks, guilders, tapestry, rapier, striking-clock, and Lapland sorcerers belong precisely to the same class of anachronisms as those we have already exhibited from the pen of the translator of Plautus. Had Shakspeare used the names of Grecian or Roman coins, his audience would not have understood him. Such matters have nothing whatever to do with the period of a dramatic action. But we think Douce was somewhat hasty in proclaiming that the *Abbess of a Nunnery*, *Satan*, *Adam and Noah*, and *Christian* were anachronisms, in connection with the "ancient city of Ephesus."

Douce, seeing that *The Comedy of Errors* was suggested by the "Menæchmi" of Plautus, considers, no doubt, that Shakspeare intended to place his action at the same period as the Roman play. It is manifest to us that he intended precisely the contrary. The "Menæchmi" contains invocations in great number to the ancient divinities;—Jupiter and Apollo are here familiar words. From the first line of *The Comedy of Errors* to the last we have not the slightest allusion to the classical mythology. Was there not a time, then, even in the *ancient* city of Ephesus, when there might be an Abbess,—men might call themselves Christians,—and Satan, Adam, and Noah might be names of common use? We do not mean to affirm that Shakspeare intended to select the Ephesus of Christianity—the great city of churches and councils—for the dwelling-place of Antipholus, any more than we think that Duke Solinus was a real personage—that "Duke Menaphon, his most renowned uncle," ever had any existence—or that even his name could be found in any story more trustworthy than that of Greene's "Arcadia." The truth is, that in the same way that *Ardennus* was a sort of *terra incognita* of chivalry, the poets of Shakspeare's time had no hesitation in placing the fables of the romantic ages in classical localities, leaving the periods and the names perfectly undefined and unappreciable. Who will undertake to fix a period for the action of Sir Philip Sidney's great romance, when the author has conveyed his reader into the fairy or pastoral land, and informed him what manner of life the inhabitants of that region lead? We cannot open a page of Sidney's "Arcadia" without being struck with what we are accustomed to call anachronisms,—and these from a very severe critic, who, in his "Defence of Poesy," denounces with merciless severity all violation of the unities of the drama. One example will suffice:—Histor and Damon sing a "double sestina." The classical spirit that pervades the following lines belongs to the "true Arcadian" age:—

"O Mercury, foregoer to the evening,
O heavenly huntress of the savage mountains,
O lovely star entitled of the morning,
While that my voice doth fill these woful valleys,
Vouchsafe your silent ears to plaining music,
Which oft hath echo tired in secret forests."

But to what period belong the following lines of the "Phaleuciads," which Zelmene sings, whose voice "strains the canary-birds?"

* Mention is certainly not made of Henry IV.; there is a supposed allusion to him.

† Gibbon, chap. x.

‡ Chandler.

§ See Sidney's "Defence of Poesy." "What child is there that, coming to a

"Her cannons be her eyes, mine eyes the walls be,
Which at first volley gave too open entry,
Nor rampier did abide; my brain was up-blown,
Undermined with a speech the piercer of thoughts."

Warton has prettily said, speaking of Spenser, "*Exactness* in his poem would have been like the cornice which a painter introduced in the grotto of Calypso." Those who would define everything in poetry are the makers of corniced grottoes. As we are not desirous of belonging to this somewhat obsolete fraternity, to which even Warton himself affected to belong when he wrote what is truly an apology for the "Fairy Queen," we will leave our readers to decide whether Duke Solinus reigned at Ephesus before "the great temple, after having risen with increasing splendour from seven repeated misfortunes, was finally burnt by the Goths in their third naval invasion;" † or whether he presided over the decaying city, somewhat nearer to the period when Justinian "filled Constantinople with its statues, and raised his church of St. Sophia on its columns;" ‡ or, lastly, whether he approached the period of its final desolation, when the "candlestick was removed out of its place," and the Christian Ephesus became the Mohammedan Aiasaluck.

But decide as our readers may,—and if they decide not at all they will not derive less satisfaction from the perusal of this drama,—it becomes necessary for the demands of the modern stage that the scenery and costume should belong to some definite period. Our coadjutor, Mr. Planché, has felt considerable difficulty in this particular; and the short notice which he gives on the subject of costume aims at greater precision than we should consider necessary with reference to the poetical character of this play. This desire for exactness is, to a certain extent, an evil; and it is an evil which necessarily belongs to what, at first appearance, is a manifest improvement in the modern stage. The exceeding beauty and accuracy of scenery and dress in our days are destructive, in some degree, to the poetical truth of Shakspeare's dramas. It takes them out of the region of the broad and universal, to impair their freedom and narrow their range by a typographical and chronological minuteness. When the word "Thebes" § was exhibited upon a painted board to Shakspeare's audience, their thoughts of that city were in subjection to the descriptions of the poet; but if a pencil as magical as that of Stanfield had shown them a Thebes that the child might believe to be a reality, the words to which they listened would have been comparatively uninteresting, in the easier gratification of the senses instead of the intellect. Poetry must always have something of the vague and indistinct in its character. The exact has its own province.

COSTUME.

The costume of this comedy must, we fear, be left conventional. The two masters, as well as the two servants, must of course be presumed to have been attired precisely alike, or the difference of dress would at least have called forth some remark, had it not led to an immediate *éclaircissement*; and yet that the Syracusan travellers, both master and man, should by mere chance be clothed in garments not only of the same fashion, but of the same colour, as those of their Ephesian brethren, is beyond the bounds of even stage probability. Were the scene laid during the classical era of Greece, as in the "Menæchmi," on which our comedy was founded, the absurdity would not be quite so startling, as the simple tunic of one slave *might* accidentally resemble that of another; and the chlamys and petasus of the upper classes were at least of one general form, and differed but occasionally in colour; but the appearance of an Abbess renders it necessary to consider the events as passing at the time when Ephesus had become famed amongst the Christian cities of Asia Minor, and at least as late as the first establishment of religious communities (*i.e.* in the fourth century).

We can only recommend to the artist the Byzantine Greek paintings and illuminations, or the costume adopted from them for Scriptural designs by the early Italian masters.

play, and seeing Thebes written in great letters upon an old door, doth believe that it is Thebes?" This rude device was probably employed in the representation of the "Thebais" of Seneca, translated by Newton, 1581.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

SOLINUS, *Duke of Ephesus.*
 ÆGEON, *a merchant of Syracuse.*
 ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, } *twin brothers, and sons to Ægeon and*
 ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse, } *Æmilia, but unknown to each other.*
 DROMIO of Ephesus, } *twin brothers, and Attendants on the two*
 DROMIO of Syracuse, } *Antipholuses.*
 BALTHAZAR, *a merchant.*
 ANGELO, *a goldsmith.*

A merchant, friend to Antipholus of Syracuse.
 PINCH, *a schoolmaster and a conjurer.*
 ÆMILIA, *wife to Ægeon, an Abbess at Ephesus.*
 ADRIANA, *wife to Antipholus of Ephesus.*
 LUCIANA, *her sister.*
 LUCE, *her servant.*
A Courtesan.

Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE—EPHESUS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Hall in the Duke's Palace.*

Enter DUKE, ÆGEON, Gaoler, Officers, & other Attendants.

Ægc. Proceed, Solinus, to procure my fall,
 And, by the doom of death, end woes and all.
Duke. Merchant of Syracuse, plead no more;
 I am not partial, to infringe our laws;
 The enmity and discord, which of late
 Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your duke
 To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,—
 Who, wanting guilders to redeem their lives,
 Have sealed his rigorous statutes with their bloods,—
 Excludes all pity from our threat'ning looks.
 For, since the mortal and intestine jars
 'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,
 It hath in solemn synods been decreed,
 Both by the Syracusans¹ and ourselves,
 To admit no traffic to our adverse towns:
 Nay, more, If any, born at Ephesus,
 Be seen at any Syracusan marts and fairs,
 Again, If any Syracusan born,
 Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies,
 His goods confiscate to the duke's dispose;
 Unless a thousand marks be levied,
 To quit the penalty, and to ransom him.²
 Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,
 Cannot amount unto a hundred marks;
 Therefore, by law thou art condemn'd to die.

Ægc. Yet this my comfort; when your words are
 done,
 My woes end likewise with the evening sun.

Duke. Well, Syracusan, say, in brief, the cause
 Why thou departedst from thy native home;
 And for what cause thou cam'st to Ephesus.

Ægc. A heavier task could not have been impos'd,
 Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable:
 Yet, that the world may witness that my end
 Was wrought by nature,³ not by vile offence,
 I'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.
 In Syracuse was I born; and wed
 Unto a woman, happy but for me,
 And by me, too, had not our hap been bad.⁴
 With her I liv'd in joy; our wealth increas'd,
 By prosperous voyages I often made
 To Epidamnum, till my factor's death,

And the great care of goods at random left,⁴
 Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse:
 From whom my absence was not six months old,
 Before herself (almost at fainting under
 The pleasing punishment that women bear,)
 Had made provision for her following me,
 And soon, and safe, arrived where I was.
 There had she not been long, but she became
 A joyful mother of two goodly sons;
 And, which was strange, the one so like the other
 As could not be distinguish'd but by names.
 That very hour, and in the self-same inn,
 A poor mean woman was delivered⁵
 Of such a burden, male twins, both alike:
 Those, for their parents were exceeding poor,
 I bought, and brought up to attend my sons.
 My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,
 Made daily motions for our home return:
 Unwilling I agreed; alas, too soon.
 We came aboard:
 A league from Epidamnum had we sail'd,
 Before the always-wind-obeying deep
 Gave any tragic instance of our harm:
 But longer did we not retain much hope;
 For what obscured light the heavens did grant
 Did but convey unto our fearful minds
 A doubtful warrant of immediate death;
 Which, though myself would gladly have embrac'd,
 Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,
 Weeping before for what she saw must come,
 And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,
 That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear,
 Forc'd me to seek delays for them and me.
 And this it was,—for other means was none.—
 The sailors sought for safety by our boat,
 And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us:
 My wife, most careful for the latter-born,
 Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast,
 Such as sea-faring men provide for storms:
 To him one of the other twins was bound,
 Whilst I had been like heedful of the other.
 The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I,
 Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd,
 Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast;
 And floating straight, obedient to the stream,
 Were carried towards Corinth, as we thought.

¹ *Syracusans.* In the first folio, *Syracusans*, as we now read, is invariably spelt *Syracusians*. In Malone's edition (1821) the old spelling is restored, Boswell stating that it has the sanction of Bentley, in his "Epistles of Phalaris." We have considered that *Syracusians* is an error of the early typography; for the Syracusani of the Latin naturally becomes the Syracusans of the English. Mr. Dyce, as well as Mr. Staunton, Mr. Grant White in his American edition, and the Cambridge editors, hold to *Syracusians*.

By nature—by the impulses of nature, by natural affection, opposed to *vile offence*, the violation of the municipal laws of Ephesus.

³ The word *too* in this line was supplied in the second folio.

⁴ The first folio reads—

"And *he* great care of goods at random left."
 Malone made the text easy and clear by the substitution of *the*.

⁵ The word *poor* in this line was added in the second folio.

At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,
Dispers'd those vapours that offended us;
And, by the benefit of his wish'd light,
The seas wax'd calm, and we discovered
Two ships from far making amain to us,
Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this:
But ere they came,—O, let me say no more!
Gather the sequel by that went before.

Duke. Nay, forward, old man, do not break off so;
For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

Æge. O, had the gods done so, I had not now
Worthily term'd them merciless to us!
For ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encounter'd by a mighty rock;
Which being violently borne upon,
Our helpful ship was splitted in the midst,
So that, in this unjust divorce of us,
Fortune had left to both of us alike
What to delight in, what to sorrow for.
Her part, poor soul! seeming as burdened
With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe,
Was carried with more speed before the wind;
And in our sight they three were taken up
By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.
At length, another ship had seized on us;
And, knowing whom it was their hap to save,
Gave healthful welcome to their shipwreck'd guests;
And would have reft the fishers of their prey,
Had not their bark been very slow of sail,
And therefore homeward did they bend their course.
Thus have you heard me sever'd from my bliss;
That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.

Duke. And, for the sake of them thou sorrowest for,
Do me the favour to dilate at full
What hath befall'n of them, and thee, till now.

Æge. My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,
At eighteen years became inquisitive
After his brother; and importun'd me,
That his attendant, (so his case was like,¹
Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name,)
Might bear him company in the quest of him:
Whom whilst I labour'd of a love to see,
I hazarded the loss of whom I lov'd.
Five summers have I spent in farthest Greece,
Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia,
And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus;
Hopeless to find, yet loath to leave unsought,
Or that, or any place that harbours men.
But here must end the story of my life;
And happy were I in my timely death,
Could all my travels warrant me they live.

Duke. Hapless Ægeon, whom the fates have mark'd
To bear the extremity of dire mishap!
Now, trust me, were it not against our laws,
Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,
Which princes, would they, may not disannul,
My soul should sue as advocate for thee.
But, though thou art adjudged to the death,
And passed sentence may not be recall'd
But to our honour's great disparagement,
Yet will I favour thee in what I can:
Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this day,
To seek thy help by beneficial help:
Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus:
Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,
And live; if no, then thou art doom'd to die:—
Gaoler, take him into thy custody.

Gaol. I will, my lord.

Æge. Hopeless, and helpless, doth Ægeon wend,
But to procrastinate his lifeless end. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—A public Place.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO of Syracuse, and a Merchant.

Mer. Therefore, give out, you are of Epidamnum,
Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate.
This very day, a Syracusan merchant
Is apprehended for arrival here;
And, not being able to buy out his life,
According to the statute of the town,
Dies ere the weary sun set in the west.
There is your money that I had to keep.

Ant. S. Go, bear it to the Centaur, where we host,
And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee.
Within this hour it will be dinner-time:
Till that, I'll view the manners of the town,
Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
And then return, and sleep within mine inn;
For with long travel I am stiff and weary.
Get thee away.

Dro. S. Many a man would take you at your word,
And go indeed, having so good a mean. [Exit DRO. S.]

Ant. S. A trusty villain, sir, that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholy,
Lightens my humour with his merry jests.
What, will you walk with me about the town,
And then go to my inn and dine with me?

Mer. I am invited, sir, to certain merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit;
I crave your pardon. Soon at five o'clock,²
Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart,
And afterward consort you till bed-time;
My present business calls me from you now.

Ant. S. Farewell till then: I will go lose myself,
And wander up and down, to view the city.

Mer. Sir, I commend you to your own content. [Exit Merchant.]

Ant. S. He that commends me to mine own content
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
I to the world am like a drop of water,
That in the ocean seeks another drop;
Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself:
So I, to find a mother and a brother,
In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus.

Here comes the almanack of my true date.—
What now? How chance, thou art return'd so soon?

Dro. E. Return'd so soon! rather approach'd too late:
The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit;
The clock hath stricken twelve upon the bell,
My mistress made it one upon my cheek:
She is so hot, because the meat is cold;
The meat is cold, because you come not home;
You come not home, because you have no stomach;
You have no stomach, having broke your fast;
But we, that know what 'tis to fast and pray,
Are penitent³ for your default to-day.

Ant. S. Stop in your wind, sir; tell me this, I pray
Where have you left the money that I gave you?

Dro. E. O,—sixpence, that I had o' Wednesday last,

¹ So his case was like. So is the reading of the first folio;—his case was so like that of Antipholus.

² Soon at five o'clock.—This is ordinarily printed, "Soon, at five o'clock." But Antipholus says—

"Within this hour it will be dinner-time."
The time of dinner was twelve; therefore five o'clock would not have been soon.
We must therefore understand the phrase as about five o'clock.

³ Penitent. In the sense of doing penance.

To pay the saddler for my mistress' crupper ;
The saddler had it, sir ; I kept it not.

Ant. S. I am not in a sportive humour now :
Tell me, and dally not, where is the money ?
We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust
So great a charge from thine own custody ?

Dro. E. I pray you jest, sir, as you sit at dinner :
I from my mistress come to you in post ;
If I return, I shall be post indeed ;¹
For she will score your fault upon my pate.
Methinks, your maw, like mine, should be your clock,
And strike you home without a messenger.

Ant. S. Come, Dromio, come, these jests are out of
season ;

Reserve them till a merrier hour than this :
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee ?

Dro. E. To me, sir ? why you gave no gold to me.

Ant. S. Come on, sir knave ; have done your foolishness,
And tell me how thou hast dispos'd thy charge.

Dro. E. My charge was but to fetch you fro' the mart
Home to your house, the Phoenix, sir, to dinner ;
My mistress and her sister stay for you.

Ant. S. Now, as I am a Christian, answer me,
In what safe place you have bestow'd² my money ;
Or I shall break that merry sconce of yours,
That stands on tricks when I am undispos'd :
Where is the thousand marks thou hadst of me ?

Dro. E. I have some marks of yours upon my pate,
Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders,
But not a thousand marks between you both.
If I should pay your worship those again,
Perchance, you will not bear them patiently.

Ant. S. Thy mistress' marks ? what mistress, slave, hast
thou ?

Dro. E. Your worship's wife, my mistress at the Phoenix ;
She that doth fast till you come home to dinner,
And prays, that you will hie you home to dinner.

Ant. S. What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,
Being forbid ? There, take you that, sir knave.

Dro. E. What mean you, sir ? for God's sake hold your
hands ;

Nay, an you will not, sir, I'll take my heels. [*Exit DRO. E.*]

Ant. S. Upon my life, by some device or other,
The villain is o'er-raught³ of all my money.
They say, this town is full of cozenage ;
As, nimble jugglers that deceive the eye,
Dark-working sorcerers that change the mind,
Soul-killing witches that deform the body,
Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,
And many such like liberties of sin :⁴
If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.
I'll to the Centaur, to go seek this slave ;
I greatly fear my money is not safe. [*Exit.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A public Place.

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.

Adr. Neither my husband, nor the slave return'd,
That in such haste I sent to seek his master !
Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.

Luc. Perhaps, some merchant hath invited him,
And from the mart he's somewhere gone to dinner.
Good sister, let us dine, and never fret :

A man is master of his liberty :
Time is their master ; and, when they see time,
They'll go, or come : If so, be patient, sister.

Adr. Why should their liberty than ours be more ?

Luc. Because their business still lies out o' door.

Adr. Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill.⁵

Luc. O, know, he is the bridle of your will.

Adr. There's none but asses will be bridled so.

Luc. Why, headstrong liberty is lash'd with woe.⁶

There's nothing situate under heaven's eye
But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky :
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,
Are their males' subjects, and at their controls :
Men, more divine, the masters of all these,
Lords of the wide world, and wild watery seas,
Indued with intellectual sense and souls,
Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,
Are masters to their females, and their lords :
Then let your will attend on their accords.

Adr. This servitude makes you to keep unwed.

Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage-bed.

Adr. But were you wedded you would bear some sway.

Luc. Ere I learn love, I'll practise to obey.

Adr. How if your husband start some otherwhere ?⁷

Luc. Till he come home again, I would forbear.

Adr. Patience, unmov'd, no marvel though she pause ;
They can be meek that have no other cause.

A wretched soul, bruised with adversity,
We bid be quiet when we hear it cry ;
But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,
As much, or more, we should ourselves complain :
So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,
With urging helpless patience would relieve me :
But, if thou live to see like right bereft,
This fool-begg'd patience⁸ in thee will be left.

Luc. Well, I will marry one day, but to try ;—
Here comes your man, now is your husband nigh.

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus.

Adr. Say, is your tardy master now at hand ?

Dro. E. Nay, he is at two hands with me, and that my
two ears can witness.

Adr. Say, didst thou speak with him ? know'st thou his
mind ?

Dro. E. Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear. Beshrew
his hand, I scarce could understand it.

Luc. Spake he so doubtfully thou couldst not feel his
meaning ?

Dro. E. Nay, he struck so plainly I could too well feel
his blows ; and withal so doubtfully that I could scarce
understand them.⁹

Adr. But say, I prithee, is he coming home ?
It seems he hath great care to please his wife.

Dro. E. Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-mad.

Adr. Horn-mad, thou villain ?

Dro. E. I mean not cuckold mad ; but, sure, he's stark
mad :

When I desir'd him to come home to dinner,
He asked me for a thousand marks in gold :

¹ Post indeed. The post of a shop was used as the tally-board of a publican is now used, to keep the score.

² Bestow'd—stowed, deposited.

³ O'er-raught—overreached.

⁴ Liberties of sin. Some would read libertines.

⁵ Ill. This is the reading of the second folio, which is necessary for the rhyme. The original has thus.

⁶ Lash'd with woe. A lace, a leash, a latch, a lash, is each a form of expressing what binds or fastens ; and thus "headstrong liberty" and "woe" are bound together,—are inseparable.

⁷ Johnson would read, "start some other hare." But where has here the power of a noun, and is used, as in Henry VIII., "The king hath sent me other-where." We have lost this mode of using where in composition ; but we retain

otherwise, in a different guise : we understand *otherwhile*, at a different time ; and we can therefore have no difficulty with *otherwhere*, in a different place.

⁸ The allusion is to the practice of "begging a fool" for the guardianship of his fortune. (See Love's Labour's Lost, Illustrations of Act V.) This abominable prerogative of the Crown seems to have been continued as late as the time of Congreve. In "The Way of the World," on Witwoud's inquiring what he should do with the fool, his brother, Petulant, replies, "Beg him for his estate, that I may beg you afterwards, and so have but one trouble with you both."

⁹ Understand them—stand under them. We have the same quibble in The Two Gentlemen of Verona—"My staff understands me." Milton does not disdain to make Belial, "in gamesome mood," use a similar play upon words. (See "Paradise Lost," book vi. v. 625.)

"'Tis dinner-time," quoth I; "My gold," quoth he;
 "Your meat doth burn," quoth I; "My gold," quoth he;
 "Will you come home?" quoth I; "My gold," quoth he;
 "Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?"
 "The pig," quoth I, "is burn'd;" "My gold," quoth he;
 "My mistress, sir," quoth I; "Hang up thy mistress;
 I know not thy mistress; out on thy mistress!"

Luc. Quoth who?

Dro. E. Quoth my master:

"I know," quoth he, "no house, no wife, no mistress;"
 So that my errand, due unto my tongue,
 I thank him, I bare home upon my shoulders;
 For, in conclusion, he did beat me there.

Adr. Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home.

Dro. E. Go back again, and be new beaten home?

For God's sake send some other messenger.

Adr. Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.

Dro. E. And he will bless that cross with other beating:
 Between you I shall have a holy head.

Adr. Hence, prating peasant; fetch thy master home.

Dro. E. Am I so round with you, as you with me,
 That like a foot-ball you do spurn me thus?¹
 You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither:
 If I last in this service you must case me in leather. [*Exit.*]

Luc. Fie, how impatience loureth in your face!

Adr. His company must do his minions grace,
 Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.

Hath homely age the alluring beauty took

From my poor cheek? then he hath wasted it:

Are my discourses dull? barren my wit?

If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'd,

Unkindness blunts it, more than marble hard.

Do their gay vestments his affections bait?

That's not my fault, he's master of my state:

What ruins are in me that can be found

By him not ruin'd? then is he the ground

Of my defeatures:² My decayed fair

A sunny look of his would soon repair:

But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale,

And feeds from home: poor I am but his stale.³

Luc. Self-harming jealousy!—fie, beat it hence.

Adr. Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense.

I know his eye doth homage otherwhere;

Or else, what lets it but he would be here?

Sister, you know he promis'd me a chain;—

Would that alone alone he would detain,⁴

So he would keep fair quarter with his bed!

I see, the jewel best enamelled

Will lose his beauty; and though gold 'bides still,

That others touch, yet often touching will⁵

Wear gold; and so no man that hath a name,

But falsehood and corruption doth it shame.⁶

Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,

I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.

Luc. How many fond fools serve mad jealousy! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.

Ant. S. The gold I gave to Dromio is laid up
 Safe at the Centaur; and the heedful slave

Is wander'd forth, in care to seek me out.
 By computation, and mine host's report,
 I could not speak with Dromio, since at first
 I sent him from the mart: See, here he comes.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

How now, sir? is your merry humour alter'd?
 As you love strokes, so jest with me again.
 You know no Centaur? you receiv'd no gold?
 Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner?
 My house was at the Phoenix? Wast thou mad,
 That thus so madly thou didst answer me?

Dro. S. What answer, sir? when spake I such a word?

Ant. S. Even now, even here, not half an hour since.

Dro. S. I did not see you since you sent me hence,
 Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.

Ant. S. Villain, thou didst deny the gold's receipt,
 And told'st me of a mistress, and a dinner;
 For which, I hope, thou felt'st I was displeas'd.

Dro. S. I am glad to see you in this merry vein:
 What means this jest? I pray you, master, tell me.

Ant. S. Yea, dost thou jeer, and flout me in the teeth?
 Think'st thou I jest? Hold, take thou that, and that.

[*Beating him.*]

Dro. S. Hold, sir, for God's sake: now your jest is
 earnest:

Upon what bargain do you give it me?

Ant. S. Because that I familiarly sometimes

Do use you for my fool, and chat with you,

Your sauciness will jest upon my love,

And make a common of my serious hours.⁷

When the sun shines let foolish gnats make sport,

But creep in crannies when he hides his beams.

If you will jest with me know my aspect,

And fashion your demeanour to my looks,

Or I will beat this method in your sconce.

Dro. S. Sconce, call you it? so you would leave battering,
 I had rather have it a head: an you use these blows long,
 I must get a sconce for my head, and insconce it⁸ too; or
 else I shall seek my wit in my shoulders. But, I pray, sir,
 why am I beaten?

Ant. S. Dost thou not know?

Dro. S. Nothing, sir; but that I am beaten.

Ant. S. Shall I tell you why?

Dro. S. Ay, sir, and wherefore; for, they say, every why
 hath a wherefore.

Ant. S. Why, first,—for flouting me; and then, where-
 fore,—

For urging it the second time to me.

Dro. S. Was there ever any man thus beaten out of
 season?

When, in the why, and the wherefore, is neither rhyme nor
 reason?—

Well, sir, I thank you.

Ant. S. Thank me, sir? for what?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, for this something that you gave me
 for nothing.

Ant. S. I'll make you amends next, to give you nothing
 for something. But, say, sir, is it dinner-time?

"But I alone, alone must sit and pine."

This emphasises the sentiment, but here the second *alone* perplexes the sense.

⁵ *That others touch.* The Cambridge editors ingeniously suggest "*the tester's touch.*"

⁶ This passage has been altered by Pope, Warburton, and Steevens from the original; and it is so impossible to gain a tolerable reading without changing the text, that we leave it as it is commonly received. In the first folio the reading is—

"I see the jewel best enamelled
 Will lose his beauty; yet the gold bides still
 That others touch; and often touching will
 Where gold; and no man that hath a name,
 By falsehood and corruption doth it shame."

The "serious hours" of Antipholus are his *private* hours: the "sauciness" of Dromio intrudes upon those hours, and deprives his master of his exclusive possession of them,—makes them "*a common*" property.

⁸ *Insconce it*—defend it, fortify it.

¹ To be *round* with any one is to be plain-spoken, as in Hamlet: "Let her be *round* with him." Dromio uses the word in a double sense when he alludes to the foot-ball.

² *Defeatures.* Adriana asserts that her *defeatures*, her decayed fair—*fair* being used as a noun for beauty, and *defeatures* for the change in her features for the worse—have been caused by her husband's neglect. In Othello we have "*defeat* thy favours," meaning, disfigure thy countenance.

³ *Stale* is stalking-horse; thus in Ben Jonson's "Catiline"—

"Dull, stupid Lentulus,
 My *stale*, with whom I *stalk*."

In the first folio we have—

"Would that alone a *loue* he would detain."

The obvious error, says Malone, was corrected in the second folio. Mr. Dyce has pointed out that the repetition of *alone* has a precedent in Lucrece:—

Dro. S. No, sir; I think the meat wants that I have.

Ant. S. In good time, sir, what's that?

Dro. S. Basting.

Ant. S. Well, sir, then 'twill be dry.

Dro. S. If it be, sir, I pray you eat none of it.

Ant. S. Your reason?

Dro. S. Lest it make you choleric, and purchase me another dry basting.

Ant. S. Well, sir, learn to jest in good time. There's a time for all things.

Dro. S. I durst have denied that, before you were so choleric.

Ant. S. By what rule, sir?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of father Time himself.

Ant. S. Let's hear it.

Dro. S. There's no time for a man to recover his hair, that grows bald by nature.

Ant. S. May he not do it by fine and recovery?¹

Dro. S. Yes, to pay a fine for a periwig,² and recover the lost hair of another man.

Ant. S. Why is Time such a niggard of hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?

Dro. S. Because it is a blessing that he bestows on beasts: and what he hath scanted men in hair, he hath given them in wit.

Ant. S. Why, but there's many a man hath more hair than wit.

Dro. S. Not a man of those but he hath the wit to lose his hair.

Ant. S. Why, thou didst conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.

Dro. S. The plainer dealer, the sooner lost: Yet he loseth it in a kind of jollity.

Ant. S. For what reason?

Dro. S. For two; and sound ones too.

Ant. S. Nay, not sound, I pray you.

Dro. S. Sure ones then.

Ant. S. Nay, not sure, in a thing falsing.³

Dro. S. Certain ones then.

Ant. S. Name them.

Dro. S. The one, to save the money that he spends in tiring;⁴ the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porridge.

Ant. S. You would all this time have proved there is no time for all things.

Dro. S. Marry, and did, sir; namely, in no time to recover hair lost by nature.

Ant. S. But your reason was not substantial, why there is no time to recover.

Dro. S. Thus I mend it: Time himself is bald, and therefore, to the world's end, will have bald followers.

Ant. S. I knew 'twould be a bald conclusion: But soft! who wafts us yonder?

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.

Adr. Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange, and frown;
Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects:
I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.
The time was once, when thou unurg'd wouldst vow

That never words were music to thine ear,
That never object pleasing in thine eye,
That never touch well-welcome to thy hand,
That never meat sweet savour'd in thy taste,
Unless I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carv'd to thee.
How comes it now, my husband, oh, how comes it,
That thou art then estranged from thyself?
Thyself I call it, being strange to me,
That, undividable, incorporate,
Am better than thy dear self's better part.
Ah, do not tear away thyself from me;
For know, my love, as easy may'st thou fall⁵
A drop of water in the breaking gulf,
And take unmingled thence that drop again,
Without addition or diminishing,
As take from me thyself, and not me too.
How dearly would it touch thee to the quick
Shouldst thou but hear I were licentious?
And that this body, consecrate to thee,
By ruffian lust should be contaminate?
Wouldst thou not spit at me, and spurn at me,
And hurl the name of husband in my face,
And tear the stain'd skin of⁶ my harlot brow,
And from my false hand cut the wedding ring,
And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?
I know thou canst; and therefore see thou do it.
I am possess'd with an adulterate blot;
My blood is mingled with the grime of lust:⁷
For, if we two be one, and thou play false,
I do digest the poison of thy flesh,
Being strumpeted by thy contagion.
Keep then fair league and truce with thy true bed;
I live dis-stain'd,⁸ thou, undishonoured.

Ant. S. Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not:
In Ephesus I am but two hours old,
As strange unto your town, as to your talk;
Who, every word by all my wit being scann'd,
Want wit in all one word to understand.

Luc. Fie, brother! how the world is chang'd with you:
When were you wont to use my sister thus?
She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

Ant. S. By Dromio?

Dro. S. By me?

Adr. By thee; and this thou didst return from him,—
That he did buffet thee, and, in his blows,
Denied my house for his, me for his wife.

Ant. S. Did you converse, sir, with this gentlewoman?
What is the course and drift of your compact?

Dro. S. I, sir? I never saw her till this time.

Ant. S. Villain, thou liest; for even her very words
Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.

Dro. S. I never spake with her in all my life.

Ant. S. How can she thus then call us by our names,
Unless it be by inspiration?

Adr. How ill agrees it with your gravity,
To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood?⁹
Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt,⁹
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine:
Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine;¹⁰

¹ In this, as in all Shakspeare's early plays, and in his Poems, we have the professional jokes of the attorney's office in great abundance.

² *Periwig*. This, the word in the folio, is ordinarily printed *peruke*.

³ *Falsing*—the participle of the obsolete verb *to false*. Shakspeare uses this verb once, viz. in *Cymbeline*, Act II. Sc. III. :—

"'Tis gold
Which buys admittance; oft it doth: yea, and makes
Diana's rangers false themselves."

In Chaucer ("*Rom. of the Rose*") we have—

"They falsen ladies traitorously."

The verb is commonly used by Spenser, as—

"Thou falsed hast thy faith with perjury."

⁴ *Tiring*—attiring. In the folio we have *trying*, an obvious typographical error, corrected by Pope. Mr. Collier, Mr. Dyce, and Mr. White suggest *trimming*.

⁵ *Fall* is here used as a verb active.

⁶ *Of*. So the folio; Steevens unnecessarily substituted *off*.

⁷ *Grime*—suggested by Warburton instead of *crime* in the folio.

⁸ *Dis-stained* in the folio.

⁹ *Exempt*. Johnson says the word here means *separated*. But surely Adriana intends to say that she must bear the wrong; that Antipholus, being her husband, is released, acquitted, *exempt*, from any consequences of this wrong.

¹⁰ When Milton uses this classical image, in "*Paradise Lost*,"—

"They led the vine
To wed the elm; she, spous'd, about him twines
Her marriageable arms,"—

the annotators of our great epic poet naturally give us the parallel passages in Catullus, in Ovid, in Virgil, in Horace. Shakspeare unquestionably had the image from the same sources. It appears to us that this line of Shakspeare is neither a translation nor an imitation of any of the well-known classical passages, but a transfusion of the spirit of the ancient poets by one who was familiar with them.

Whose weakness, married to thy stronger state,
Makes me with thy strength to communicate:
If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,
Usurping ivy, briar, or idle¹ moss;
Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion
Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion.

Ant. S. To me she speaks; she moves me for her theme:
What, was I married to her in my dream?
Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this?
What error drives our eyes and ears amiss?
Until I know this sure, uncertainly²
I'll entertain the offer'd³ fallacy.

Luc. Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner.

Dro. S. O, for my beads! I cross me for a sinner.
This is the fairy land;⁴—O, spite of spites!
We talk with goblins, owls,⁴ and elvish⁵ sprites;
If we obey them not, this will ensue,
They'll suck our breath, or pinch us black and blue.

Luc. Why prat'st thou to thyself, and answer'st not?
Dromio, thou drone, thou snail, thou slug, thou sot!

Dro. S. I am transformed, master, am not I?

Ant. S. I think thou art, in mind, and so am I.

Dro. S. Nay, master, both in mind, and in my shape.

Ant. S. Thou hast thine own form.

Dro. S. No, I am an ape.

Luc. If thou art chang'd to aught, 'tis to an ass.

Dro. S. 'Tis true; she rides me, and I long for grass.
'Tis so, I am an ass; else it could never be,
But I should know her as well as she knows me.

Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,
To put the finger in the eye and weep,
Whilst man, and master, laugh my woes to scorn.
Come, sir, to dinner; Dromio, keep the gate:—
Husband, I'll dine above with you to-day,
And shrive you of a thousand idle pranks:
Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,
Say, he dines forth, and let no creature enter.
Come, sister:—Dromio, play the porter well.

Ant. S. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?
Sleeping, or waking? mad, or well-advised?
Known unto these, and to myself disguis'd!
I'll say as they say, and persevere so,
And in this mist at all adventures go.

Dro. S. Master, shall I be porter at the gate?

Adr. Ay; and let none enter, lest I break your pate.

Luc. Come, come, Antipholus, we dine too late.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, DROMIO of Ephesus,
ANGELO, and BALTHAZAR.

Ant. E. Good signior Angelo, you must excuse us all.
My wife is shrewish, when I keep not hours:
Say, that I linger'd with you at your shop,
To see the making of her carcanet,⁶
And that to-morrow you will bring it home.
But here's a villain, that would face me down

He met me on the mart; and that I beat him,
And charg'd him with a thousand marks in gold;
And that I did deny my wife and house:
Thou drunkard, thou, what didst thou mean by this?

Dro. E. Say what you will, sir, but I know what I know:
That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to show:
If the skin were parchment, and the blows you gave were
ink,

Your own handwriting would tell you what I think.

Ant. E. I think thou art an ass.

Dro. E. Marry, so it doth appear
By the wrongs I suffer and the blows I bear.

I should kick, being kick'd; and, being at that pass,
You would keep from my heels, and beware of an ass.

Ant. E. You are sad, signior Balthazar: 'Pray God, our
cheer

May answer my good will, and your good welcome here.

Bal. I hold your dainties cheap, sir, and your welcome
dear.

Ant. E. O, signior Balthazar, either at flesh or fish,
A table full of welcome makes scarce one dainty dish.

Bal. Good meat, sir, is common; that every churl affords.

Ant. E. And welcome more common; for that's nothing
but words.

Bal. Small cheer, and great welcome, makes a merry
feast.

Ant. E. Ay, to a niggardly host, and more sparing guest.
But though my cates be mean, take them in good part;
Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart.
But, soft; my door is lock'd. Go bid them let us in.

Dro. E. Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian, Jen'!

Dro. S. [*Within.*] Mome,⁷ malt-horse, capon, coxcomb,
idiot, patch!⁸

Either get thee from the door, or sit down at the hatch:
Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st for such
store,

When one is one too many? Go, get thee from the door.

Dro. E. What patch is made our porter? my master stays
in the street.

Dro. S. Let him walk from whence he came, lest he catch
cold on's feet.

Ant. E. Who talks within there? ho! open the door.

Dro. S. Right, sir, I'll tell you when, an you'll tell me
wherefore.

Ant. E. Wherefore? for my dinner; I have not din'd
to-day.

Dro. S. Nor to-day here you must not; come again when
you may.

Ant. E. What art thou, that keep'st me out from the
house I owe?

Dro. S. The porter for this time, sir, and my name is
Dromio.

Dro. E. O villain, thou hast stolen both mine office and
my name;

The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame.

If thou hadst been Dromio to-day in my place,
Thou wouldst have chang'd thy face for a name, or thy
name for an ass.

Luce. [*Within.*] What a coil is there! Dromio, who are
those at the gate?

Dro. E. Let my master in, Luce.

Luce. Faith no; he comes too late;
And so tell your master.

¹ *Idle*—useless, fruitless, as in "deserts idle." An *addle* egg is an *idle* egg. Shakspeare plays upon the words in Troilus and Cressida: "If you love an *addle* egg as well as you love an *idle* head, you would eat chickens i' the shell."

² *Sure—uncertainly.* We adopt the reading of the Cambridge editors.

³ *Offer'd*—in the first folio *freed*.

⁴ *Owls.* Theobald changed *owls* to *ouphes*, upon the plea that owls could not suck breath and pinch. Warburton maintains that the *owl* here is the *strix* of the ancients—the destroyer of the cradled infant—

"Nocte volant, puerosque petunt nutricis egentes,
Et vitiant cunis corpora rapta suis."

Ovid. Fasti, lib. vi.

⁵ *Elvish* is wanting in the first folio, but is found in the second, misprinted "elves."

⁶ *Carcanet*—a chain, or necklace. In Harrington's "Orlando Furioso" we have—

"About his neck a *carcanet* rich he ware."

⁷ *Mome.* It is difficult to attach a precise meaning to *mome*. Some say it is one who plays in a mummary, a buffoon. The derivation is French, and a modern French Dictionary explains it as a young thief, and says it is applied to the *gamins* of Paris.

⁸ *Patch* is a pretender, a deceitful fellow, one who is *patched* up. *Patch*, as applied to a fool, has only a secondary meaning. Shakspeare uses *patchery* in the sense of roguery: "Here is such patchery, such juggling, and such knavery" (*Troilus and Cressida*).

Dro. E. O Lord, I must laugh ;—
Have at you with a proverb.—Shall I set in my staff?
Luce. Have at you with another: that's,—When? can you tell?
Dro. S. If thy name be called Luce, Luce, thou hast answer'd him well.
Ant. E. Do you hear, you minion? you'll let us in, I hope?
Luce. I thought to have ask'd you.
Dro. S. And you said, no.
Dro. E. So, come, help; well struck; there was blow for blow.
Ant. E. Thou baggage, let me in.
Luce. Can you tell for whose sake?
Dro. E. Master, knock the door hard.
Luce. Let him knock till it ache.
Ant. E. You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door down.
Luce. What needs all that, and a pair of stocks in the town?
Adr. [Within.] Who is that at the door, that keeps all this noise?
Dro. S. By my troth your town is troubled with unruly boys.
Ant. E. Are you there, wife? you might have come before.
Adr. Your wife, sir knave! go, get you from the door.
Dro. E. If you went in pain, master, this knave would go sore.
Ang. Here is neither cheer, sir, nor welcome; we would fain have either.
Bal. In debating which was best, we shall part with neither.¹
Dro. E. They stand at the door, master; bid them welcome hither.
Ant. E. There is something in the wind, that we cannot get in.
Dro. E. You would say so, master, if your garments were thin.
Your cake here is warm within; you stand here in the cold: It would make a man mad as a buck to be so bought and sold.
Ant. E. Go, fetch me something, I'll break ope the gate.
Dro. S. Break any breaking here, and I'll break your knave's pate.
Dro. E. A man may break a word with you, sir; and words are but wind.
Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not behind.
Dro. S. It seems, thou wantest breaking; Out upon thee, hind!
Dro. E. Here's too much, out upon thee! I pray thee let me in.
Dro. S. Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and fish have no fin.
Ant. E. Well, I'll break in; Go, borrow me a crow.
Dro. E. A crow without feather; master, mean you so? For a fish without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather: If a crow help us in, sirrah, we'll pluck a crow together.
Ant. E. Go, get thee gone, fetch me an iron crow.
Bal. Have patience, sir, O let it not be so.
Herein you war against your reputation,
And draw within the compass of suspect
The unviolated honour of your wife.
Once this,²—Your long experience of her wisdom,
Her sober virtue, years, and modesty,
Plead on her part some cause to you unknown;

And doubt not, sir, but she will well excuse
Why at this time the doors are made against you.³
Be rul'd by me; depart in patience,
And let us to the Tiger all to dinner:
And, about evening, come yourself alone,
To know the reason of this strange restraint.
If by strong hand you offer to break in,
Now in the stirring passage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made of it;
And that supposed by the common rout
Against your yet ungalled estimation,
That may with foul intrusion enter in,
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead:
For slander lives upon succession;
For ever housed, where it gets possession.
Ant. E. You have prevail'd. I will depart in quiet,
And, in despite of mirth, mean to be merry.
I know a wench of excellent discourse;
Pretty and witty; wild, and, yet too, gentle;—
There will we dine: this woman that I mean,
My wife (but, I protest, without desert,)
Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal;
To her will we to dinner. Get you home,
And fetch the chain; by this, I know, 'tis made:
Bring it, I pray you, to the Porpentine;⁴
For there's the house; that chain will I bestow
(Be it for nothing but to spite my wife,)
Upon mine hostess there: good sir, make haste:
Since mine own doors refuse to entertain me,
I'll knock elsewhere, to see if they'll disdain me.
Ang. I'll meet you at that place, some hour hence.
Ant. E. Do so. This jest shall cost me some expense.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same.**Enter LUCIANA and ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.*

Luc. And may it be that you have quite forgot
A husband's office? shall, Antipholus,
Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot?
Shall love, in building, grow so ruinous?⁵
If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
Then, for her wealth's sake, use her with more kindness:
Or, if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth;
Muffle your false love with some show of blindness:
Let not my sister read it in your eye;
Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator;
Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty;
Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger:
Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted;
Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint;
Be secret-false: What need she be acquainted?
What simple thief brags of his own attainment?
'Tis double wrong to truant with your bed,
And let her read it in thy looks at board:
Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed;
Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.
Alas, poor women! make us but believe,
Being compact of credit,⁶ that you love us;
Though others have the arm, show us the sleeve;
We in your motion turn, and you may move us.
Then, gentle brother, get you in again;
Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife:
'Tis holy sport, to be a little vain,⁷
When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.

¹ Part with—depart with.² Once this—once for all.³ To make the door is still a provincial expression.⁴ Porpentine. This word, which has the same meaning as Porcupine, is invariably used throughout the early editions of Shakspeare. It was no doubt the familiar word in Shakspeare's time, and ought not to be changed.⁵ Runate, instead of ruinous, is the reading of the folio. To make a rhyme to ruinate, Theobald inserted the word hate in the second line—"Shall, Antipholus,hate,"—shall hate rot thy love-springs? The correction of *ruinate* to *ruinous*, suggested by Steevens, though not adopted by him, is much more satisfactory. It is to be observed that *Antipholus* is the prevailing orthography of the folio, though in some places we have *Antipholis*. *Love-springs* are the early shoots of love, as in the *Venus* and *Adonis*—

"This canker that eats up love's tender spring."

⁶ Compact of credit—credulous.⁷ Vain. Johnson interprets this *light of tongue*.

Ant. S. Sweet mistress, (what your name is else, I know not,

Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine,)

Less, in your knowledge, and your grace, you show not,

Than our earth's wonder; more than earth divine.

Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak;

Lay open to my earthy gross conceit,

Smother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,

The folded meaning of your words' deceit.

Against my soul's pure truth why labour you,

To make it wander in an unknown field?

Are you a god? would you create me new?

Transform me then, and to your power I'll yield.

But if that I am I, then well I know,

Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,

Nor to her bed no homage do I owe;

Far more, far more, to you do I decline.

O, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,

To drown me in thy sister flood of tears;

Sing, siren, for thyself, and I will dote:

Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,

And, as a bed,¹ I'll take thee and there lie;

And, in that glorious supposition, think

He gains by death, that hath such means to die;—

Let love,² being light, be drowned if she sink!

Luc. What, are you mad, that you do reason so?

Ant. S. Not mad, but mated;³ how, I do not know.

Luc. It is a fault that springeth from your eye.

Ant. S. For gazing on your beams, fair sun, being by.

Luc. Gaze where you should, and that will clear your sight.

Ant. S. As good to wink, sweet love, as look on night.

Luc. Why call you me love? call my sister so.

Ant. S. Thy sister's sister.

Luc. That's my sister.

Ant. S. No;

It is thyself, mine own self's better part;

Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart;

My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim,

My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.

Luc. All this my sister is, or else should be.

Ant. S. Call thyself sister, sweet, for I aim thee;

Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life;

Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife:

Give me thy hand.

Luc. O, soft, sir, hold you still;

I'll fetch my sister, to get her good will. [Exit LUC.]

Enter from the house of ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, DROMIO of Syracuse.

Ant. S. Why, how now, Dromio? where run'st thou so fast?

Dro. S. Do you know me, sir? am I Dromio? am I your man? am I myself?

Ant. S. Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou art thyself.

Dro. S. I am an ass, I am a woman's man, and besides myself.

Ant. S. What woman's man? and how besides thyself?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, besides myself, I am due to a woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.

Ant. S. What claim lays she to thee?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, such claim as you would lay to your

horse; and she would have me as a beast: not that, I being a beast, she would have me; but that she, being a very beastly creature, lays claim to me.

Ant. S. What is she?

Dro. S. A very reverent body; ay, such a one as a man may not speak of, without he say, sir reverence:⁴ I have but lean luck in the match, and yet is she a wondrous fat marriage.

Ant. S. How dost thou mean a fat marriage?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, she's the kitchen-wench, and all grease; and I know not what use to put her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light. I warrant, her rags, and the tallow in them, will burn a Poland winter: if she lives till doomsday, she'll burn a week longer than the whole world.

Ant. S. What complexion is she of?

Dro. S. Swart, like my shoe, but her face nothing like so clean kept. For why? she sweats; a man may go over shoes in the grime of it.

Ant. S. That's a fault that water will mend.

Dro. S. No, sir, 'tis in grain; Noah's flood could not do it.

Ant. S. What's her name?

Dro. S. Nell, sir;—but her name and three quarters, that is an ell and three quarters, will not measure her from hip to hip.

Ant. S. Then she bears some breadth?

Dro. S. No longer from head to foot, than from hip to hip; she is spherical, like a globe. I could find out countries in her.⁵

Ant. S. In what part of her body stands Ireland?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, in her buttocks. I found it out by the bogs.

Ant. S. Where Scotland?⁶

Dro. S. I found it by the barrenness; hard, in the palm of the hand.

Ant. S. Where France?

Dro. S. In her forehead; armed and reverted, making war against her hair.⁶

Ant. S. Where England?

Dro. S. I looked for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteness in them: but I guess, it stood in her chin, by the salt rheum that ran between France and it.

Ant. S. Where Spain?

Dro. S. Faith, I saw it not; but I felt it, hot in her breath.

Ant. S. Where America, the Indies?⁷

Dro. S. O, sir, upon her nose, all o'er embellished with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain; who sent whole armadas of car-racks to be ballast at her nose.

Ant. S. Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands?

Dro. S. O, sir, I did not look so low. To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me; called me Dromio; swore, I was assured⁸ to her; told me what privy marks I had about me, as the mark of my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I, amazed, ran from her as a witch:

And, I think, if my breast had not been made of faith, and my heart of steel,

She had transform'd me to a curtail-dog, and made me turn i' the wheel.⁶

Ant. S. Go, hie thee presently, post to the road; And if the wind blow any way from shore, I will not harbour in this town to-night.

¹ *Bed*—the first folio reads *bud*; the second folio *bed*; "the golden hairs" which are "spread o'er the silver waves" will form the bed of the lover. Mr. Dyce would read—

"And as a *bride* I'll take thee."

² *Love* is here used as the queen of love. In the *Venus and Adonis*, Venus, speaking of herself, says—

"Love is a spirit, all compact with fire,
Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire."

³ To *mate*, to *amate*, is to make senseless,—to stupefy as in a dream. *Matan* (*A. S.*) is to dream.

⁴ See Illustrations to *Romeo and Juliet*, Act I. When anything offensive was spoken of, this form of apology was used.

⁵ *Assured*—affianced.

⁶ We have printed these two lines as verse. The doggerel, like some of Swift's similar attempts, contains a superabundance of syllables; but we have little doubt that Dromio's description of the kitchen-maid was intended to conclude emphatically with rhyme.

If any bark put forth, come to the mart,
Where I will walk, till thou return to me.
If every one knows us, and we know none,
'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack, and be gone.

Dro. S. As from a bear a man would run for life,
So fly I from her that would be my wife. [Exit.]

Ant. S. There's none but witches do inhabit here;
And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence.
She, that doth call me husband, even my soul
Doth for a wife abhor; but her fair sister,
Possess'd with such a gentle sovereign grace,
Of such enchanting presence and discourse,
Hath almost made me traitor to myself.
But, lest myself be guilty to¹ self-wrong,
I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. Master Antipholus?

Ant. S. Ay, that's my name.

Ang. I know it well, sir. Lo, here is the chain;
I thought to have ta'en you at the Porpentine:
The chain unfinish'd made me stay thus long.

Ant. S. What is your will that I should do with this?

Ang. What please yourself, sir; I have made it for you.

Ant. S. Made it for me, sir! I bespoke it not.

Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you have:
Go home with it, and please your wife withal;
And soon at supper-time I'll visit you,
And then receive my money for the chain.

Ant. S. I pray you, sir, receive the money now,
For fear you ne'er see chain, nor money more.

Ang. You are a merry man, sir; fare you well. [Exit.]

Ant. S. What I should think of this, I cannot tell:
But this I think, there's no man is so vain
That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.
I see, a man here needs not live by shifts,
When in the streets he meets such golden gifts.
I'll to the mart, and there for Dromio stay:
If any ship put out then straight away. [Exit.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

Enter a Merchant, ANGELO, and an Officer.

Mer. You know, since Pentecost the sum is due,
And since I have not much importun'd you,
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To Persia, and want guilders for my voyage:
Therefore make present satisfaction,
Or I'll attach you by this officer.

Ang. Even just the sum that I do owe to you,
Is growing to me² by Antipholus:
And, in the instant that I met with you,
He had of me a chain; at five o'clock,
I shall receive the money for the same:
Pleaseth you walk with me down to his house,
I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, and DROMIO of Ephesus.

Off. That labour may you save; see where he comes.

Ant. E. While I go to the goldsmith's house, go thou
And buy a rope's end; that will I bestow
Among my wife and her confederates,
For locking me out of my doors by day.
But soft, I see the goldsmith:—get thee gone;
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

Dro. E. I buy a thousand pound a year! I buy a rope!
[Exit DROMIO.]

Ant. E. A man is well help up that trusts to you.
I promised your presence, and the chain;
But neither chain, nor goldsmith, came to me:
Belike, you thought our love would last too long,
If it were chained together; and therefore came not.

Ang. Saving your merry humour, here's the note
How much your chain weighs to the utmost carat;
The fineness of the gold, and chargeful fashion;
Which doth amount to three odd ducats more
Than I stand debted to this gentleman:
I pray you, see him presently discharg'd,
For he is bound to sea, and stays but for it.

Ant. E. I am not furnish'd with the present money;
Besides I have some business in the town:
Good signior, take the stranger to my house,
And with you take the chain, and bid my wife
Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof;
Perchance, I will be there³ as soon as you.

Ang. Then you will bring the chain to her yourself?

Ant. E. No; bear it with you, lest I come not time
enough.

Ang. Well, sir, I will: Have you the chain about you?

Ant. E. An if I have not, sir, I hope you have;
Or else you may return without your money.

Ang. Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the chain;
Both wind and tide stays for this gentleman,
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.

Ant. E. Good lord, you use this dalliance to excuse
Your breach of promise to the Porpentine:
I should have chid you for not bringing it,
But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.

Mer. The hour steals on; I pray you, sir, despatch.

Ang. You hear, how he importunes me; the chain—

Ant. E. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your
money.

Ang. Come, come, you know I gave it you even now;
Either send the chain, or send me by some token.

Ant. E. Fie! now you run this humour out of breath:
Come, where's the chain? I pray you, let me see it.

Mer. My business cannot brook this dalliance:
Good sir, say, whe'r you'll answer me, or no;
If not, I'll leave him to the officer.

Ant. E. I answer you! What should I answer you?

Ang. The money, that you owe me for the chain.

Ant. E. I owe you none, till I receive the chain.

Ang. You know, I gave it you half an hour since.

Ant. E. You gave me none; you wrong me much to
say so.

Ang. You wrong me more, sir, in denying it:
Consider, how it stands upon my credit.

Mer. Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.

Off. I do; and charge you, in the duke's name, to obey
me.

Ang. This touches me in reputation:—
Either consent to pay this sum for me,
Or I attach you by this officer.

Ant. E. Consent to pay thee that I never had!
Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou dar'st.

Ang. Here is thy fee; arrest him, officer.
I would not spare my brother in this case,
If he should scorn me so apparently.

Off. I do arrest you, sir; you hear the suit.

Ant. E. I do obey thee, till I give thee bail:
But, sirrah, you shall buy the sport as dear
As all the metal in your shop will answer.

Ang. Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus,
To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

¹ *Guilty to*—not of—was the phraseology of Shakspeare's time.

² *Growing to me*—accruing to me.

³ *I will*, instead of *I shall*, is a Scotticism, says Douce (an Englishman); it is

an Irishism, says Reed (a Scotsman); and an ancient Anglicism, says Maione (an Irishman).

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Master, there is a bark of Epidamnum,
That stays but till her owner comes aboard,
And then, sir, she bears away: our fraughtage, sir,
I have convey'd aboard; and I have bought
The oil, the balsamum, and aqua-vitæ.
The ship is in her trim; the merry wind
Blows fair from land: they stay for nought at all,
But for their owner, master, and yourself.

Ant. E. How now! a madman? Why thou peevish¹
sheep,

What ship of Epidamnum stays for me?

Dro. S. A ship you sent me to, to hire waftage.

Ant. E. Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope;
And told thee to what purpose, and what end.

Dro. S. You sent me, sir, for a rope's end as soon:
You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark.

Ant. E. I will debate this matter at more leisure,
And teach your ears to list me with more heed.
To Adriana, villain, hie thee straight:
Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk
That's cover'd o'er with Turkish tapestry,
There is a purse of ducats; let her send it;
Tell her, I am arrested in the street,
And that shall bail me: hie thee, slave: be gone.
On, officer, to prison till it come.

[*Exeunt Merchant, ANGELO, Officer, and ANT. E.*]

Dro. S. To Adriana! that is where we din'd,
Where Dowsabel did claim me for her husband:
She is too big, I hope, for me to compass.
Thither I must, although against my will,
For servants must their masters' minds fulfil. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*The same.*

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.

Adr. Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee so?

Might'st thou perceive austerely in his eye
That he did plead in earnest, yea, or no?

Look'd he or red, or pale; or sad, or merrily?
What observation mad'st thou in this case,
Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face?

Luc. First, he denied you had in him no right.²

Adr. He meant, he did me none; the more my spite.

Luc. Then swore he, that he was a stranger here.

Adr. And true he swore, though yet forsworn he were.

Luc. Then pleaded I for you.

Adr. And what said he?

Luc. That love I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.

Adr. With what persuasion did he tempt thy love?

Luc. With words that in an honest suit might move.
First, he did praise my beauty; then my speech.

Adr. Didst speak him fair?

Luc. Have patience, I beseech.

Adr. I cannot, nor I will not, hold me still;
My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his will.
He is deformed, crooked, old, and sere,
Ill-fac'd, worse-bodied, shapeless everywhere;
Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind;
Stigmatical³ in making, worse in mind.

Luc. Who would be jealous then of such a one?
No evil lost is wail'd when it is gone.

Adr. Ah! but I think him better than I say,
And yet would herein others' eyes were worse:
Far from her nest the lapwing cries, away;⁴
My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curse.

¹ *Peevish*—silly. *Sheep* and *ship* were pronounced alike. Thus Speed's jest in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* :—

"Twenty to one then he is *shipp'd* already,
And I have play'd the *sheep* in losing him."

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Here, go: the desk, the purse; sweet now
make haste.

Luc. How hast thou lost thy breath?

Dro. S. By running fast.

Adr. Where is thy master, Dromio? is he well?

Dro. S. No, he's in Tartar limbo, worse than hell.

A devil in an everlasting garment hath him,
One whose hard heart is button'd up with steel;
A fiend, a fairy, pitiless and rough;
A wolf, nay, worse,—a fellow all in buff;^b
A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that countermands
The passages of alleys, creeks, and narrow lands;
A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry foot well;^c
One that, before the judgment, carries poor souls to hell.^d

Adr. Why, man, what is the matter?

Dro. S. I do not know the matter; he is 'rested on the
case.

Adr. What, is he arrested? tell me, at whose suit.

Dro. S. I know not at whose suit he is arrested, well;
But is in a suit of buff, which 'rested him, that can I tell:
Will you send him, mistress, redemption, the money in
his desk?

Adr. Go fetch it, sister.—This I wonder at,

[*Exit LUCIANA.*]

That he, unknown to me, should be in debt:—

Tell me, was he arrested on a band?⁴

Dro. S. Not on a band, but on a stronger thing;
A chain, a chain: do you not hear it ring?

Adr. What, the chain?

Dro. S. No, no, the bell: 'tis time that I were gone.
It was two ere I left him, and now the clock strikes one.

Adr. The hours come back! that did I never hear.

Dro. S. O yes. If any hour meet a sergeant, a' turns
back for very fear.

Adr. As if time were in debt! how fondly dost thou
reason!

Dro. S. Time is a very bankrout, and owes more than
he's worth, to season.

Nay, he's a thief too: Have you not heard men say,
That time comes stealing on by night and day?

If he⁵ be in debt, and theft, and a sergeant in the way,
Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in a day?

Enter LUCIANA.

Adr. Go, Dromio; there's the money, bear it straight;
And bring thy master home immediately.

Come, sister; I am press'd down with conceit;

Conceit, my comfort, and my injury. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.

Ant. S. There's not a man I meet but doth salute me
As if I were their well-acquainted friend;
And every one doth call me by my name.
Some tender money to me, some invite me;
Some other give me thanks for kindnesses;
Some offer me commodities to buy:
Even now a tailor call'd me in his shop,
And show'd me silks that he had bought for me,
And, therewithal, took measure of my body.
Sure, these are but imaginary wiles,
And Lapland sorcerers inhabit here.

² The modern construction would be, "He denied you had in him *a* right;" but this was Shakspeare's phraseology, and that of his time.

³ *Stigmatical*—branded in form, with a mark upon him.

⁴ *Band*—bond.

⁵ *He* is Malone's correction of the original *I*. Mr. Dyce adopts that of Rowe, "If a be."

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Master, here's the gold you sent me for :
What, have you got [rid of¹] the picture of Old Adam new
apparelled?

Ant. S. What gold is this? What Adam dost thou
mean?

Dro. S. Not that Adam that kept the paradise, but that
Adam that keeps the prison: he that goes in the calf's-
skin that was killed for the prodigal; he that came behind
you, sir, like an evil angel, and bid you forsake your liberty.

Ant. S. I understand thee not.

Dro. S. No? why, 'tis a plain case: he that went like a
base-viol, in a case of leather; the man, sir, that, when
gentlemen are tired, gives them a fob,² and 'rests them;
he, sir, that takes pity on decayed men, and gives them
suits of durance; he that sets up his rest to do more ex-
ploits with his mace than a morris-pike.

Ant. S. What! thou mean'st an officer?

Dro. S. Ay, sir, the sergeant of the band; he that brings
any man to answer it that breaks his band; one that thinks
a man always going to bed, and says, "God give you good
rest!"

Ant. S. Well, sir, there rest in your foolery. Is there
any ship puts forth to-night? may we be gone?

Dro. S. Why, sir, I brought you word an hour since,
that the bark Expedition put forth to-night; and then were
you hindered by the sergeant, to tarry for the hoy Delay:
Here are the angels that you sent for, to deliver you.

Ant. S. The fellow is distract, and so am I;
And here we wander in illusions;
Some blessed power deliver us from hence!

Enter a Courtezan.

Cour. Well met, well met, master Antipholus.
I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now:
Is that the chain you promis'd me to-day?

Ant. S. Satan, avoid! I charge thee tempt me not!

Dro. S. Master, is this mistress Satan?

Ant. S. It is the devil.

Dro. S. Nay, she is worse, she is the devil's dam; and
here she comes in the habit of a light wench; and thereof
comes, that the wenches say, "God damn me," that's as
much as to say, "God make me a light wench." It is
written, they appear to men like angels of light: light is
an effect of fire, and fire will burn; ergo, light wenches will
burn. Come not near her.

Cour. Your man and you are marvellous merry, sir.
Will you go with me? We'll mend our dinner here.

Dro. S. Master, if you do, expect spoon-meat, so bespeak
a long spoon.

Ant. S. Why, Dromio?

Dro. S. Marry, he must have a long spoon that must eat
with the devil.

Ant. S. Avoid thee,³ fiend! what tell'st thou me of
supping?

Thou art, as you are all, a sorceress:
I conjure thee to leave me, and be gone.

Cour. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,
Or, for my diamond, the chain you promis'd;
And I'll begone, sir, and not trouble you.

Dro. S. Some devils ask but the paring of one's nail,
A rush, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin,
A nut, a cherry-stone; but she, more covetous,
Would have a chain.

Master, be wise; an if you give it her,
The devil will shake her chain, and fright us with it.

¹ Theobald inserted *rid of*; and they appear necessary, for the "fellow all in
buff" was not with the Antipholus of Syracuse.

² *Fob* in the original. Mr. Halliwell suggests *sop*.

³ *Avoid thee—then* in first folio; the fourth folio, *thou*; Mr. Dyce, *thee*; Mr.
White, *thou*.

Cour. I pray you, sir, my ring, or else the chain;
I hope you do not mean to cheat me so.

Ant. S. Avaunt, thou witch! Come, Dromio, let us go.

Dro. S. Fly pride, says the peacock: Mistress, that you
know. [Exeunt ANT. S. and DRO. S.]

Cour. Now, out of doubt, Antipholus is mad,
Else would he never so demean himself:

A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,
And for the same he promis'd me a chain;
Both one, and other, he denies me now.

The reason that I gather he is mad,
(Besides this present instance of his rage,)

Is a mad tale he told to-day at dinner,
Of his own doors being shut against his entrance.

Belike, his wife, acquainted with his fits,
On purpose shut the doors against his way.

My way is now, to hie home to his house,
And tell his wife, that, being lunatic,

He rush'd into my house, and took perforce

My ring away: This course I fittest choose;

For forty ducats is too much to lose.

[Exit.]

SCENE IV.—*The same.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, and an Officer.

Ant. E. Fear me not, man, I will not break away:

I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money

To warrant thee, as I am 'rested for.

My wife is in a wayward mood to-day;

And will not lightly trust the messenger:

That I should be attach'd in Ephesus,⁴

I tell you 'twill sound harshly in her ears.—

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus, with a rope's end.

Here comes my man; I think he brings the money.

How now, sir? have you that I sent you for?

Dro. E. Here's that, I warrant you, will pay them all.⁵

Ant. E. But where's the money?

Dro. E. Why, sir, I gave the money for the rope.

Ant. E. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?

Dro. E. I'll serve you, sir, five hundred at the rate.

Ant. E. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

Dro. E. To a rope's end, sir; and to that end am I
return'd.

Ant. E. And to that end, sir, I will welcome you.

[Beating him.]

Off. Good sir, be patient.

Dro. E. Nay, 'tis for me to be patient; I am in adversity.

Off. Good now, hold thy tongue.

Dro. E. Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.

Ant. E. Thou whoreson, senseless villain!

Dro. E. I would I were senseless, sir, that I might not
feel your blows.

Ant. E. Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so
is an ass.

Dro. E. I am an ass, indeed; you may prove it by my
long ears. I have served him from the hour of my nativity
to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my ser-
vice, but blows: when I am cold, he heats me with beating;
when I am warm, he cools me with beating: I am waked
with it, when I sleep; raised with it, when I sit; driven
out of doors with it, when I go from home; welcomed
home with it, when I return: nay, I bear it on my shoul-
ders, as a beggar wont her brat: and, I think, when he
hath lamed me, I shall beg with it from door to door.

⁴ This is ordinarily printed—

"And will not lightly trust the messenger,
That I should be attach'd in Ephesus."

As we print the passage, his wife will not lightly, easily, trust the messenger with
the money; for it will sound harshly in her ears that her husband should be attached
in Ephesus.

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, and the Courtezan, with PINCH and others.

Ant. E. Come, go along; my wife is coming yonder.

Dro. E. Mistress, *respice finem*, respect your end; or rather to prophesy, like the parrot, "Beware the rope's end."

Ant. E. Wilt thou still talk? [*Beats him.*]

Cour. How say you now? is not your husband mad?

Adr. His incivility confirms no less.

Good doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer;

Establish him in his true sense again,

And I will please you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks!

Cour. Mark, how he trembles in his ecstasy!

Pinch. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulse.

Ant. E. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.

Pinch. I charge thee, Satan, hous'd within this man,
To yield possession to my holy prayers,
And to thy state of darkness hie thee straight;
I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven.

Ant. E. Peace, doting wizard, peace; I am not mad.

Adr. O, that thou wert not, poor distressed soul!

Ant. E. You minion, you, are these your customers?
Did this companion with the saffron face
Revel and feast it at my house to-day,
Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut,
And I denied to enter in my house?

Adr. O husband, God doth know, you din'd at home,
Where 'would you had remain'd until this time,
Free from these slanders, and this open shame!

Ant. E. Din'd at home! Thou villain, what say'st thou?

Dro. E. Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at home.

Ant. E. Were not my doors lock'd up, and I shut out?

Dro. E. Perdy, your doors were lock'd and you shut out.

Ant. E. And did she not herself revile me there?

Dro. E. Sans fable, she herself revil'd you there.

Ant. E. Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and scorn me?

Dro. E. Certes, she did; the kitchen-vestal scorn'd you.

Ant. E. And did not I in rage depart from thence?

Dro. E. In verity, you did;—my bones bear witness,
That since have felt the vigour of his rage.

Adr. Is't good to sooth him in these contraries?

Pinch. It is no shame; the fellow finds his vein,
And, yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.

Ant. E. Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest me.

Adr. Alas! I sent you money to redeem you,
By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.

Dro. E. Money by me? heart and good-will you might,
But, surely, master, not a rag of money.

Ant. E. Went'st not thou to her for a purse of ducats?

Adr. He came to me, and I deliver'd it.

Luc. And I am witness with her, that she did.

Dro. E. God and the rope-maker, bear me witness,
That I was sent for nothing but a rope!

Pinch. Mistress, both man and master is possess'd;
I know it by their pale and deadly looks:
They must be bound, and laid in some dark room.

Ant. E. Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth to-day?
And why dost thou deny the bag of gold?

Adr. I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.

Dro. E. And, gentle master, I receiv'd no gold;
But I confess, sir, that we were lock'd out.

Adr. Dissembling villain, thou speak'st false in both.

Ant. E. Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all;
And art confederate with a damned pack,
To make a loathsome abject scorn of me:
But with these nails I'll pluck out these false eyes,
That would behold in me this shameful sport.

[*PINCH and his Assistants bind ANT. E. and DRO. E.*]

Adr. O, bind him, bind him, let him not come near me.

Pinch. More company; the fiend is strong within him.

Luc. Ah me, poor man! how pale and wan he looks!

Ant. E. What, will you murder me? Thou gaoler, thou,
I am thy prisoner: wilt thou suffer them
To make a rescue?

Off. Masters, let him go:

He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.

Pinch. Go, bind this man, for he is frantic too.

Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer?

Hast thou delight to see a wretched man

Do outrage and displeasure to himself?

Off. He is my prisoner; if I let him go,

The debt he owes will be required of me.

Adr. I will discharge thee, ere I go from thee:

Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,

And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.

Good master doctor, see him safe convey'd

Home to my house. O most unhappy day!

Ant. E. O most unhappy strumpet!

Dro. E. Master, I am here enter'd in bond for you.

Ant. E. Out on thee, villain! wherefore dost thou mad me?

Dro. E. Will you be bound for nothing? be mad, good master; cry, the devil.—

Luc. God help, poor souls, how idly do they talk!

Adr. Go bear him hence.—Sister, go you with me.—

[*Exeunt PINCH and Assistants, with ANT. E. and DRO. E.*
Say now, whose suit is he arrested at?

Off. One Angelo, a goldsmith. Do you know him?

Adr. I know the man: What is the sum he owes?

Off. Two hundred ducats.

Adr. Say, how grows it due?

Off. Due for a chain your husband had of him.

Adr. He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it not.

Cour. When as your husband, all in rage, to-day,
Came to my house, and took away my ring,
(The ring I saw upon his finger now),
Straight after, did I meet him with a chain.

Adr. It may be so, but I did never see it:—

Come, gaoler, bring me where the goldsmith is;
I long to know the truth hereof at large.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse, with his rapier drawn, and DROMIO of Syracuse.

Luc. God, for thy mercy! they are loose again.

Adr. And come with naked swords; let's call more help,
To have them bound again.

Off. Away, they'll kill us.

[*Exeunt Officer, ADR., and LUC.*]

Ant. S. I see, these witches are afraid of swords.

Dro. S. She, that would be your wife, now ran from you.

Ant. S. Come to the Centaur; fetch our stuff from thence:

I long that we were safe and sound aboard.

Dro. S. Faith, stay here this night, they will surely do us no harm; you saw they speak us fair, give us gold: methinks, they are such a gentle nation, that but for the mountain of mad flesh that claims marriage of me, I could find in my heart to stay here still, and turn witch.

Ant. S. I will not stay to-night for all the town;
Therefore away, to get our stuff¹ aboard. [*Exeunt.*]

RECENT NEW READING.

SC. II. p. 121.—"A devil in an everlasting garment hath him,
One whose hard heart is button'd up with steel."

"A devil in an everlasting garment hath him, *fell*;
One whose hard heart is button'd up with steel,
Who has no touch of mercy, cannot feel."—*Collier.*

The additions are considered by Mr. Collier as valuable things that had been lost. We consider them as sentimental stuff, very much out of character, added in a more recent period than that of Shakspeare to make couplets.

¹ *Stuff*—baggage. "The king's stuff" is often mentioned in the orders issued for royal progresses.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

Enter Merchant and ANGELO.

Ang. I am sorry, sir, that I have hinder'd you,
But, I protest, he had the chain of me,
Though most dishonestly he doth deny it.

Mer. How is the man esteem'd here in the city?

Ang. Of very reverent reputation, sir,
Of credit infinite, highly belov'd,
Second to none that lives here in the city;
His word might bear my wealth at any time.

Mer. Speak softly: yonder, as I think, he walks.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO of Syracuse.

Ang. 'Tis so; and that self chain about his neck,
Which he forswore, most monstrously, to have.
Good sir, draw near to me, I'll speak to him.
Signior Antipholus, I wonder much
That you would put me to this shame and trouble;
And not without some scandal to yourself,
With circumstance and oaths, so to deny
This chain, which now you wear so openly:
Beside the charge, the shame, imprisonment,
You have done wrong to this my honest friend;
Who, but for staying on our controversy,
Had hoisted sail, and put to sea to-day:
This chain you had of me, can you deny it?

Ant. S. I think I had; I never did deny it.

Mer. Yes, that you did, sir; and forswore it too.

Ant. S. Who heard me to deny it, or forswear it?

Mer. These ears of mine, thou knowest, did hear thee:
Fie on thee, wretch! 'tis pity, that thou liv'st
To walk where any honest men resort.

Ant. S. Thou art a villain to impeach me thus:
I'll prove mine honour and mine honesty
Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand.

Mer. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain. [*They draw.*]

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, Courtezan, and others.

Adr. Hold, hurt him not, for God's sake; he is mad;
Some get within him,¹ take his sword away:
Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my house.

Dro. S. Run, master, run! for God's sake, take a house.²
This is some priory.—In, or we are spoil'd.

[*Exeunt ANT. S. and DRO. S. to the Priory.*]

Enter the Abbess.

Abb. Be quiet, people. Wherefore throng you hither?

Adr. To fetch my poor distracted husband hence:
Let us come in, that we may bind him fast,
And bear him home for his recovery.

Ang. I knew he was not in his perfect wits.

Mer. I am sorry now that I did draw on him.

Abb. How long hath this possession held the man?

Adr. This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad,
And much different from the man he was;
But, till this afternoon, his passion
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.

Abb. Hath he not lost much wealth by wrack of sea?
Buried some dear friend? Hath not else his eye
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?
A sin, prevailing much in youthful men,

Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.

Which of these sorrows is he subject to?

Adr. To none of these, except it be the last;
Namely, some love, that drew him oft from home.

Abb. You should for that have reprehended him.

Adr. Why, so I did.

Abb. Ay, but not rough enough.

Adr. As roughly as my modesty would let me.

Abb. Haply, in private.

Adr. And in assemblies too.

Abb. Ay, but not enough.

Adr. It was the copy of our conference;
In bed, he slept not for my urging it;
At board, he fed not for my urging it;
Alone, it was the subject of my theme;
In company, I often glanced it;
Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.

Abb. And therefore came it that the man was mad:
The venom clamours of a jealous woman
Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.
It seems, his sleeps were hinder'd by thy railing:
And thereof comes it, that his head is light.
Thou say'st, his meat was sauc'd with thy upbraidings:
Unquiet meals make ill digestions,
Thereof the raging fire of fever bred;
And what's a fever but a fit of madness?
Thou say'st, his sports were hinder'd by thy brawls:
Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue
But moody and dull melancholy,
Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair,³
And, at her heels, a huge infectious troop
Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life?
In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest
To be disturb'd, would mad or man, or beast:
The consequence is then, thy jealous fits
Have scar'd thy husband from the use of wits.

Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly,
When he demean'd himself rough, rude and wildly.
Why bear you these rebukes, and answer not?

Adr. She did betray me to my own reproof.—
Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.

Abb. No, not a creature enters in my house.

Adr. Then, let your servants bring my husband forth.

Abb. Neither; he took this place for sanctuary,
And it shall privilege him from your hands,
Till I have brought him to his wits again,
Or lose my labour in assaying it.

Adr. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
Diet his sickness, for it is my office,
And will have no attorney but myself;
And therefore let me have him home with me.

Abb. Be patient: for I will not let him stir,
Till I have used the approved means I have,
With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy prayers
To make of him a formal man again:
It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,
A charitable duty of my order;
Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.

Adr. I will not hence, and leave my husband here:
And ill it doth beseem your holiness,
To separate the husband and the wife.

Abb. Be quiet, and depart, thou shalt not have him.

[*Exit Abbess.*]

Luc. Complain unto the duke of this indignity.

Adr. Come, go; I will fall prostrate at his feet,
And never rise until my tears and prayers
Have won his grace to come in person hither,
And take perforce my husband from the abbess.

¹ But moody and dull melancholy, *kins-*
Woman to grim and comfortless despair."

This is as good as

"I studied in the U-
Niversity of Gottingen."

² Get within him—close with him.

³ Take a house—take to a house; take the shelter of a house.

⁴ Capell took an amusing method of correcting the supposed confusion in the
sex of melancholy, reading thus:—

Mer. By this, I think, the dial points at five:
Anon, I'm sure, the duke himself in person
Comes this way to the melancholy vale,—
The place of death¹ and sorry execution,
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.

Ang. Upon what cause?

Mer. To see a reverend Syracusan merchant,
Who put unluckily into this bay
Against the laws and statutes of this town,
Beheaded publicly for his offence.

Ang. See, where they come; we will behold his death.

Luc. Kneel to the duke, before he pass the abbey.

*Enter DUKE, attended; ÆGEON, bare-headed; with the
Headsman and other Officers.*

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publicly,
If any friend will pay the sum for him,
He shall not die, so much we tender him.

Adr. Justice, most sacred duke, against the abbess!

Duke. She is a virtuous and a reverend lady;
It cannot be that she hath done thee wrong.

Adr. May it please your grace, Antipholus, my husband,—

Whom I made lord of me and all I had,
At your important letters,—this ill day
A most outrageous fit of madness took him;
That desperately he hurried through the street,
(With him his bondman, all as mad as he,)
Doing displeasure to the citizens
By rushing in their houses, bearing thence
Rings, jewels, anything his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,
Whilst to take order for the wrongs I went,
That here and there his fury had committed.
Anon, I wot not by what strong escape,²
He broke from those that had the guard of him;
And, with his mad attendant and himself,
Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords,
Met us again, and, madly bent on us,
Chased us away; till, raising of more aid,
We came again to bind them: then they fled
Into this abbey, whither we pursued them;
And here the abbess shuts the gates on us,
And will not suffer us to fetch him out,
Nor send him forth, that we may bear him hence.
Therefore, most gracious duke, with thy command,
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help.

Duke. Long since, thy husband serv'd me in my wars;
And I to thee engag'd a prince's word,
When thou didst make him master of thy bed,
To do him all the grace and good I could.
Go, some of you, knock at the abbey-gate,
And bid the lady abbess come to me;
I will determine this, before I stir.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. O mistress, mistress, shift and save yourself!
My master and his man are both broke loose,
Beaten the maids a-row,³ and bound the doctor,
Whose beard they have singed off with brands of fire;
And ever as it blazed, they threw on him
Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair:
My master preaches patience to him, and the while
His man with scissors nicks him like a fool:⁴

And, sure, unless you send some present help,
Between them they will kill the conjurer.

Adr. Peace, fool, thy master and his man are here;
And that is false thou dost report to us.

Serv. Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true;
I have not breath'd almost since I did see it.

He cries for you, and vows, if he can take you,
To scotch your face,⁵ and to disfigure you: [*Cry within.*
Hark, hark, I hear him, mistress; fly, be gone.

Duke. Come, stand by me, fear nothing: Guard with
halberds.

Adr. Ah me, it is my husband! Witness you
That he is borne about invisible:
Even now we hous'd him in the abbey here;
And now he's there, past thought of human reason.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO of Ephesus.

Ant. E. Justice, most gracious duke, oh, grant me
justice!

Even for the service that long since I did thee,
When I bestrid thee in the wars, and took
Deep scars to save thy life; even for the blood
That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice!

Æge. Unless the fear of death doth make me dote,
I see my son Antipholus and Dromio.

Ant. E. Justice, sweet prince, against that woman there.
She whom thou gav'st to me to be my wife;
That hath abused and dishonoured me,
Even in the strength and height of injury!
Beyond imagination is the wrong
That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.

Duke. Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.

Ant. E. This day, great duke, she shut the doors upon me,
While she with harlots⁶ feasted in my house.

Duke. A grievous fault: Say, woman, didst thou so?

Adr. No, my good lord;—myself, he, and my sister,
To-day did dine together: So befall my soul
As this is false he burdens me withal!

Luc. Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night,
But she tells to your highness simple truth!

Ang. O perjur'd woman! they are both forsworn.
In this the madman justly chargeth them.

Ant. E. My liege, I am advised what I say;
Neither disturbed with the effect of wine,
Nor heady-rash, provok'd with raging ire,
Albeit my wrongs might make one wiser mad.
This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner:
That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
Could witness it, for he was with me then;
Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,
Promising to bring it to the Porpentine,
Where Balthazar and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
I went to seek him: In the street I met him;
And in his company that gentleman.
There did this perjur'd goldsmith swear me down,
That I this day of him receiv'd the chain,
Which, God he knows, I saw not: for the which,
He did arrest me with an officer.

I did obey; and sent my peasant home
For certain ducats: he with none return'd.
Then fairly I bespoke the officer,
To go in person with me to my house.
By the way we met
My wife, her sister, and a rabble more
Of vile confederates; along with them

¹ Place of death—the original, *depth*.

² Strong escape—escape effected by strength.

³ A row—on row, one after the other.

⁴ It was the custom to shave or crop the heads of idiots. "Crop, the conjurer, was probably a nickname for the unhappy natural.

⁵ Scotch. The folio, *scorch*. Warburton made the correction, of which Steevens disapproved.

⁶ A harlot was, originally, a hireling. Thus in Chaucer's "Somponoure's Tale:"—

"A sturdy harlot went hem ay behind,
That was hir hostes man."

They brought one Pinch, a hungry lean-faced villain,
A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller;
A needy, hollow-ey'd, sharp-looking wretch,
A living dead man: this pernicious slave,
Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer,
And gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,
And with no face, as 'twere, outfacing me,
Cries out, I was possess'd: then altogether
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence;
And in a dark and dankish vault at home
There left me and my man, both bound together;
Till gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,
I gain'd my freedom, and immediately
Ran hither to your grace; whom I beseech
To give me ample satisfaction
For these deep shames, and great indignities.

Ang. My lord, in truth, thus far I witness with him,
That he dined not at home, but was lock'd out.

Duke. But had he such a chain of thee, or no?

Ang. He had, my lord: and when he ran in here,
These people saw the chain about his neck.

Mer. Besides, I will be sworn these ears of mine
Heard you confess you had the chain of him,
After you first forswore it on the mart,
And, thereupon, I drew my sword on you;
And then you fled into this abbey here,
From whence, I think, you are come by miracle.

Ant. E. I never came within these abbey walls,
Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me;
I never saw the chain, so help me heaven!
And this is false you burden me withal.

Duke. Why, what an intricate impeach is this!
I think you all have drunk of Circe's cup.
If here you hous'd him, here he would have been:
If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly:
You say he dined at home; the goldsmith here
Denies that saying:—Sirrah, what say you?

Dro. E. Sir, he dined with her there, at the Porpentine.

Cour. He did; and from my finger snatch'd that ring.

Ant. E. 'Tis true, my liege, this ring I had of her.

Duke. Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here?

Cour. As sure, my liege, as I do see your grace.

Duke. Why, this is strange:—Go call the abbess hither;
I think, you are all mated, or stark mad.

[Exit an Attendant.]

Æge. Most mighty duke, vouchsafe me speak a word;
Haply, I see a friend will save my life,
And pay the sum that may deliver me.

Duke. Speak freely, Syracusan, what thou wilt.

Æge. Is not your name, sir, call'd Antipholus?
And is not that your bondman Dromio?

Dro. E. Within this hour I was his bondman, sir,
But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords:
Now am I Dromio, and his man, unbound.

Æge. I am sure you both of you remember me.

Dro. E. Ourselves we do remember, sir, by you;
For lately we were bound, as you are now.
You are not Pinch's patient, are you, sir?

Æge. Why look you strange on me? you know me well.

Ant. E. I never saw you in my life, till now.

Æge. Oh! grief hath chang'd me, since you saw me last;
And careful hours, with Time's deformed hand,
Have written strange defeatures in my face:
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?

Ant. E. Neither.

Æge. Dromio, nor thou?

Dro. E. No, trust me, sir, nor I.

Æge. I am sure thou dost.

Dro. E. Ay, sir? but I am sure I do not; and whatsoever
a man denies you are now bound to believe him.

Æge. Not know my voice? O, time's extremity!

Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue,
In seven short years, that here my only son
Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares?
Though now this grained face of mine be hid
In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow,
And all the conduits of my blood froze up,
Yet hath my night of life some memory,
My wasting lamps some fading glimmer left,
My dull deaf ears a little use to hear:
All these old witnesses (I cannot err),
Tell me, thou art my son Antipholus.

Ant. E. I never saw my father in my life.

Æge. But seven years since, in Syracusa, boy,
Thou know'st we parted: but, perhaps, my son,
Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in misery.

Ant. E. The duke, and all that know me in the city,
Can witness with me that it is not so;
I ne'er saw Syracusa in my life.

Duke. I tell thee, Syracusan, twenty years
Have I been patron to Antipholus,
During which time he ne'er saw Syracusa:
I see, thy age and dangers make thee dote.

Enter the Abbess, with ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse, and
DROMIO of Syracuse.

Abb. Most mighty duke, behold a man much wrong'd.

[All gather to see him.]

Adr. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

Duke. One of these men is genius to the other;
And so of these: Which is the natural man,
And which the spirit? Who deciphers them?

Dro. S. I, sir, am Dromio; command him away.

Dro. E. I, sir, am Dromio; pray, let me stay.

Ant. S. Ægeon, art thou not? or else his ghost?

Dro. S. O, my old master, who hath bound him here?

Abb. Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds,
And gain a husband by his liberty:

Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be'st the man
That hadst a wife once call'd Æmilia,
That bore thee at a burden two fair sons:
O, if thou be'st the same Ægeon, speak,
And speak unto the same Æmilia!

Æge. If I dream not, thou art Æmilia:
If thou art she, tell me, where is that son
That floated with thee on the fatal raft?

Abb. By men of Epidamnus, he, and I,
And the twin Dromio, all were taken up
But, by and by, rude fishermen of Corinth
By force took Dromio and my son from them,
And me they left with those of Epidamnus:
What then became of them I cannot tell;
I, to this fortune that you see me in.

Duke. Why, here begins his morning story right.
These two Antipholuses, these two so like,
And these two Dromios, one in semblance,—
Besides her urging of her wreck at sea,—
These are the parents to these children,
Which accidentally are met together.
Antipholus, thou cam'st from Corinth first?

Ant. S. No, sir, not I; I came from Syracuse.

Duke. Stay, stand apart; I know not which is which.

Ant. E. I came from Corinth, my most gracious lord.

Dro. E. And I with him.

Ant. E. Brought to this town by that most famous
warrior

Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle.

Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to-day?

Ant. S. I, gentle mistress.

Adr. And are not you my husband?

Ant. E. No, I say nay to that.

Ant. S. And so do I, yet she did call me so;

ILLUSTRATIONS.

And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,
Did call me brother :—What I told you then,
I hope I shall have leisure to make good ;
If this be not a dream I see and hear.

Ang. That is the chain, sir, which you had of me.

Ant. S. I think it be, sir ; I deny it not.

Ant. E. And you, sir, for this chain arrested me.

Ang. I think I did, sir ; I deny it not.

Adr. I sent you money, sir, to be your bail,
By Dromio ; but I think he brought it not.

Dro. E. No, none by me.

Ant. S. This purse of ducats I receiv'd from you,
And Dromio my man did bring them me :
I see, we still did meet each other's man,
And I was ta'en for him, and he for me,
And thereupon these Errors are arose.

Ant. E. These ducats pawn I for my father here.

Duke. It shall not need ; thy father hath his life.

Cour. Sir, I must have that diamond from you.

Ant. E. There, take it ; and much thanks for my good
cheer.

Abb. Renowned duke, vouchsafe to take the pains
To go with us into the abbey here,
And hear at large discoursed all our fortunes :
And all that are assembled in this place,
That by this sympathized one day's error
Have suffer'd wrong, go, keep us company,
And we shall make full satisfaction.
Twenty-five years have I but gone in travail
Of you, my sons ; and, till this present hour,

My heavy burden ne'er delivered :¹
The duke, my husband, and my children both,
And you the calendars of their nativity,
Go to a gossip's feast, and joy with me ;
After so long grief, such festivity !²

Duke. With all my heart I'll gossip at this feast.

[*Exeunt* DUKE, Abbess, ÆGEON, Courtezan,
Merchant, ANGELO, and Attendants.]

Dro. S. Master, shall I fetch your stuff from shipboard ?

Ant. E. Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou embark'd ?

Dro. S. Your goods, that lay at host, sir, in the Centaur.

Ant. S. He speaks to me ; I am your master, Dromio ;
Come, go with us ; we'll look to that anon :
Embrace thy brother there, rejoice with him.

[*Exeunt* ANT. S. and E., ADR. and LUC.]

Dro. S. There is a fat friend at your master's house,
That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner ;
She now shall be my sister, not my wife.

Dro. E. Methinks you are my glass, and not my brother :
I see, by you, I am a sweet-faced youth.

Will you walk in to see their gossiping ?

Dro. S. Not I, sir ; you are my elder.

Dro. E. That's a question : how shall we try it ?

Dro. S. We will draw cuts for the senior : till then, lead
thou first.

Dro. E. Nay, then thus :

We came into the world like brother and brother :

And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another.

[*Exeunt.*]

ILLUSTRATIONS TO THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

ACT I.

^a SCENE I.—“ *It hath in solemn synods been decreed,
Both by the Syracusans and ourselves,
To admit no traffic to our adverse towns :
Nay, more, If any, born at Ephesus,
Be seen at any Syracusan marts and fairs,
Again, If any Syracusan born,
Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies,
His goods confiscate to the duke's dispose ;
Unless a thousand marks be levied,
To quit the penalty, and to ransom him.*”

THE offence which Ægeon had committed, and the penalty which he had incurred, are pointed out with a minuteness, by which the poet doubtless intended to convey his sense of the gross injustice of such enactments. In *The Taming of the Shrew*, written most probably about the same period as *The Comedy of Errors*, the jealousies of commercial states, exhibiting themselves in violent decrees and impracticable regulations, are also depicted by the same powerful hand :—

“ *Tra.* What countryman, I pray ?

Ped. Of Mantua.

Tra. Of Mantua, sir ?—marry, God forbid !

And come to Padua, careless of your life ?

Ped. My life, sir ? how, I pray ? for that goes hard.

Tra. 'Tis death for any one in Mantua

To come to Padua ; know you not the cause ?

Your ships are staid at Venice ; and the duke

For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him,

Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly.”

At the commencement of the reign of Elizabeth, the just principles

of foreign commerce were asserted in a very remarkable manner in the preamble to a statute (1 Eliz. c. 13) : “ Other foreign princes, finding themselves aggrieved with the said several acts ”—(statutes prohibiting the export or import of merchandise by English subjects in any but English ships)—“ as thinking that the same were made to the hurt and prejudice of their country and navy, have made like penal laws against such as should ship out of their countries in any other vessels than of their several countries and dominions ; by reason whereof there hath not only grown great displeasure between the foreign princes and the kings of this realm, but also the merchants have been sore grieved and endamaged.” The inevitable consequences of commercial jealousies between rival states—the retaliations that invariably attend these “ narrow and malignant politics,” as Hume forcibly expresses it—are here clearly set forth. But in five or six years afterwards we had acts “ for setting her Majesty's people on work,” forbidding the importation of foreign wares ready wrought, “ to the intent that her Highness's subjects might be employed in making thereof.” These laws were directed against the productions of the Netherlands ; and they were immediately followed by counter-proclamations, forbidding the carrying into England of any matter or thing out of which the same wares might be made ; and prohibiting the importation in the Low Countries of all English manufactures, under pain of confiscation. Under these laws, the English merchants were driven from town to town—from Antwerp to Embden, from Embden to Hamburg ; their ships seized, their goods confiscated. Retaliation of course followed, with all the complicated injuries of violence begetting violence. The instinctive wisdom of our poet must have seen the folly and wickedness of such proceedings ; and we believe that these passages are intended to mark

¹ The passage in the original stands thus :—

“ *Thirty-three years have I but gone in travail
Of you, my sons, nor till this present hour
My heavy burthen are delivered.*”

Theobald altered the number to *twenty-five*. The alterations of *and* for *nor*, and *ne'er* for *are*, we adopt from Mr. Dyce. Mr. White has “ burthen *here* delivered,” which, he says, removes the necessity of altering *nor* to *and*.

² *Festivity*. Johnson suggested this word instead of *nativity* in the original.

his sense of them. The same brute force, which would confiscate the goods and burn the ships of the merchant, would put the merchant himself to death, under another state of society. He has stigmatised the principle of commercial jealousy by carrying out its consequences under an unconstrained despotism.

ACT II.

^a SCENE II.—“*This is the fairy land.*”

In the first act we have the following description of the unlawful arts of Ephesus :—

“They say this town is full of cozenage ;
As, nimble jugglers that deceive the eye,
Dark-working sorcerers that change the mind,
Soul-killing witches that deform the body,
Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,
And many such like liberties of sin.”

It was observed by Capell that “the character given of Ephesus in this place is the very same that it had with the ancients, which may pass for some note of the poet’s learning.” It was scarcely necessary, however, for Shakspeare to search for this ancient character of Ephesus in more recondite sources than the most interesting narrative of St. Paul’s visit to the city, given in the 19th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. In the 13th verse we find mention of “certain of the vagabond Jews, *exorcists* ;” and in the 19th verse we are told that “many of them also which used *curious arts* brought their books together, and burned them before all men.” The ancient proverbial term, *Ephesian Letters*, was used to express every kind of charm or spell.

ACT III.

^a SCENE II.—“*I could find out countries in her.*”

Shakspeare, most probably, had the idea from Rabelais, in the passage where Friar John maps out the head and chin of Panurge (L. 3, c. 28) :—“*Ta barbe par les distinctions du gris, du blanc, du tanné, et du noir, me semble une mappe-monde. Regarde ici. Voila Asie. Ici sont Tigris et Euphrates. Voila Afrique. Ici est la montaigne de la Lune. Veois-tu les palus du Nil? Deça est Europe. Veois-tu Theleme? Ce touppet ici tout blanc, sont les monts Hyperborées.*”

^b SCENE II.—“*Where Scotland?*”

In *The Merchant of Venice*, where Portia describes her suitors to Nerissa, we have an allusion—sarcastic although playful—to the ancient contests of Scotland with England, and of the support which France generally rendered to the weaker side :—

“*Ner.* What think you of the Scottish lord, his neighbour?

“*Por.* That he hath a neighbourly charity in him ; for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him again, when he was able : I think the Frenchman became his surety, and sealed under for another.”

The word *Scottish* is found in the original quarto of this play, but in the folio of 1623 it is changed, to *other*. Malone considers that *The Merchant of Venice* being performed in the time of James, the allusion to Scotland was suppressed by the Master of the Revels ; but that the more offensive allusion to the “barrenness” of Scotland, in the passage before us, being retained in the original folio edition, is a proof that *The Comedy of Errors* was not revived after the accession of the Scottish monarch to the English throne.

^c SCENE II.—“*Making war against her hair.*”

It seems to be pretty generally agreed that this passage is an allusion to the war of the League. In the first folio we have the spelling *heire*, although in the second folio it was changed to *haire*. Upon the assassination of Henry III., in August, 1589, the great contest commenced between his *heir*, Henry of Navarre, and the Leaguers, who opposed his succession. In 1591 Elizabeth sent an

armed force to the assistance of Henry. If the supposition that this allusion was meant by Shakspeare be correct, the date of the play is pretty exactly determined ; for the war of the League was in effect concluded by Henry’s renunciation of the Protestant faith in 1593.

^d SCENE II.—“*Where America, the Indies?*”

This is certainly one of the boldest anachronisms in Shakspeare ; for, although the period of the action of *The Comedy of Errors* may include a range of four or five centuries, it must certainly be placed before the occupation of the city by the Mohammedans, and therefore some centuries before the discovery of America.

ACT IV.

^a SCENE II.—“*Far from her nest the lapwing cries, away.*”

This image was a favourite one with the Elizabethan writers. In Lily’s “*Campaspe*,” 1584, we have, “You resemble the lapwing, who crieth most where her nest is not.” Greene and Nash also have the same allusion, which Shakspeare repeats in *Measure for Measure* :—

“With maids to seem the lapwing, and to jest,
Tongue far from heart.”

^b SCENE II.—“*A fellow all in buff.*”

The prince asks Falstaff, “Is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?” The buff jerkin, according to Dromio’s definition, is “an everlasting garment,” worn by “a shoulder-clapper.” The commentators have thrown away much research upon these passages. Steevens maintains that *everlasting* and *durance* were technical names for very strong and durable cloth ; but there can be no doubt, we think, that the occupation of the bailiff being somewhat dangerous, in times when men were ready to resist the execution of the law with the sword and rapier, he was clothed with the ox-skin, the buff, which in warfare subsequently took the place of the heavier coat of mail. It is by no means clear, from the passage before us, that the bailiff did not even wear a sort of armour :—

“One whose hard heart is button’d up with steel.”

^c SCENE II.—“*A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry foot well.*”

The hound that runs *counter* runs upon a false course ; but the hound that draws *dry foot* well, follows the game by the scent of the foot, as the blood-hound is said to do. The bailiff’s dog-like attributes were not inconsistent ; for he was a sergeant of the *counter prison*, and followed his game as Brainworm describes in “*Every Man in his Humour* :”—“Well, the truth is, my old master intends to follow my young master, *dry-foot*, over Moorfields to London this morning.”

^d SCENE II.—“*One that, before the judgment, carries poor souls to hell.*”

The arrest “before judgment” is that upon *mesne-process*, and Shakspeare is here employing his legal knowledge. It appears that Hell was the name of a place of confinement under the Exchequer Chamber for the debtors of the Crown. It is described by that name in the Journals of the House of Commons on the occasion of the coronation of William and Mary.

^e SCENE IV.—“*Here’s that, I warrant you, will pay them all.*”

Dr. Gray has the following note on this passage : “If the honest countryman in the Isle of Axholm in Lincolnshire, where they grow little else but hemp, had been acquainted with Shakspeare’s Works, I should have imagined that he borrowed his jest from hence. At the beginning of the rebellion in 1641, a party of the parliament soldiers, seeing a man sowing somewhat, asked him what it was he was sowing, for they hoped to reap his crop. ‘I am sowing of hemp, gentlemen,’ (says he,) ‘and I hope I have enough for you all.’”

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTICE.

COLERIDGE has furnished the philosophy of all just criticism upon *The Comedy of Errors* in a note, which we shall copy entire from his "Literary Remains :"—

"The myriad-minded man, our, and all men's, Shakspeare, has in this piece presented us with a legitimate farce in exactest consonance with the philosophical principles and character of farce, as distinguished from comedy and from entertainments. A proper farce is mainly distinguished from comedy by the license allowed, and even required, in the fable, in order to produce strange and laughable situations. The story need not be probable: it is enough that it is possible. A comedy would scarcely allow even the two Antipholuses; because, although there have been instances of almost indistinguishable likeness in two persons, yet these are mere individual accidents, *casus ludentis naturæ*, and the *verum* will not excuse the *inverisimile*. But farce dares add the two Dromios, and is justified in so doing by the laws of its end and constitution. In a word, farces commence in a postulate, which must be granted."

This postulate granted, it is impossible to imagine any dramatic action to be managed with more skill than that of *The Comedy of Errors*. Hazlitt has pronounced a censure upon the play which is in reality a commendation :—"The curiosity excited is certainly very considerable, though not of the most pleasing kind. We are teased as with a riddle, which, notwithstanding, we try to solve." To excite the curiosity, by presenting a riddle which we should try to solve, was precisely what Plautus and Shakspeare intended to do. Our poet has made the riddle more complex by the introduction of the two Dromios, and has therefore increased the excitement of our curiosity. But whether this excitement be pleasing or annoying, and whether the riddle amuse or tease us, entirely depends upon the degree of attention which the reader or spectator of the farce is disposed to bestow upon it. Hazlitt adds, "In reading the play, from the sameness of the names of the two Antipholuses and the two Dromios, as well as from their being constantly taken for each other by those who see them, it is difficult, without a painful effort of attention, to keep the characters distinct in the mind. And again, on the stage, either the complete similarity of their persons and dress must produce the same perplexity whenever they first enter, or the identity of appearance, which the story supposes, will be destroyed. We still, however, having a clue to the difficulty, can tell which is which, merely from the contradictions which arise as soon as the different parties begin to speak; and we are indemnified for the perplexity and blunders into which we are thrown, by seeing others thrown into greater and almost inextricable ones." Hazlitt has here, almost undesignedly, pointed out the source of the pleasure which, with an "effort of attention,"—not a "painful effort," we think,—a reader or spectator of *The Comedy of Errors* is sure to receive from this drama. We have "a clue to the difficulty;"—we know more than the actors in the drama;—we may be a little perplexed, but the deep perplexity of the characters is a constantly-increasing triumph to us. We have never seen the play; but one who has thus describes the effect :—"Until I saw it on the stage, (not mangled into an opera,) I had not imagined the extent of the mistakes, the drollery of them, their unabated continuance, till, at the end of the fourth act, they reached their climax with the assistance of Dr. Pinch, when the audience in their laughter rolled about like waves."* Mr. Brown adds, with great truth, "To the strange contrast of grave astonishment among the actors, with their laughable situations in the eyes of the spectators, who are let into the secret, is to be ascribed the irresistible effect." The spectators, the readers, have the clue, are let into the secret, by the story of the first scene. Nothing can be more beautifully managed, or is altogether more Shaksperian, than the narrative of *Ægeon*; and that narrative is so clear and so impressive,

that the reader never forgets it amidst all the errors and perplexities which follow. The Duke, who, like the reader or spectator, has heard the narrative, instantly sees the real state of things when the *dénouement* is approaching :—

"Why, here begins his morning story right."

The reader or spectator has seen it all along,—certainly by an effort of attention, for without the effort the characters would be confounded like the vain shadows of a morning dream;—and, having seen it, it is impossible, we think, that the constant readiness of the reader or spectator to solve the riddle should be other than pleasurable. It appears to us that every one of an *audience* of *The Comedy of Errors*, who keeps his eyes open, will, after he has become a little familiar with the persons of the two Antipholuses and the two Dromios, find out some clue by which he can detect a difference between each, even without "the practical contradictions which arise as soon as the different parties begin to speak." Schlegel says, "In such pieces we must always presuppose, to give an appearance of truth to the senses at least, that the parts by which the misunderstandings are occasioned are played with masks; and this the poet, no doubt, observed." Whether masks, properly so called, were used in Shakspeare's time in the representation of this play, we have some doubt. But, unquestionably, each pair of persons selected to play the twins must be of the same height,—with such general resemblances of the features as may be made to appear identical by the colour and false hair of the tiring-room,—and be dressed with apparently perfect similarity. But let every care be observed to make the deception perfect, and yet the observing spectator will detect a difference between each; some peculiarity of the voice, some "trick o' the eye," some dissimilarity in gait, some minute variation in dress. We once knew two adult twin-brothers who might have played the Dromios without the least aid from the arts of the theatre. They were each stout, their stature was the same, each had a sort of shuffle in his walk, the voice of each was rough and unmusical, and they each dressed without any manifest peculiarity. One of them had long been a resident in the country town where we lived within a few doors of him, and saw him daily; the other came from a distant county to stay with our neighbour. Great was the perplexity. It was perfectly impossible to distinguish between them, at first, when they were apart; and we well remember walking some distance with the stranger, mistaking him for his brother, and not discovering the mistake (which he humoured) till we saw his total ignorance of the locality. But after seeing this *Dromio erraticus* a few times the perplexity was at an end. There was a difference which was palpable, though not exactly to be defined. If the features were alike, their expression was somewhat varied; if their figures were the same, the one was somewhat more erect than the other; if their voices were similar, the one had a different mode of accentuation from the other; if they each wore a blue coat with brass buttons, the one was decidedly more slovenly than the other in his general appearance. If we had known them at all intimately, we probably should have ceased to think that the outward points of identity were even greater than the points of difference. We should have, moreover, learned the difference of their characters. It appears to us, then, that as this farce of real life was very soon at an end, when we had become a little familiar with the peculiarities in the persons of these twin-brothers, so the spectator of *The Comedy of Errors* will very soon detect the differences of the Dromios and Antipholuses; and that, while his curiosity is kept alive by the effort of attention which is necessary for this detection, the riddle will not only tease him, but its perpetual solution will afford him the utmost satisfaction.

But has not Shakspeare himself furnished a clue to the understanding of the Errors, by his marvellous skill in the delineation of character?

* Shakespeare's Autobiographical Poems, &c. By Charles Armitage Brown.

Some one has said that if our poet's dramas were printed without the names of the persons represented being attached to the individual speeches, we should know who is speaking by his wonderful discrimination in assigning to every character appropriate modes of thought and expression. It appears to us that this is unquestionably the case with the characters of each of the twin-brothers in *The Comedy of Errors*.

The Dromio of Syracuse is described by his master as

"A trusty villain, sir: that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholy,
Lightens my humour with his merry jests."

But the wandering Antipholus herein describes himself: he is a prey to "care and melancholy." He has a holy purpose to execute, which he has for years pursued without success:—

"He that commends me to mine own content
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
I to the world am like a drop of water,
That in the ocean seeks another drop."

Sedate, gentle, loving, the Antipholus of Syracuse is one of Shakespeare's amiable creations. He beats his slave according to the custom of slave-beating; but he laughs with him and is kind to him almost at the same moment. He is an enthusiast, for he falls in love with Luciana in the midst of his perplexities, and his lips utter some of the most exquisite poetry:—

"O, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,
To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears;
Sing, siren, for thyself, and I will dote:
Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs."

But he is accustomed to habits of self-command, and he resolves to tear himself away even from the siren:—

"But, lest myself be guilty to self-wrong,
I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song."

As his perplexities increase, he ceases to be angry with his slave:—

"The fellow is distract, and so am I;
And here we wander in illusions:
Some blessed power deliver us from hence."

Unlike the Menæchmus Soscicles of Plautus, he refuses to dine with the courtesan. He is firm yet courageous when assaulted by the Merchant. When the Errors are clearing up, he modestly adverts to his love for Luciana; and we feel that he will be happy.

Antipholus of Ephesus is decidedly inferior to his brother in the quality of his intellect and the tone of his morals. He is scarcely justified in calling his wife "shrewish." Her fault is a too sensitive affection for him. Her feelings are most beautifully described in that address to her supposed husband:—

"Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine:
Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine;
Whose weakness, married to thy stronger state,
Makes me with thy strength to communicate:
If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,
Usurping ivy, briar, or idle moss."

The classical image of the elm and the vine would have been sufficient to express the feelings of a fond and confiding woman; the exquisite addition of the

"Usurping ivy, briar, or idle moss,"

conveys the prevailing uneasiness of a loving and doubting wife. Antipholus of Ephesus has somewhat hard measure dealt to him throughout the progress of the Errors; but he deserves it. His doors are shut against him, it is true;—in his impatience he would force his way into his house, against the remonstrances of the good Balthazar:—

"Your long experience of her wisdom,
Her sober virtue, years, and modesty,
Plead on her part some cause to you unknown."

He departs, but not "in patience;" he is content to dine from home, but not at "the Tiger." His resolve—

"That chain will I bestow
(Be it for nothing but to spite my wife)
Upon mine hostess"—

would not have been made by his brother in a similar situation.

He has spited his wife; he has dined with the courtesan. But he is not satisfied:—

"Go thou
And buy a rope's end; that will I bestow
Among my wife and her confederates."

We pity him not when he is arrested, nor when he receives the "rope's end" instead of his "ducats." His furious passion with his wife, and the foul names he bestows on her, are quite in character; and when he has

"Beaten the maids a-row, and bound the doctor,"

we cannot have a suspicion that the doctor was practising on the right patient. In a word, we cannot doubt that, although the Antipholus of Ephesus may be a brave soldier, who took "deep scars" to save his prince's life, and that he really has a right to consider himself much injured, he is strikingly opposed to the Antipholus of Syracuse; that he is neither sedate, nor gentle, nor truly loving; that he has no habits of self-command; that his temperament is sensual; and that, although the riddle of his perplexity is solved, he will still find causes of unhappiness, and entertain

"a huge infectious troop
Of pale distemperatures."

The characters of the two Dromios are not so distinctly marked in their points of difference at the first aspect. They each have their "merry jests;" they each bear a beating with wonderful good temper; they each cling faithfully to their master's interests. But there is certainly a marked difference in the quality of their mirth. The Dromio of Ephesus is precise and antithetical, striving to utter his jests with infinite gravity and discretion, and approaching a pun with a sly solemnity that is prodigiously diverting:—

"The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit;
The clock hath stricken twelve upon the bell;
My mistress made it one upon my cheek:
She is so hot, because the meat is cold."

Again:—

"I have some marks of yours upon my pate,
Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders,
But not a thousand marks between you both."

He is a formal humorist, and, we have no doubt, spoke with a drawling and monotonous accent, fit for his part in such a dialogue as this:—

Ant. E. Were not my doors lock'd up, and I shut out?
Dro. E. Perdy, your doors were lock'd, and you shut out.
Ant. E. And did not she herself revile me there?
Dro. E. Sans fable, she herself revil'd you there.
Ant. E. Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and scorn me?
Dro. E. Certes, she did; the kitchen-vestal scorn'd you."

On the contrary, the "merry jests" of Dromio of Syracuse all come from the outpouring of his gladsome heart. He is a creature of prodigious animal spirits, running over with fun and queer similitudes. He makes not the slightest attempt at arranging a joke, but utters what comes uppermost with irrepressible volubility. He is an untutored wit; and we have no doubt gave his tongue as active exercise by hurried pronunciation and variable emphasis as could alone make his long descriptions endurable by his sensitive master. Look at the dialogue in the second scene of Act II., where Antipholus, after having repressed his jests, is drawn into a tilting-match of words with him, in which the merry slave has clearly the victory. Look, again, at his description of the "kitchen-wench,"—coarse, indeed, in parts, but altogether irresistibly droll. The twin-brother was quite incapable of such a flood of fun. Again, what a prodigality of wit is displayed in his description of the bailiff! His epithets are inexhaustible. Each of the Dromios is admirable in his way; but we think that he of Syracuse is as superior to the twin-slave of Ephesus as our old friend Launce is to Speed in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*. These distinctions between the Antipholuses and Dromios have not, as far as we know, been before pointed out; but they certainly do exist, and appear to us to be defined by the great master of character with singular force as well as delicacy. Of course the characters of the twins could not be violently contrasted, for that would have destroyed the illusion. They must still

"Go hand in hand, not one before another."

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

STATE OF THE TEXT, AND CHRONOLOGY, OF THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

THE Taming of the Shrew was first printed in the folio collection of Shakspeare's Plays in 1623. But it is to be observed that, although this play had not been previously published, in the entry of the books of the Stationers' Company of the claim of the publishers of this first collected edition to "Mr. William Shakspeare's Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies, so many of the said copies *as are not formerly entered to other men*," The Taming of the Shrew is not recited in the list. In the books of the Stationers' Company we have the following entry, May 2, 1594:—"Peter Shorte. A plesant conceyted hystorie called the Tayminge of a Shrowe." In the same year "A plesant conceited Historie called the Taming of a Shrew," was printed by Peter Short for Cuthbert Burbie. We shall have occasion to speak fully of this play, which unquestionably preceded Shakspeare's "Taming of the Shrew." On the 22nd January, 1606, we find an entry to "Mr. Ling," of "Taminge of a Shrew." In 1607, Nicholas Ling published a new edition of the play which was printed for "Cuthbert Burbie" in 1594. On the 19th November, 1607, John Smythick (or Smethwick) entered Hamlet, Romeo and Juliet, Love's Labour's Lost, and "The Taminge of a Shrew." Smethwick had become, by assignment, the proprietor of Hamlet, Romeo and Juliet, and Love's Labour's Lost, which had previously been published by others; and he ultimately became a proprietor of the first folio. The entry of 1607 might possibly have secured his copyright in Shakspeare's "Taming of the Shrew," to which it might have referred, as he enters three others of Shakspeare's plays on the same day. But Ling, who *did* publish the old "Taming of a Shrew," also enters with it Love's Labour's Lost, and Romeo and Juliet, in 1606. The entry of John Smethwick, although not varying from the entry of the preceding year by Ling, of the title of "The Taming of a Shrew," might, as we say, have referred to Shakspeare's comedy; but it might also have referred to a transfer of the earlier comedy from Ling.

Malone originally assigned The Taming of the Shrew to as late a period as 1606. He was led to this determination by the entry at Stationers' Hall, by Smethwick, in 1607; by the fact that Meres does not mention this play as Shakspeare's in his list of 1598; and that the line,

"This is the way to kill a wife with kindness,"

may be taken to allude to the play of Thomas Heywood (of which the second edition appeared in 1607), of "A Woman Killed with Kindness." Malone subsequently assigned this comedy to 1596. Mr. Collier says, "Although it is not enumerated by Meres, in 1598, among the plays Shakespeare had then written, and although, in Act IV. Sc. I., it contains an allusion to Heywood's 'Woman Killed with Kindness,'* which was not produced until after 1600, Malone finally fixed upon 1596 as the date when The Taming of the Shrew was produced. His earlier conjecture of 1606 *seems much more probable*; and his only reason for changing his mind was that the versification resembled the 'old comedies antecedent to the time' of Shakespeare, and in this notion he was certainly well-founded."† Malone's statement, with regard to the internal evidence of the date

* We really doubt whether the line to which Mr. Collier refers can be called an allusion to the title of Heywood's play. It is only the repetition of a common expression, from which expression, we believe, Heywood's play took its title.

† History of Dramatic Poetry, p. 78.

of this comedy, is somewhat fuller than Mr. Collier's quotation:—

"I had supposed the piece now under consideration to have been written in the year 1606. On a more attentive perusal of it, and more experience in our author's style and manner, I am persuaded that it was one of his *very early productions*, and near, in point of time, to The Comedy of Errors, Love's Labour's Lost, and The Two Gentlemen of Verona. In the old comedies, antecedent to the time of our author's writing for the stage, (if indeed they deserve that name,) a kind of doggerel measure is often found, which, as I have already observed, Shakspeare adopted in some of those pieces which were undoubtedly among his early compositions: I mean his Errors, and Love's Labour's Lost. This kind of metre, being found also in the play before us, adds support to the supposition that it was one of his early productions." Mr. Collier, however, doubts whether The Taming of the Shrew can be treated altogether as one of Shakspeare's performances:—"I am satisfied," he says, "that *more than one hand* (perhaps at distant dates) was concerned in it, and that Shakespeare had little to do with any of the scenes in which Katharine and Petruchio are not engaged." Farmer had previously expressed the same opinion, declaring the Induction to be in our poet's best manner, and a great part of the play in his worst, or even below it. To this Steevens replies:—"I know not to whom I could impute this comedy, if Shakspeare was not its author. I think his hand is visible in almost every scene, though perhaps not so evidently as in those which pass between Katharine and Petruchio." Mr. Collier judges that "the underplot much resembles the dramatic style of William Haughton, author of an extant comedy, called 'Englishmen for my Money,' which was produced prior to 1598."

It will be necessary for us, in the first instance, to take a connected view of the obligations of the writer of The Taming of the Shrew to the older play which we have already mentioned; and this examination will dispose of that section of our Introductory Notice which we usually give under the head of "Supposed Sources of the Plot."

"The Taming of a Shrew" first appeared in 1594, under the following title: "A pleasant conceited Historie called the taming of a Shrew. As it was sundry times acted by the Right honourable the Earle of Pembroke his servants. Printed at London by Peter Short, and are to be sold by Cuthbert Burbie, at his shop at the Royal Exchange, 1594."‡ The comedy opens with an Induction, the characters of which are a Lord, Slie, a Tapster, Page, Players, and Huntsmen. The incidents are precisely the same as those of the play which we call Shakspeare's. We have inserted, in the Illustration of the Induction, a specimen of the dialogue of this other play. There is this difference in the management of the character of Sly in the anonymous comedy, that, during the whole of the performance of "The Taming of a Shrew," he occasionally makes his remarks, and is finally carried back to the alehouse door in a state of sleep. In Shakspeare we lose this most diverting personage before the end of the first act. After our poet had fairly launched him in the Induction, and given a tone to his subsequent demeanour during the play, the performer of the character was perhaps allowed to continue the dialogue extemporally.

‡ We copy this title from Mr. Collier's History of Dramatic Poetry. This edition was unknown to the commentators. That of 1606, which Steevens reprinted, has no material variations from this very rare copy.

The scene of the old "Taming of a Shrew" is laid at Athens; that of Shakspeare's at Padua. The Athens of the one and the Padua of the other are resorts of learning, the old play opening thus:—

"Welcome to Athens, my beloved friend,
To Plato's school, and Aristotle's walks."

Alfonso, a merchant of Athens (the Baptista of Shakspeare), has three daughters, Kate, Emelia, and Phylema. Aurelius, son of the Duke of Cestus (Sestos), is enamoured of one, Polidor of another, and Ferando (the Petrucio of Shakspeare) of Kate, the Shrew. The merchant hath sworn, before he will allow his two younger daughters to be addressed by suitors, that

"His eldest daughter first shall be espous'd."

The wooing of the Kate of the old play by Ferando is exactly in the same spirit as the wooing by Petrucio; so is the marriage; so the lenten entertainment of the bride in Ferando's country-house; so the scene with the Tailor and Haberdasher; so the prostrate obedience of the tamed Shrew. The under-plot, however, is essentially different. The lovers of the younger sisters do not woo them in assumed characters, though a merchant is brought to personate the Duke of Cestus. The real duke arrives, as Vincentio arrives in our play, to discover the imposture; and his indignation occupies much of the latter part of the action, with sufficient tediousness. All parties are ultimately happy and pleased; and the comedy ends with the wager, as in Shakspeare, about the obedience of the several wives, the Shrew pronouncing a homily upon the virtue and beauty of submission, which sounds much more hypocritical even than that of the Kate of our poet. We request our readers to turn to the specimens we have given, in the Illustrations to each act, of the passages which are distinctly parallel to those of Shakspeare. There cannot be a doubt that the anonymous author and Shakspeare sometimes used the same images and forms of expression,—occasionally whole lines; the incidents of those scenes in which the process of taming the Shrew is carried forward are invariably the same. The audience would equally enjoy the surprise and self-satisfaction of the drunken man when he became a lord; equally relish the rough wooing of the master of "the taming school;" rejoice at the dignity of the more worthy gender when the poor woman was denied "beef and mustard;" and hold their sides with convulsive laughter when the tailor was driven off with his gown and the haberdasher with his cap. Shakspeare took these incidents as he found them; perhaps, for the purposes of the stage, he could not have improved them.

The first and most obvious hypothesis is that "The Taming of a Shrew" was an older play than Shakspeare's, and that he borrowed from that comedy. The question then arises, who was its author?

In our Pictorial Edition of this play, published in October, 1839, we expressed an opinion that Robert Greene might have been the author of "The Taming of a Shrew," and that the charge supposed to be made by Greene against Shakspeare in his "Groat's-worth of Wit," published after his death in 1592, of being "an upstart crow, beautified with our feathers," had reference to a plagiarism from some play more unequivocally belonging to Greene than the plays upon which it was held that Henry VI. was founded. The whole of this question afterwards underwent a much fuller examination by us in our "Essay on the Three Parts of Henry VI.," &c., in which our views were greatly modified with reference to the precise nature of Greene's complaint. But we may here refer only to the point of Greene's probable authorship of "The Taming of a Shrew."

The dramatic works of Greene, which have been collected as his, are only six in number; and one was written in connection with Lodge. The "Orlando Furioso" is known to have been his, by having been mentioned by a contemporary writer. This play, in its form of publication, appears to us to bear a striking resemblance to "The Taming of a Shrew." The title of the first edition is as follows: "The Historie of Orlando Furioso, one of the twelve Pieres of France. As it was plaid before the Queenes Maiestie. London, Printed by John Danter for Cuthbert Burbie, and are to be

sold at his Shop nere the Royal Exchange. 1594." Compare this with the title of "The Taming of a Shrew." Each is a "Historie;" each is without an author's name; each is published by Cuthbert Burbie; each is published in the same year, 1594. Might not the recent death of Greene,—the reputation which he left behind him,—the unhappy circumstances attending his death, for he perished in extreme poverty,—and the remarkable controversy between Nash and Harvey, in 1592, "principally touching Robert Greene,"—have led the bookseller to procure and publish copies of these plays, if they were both written by him? It is impossible, we think, not to be struck with the remarkable resemblance of these anonymous performances, in the structure of the verse, the extravagant employment of mythological allusions, the laboured finery intermixed with feebleness, and the occasional outpouring of a rich and gorgeous fancy. In the comic parts, too, it appears to us that there is an equal similarity in the two plays—a mixture of the vapid and the coarse, which looks like the attempt of an educated man to lower himself to an un-informed audience. It is very difficult to establish these opinions without being tedious; but we may compare a detached passage or two:—

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

"Orl. Is not my love like those purple-colour'd swans,
That gallop by the coach of Cynthia?

Org. Yes, marry is she, my lord.

Orl. Is not her face silver'd like that milk-white shape,
When Jove came dancing down to Semele?

Org. It is, my lord.

Orl. Then go thy ways, and climb up to the clouds,
And tell Apollo, that Orlando sits
Making of verses for Angelica.
And if he do deny to send me down
The shirt which Deianira sent to Hercules,
To make me brave upon my wedding-day,
Tell him, I'll pass the Alps, and up to Meroe,
(I know he knows that watery lakish hill,)
And pull the harp out of the minstrel's hands,
And pawn it unto lovely Proserpine,
That she may fetch the fair Angelica."

TAMING OF A SHREW.

"Fer. Tush, Kate, these words add greater love in me,
And make me think thee fairer than before:
Sweet Kate, thou lovelier than Diana's purple robe,
Whiter than are the snowy Apennines,
Or icy hair that grows on Boreas' chin.
Father, I swear by Ibis' golden beak,
More fair and radiant is my bonny Kate,
Than silver Xanthus when he doth embrace
The ruddy Simois at Ida's feet;
And care not thou, sweet Kate, how I be clad;
Thou shalt have garments wrought of Median silk,
Enchas'd with precious jewels fetch'd from far
By Italian merchants, that with Russian stems
Plough up huge furrows in the terrene main."

Take a passage, also, of the prose or comic parts of the two plays, each evidently intended for the clowns:—

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

"Tom. Sirrah Ralph, an thou'lt go with me, I'll let thee see the bravest madman that ever thou sawest.

Ralph. Sirrah Tom, I believe it was he that was at our town o' Sunday: I'll tell thee what he did, sirrah. He came to our house when all our folk were gone to church, and there was nobody at home but I, and I was turning of the spit, and he comes in and bade me fetch him some drink. Now, I went and fetched him some; and ere I came again, by my troth, he ran away with the roast meat, spit and all, and so we had nothing but porridge to dinner.

Tom. By my troth, that was brave; but, sirrah, he did so course the boys last Sunday; and if ye call him madman, he'll run after you, and tickle your ribs so with flap of leather that he hath, as it passeth."

TAMING OF A SHREW.

"San. Boy, oh disgrace to my person! Zounds, boy, of your face, you have many boys with such pickadanaunts, I am sure. Zounds, would you not have a bloody nose for this?

Boy. Come, come, I did but jest; where is that same piece of pie that I gave thee to keep?

San. The pie? Ay, you have more mind of your belly than to go see what your master does.

Boy. Tush, 'tis no matter, man; I prithee give it me, I am very hungry I promise thee.

San. Why you may take it, and the devil burst you with it! one cannot save a bit after supper, but you are always ready to munch it up.

Boy. Why, come, man, we shall have good cheer anon at the bride-house, for

your master's gone to church to be married already, as there's such cheer as passeth.

San. O brave! I would I had eat no meat this week, for I have never a corner left in my belly."

"The Historie of Alphonsus, King of Aragon,"—one of the plays published with Greene's name, after his death,—furnished a passage or two which may be compared with the old "Taming of a Shrew:"—

ALPHONSUS KING OF ARAGON.

"Thou shalt ere long be monarch of the world,
All christen'd kings, with all your pagan dogs.
Shall bend their knees unto Iphigena.
The Indian soil shall be thine at command,
Where every step thou settest on the ground
Shall be received on the golden mines.
Rich Pactolus, that river of account,
Which doth descend from top of Tivole mount,
Shall be thine own, and all the world beside."

"Go, pack thou hence unto the Stygian lake,
And make report unto thy traitorous sire,
How well thou hast enjoy'd the diadem,
Which he by treason set upon thy head;
And if he ask thee who did send thee down,
Alphonsus say, who now must wear thy crown."

* * * * *
What, is he gone? the devil break his neck!
The fiends of hell torment his traitorous corpse!
Is this the quittance of Belinus' grace,
Which he did show unto that thankless wretch,
That runagate, that rakehell, yea, that thief?"

TAMING OF A SHREW.

—"When I cross'd the bubbling Canibey,
And sailed along the crystal Hellespont,
I fill'd my coffers of the wealthy mines;
Where I did cause millions of labouring Moors
To undermine the caverns of the earth,
To seek for strange and new-found precious stones,
And dive into the sea to gather pearl,
As fair as Juno offer'd Priam's son;
And you shall take your liberal choice of all."

"I swear by fair Cynthia's burning rays,
By Merop's head, and by seven-mouthed Nile,
Had I but known ere thou hadst wedded her,
Were in thy breast the world's immortal soul,
This angry sword should rip thy hateful chest,
And hew thee smaller than the Libyan sands."

* * * * *
That damned villain that hath deluded me,
Whom I did send for guide unto my son.
Oh that my furious force could cleave the earth,
That I might muster bands of hellish fiends,
To rack his heart and tear his impious soul!"

Malone has conjectured that Greene or Peele wrote this play; but he has also assigned it to Kyd, adopting Farmer's opinion. Upon the latter supposition Mr. Collier observes that "there certainly is not anything like sufficient resemblance in point of style to warrant the belief." Greene possessed the readiest pen of all his contemporaries, and undoubtedly produced many more plays than the six which have come down to us as his.

So far did we express our original opinion that Greene was the author of "The Taming of a Shrew." But that opinion underwent some considerable change from the just respect which we entertained for the critical sagacity and the diligence with which a correspondent in the United States attempted to show that Marlowe was the author of that play. We were of opinion that our correspondent had clearly made out that Marlowe has as good a title to the work as Greene—perhaps a better. Be it one or the other, they each belonged to the same school of poetry; Shakspeare created a new school. But there are passages and incidents in "The Taming of a Shrew" which are unlike Marlowe, such as the scenes with Sly; these are unlike Greene also: they are fused more readily into Shakspeare's own materials, because they are natural. We now propose a second theory, altogether different from our previous notion, from that of our correspondent, and from that of any other writer. Was there not an older play than "The Taming of a Shrew," which furnished the main plot, some of the characters, and a small part of the dialogue, both to the author of "The Taming of a Shrew," and the author of "The Taming of the Shrew?" This play we may believe, without any

violation of fact or probability, to have been used as rude material for both authors to work upon. There was competition between them; one produced a play for the Earl of Pembroke's servants—the other for the Lord Chamberlain's servants, out of some older play, much of which was probably improvised by the clowns, and whose main action, the discipline of the Shrew, would be irresistibly attractive to a rough audience, without the pompous declamation of the one remodeller, or the natural poetry and rich humour of the other. Whether the author or improver of the play printed in 1594 be Marlowe or Greene, there can be little question as to the characteristic superiority of Shakspeare's work.

But there is a third theory—that of Tieck—that "The Taming of a Shrew" was a youthful work of Shakspeare himself. We leave this for the investigation of our readers. To our minds the old play is totally different from the imagery and the versification of Shakspeare.

We have to observe, in concluding this notice of the chronology of Shakspeare's Taming of the Shrew, that the names of Petrucio and Licio are found in George Gascoigne's prose comedy, "The Supposes," which was first acted in 1566. Farmer considered that Shakspeare borrowed from this source that part of the plot in which the Pedant personates Vincentio. Gascoigne's collected works were printed in 1587. We have also to mention that in Henslowe's accounts, found at Dulwich College, we have an entry on June 11th, 1594, of the performance at the theatre at Newington Butts of "the taminge of a shrewe." Malone considered this to be the old play. But it must be observed that the old play had been acted (as the title to the first edition expresses it, in that very year) by "the Earle of Pembroke his servants." From the 3rd June, 1594, Henslowe's accounts are headed as receipts at performances by "my lord admirall men and my lord chamberlen men." The "lord admirall" was the Earl of Nottingham; "the lord chamberlen men" were the players of Shakspeare's own company; and their occupation of the theatre at Newington Butts was temporary, while the Globe Theatre was being erected. The Earl of Pembroke's servants were an entirely distinct company. This entry of "the taminge of a shrewe" immediately follows that of Hamlet; and we see nothing to shake our belief that both these were Shakspeare's plays (Hamlet being only the original sketch), performed by the Lord Chamberlain's servants.

PERIOD OF THE ACTION, AND MANNERS.

The Italy of Shakspeare's own time is intended to be presented in this play. So thoroughly are the *manners* Italian, that a belief, and not an unreasonable one, has grown up, that Shakspeare visited Italy before its composition. To a highly-valued friend, who had recently returned from Italy when our Pictorial Shakspeare was first published, we were much indebted for some interesting local illustrations, which greatly strengthen the conjecture that our poet had founded his accurate allusions in this play to Italian scenes and customs upon personal observation. These illustrations accompany Acts I., II., IV., and V., and are distinguished by the initial (M.)

It is scarcely necessary for us here to add many remarks to these illustrations. Mr. Brown* has strenuously maintained the opinion that Shakspeare did visit Italy before the composition of The Taming of the Shrew, The Merchant of Venice, and Othello. Nothing was more common in the time of Elizabeth than such a journey; and to "swim in a gondola" was as familiar a thing then, to those of the upper ranks, as to eat an ice at Tortoni's now. Nor were the needier men of letters always debarred by their circumstances from thus acquiring an experience of Italian manners. Shakspeare, however, as we now know, must have been comparatively wealthy before he was thirty, and fully able, as far as the expense was concerned, to have made the journey to Italy. That he *did* make the journey is perhaps more than can be proved; that his descriptions of Italian scenes and manners are more minute and accurate than if he had derived his information wholly from books, we have no doubt.

* Shakspeare's Autobiographical Poems.
M M

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

INDUCTION.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

A LORD.

CHRISTOPHER SLY, a drunken Tinker.

Hostess, Page, Players, Huntsmen, and other Servants.

^a SCENE I.—*Before an Alchouse on a Heath.*

Enter HOSTESS and SLY.

Sly. I'll pheese¹ you, in faith.

Host. A pair of stocks, you rogue!

Sly. Y' are a baggage; the Slys² are no rogues: Look in the chronicles, we came in with Richard Conqueror.³ Therefore, *paucas pallabris*;⁴ let the world slide: *Scssa*!

Host. You will not pay for the glasses you have burst!⁵

Sly. No, not a denier: Go by, S. Jeronimy,—Go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.⁶

Host. I know my remedy, I must go fetch the third-borough.⁷ *[Exit.]*

Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll answer him by law; I'll not budge an inch, boy; let him come, and kindly. *[Lies down on the ground, and falls asleep.]*

Wind horns. Enter a LORD from hunting, with his Train.

Lord. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds: Brach⁸ Merriman,—the poor cur is emboss'd; And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd Brach. Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good At the hedge corner, in the coldest fault? I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

¹ *Hun.* Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord; He cried upon it at the merest loss, And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scent: Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

Lord. Thou art a fool; if Echo were as fleet, I would esteem him worth a dozen such. But sup them well, and look unto them all; To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

¹ *Hun.* I will, my lord.

Lord. What's here? one dead, or drunk? See, doth he breathe?

² *Hun.* He breathes, my lord: Were he not warm'd with ale,

This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

Lord. O monstrous beast! how like a swine he lies!

¹ *Pheese.* Johnson says, "To *pheese*, or *fease*, is to separate a twist into single threads." He derived this explanation of the word from Sir T. Smith, who, in his book "De Sermone Anglico," says, "To *feize* means *in fila deducere*." Gifford affirms that it is a common word in the west of England, meaning to *beat*, to *chastise*, to *humble*. In the latter sense Shakspeare uses it in *Troilus* and *Cressida*: "An he be proud with me, I'll *pheese* his pride." Shakspeare found the word in the old "Taming of a Shrew."

² *Slys.* This is ordinarily printed *Slies*; but such a change of the plural of a proper name is clearly wrong.

³ The tinker was right in boasting of the antiquity of his family, though he has no precise recollection of the name of the Conqueror. *Sly* and *sleigh* are the same, corresponding with *sleight*. The *Slys* or *Sleighs* were skilful men—cunning of hand. We are informed that *Sly* was anciently a common name in Shakspeare's own town.

⁴ *Paucas pallabris*—*pocas pallabras*—few words, as they have it in Spain. *Scssa*, in the same way, is the *cessa* of the Spaniards—*be quiet*.

⁵ *Burst*—broken. John of Gaunt "burst Shallow's head for crowding in among the marshal's men."

⁶ This sentence is generally printed, "Go by, says Jeronimy;—Go to thy cold bed," &c. Theobald pointed out that in the old play of "Hieronimo" there is the expression "Go by, go by;" and that the speech of *Sly* was in ridicule of the passage. Mason, to confirm this, altered the "Go by S. Jeronimy" of the original copy to "Go by, says Jeronimy." The Cambridge editors suggest that the reading is "Go by, Jeronimy," the S. having been inserted in mistake for a note of exclamation. It is usually printed as a note of interrogation.

Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image!

Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.

What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,^b

Wrapp'd in sweet clothes, rings put upon his fingers,

A most delicious banquet by his bed,

And brave attendants near him when he wakes,

Would not the beggar then forget himself?

¹ *Hun.* Believe me, lord, I think he cannot choose.

² *Hun.* It would seem strange unto him when he wak'd.

Lord. Even as a flattering dream, or worthless fancy.

Then take him up, and manage well the jest:

Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,

And hang it round with all my wanton pictures:

Balm his foul head in warm distilled waters,

And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet

Procure me music ready when he wakes,

To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound;

And if he chance to speak, be ready straight,

And, with a low submissive reverence,

Say,—What is it your honour will command?

Let one attend him with a silver bason,

Full of rose water, and bestrew'd with flowers;

Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper,

And say,—Will't please your lordship cool your hands?

Some one be ready with a costly suit,

And ask him what apparel he will wear;

Another tell him of his hounds and horse,

And that his lady mourns at his disease:

Persuade him that he hath been lunatic;

And, when he says he is—⁹ say, that he dreams,

For he is nothing but a mighty lord.

This do, and do it kindly,¹⁰ gentle sirs;

It will be pastime passing excellent,

If it be husbanded with modesty.

¹ *Hun.* My lord, I warrant you, we'll play our part,

As he shall think, by our true diligence,

He is no less than what we say he is.

Lord. Take him up gently and to bed with him;

And each one to his office, when he wakes.

[Some bear out SLY. A trumpet sounds.]

Sirrah, go see what trumpet 'tis that sounds:

[Exit Servant.]

⁷ *Thirdborough.* In the original folio this is, by mistake, printed *headborough*, by which the humour of *Sly*'s answer is lost. The *thirdborough* was a petty constable; and, from the following passage in "The Constable's Guide," 1771, the name appears, in recent times, to have been peculiar to Warwickshire: "There are in several counties of this realm other officers; that is, by other titles, but not much inferior to our constables; as, in Warwickshire, a *thirdborough*."

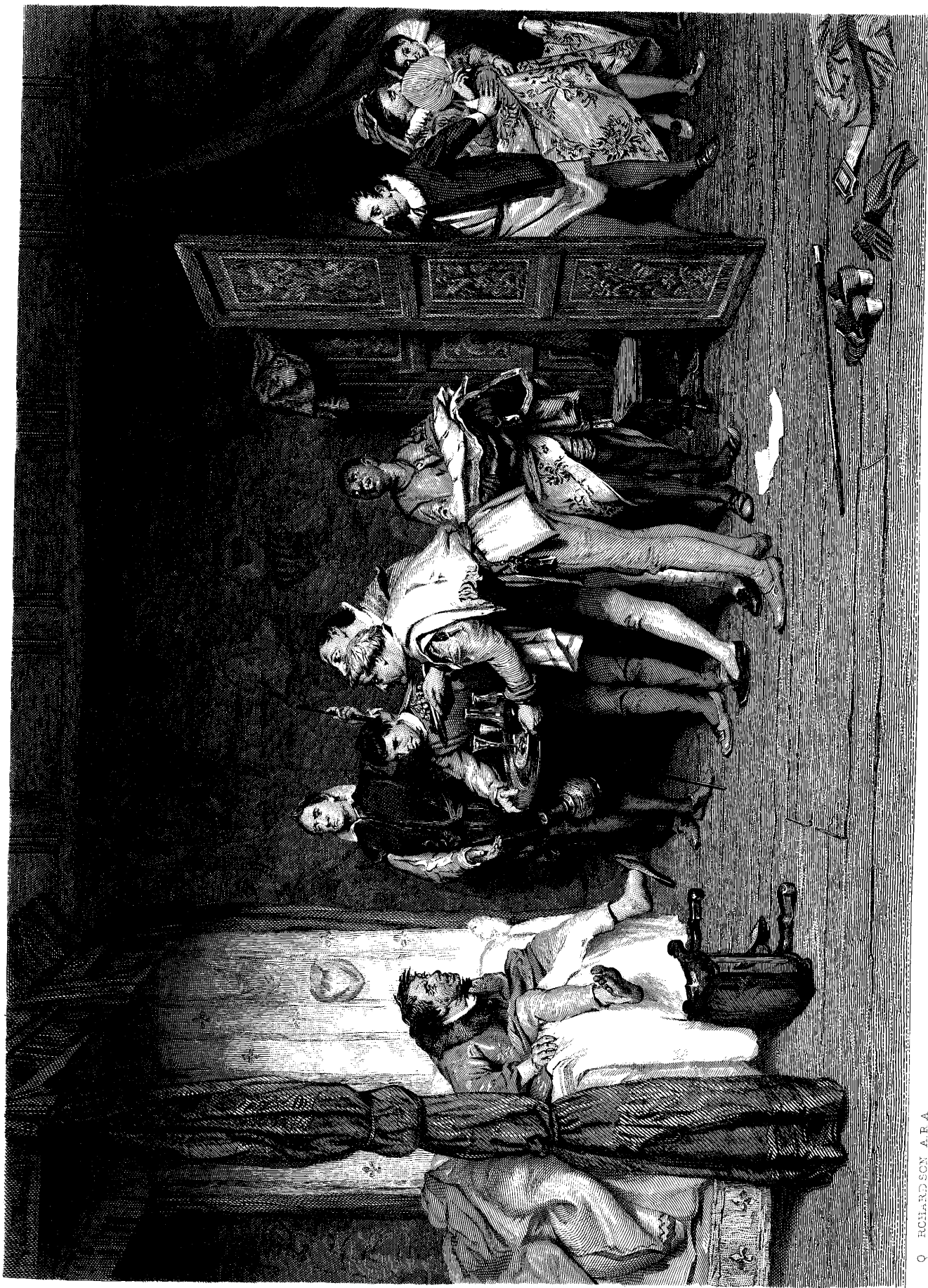
⁸ *Brach.* In one instance (Lear, Act III. Sc. V.) Shakspeare uses this word as indicating a dog of a particular species:—

"Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel grim,
Hound or spaniel, *brach* or lym."

But he in other places employs it in the way indicated in an old book on sports, "The Gentleman's Recreation":—"A *brach* is a *mannerly-name* for all hound-bitches." We should have thought that the meaning of this passage could not have been mistaken. The lord is pointing out one of his pack—"Brach Merriman,"—adding, "the poor cur is *emboss'd*,"—that is, *swollen* by hard running. Ritson, however, would read—"Bathe Merriman,"—and Hanmer, "*Lecch* Merriman."

⁹ *And, when he says he is—* The dash is probably meant to indicate a blank. It is as if the lord had said, "And when he says he is *So and So*," when he tells his name. Steevens would read, "And when he says he's *poor*;" Johnson, "And when he says he's *Sly*."

¹⁰ *Kindly*—naturally.



Q RICHARDSON A.R.A.

SHARP



Belike, some noble gentleman, that means,
Travelling some journey, to repose him here.

Re-enter a Servant.

How now? who is it?

Serv. An it please your honour,
Players that offer service to your lordship.

Lord. Bid them come near:

Enter Players.

Now, fellows, you are welcome.

Players. We thank your honour.

Lord. Do you intend to stay with me to-night?

2 Play. So please your lordship to accept our duty.

Lord. With all my heart.—This fellow I remember,
Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son;—
'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman so well:
I have forgot your name; but, sure, that part
Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.

1 Play.¹ I think, 'twas Soto that your honour means.

Lord. 'Tis very true;—thou didst it excellent.—

Well, you are come to me in happy time;
The rather for I have some sport in hand,
Wherein your cunning can assist me much.
There is a lord will hear you play to-night:
But I am doubtful of your modesties;
Lest, over-eyeing of his odd behaviour,
(For yet his honour never heard a play,)
You break into some merry passion,
And so offend him; for I tell you, sirs,
If you should smile, he grows impatient.

1 Play. Fear not, my lord; we can contain ourselves,
Were he the veriest antic in the world.

Lord. Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery,
And give them friendly welcome every one:
Let them want nothing that my house affords.—

[Excunt Servant and Players.]

Sirrah, go you to Bartholomew my page, *[To a Servant.]*
And see him dress'd in all suits like a lady:

That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber,
And call him madam, do him obeisance.
Tell him from me, as he will win my love,
He bear himself with honourable action,
Such as he hath observ'd in noble ladies
Unto their lords, by them accomplished:
Such duty to the drunkard let him do,
With soft low tongue, and lowly courtesy;
And say,—What is't your honour will command,
Wherein your lady, and your humble wife,
May show her duty, and make known her love?
And then, with kind embracements, tempting kisses,
And with declining head into his bosom,
Bid him shed tears, as being overjoy'd

To see her noble lord restored to health,
Who, for this seven years, hath esteemed him
No better than a poor and loathsome beggar:
And if the boy have not a woman's gift,
To rain a shower of commanded tears,
An onion will do well for such a shift;
Which in a napkin being close convey'd,
Shall in despite enforce a watery eye.
See this despatch'd with all the haste thou canst;
Anon I'll give thee more instructions. *[Exit Servant.]*

I know the boy will well usurp the grace,
Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman:
I long to hear him call the drunkard husband;
And how my men will stay themselves from laughter,

When they do homage to this simple peasant.
I'll in to counsel them: haply, my presence
May well abate the over-merry spleen,
Which otherwise would grow into extremes. *[Excunt.]*

SCENE II.—*A Bedchamber in the LORD'S House.*

SLY is discovered in a rich night-gown, with Attendants; some with apparel, others with bason, ewer, and other appurtenances. Enter LORD, dressed like a servant.

Sly. For God's sake, a pot of small ale.

1 Serv. Will't please your lordship drink a cup of sack

2 Serv. Will't please your honour taste of these conserves?

3 Serv. What raiment will your honour wear to-day?

Sly. I am Christophero Sly. Call not me—honour, nor lordship: I never drank sack in my life; and if you give me any conserves, give me conserves of beef: Ne'er ask me what raiment I'll wear: for I have no more doublets than backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes than feet; nay, sometime, more feet than shoes, or such shoes as my toes look through the overleather.

Lord. Heaven cease this idle humour in your honour!
O, that a mighty man of such descent,
Of such possessions, and so high esteem,
Should be infused with so foul a spirit!

Sly. What! would you make me mad? Am not I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son of Burton-heath; by birth a pedlar, by education a cardmaker, by transmutation a bear-herd, and now by present profession a tinker? Ask Marian Hacket, the fat alewife of Wincot,¹ if she know me not: if she say I am not fourteen pence on the score for sheer ale, score me up for the lyingest knave in Christendom. What! I am not bestraught:² Here's—

1 Serv. O, this it is that makes your lady mourn.

2 Serv. O, this it is that makes your servants droop.

Lord. Hence comes it that your kindred shun your house,

As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.
O, noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth;
Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,
And banish hence these abject lowly dreams.
Look how thy servants do attend on thee,

Each in his office ready at thy beck.
Wilt thou have music? hark! Apollo plays, *[Music.]*

And twenty-caged nightingales do sing:
Or wilt thou sleep? we'll have thee to a couch,
Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed
On purpose trimm'd up for Semiramis.
Say, thou wilt walk: we will bestrew the ground:
Or wilt thou ride? thy horses shall be trapp'd,
Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.
Dost thou love hawking? thou hast hawks will soar
Above the morning lark: Or wilt thou hunt?
Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them,
And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

1 Serv. Say, thou wilt course; thy greyhounds are as swift

As breathed stags, ay, fleeter than the roe.

2 Serv. Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch thee straight

Adonis, painted by a running brook;
And Cytherea all in sedges hid,
Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,
Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

Lord. We'll show thee Io, as she was a maid;
And how she was beguiled and surpris'd,
As lively painted as the deed was done.

¹ *1 Play.* In the original this line is given to *Sincklo*. This was the name of a player of inferior parts in Shakspeare's company. The same performer is also mentioned in the quarto edition of *Henry IV.*, Part II., as also in *Henry VI.*

Soto is the name of a character in Beaumont and Fletcher's "*Woman Pleased*;" but it is very questionable whether Shakspeare alluded to this play.

² *Bestraught*—synonymous with *distracted*, distracted.

3 *Serv.* Or Daphne, roaming through a thorny wood ;
Scratching her legs that one shall swear she bleeds :
And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep,
So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

Lord. Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord :
Thou hast a lady far more beautiful
Than any woman in this waning age.

1 *Serv.* And, till the tears that she hath shed for thee,
Like envious floods o'er-ran her lovely face,
She was the fairest creature in the world ;
And yet she is inferior to none.

Sly. Am I a lord ? and have I such a lady ?
Or do I dream, or have I dream'd till now ?
I do not sleep : I see, I hear, I speak ;
I smell sweet savours, and I feel soft things :—
Upon my life, I am a lord, indeed ;
And not a tinker, nor Christopher Sly.
Well, bring our lady hither to our sight ;
And once again, a pot o' the smallest ale.

2 *Serv.* Will't please your mightiness to wash your
hands ?

[*Servants present an ewer, bason, and napkin.*]

O, how we joy to see your wit restor'd !
O, that once more you knew but what you are !
These fifteen years you have been in a dream ;
Or, when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept.

Sly. These fifteen years ? by my fay, a goodly nap.
But did I never speak of all that time ?

1 *Serv.* O yes, my lord ; but very idle words :—
For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,
Yet would you say ye were beaten out of door ;
And rail upon the hostess of the house ;
And say, you would present her at the leet,
Because she brought stone jugs and no seal'd quarts :¹
Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

Sly. Ay, the woman's maid of the house.

3 *Serv.* Why, sir, you know no house, nor no such
maid ;
Nor no such men, as you have reckon'd up,—
As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps of Greece,
And Peter Turf, and Henry Pimpernell ;
And twenty more such names and men as these,
Which never were, nor no man ever saw.

Sly. Now, Lord be thanked for my good amends !

All. Amen.

Sly. I thank thee ; thou shalt not lose by it.

¹ At the *leet*, or *court-leet*, of a manor, the jury presented those who used false weights and measures ; and, amongst others, those who, like the "fat alewife of Wincot," used jugs of irregular capacity instead of the *sealed* or licensed *quart*.

Enter the Page, as a lady, with Attendants.

Page. How fares my noble lord ?

Sly. Marry, I fare well ; for here is cheer enough.
Where is my wife ?

Page. Here, noble lord. What is thy will with her ?

Sly. Are you my wife, and will not call me husband ?
My men should call me lord ; I am your goodman.

Page. My husband and my lord, my lord and husband ;
I am your wife in all obedience.

Sly. I know it well : What must I call her ?

Lord. Madam.

Sly. Al'ce madam, or Joan madam ?

Lord. Madam, and nothing else ; so lords call ladies.

Sly. Madam wife, they say that I have dream'd,
And slept above some fifteen year or more.

Page. Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me ;
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

Sly. 'Tis much. Servants, leave me and her alone.
Madam, undress you, and come now to bed.

Page. Thrice noble lord, let me entreat of you
To pardon me yet for a night or two ;
Or, if not so, until the sun be set :
For your physicians have expressly charg'd,
In peril to incur your former malady,
That I should yet absent me from your bed :
I hope, this reason stands for my excuse.

Sly. Ay, it stands so, that I may hardly tarry so long.
But I would be loath to fall into my dreams again. I will
therefore tarry, in despite of the flesh and the blood.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Your honour's players, hearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleasant comedy,
For so your doctors hold it very meet :
Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your blood,
And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy,
Therefore, they thought it good you hear a play,
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms, and lengthens life.

Sly. Marry, I will let them play : Is it not a commonty,
a Christmas gambol, or a tumbling-trick ?

Page. No, my good lord : it is more pleasing stuff.

Sly. What, household stuff ?

Page. It is a kind of history.

Sly. Well, we'll see't : Come, madam wife, sit by my
side, and let the world slip ; we shall ne'er be younger.

[*They sit down.*]

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

BAPTISTA, *a rich gentleman of Padua.*
 VINCENTIO, *an old gentleman of Pisa.*
 LUCENTIO, *son to Vincentio, in love with Bianca.*
 PETRUCIO, *a gentleman of Verona, a suitor to Katharina.*
 GREMIO, } *suitors to Bianca.*
 HORTENSIO, }
 TRANIO, } *servants to Lucentio.*
 BIONDELLO, }

GRUMIO, } *servants to Petrucio.*
 CURTIS, }
 PEDANT, *an old fellow set up to personate Vincentio.*
 KATHARINA, *the shrew,* } *daughters to Baptista.*
 BIANCA, *her sister,* }
 Widow.

Tailor, Haberdasher, and Servants attending on Baptista and Petrucio.

SCENE,—sometimes in PADUA; and sometimes in PETRUCIO'S House in the Country.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Padua. *A public Place.*

Enter LUCENTIO and TRANIO.

Luc. Tranio, since for the great desire I had
 To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,^a
 I am arriv'd for fruitful Lombardy,
 The pleasant garden of great Italy;^b
 And, by my father's love and leave, am arm'd
 With his good will, and thy good company,
 My¹ trusty servant, well approv'd in all;
 Here let us breathe, and haply institute
 A course of learning, and ingenious studies.
 Pisa, renowned for grave citizens,
 Gave me my being, and my father first,
 A merchant of great traffic through the world,
 Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii.
 Vincentio's son, brought up in Florence,
 It shall become, to serve all hopes conceiv'd,
 To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds:²
 And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,
 Virtue, and that part of philosophy
 Will I apply, that treats of happiness
 By virtue 'specially to be achiev'd.
 Tell me thy mind: for I have Pisa left,
 And am to Padua come, as he that leaves
 A shallow plash, to plunge him in the deep,
 And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

Tra. *Mi perdonate*, gentle master mine,
 I am in all affected as yourself;
 Glad that you thus continue your resolve,
 To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.
 Only, good master, while we do admire
 This virtue, and this moral discipline,
 Let's be no stoics, nor no stocks, I pray;
 Or so devote to Aristotle's checks,³
 As Ovid be an outcast quite abjur'd:
 Balk⁴ logic with acquaintance that you have,
 And practise rhetoric in your common talk:
 Music and poesy use to quicken you;
 The mathematics, and the metaphysics,
 Fall to them, as you find your stomach serves you:
 No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en;—
 In brief, sir, study what you most affect.

Luc. Gramercies, Tranio, well dost thou advise.
 If, Biondello, thou wert come ashore,
 We could at once put us in readiness;
 And take a lodging, fit to entertain

Such friends as time in Padua shall beget.

But stay awhile: What company is this?

Tra. Master, some show, to welcome us to town.

Enter BAPTISTA, KATHARINA, BIANCA, GREMIO, and HORTENSIO. LUCENTIO and TRANIO stand aside.

Bap. Gentlemen, importune me no farther,
 For how I firmly am resolv'd you know:
 That is, not to bestow my youngest daughter,
 Before I have a husband for the elder:
 If either of you both love Katharina,
 Because I know you well, and love you well,
 Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

Gre. To cart her rather: She's too rough for me:
 There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife?

Kath. I pray you, sir, [*to BAP.*] is it your will
 To make a stale of me amongst these mates?⁵

Hor. Mates, maid! how mean you that? no mates for
 you,

Unless you were of gentler, milder mould.

Kath. I' faith, sir, you shall never need to fear:
 I wis, it is not half way to her heart:
 But, if it were, doubt not her care should be
 To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool,
 And paint your face, and use you like a fool.

Hor. From all such devils, good Lord, deliver us!

Gre. And me too, good Lord!

Tra. Hush, master! here is some good pastime toward;
 That wench is stark mad, or wonderful froward.

Luc. But in the other's silence do I see
 Maids' mild behaviour and sobriety.
 Peace, Tranio.

Tra. Well said, master; mum! and gaze your fill.

Bap. Gentlemen, that I may soon make good
 What I have said, Bianca, get you in:
 And let it not displease thee, good Bianca;
 For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.

Kath. A pretty peat;⁶ 'tis best
 Put finger in the eye—an she knew why.

Bian. Sister, content you in my discontent.
 Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe:
 My books and instruments shall be my company;
 On them to look, and practise by myself.

Luc. Hark, Tranio! thou may'st hear Minerva speak.

[*Aside.*]

Hor. Signior Baptista, will you be so strange?
 Sorry am I that our good will effects
 Bianca's grief.

¹ *My.* So the folio. The word has been changed by the modern editors to *most*.

² This passage has been a source of perplexity to the commentators; but it appears to us sufficiently clear: Pisa gave me my being, and also first gave my father being—that father was Vincentio, &c. It shall become Vincentio's son, that he may fulfil the hopes conceived of him, to deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds.

³ *Checks.* Sir W. Blackstone proposes to read *ethicks*. In Ben Jonson's "Silent Woman" we have "Aristotle's *ethicks*." Aristotle's "checks" are his ethical principles, as opposed to the excitements of Ovid.—*White*.

⁴ *Balk.* This word of the original has been changed into *talk*, "corrected by Mr. Rowe." By this correction the meaning of the passage has been destroyed.

Tranio draws a distinction between the dry and the agreeable of the liberal sciences. *Balk* logic—pass over logic—with your acquaintance, but practise rhetoric in your common *talk*;—*use* (in the legitimate sense of resorting to *frequently*) music and poetry to quicken you, but fall to mathematics and metaphysics as you find your inclination serves.

⁵ Douce says that this expression seems to have been suggested by the chess-term of *stale-mate*. Surely the occurrence of *mates* and *stale* in the same line does not warrant this assertion. A *stale* is a thing *stalled*—exposed for common sale. Baptista, somewhat coarsely, has offered Katharine to Gremio and Hortensio, "either of you;" and she is justly indignant at being set up for the bidding of these companions.

⁶ *Peat*—pet, spoiled child.

Gre. Why, will you mew her,
Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell,
And make her bear the penance of her tongue?
Bap. Gentlemen, content ye; I am resolv'd:
Go in, Bianca. *[Exit BIANCA.]*
And, for I know she taketh most delight
In music, instruments, and poetry,
Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,
Fit to instruct her youth. If you, Hortensio,
Or Signior Gremio, you, know any such,
Prefer them hither; for to cunning¹ men
I will be very kind, and liberal
To mine own children in good bringing-up;
And so farewell. Katharina, you may stay;
For I have more to commune with Bianca. *[Exit.]*
Kath. Why, and I trust I may go too. May I not?
What, shall I be appointed hours; as though, belike,
I knew not what to take, and what to leave! Ha! *[Exit.]*
Gre. You may go to the devil's dam; your gifts are so
good here is none will hold you. Their love² is not so
great, Hortensio, but we may blow our nails together, and
fast it fairly out; our cake's dough on both sides. Fare-
well:—Yet, for the love I bear my sweet Bianca, if I can
by any means light on a fit man to teach her that wherein
she delights, I will wish him³ to her father.
Hor. So will I, signior Gremio: But a word, I pray.
Though the nature of our quarrel yet never brook'd parle,
know now, upon advice, it toucheth us both,—that we may
yet again have access to our fair mistress, and be happy
rivals in Bianca's love,—to labour and effect one thing
specially.
Gre. What's that, I pray?
Hor. Marry, sir, to get a husband for her sister.
Gre. A husband! a devil.
Hor. I say, a husband.
Gre. I say, a devil: Think'st thou, Hortensio, though
her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool as to be
married to hell?
Hor. Tush, Gremio, though it pass your patience and
mine to endure her loud alarms, why, man, there be good
fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would
take her with all faults, and money enough.
Gre. I cannot tell; but I had as lief take her dowry
with this condition,—to be whipped at the high-cross every
morning.
Hor. 'Faith, as you say, there's small choice in rotten
apples. But, come; since this bar in law makes us friends,
it shall be so far forth friendly maintained, till by helping
Baptista's eldest daughter to a husband, we set his
youngest free for a husband, and then have to't afresh.—
Sweet Bianca!—Happy man be his dole! He that runs
fastest gets the ring. How say you, signior Gremio?
Gre. I am agreed: and 'would I had given him the
best horse in Padua to begin his wooing, that would
thoroughly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the
house of her. Come on.
[Exeunt GREMIO and HORTENSIO.]
Tra. *[Advancing.]* I pray, sir, tell me,—Is it possible
That love should of a sudden take such hold?
Luc. O Tranio, till I found it to be true,

I never thought it possible, or likely
But see! while idly I stood looking on,
I found the effect of love in idleness:
And now in plainness do confess to thee,—
That art to me as secret, and as dear,
As Anna to the queen of Carthage was,—
Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio,
If I achieve not this young modest girl:
Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst;
Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.
Tra. Master, it is no time to chide you now;
Affection is not rated from the heart:
If love have touch'd you,⁴ nought remains but so,—
Redime te captum quam qucas minimo.
Luc. Gramercies, lad; go forward, this contents;
The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's sound.
Tra. Master, you look'd so longly on the maid,
Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.
Luc. O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,
Such as the daughter of Agenor had,
That made great Jove to humble him to her hand,
When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strand.⁵
Tra. Saw you no more? mark'd you not how her sister
Began to scold; and raise up such a storm,
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?
Luc. Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move,
And with her breath she did perfume the air;
Sacred, and sweet, was all I saw in her.
Tra. Nay, then, 'tis time to stir him from his trance.
I pray, awake, sir: If you love the maid,
Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus it stands:—
Her elder sister is so curst and shrew'd,
That, till the father rids his hands of her,
Master, your love must live a maid at home;
And therefore has he closely mew'd her up,
Because she will not be annoy'd with suitors.
Luc. Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father's he!
But art thou not advis'd, he took some care
To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct her?
Tra. Ay, marry, am I, sir; and now 'tis plotted.
Luc. I have it, Tranio.
Tra. Master, for my hand,
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.
Luc. Tell me thine first.
Tra. You will be schoolmaster,
And undertake the teaching of the maid:
That's your device.
Luc. It is: May it be done?
Tra. Not possible. For who shall bear your part,
And be in Padua here Vincentio's son?
Keep house, and ply his book; welcome his friends;
Visit his countrymen, and banquet them?
Luc. Basta; content thee; for I have it full.
We have not yet been seen in any house;
Nor can we be distinguished by our faces,
For man or master: then it follows thus;—
Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,
Keep house, and port,⁵ and servants, as I should:
I will some other be; some Florentine,
Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Pisa.
'Tis hatch'd, and shall be so:—Tranio, at once

¹ *Cunning*—knowing, learned. *Cunning, conning*, was originally knowledge, skill, and is so used in our translation of the Bible. Shakspeare, in general, uses *cunning* in the modern sense, as in *Lear*:—

"Time shall unfold what plaited *cunning* hides."

But in this play the adjective is used in two other instances in the same way as in the passage before us (See Act II. Sc. I.):—

"*Cunning* in music and the mathematics."

"*Cunning* in Greek, Latin, and other languages."

Their love. Mason would read *our* love; Malone, *your* love. *Their* love, it appears to us, refers to the affection between Katharine and her father, who have been jarring throughout the scene. Baptista has resolved that Bianca shall not wed till he has found a husband for his elder daughter. Gremio and Hortensio, who aspire to Bianca, think that there is so little love between the Shrew and her father, that his resolve will change, while they blow their nails together—while they submit to some delay.

³ *Wish him*—commend him.

⁴ *If love have touch'd you.* Monck Mason, one of the most prosaic of the commentators, very gravely refers the exquisite word *touch'd* to the shoulder-clap of the bailiff: "It is a common expression at this day to say, when a bailiff has arrested a man, that he has *touched* him on the shoulder." One would think it impossible for a reader of Shakspeare to forget how favourite a word this is with him, and how beautifully he uses it, as he does a thousand other words, to convey, by a syllable or two, an idea which feeble writers would have elaborated into many lines. Who can remember

"One *touch* of nature makes the whole world kin,"

and not smile at Monck Mason with his bailiff?

⁵ *Port*—state, show. Thus, in *The Merchant of Venice*, Act III. Sc. II.:—

"And the magnificos of greatest *port*."

Uncase thee; take my colour'd hat and cloak:¹
When Biondello comes, he waits on thee;
But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.

Tra. So had you need. [*They exchange habits.*]

In brief, sir, sith it your pleasure is,
And I am tied to be obedient;
(For so your father charg'd me at our parting;
"Be serviceable to my son," quoth he,
Although, I think, 'twas in another sense,)
I am content to be Lucentio,
Because so well I love Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves:
And let me be a slave, t' achieve that maid
Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Here comes the rogue.—Sirrah, where have you been?

Bion. Where have I been? Nay, how now, where are you?

Master, has my fellow Tranio stol'n your clothes?
Or you stol'n his? or both? pray, what's the news?

Luc. Sirrah, come hither; 'tis no time to jest,
And therefore frame your manners to the time.
Your fellow Tranio here, to save my life,
Puts my apparel and my countenance on,
And I for my escape have put on his;
For in a quarrel, since I came ashore,
I kill'd a man, and fear I was descried.
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,
While I make way from hence to save my life;
You understand me?

Bion. I, sir? ne'er a whit.

Luc. And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth;
Tranio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Bion. The better for him. 'Would I were so too!

Tra. So would I, faith, boy, to have the next wish after,—

That Lucentio indeed had Baptista's youngest daughter.
But, sirrah, not for my sake, but your master's, I advise
You use your manners discreetly in all kind of companies:
When I am alone, why, then I am Tranio;
But in all places else, your master Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, let's go:—

One thing more rests, that thyself execute;
To make one among these wooers: If thou ask me why,—
Sufficeth, my reasons are both good and weighty.

[*Exeunt.*]

(*The Presenters above speak.*^d)

1 Serv. My lord, you nod; you do not mind the play.

Sly. Yes, by saint Anne, do I. A good matter, surely.
Comes there any more of it?

Page. My lord, 'tis but begun.

Sly. 'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam lady.
'Would 'twere done! [*They sit and mark.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. Before Hortensio's House.*

Enter PETRUCIO² and GRUMIO.

Pet. Verona, for awhile I take my leave,
To see my friends in Padua; but, of all,
My best beloved and approved friend,
Hortensio; and, I trow, this is his house:
Here, sirrah Grumio; knock, I say.

Gru. Knock, sir! whom should I knock? is there any man has rebused your worship?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.

Gru. Knock you here, sir? why, sir, what am I, sir, that I should knock you here, sir?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me at this gate,
And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's pate.

Gru. My master is grown quarrelsome: I should knock you first,

And then I know after who comes by the worst.

Pet. Will it not be?

'Faith, sirrah, an you'll not knock, I'll wring it;
I'll try how you can *sol, fa*, and sing it.

[*He wrings GRUMIO by the ears.*]

Gru. Help, masters, help! my master is mad.

Pet. Now, knock when I bid you: sirrah! villain!

Enter HORTENSIO.

Hor. How now? what's the matter?—My old friend Grumio! and my good friend Petrucio!—How do you all at Verona?

Pet. Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray?
Con tutto il core bene trovato, may I say.

Hor. *Alla nostra casa bene vcnuto,*
Molto honorato signor mio Petrucio.

Rise, Grumio, rise; we will compound this quarrel.

Gru. Nay, 'tis no matter, what he 'leges³ in Latin.^c—
If this be not a lawful cause for me to leave his service,
—Look you, sir,—he bid me knock him, and rap him soundly, sir: Well, was it fit for a servant to use his master so; being, perhaps (for aught I see), two and thirty,—a pip out?

Whom, 'would to God, I had well knocked at first,
Then had not Grumio come by the worst.

Pet. A senseless villain!—Good Hortensio,
I bade the rascal knock upon your gate,
And could not get him for my heart to do it.

Gru. Knock at the gate?—O heavens!
Spake you not these words plain,—"Sirrah, knock me here,

Rap me here, knock me well, and knock me soundly?"
And come you now with—knocking at the gate?

Pet. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.

Hor. Petrucio, patience; I am Grumio's pledge:
Why, this a heavy chance 'twixt him and you;
Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant, Grumio.
And tell me now, sweet friend,—what happy gale
Blows you to Padua here, from old Verona?

Pet. Such wind as scatters young men through the world,

To seek their fortunes farther than at home,
Where small experience grows. But, in a few,
Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me:—
Antonio, my father, is deceas'd;

And I have thrust myself into this maze,
Haply to wive, and thrive, as best I may:
Crowns in my purse I have, and goods at home,
And so am come abroad to see the world.

Hor. Petrucio, shall I then come roundly to thee,
And wish thee to a shrew'd ill-favour'd wife?
Thou'dst thank me but a little for my counsel:
And yet I'll promise thee she shall be rich,
And very rich:—but thou'rt too much my friend,
And I'll not wish thee to her.

Pet. Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as we
Few words suffice: and, therefore, if thou know
One rich enough to be Petrucio's wife,
(As wealth is burden of my wooing dance,)
Be she as foul as was Florentius' love,^f

¹ *Colour'd hat and cloak.* Fashions have changed. Servants formerly wore clothes of sober hue—black or sad colour; their masters bore about the hues of the rainbow in their doublets and mantles, and hats and feathers. Such gay vestments were called emphatically *coloured*.

² *Petrucio.* We have thought it right to spell this name correctly, as Gascoigne did, in his "Supposes." Shakspeare most probably wrote the word with the *h*, that

the actors might not blunder in the pronunciation. In the same way Decker wrote *Infeliche*. After two centuries of illumination, such a precaution as regards the theatre would not be wholly unnecessary; for when the proprietors of one of our great houses piratically seized upon Mr. Milman's beautiful tragedy of "Fazio," the author was denied the poor privilege of having the name pronounced correctly.

³ *Leges*—alleges.

As old as Sibyl, and as curst and shrew'd
As Socrates' Xantippe, or a worse,
She moves me not, or not removes, at least,
Affection's edge in me. Were she as rough
As are the swelling Adriatic seas;⁵
I come to wive it wealthily in Padua;
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

Gru. Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly what his mind
is: Why, give him gold enough and marry him to a pup-
pet, or an aglet-baby;¹ or an old trot with ne'er a tooth in
her head, though she have as many diseases as two and fifty
horses: why, nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal.

Hor. Petrucio, since we are stept thus far in,
I will continue that I broach'd in jest.
I can, Petrucio, help thee to a wife
With wealth enough, and young, and beauteous;
Brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman:
Her only fault (and that is faults enough),
Is,—that she is intolerably curst,
And shrew'd, and froward: so beyond all measure,
That, were my state far worser than it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

Pet. Hortensio, peace; thou know'st not gold's effect:
Tell me her father's name, and 'tis enough;
For I will board her, though she chide as loud
As thunder, when the clouds in autumn crack.

Hor. Her father is Baptista Minola,
An affable and courteous gentleman:
Her name is Katharina Minola,
Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue.

Pet. I know her father, though I know not her;
And he knew my deceased father well:
I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her;
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
To give you over at this first encounter,
Unless you will accompany me thither.

Gru. I pray you, sir, let him go while the humour lasts.
O' my word, an she knew him as well as I do, she would
think scolding would do little good upon him: She may,
perhaps, call him half a score knaves, or so: why, that's
nothing; an he begin once, he'll rail in his rope-tricks.²
I'll tell you what, sir,—an she stand him but a little, he
will throw a figure in her face, and so disfigure her with it,
that she shall have no more eyes to see withal than a cat:³
you know him not, sir.

Hor. Tarry, Petrucio, I must go with thee;
For in Baptista's keep my treasure is:
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,
His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca;
And her withholds from me, and other more
Suitors to her, and rivals in my love:
Supposing it a thing impossible,
(For those defects I have before rehears'd,)
That ever Katharina will be woo'd,
Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en,
That none shall have access unto Bianca,
Till Katharine the curst have got a husband.

Gru. Katharine the curst!
A title for a maid of all titles the worst.

Hor. Now shall my friend Petrucio do me grace;
And offer me, disguis'd in sober robes,
To old Baptista as a schoolmaster
Well seen in music,⁴ to instruct Bianca:
That so I may by this device, at least,
Have leave and leisure to make love to her,
And, unsuspected, court her by herself.

*Enter GREMIO; with him LUCENTIO disguised, with books
under his arm.*

Gru. Here's no knavery! See; to beguile the old folks,
how the young folks lay their heads together! Master,
master, look about you: Who goes there? ha!

Hor. Peace, Grumio; 'tis the rival of my love:—Petrucio,
stand by awhile.

Gru. A proper stripling, and an amorous! [*They retire.*

Gre. O, very well: I have perus'd the note.

Hark you, sir; I'll have them very fairly bound:

All books of love, see that at any hand;

And see you read no other lectures to her:

You understand me:—Over and beside

Signior Baptista's liberality,

I'll mend it with a largess:—Take your papers too,

And let me have them very well perfum'd;

For she is sweeter than perfume itself,

To whom they go. What will you read to her?

Luc. Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for you,

As for my patron, (stand you so assur'd,)

As firmly as yourself were still in place:

Yea, and perhaps with more successful words

Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir.

Gre. O this learning! what a thing it is!

Gru. O this woodcock! what an ass it is!

Pet. Peace, sirrah.

Hor. Grumio, mum!—God save you, signior Gremio!

Gre. And you're well met, signior Hortensio. Trow you,
Whither I am going?—To Baptista Minola.

I promis'd to inquire carefully

About a schoolmaster for the fair Bianca:

And, by good fortune, I have lighted well

On this young man; for learning, and behaviour,

Fit for her turn; well read in poetry

And other books,—good ones, I warrant ye.

Hor. 'Tis well: and I have met a gentleman,

Hath promis'd me to help me to another,

A fine musician to instruct our mistress;

So shall I no whit be behind in duty

To fair Bianca, so belov'd of me.

Gre. Belov'd of me,—and that my deeds shall prove:

Gru. And that his bags shall prove. [*Aside.*

Hor. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love;

Listen to me, and if you speak me fair,

I'll tell you news indifferent good for either.

Here is a gentleman, whom by chance I met,

Upon agreement from us to his liking,

Will undertake to woo curst Katharine;

Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.

Gre. So said, so done, is well:—

Hortensio, have you told him all her faults?

Pet. I know she is an irksome brawling scold;

If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.

Gre. No, say'st me so, friend? What countryman?

Pet. Born in Verona, old Antonio's son:

My father dead, my fortune lives for me;

And I do hope good days, and long, to see.

Gre. O, sir, such a life, with such a wife, were strange:

But if you have a stomach, to 't o' God's name;

You shall have me assisting you in all.

But, will you woo this wild cat?

Pet. Will I live?

Gru. Will he woo her? ay, or I'll hang her. [*Aside.*

Pet. Why came I hither, but to that intent?

Think you, a little din can daunt mine ears?

¹ *Aglet-baby.* *Aglet* is *aiguillette*—a point. The *baby* was a small carving on the point which carried the lace.

² *Rope-tricks.* Sir T. Hamner would read *rhetoric*! In *Romeo and Juliet*, we have *ropery*.

³ Steevens cannot understand this: "This animal is remarkable for the keenness of its sight." Johnson thus assists him: "He shall swell up her eyes with blows, till she seem to peep with a contracted pupil, like a cat in the dark." Grumio was

not a person to be very correct in his similes. If Shakspeare had anywhere made a clown say, "as sick as a horse," we should have been informed by the commentators that horses, being temperate animals, are not subject to sickness; and yet this simile is daily used by persons of Grumio's character.

⁴ *Well seen in music*—well versed. Thus in Spenser (*Fairy Queen*, b. iv. c. 2)—
"Well seen in every science that mote be."

Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
 Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,
 Rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat?
 Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
 And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?
 Have I not in a pitched battle heard
 Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang?
 And do you tell me of a woman's tongue;
 That gives not half so great a blow to hear,¹
 As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire?
 Tush! tush! fear boys with bugs.²

Gru. For he fears none.

[*Aside.*

Gre. Hortensio, hark!
 This gentleman is happily arriv'd,
 My mind presumes, for his own good, and yours.

Hor. I promis'd, we would be contributors,
 And bear his charge of wooing, whatsoe'er.

Gre. And so we will, provided that he win her.

Gru. I would, I were as sure of a good dinner. [*Aside.*

Enter TRANIO, bravely apparelled; and BIONDELLO.

Tra. Gentlemen, God save you! If I may be bold,
 Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way
 To the house of Signior Baptista Minola?

Bion. He that has the two fair daughters:—is't he you
 mean?³

Tra. Even he, Biondello.

Gre. Hark you, sir; you mean not her to—

Tra. Perhaps, him and her, sir. What have you to do?

Pet. Not her that chides, sir, at any hand, I pray.

Tra. I love no chiders, sir.—Biondello, let's away.

Luc. Well begun, Tranio. [*Aside.*

Hor. Sir, a word ere you go;—

Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea, or no?

Tra. An if I be, sir, is it any offence?

Gre. No; if, without more words, you will get you hence.

Tra. Why, sir, I pray, are not the streets as free
 For me as for you?

Gre. But so is not she.

Tra. For what reason, I beseech you?

Gre. For this reason, if you'll know,
 That she's the choice love of signior Gremio.

Hor. That she's the chosen of signior Hortensio.

Tra. Softly, my masters! if you be gentlemen,
 Do me this right,—hear me with patience.

Baptista is a noble gentleman,
 To whom my father is not all unknown;
 And, were his daughter fairer than she is,
 She may more suitors have, and me for one.
 Fair Leda's daughter had a thousand wooers;
 Then well one more may fair Bianca have:
 And so she shall; Lucentio shall make one,
 Though Paris came, in hope to speed alone.

Gre. What! this gentleman will out-talk us all.

Luc. Sir, give him head; I know, he'll prove a jade.

Pet. Hortensio, to what end are all these words?

Hor. Sir, let me be so bold as ask you,
 Did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter?

Tra. No, sir; but hear I do, that he hath two;
 The one as famous for a scolding tongue,
 As is the other for beauteous modesty.

Pet. Sir, sir, the first's for me; let her go by.

Gre. Yea, leave that labour to great Hercules;
 And let it be more than Alcides' twelve.

Pet. Sir, understand you this of me, in sooth;—
 The youngest daughter, whom you hearken for,
 Her father keeps from all access of suitors,
 And will not promise her to any man,
 Until the elder sister first be wed:
 The younger then is free, and not before.

Tra. If it be so, sir, that you are the man
 Must stead us all, and me among the rest;
 An if you break the ice, and do this feat,—
 Achieve the elder, set the younger free
 For our access,—whose hap shall be to have her,
 Will not so graceless be to be ingrate.

Hor. Sir, you say well, and well you do conceive;
 And since you do profess to be a suitor,
 You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman,
 To whom we all rest generally beholden.

Tra. Sir, I shall not be slack: in sign whereof,
 Please ye we may contrive this afternoon,⁴
 And quaff carouses to our mistress' health;
 And do as adversaries do in law,—
 Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

Gru., Bion. O excellent motion! Fellows, let's begone.

Hor. The motion's good indeed, and be it so;—
 Petrucio, I shall be your *ben venuto*. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The same. A Room in Baptista's House.*

Enter KATHARINA and BIANCA.

Bian. Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong yourself,
 To make a bondmaid and a slave of me;
 That I disdain: But for these other gawds,⁵
 Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off myself,
 Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat;
 Or, what you will command me, will I do,
 So well I know my duty to my elders.

Kath. Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee, tell
 Whom thou lov'st best: see thou dissemble not.

Bian. Believe me, sister, of all the men alive,
 I never yet beheld that special face
 Which I could fancy more than any other.

Kath. Minion, thou liest: Is't not Hortensio?

Bian. If you affect him, sister, here I swear,
 I'll plead for you myself but you shall have him.

Kath. O then, belike, you fancy riches more;
 You will have Gremio to keep you fair.

Bian. Is it for him you do envy me so?
 Nay, then you jest; and now I well perceive,
 You have but jested with me all this while:
 I prithee, sister Kate, untie my hands.

Kath. If that be jest, then all the rest was so.

[*Strikes her.*

Enter BAPTISTA.

Bap. Why, how now, dame! whence grows this insolence?

Bianca, stand aside;—poor girl! she weeps:—
 Go ply thy needle; meddle not with her.
 For shame, thou hilding,⁶ of a devilish spirit,
 Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee?
 When did she cross thee with a bitter word?

Kath. Her silence flouts me, and I'll be reveng'd.

[*Flies after* BIANCA.

¹ *To hear.* So the folio. The ordinary reading (Hanmer's) is *to the ear*. This is, perhaps, to be preferred.

² *Fear boys with bugs*—frighten boys with hobgoblins. Douce has given us a curious passage from Mathew's Bible, Psalm xci. 5: "Thou shalt not need to be afraid for any *bugs* by night." The English name of the *punaise* was not applied till late in the seventeenth century, and is evidently metaphorical.

³ This line, upon a suggestion of Tyrwhitt, has been usually given to Gremio. It seems quite unnecessary to disturb the original copy.

⁴ *Contrive this afternoon*—wear away the afternoon. It is here used in the original Latin sense, as in Terence: "Totum hunc *contrivi* diem."

⁵ *Gawds.* The original reads *goods*. The correction was made by Theobald.

⁶ *Hilding*—a mean-spirited person. See note on Henry IV., Part II., Act I. Sc. I. Capulet applies the term to Juliet (Romeo and Juliet, Act III. Sc. V.).

Bap. What, in my sight?—Bianca, get thee in.

[*Exit* BIANCA.]

Kath. What, will you not suffer me? Nay, now I see
She is your treasure, she must have a husband;
I must dance bare-foot on her wedding-day,
And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell.¹
Talk not to me. I will go sit and weep,
Till I can find occasion of revenge. [*Exit* KATHARINA.]

Bap. Was ever gentleman thus griev'd as I?
But who comes here?

Enter GREMIO, with LUCENTIO in the habit of a mean man;
PETRUCIO, with HORTENSIO as a musician; and TRAN-
NIO, with BIONDELLO bearing a lute and books.

Gre. Good-morrow, neighbour Baptista.

Bap. Good-morrow, neighbour Gremio: God save you,
gentlemen!

Pet. And you, good sir! Pray, have you not a daughter
Call'd Katharina, fair, and virtuous?

Bap. I have a daughter, sir, call'd Katharina.

Gre. You are too blunt, go to it orderly.

Pet. You wrong me, signior Gremio; give me leave.

I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,
That, hearing of her beauty, and her wit,
Her affability, and bashful modesty,
Her wondrous qualities, and mild behaviour,
Am bold to show myself a forward guest
Within your house, to make mine eye the witness
Of that report which I so oft have heard.
And, for an entrance to my entertainment,
I do present you with a man of mine,

[*Presenting* HORTENSIO.]

Cunning in music, and the mathematics,
To instruct her fully in those sciences,
Whereof, I know, she is not ignorant:
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong;
His name is Licio, born in Mantua.

Bap. You're welcome, sir; and he for your good sake:
But for my daughter Katharine, this I know,
She is not for your turn, the more my grief.

Pet. I see you do not mean to part with her;
Or else you like not of my company.

Bap. Mistake me not, I speak but as I find.

Whence are you, sir? what may I call your name?

Pet. Petrucio is my name; Antonio's son,
A man well known throughout all Italy.

Bap. I know him well: you are welcome for his sake.

Gre. Saving your tale, Petrucio, I pray,
Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too:
Baccare!² you are marvellous forward.

Pet. O pardon me, signior Gremio; I would fain be
doing.

Gre. I doubt it not, sir; but you will curse your wooing.
Neighbour, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure of it. To
express the like kindness myself, that have been more
kindly beholden to you than any, I freely give unto you
this young scholar, [*presenting* LUCENTIO] that hath been
long studying at Rheims; as cunning in Greek, Latin,
and other languages, as the other in music and mathe-
matics: his name is Cambio; pray accept his service.

Bap. A thousand thanks, signior Gremio: welcome,
good Cambio.—But, gentle sir, [*to* TRANIO] methinks, you
walk like a stranger. May I be so bold to know the cause
of your coming?

Tra. Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own;
That, being a stranger in this city here,
Do make myself a suitor to your daughter,
Unto Bianca, fair, and virtuous.

Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me,
In the preferment of the eldest sister:
This liberty is all that I request,—

That upon knowledge of my parentage,
I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo,
And free access and favour as the rest.

And, toward the education of your daughters,
I here bestow a simple instrument,
And this small packet of Greek and Latin books:
If you accept them, then their worth is great.

Bap. Lucentio is your name? of whence, I pray?

Tra. Of Pisa, sir; son to Vincentio.

Bap. A mighty man of Pisa: by report
I know him well: you are very welcome, sir.
Take you [*to* HOR.] the lute, and you [*to* LUC.] the set of
books,

You shall go see your pupils presently.
Holla, within!

Enter a Servant.

Sirrah, lead

These gentlemen to my daughters; and tell them both,
These are their tutors; bid them use them well.

[*Exit* Servant, with HORTENSIO, LUCENTIO, and
BIONDELLO.]

We will go walk a little in the orchard,
And then to dinner: You are passing welcome,
And so I pray you all to think yourselves.

Pet. Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste,
And every day I cannot come to woo.³
You knew my father well; and in him, me,
Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,
Which I have better'd rather than decreas'd:
Then tell me,—If I get your daughter's love,
What dowry shall I have with her to wife?

Bap. After my death, the one half of my lands:
And, in possession, twenty thousand crowns.

Pet. And, for that dowry, I'll assure her of
Her widowhood,⁴—be it that she survive me,—
In all my lands and leases whatsoever:
Let specialties be therefore drawn between us,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd,
That is,—her love; for that is all in all.

Pet. Why, that is nothing; for I tell you, father,
I am as peremptory as she proud-minded;
And where two raging fires meet together,
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury:
Though little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all:
So I to her, and so she yields to me;
For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

Bap. Well may'st thou woo, and happy be thy speed!
But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.

Pet. Ay, to the proof; as mountains are for winds,
That shake not, though they blow perpetually.

Re-enter HORTENSIO, with his head broken.

Bap. How now, my friend? why dost thou look so pale?

Hor. For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good musician?

Hor. I think, she'll sooner prove a soldier;
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

³ The burthen of an old ballad, called "The Ingenious Braggadocio," was—
"And I cannot come every day to woo."

⁴ *Her widowhood.* *Widowhood* must here mean, not the condition of a widow,
but the property to which the widow would be entitled. Petrucio would assure
Katharine of a widow's full provision in all his "lands and leases." He would
not "bar dower,"—by fine and recovery.

¹ A proverbial expression, applied to the ill-used class of old maids.
² *Baccare*—a word once in common use, meaning *go back*. "*Backare*, quoth
Mortimer to his sow," was a proverbial expression before the time of Shakspeare.
It occurs in "*Ralph Roister Doister*;" and John Heywood gives it in his "*Pro-
verbs*" (1546). *Back* is Anglo-Saxon, in the usual sense of the word; and *are*,
ar, or *aer*, is an ancient word common to the Greek and Gothic languages, mean-
ing *to go*. We shall be able to furnish our readers with a more complete exposi-
tion of the elements of this word *baccare* when we have occasion to speak of
aroint in Macbeth.

Bap. Why, then thou canst not break her to the lute?

Hor. Why, no; for she hath broke the lute to me.

I did but tell her she mistook her frets,¹
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering;
When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,
"Frets, call you these?" quoth she: "I'll fume with
them:"

And, with that word, she struck me on the head,
And through the instrument my pate made way;
And there I stood amazed for awhile,
As on a pillory, looking through the lute;
While she did call me,—rascal fiddler,
And twangling Jack; with twenty such vile terms,
As she had studied to misuse me so.

Pet. Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench;
I love her ten times more than e'er I did:
O, how I long to have some chat with her!

Bap. Well, go with me, and be not so discomfited:
Proceed in practice with my younger daughter;
She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns.
Signior Petrucio, will you go with us:
Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?

Pet. I pray you do; I will attend her here—

[*Exeunt* BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO, and HORTENSIO.]

And woo her with some spirit when she comes.
Say, that she rail; why, then I'll tell her plain
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale:
Say, that she frown; I'll say, she looks as clear
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew:²
Say, she be mute, and will not speak a word;
Then I'll commend her volubility,
And say she uttereth piercing eloquence:
If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks
As though she bid me stay by her a week;
If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day
When I shall ask the banns, and when be married:—
But here she comes; and now, Petrucio, speak.

Enter KATHARINA.

Good-morrow, Kate;^b for that's your name, I hear.

Kath. Well have you heard, but something hard of
hearing;

They call me—Katharine, that do talk of me.

Pet. You lie, in faith; for you are call'd plain Kate,
And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst;
But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,
Kate of Kate-Hall, my super-dainty Kate,
For dainties are all cates; and therefore, Kate,
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation;—
Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every town,
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,
(Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,)
Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.

Kath. Mov'd! in good time: let him that mov'd you
hither

Remove you hence: I knew you at the first,
You were a moveable.

Pet. Why, what's a moveable?

Kath. A joint-stool.

Pet. Thou hast hit it: come, sit on me.

Kath. Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

Pet. Women are made to bear, and so are you.

Kath. No such jade as you, if me you mean.

¹ See Hamlet, Act III. Sc. II.

² Shakspeare had a portion of this beautiful image from the old play:—

"As glorious as the morning wash'd with dew."

Milton has transferred the idea of our poet to his "L'Allegro":—

"There, on beds of violets blue,
And fresh-blown roses wash'd in dew."

³ This is ordinarily printed—

"Should be? Should buz."

Pet. Alas, good Kate! I will not burden thee:

For, knowing thee to be but young and light,—

Kath. Too light for such a swain as you to catch;
And yet as heavy as my weight should be.

Pet. Should be? should? buz!³

Kath. Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.

Pet. O, slow-wing'd turtle! shall a buzzard take thee?

Kath. Ay, for a turtle; as he takes a buzzard.

Pet. Come, come, you wasp; i' faith, you are too angry.

Kath. If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

Pet. My remedy is then, to pluck it out.

Kath. Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.

Pet. Who knows not where a wasp does wear his sting?
In his tail.

Kath. In his tongue.

Pet. Whose tongue?

Kath. Yours, if you talk of tails; and so farewell.

Pet. What, with my tongue in your tail? nay, come
again,

Good Kate; I am a gentleman.

Kath. That I'll try.

[*Striking him.*]

Pet. I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike again.

Kath. So may you lose your arms:

If you strike me you are no gentleman;

And if no gentleman, why, then no arms.

Pet. A herald, Kate? O, put me in thy books.

Kath. What is your crest? a coxcomb?

Pet. A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.

Kath. No cock of mine, you crow too like a craven.⁴

Pet. Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look so sour.

Kath. It is my fashion, when I see a crab.

Pet. Why, here's no crab; and therefore look not sour.

Kath. There is, there is.

Pet. Then show it me.

Kath. Had I a glass, I would.

Pet. What, you mean my face?

Kath. Well aim'd of such a young one.

Pet. Now, by Saint George, I am too young for you.

Kath. Yet you are withered.

Pet. 'Tis with cares.

Kath. I care not.

Pet. Nay, hear you, Kate: in sooth, you 'scape not so.

Kath. I chafe you, if I tarry; let me go.

Pet. No, not a whit. I find you passing gentle:

'Twas told me, you were rough, and coy, and sullen,

And now I find report a very liar;

For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous,

But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers:

Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,

Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will;

Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk;

But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,

With gentle conference, soft and affable.

Why does the world report that Kate doth limp?

O slanderous world! Kate, like the hazel-twigg,

Is straight, and slender; and as brown in hue,

As hazel-nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.

O, let me see thee walk: thou dost not halt.

Kath. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command.

Pet. Did ever Dian so become a grove,

As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?

O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate;

And then let Kate be chaste, and Dian sportful.

We follow the original, which is clearly right. *Buz* is an interjection of ridicule, as in Hamlet:—

"Pol. The actors are come hither, my lord.

Ham. Buz, buz!"

⁴ *Craven*. A *craven* cock and a *craven* knight were each contemptible. The knight who had *craven*, or craved, life from an antagonist, was branded with the name which he had uttered in preferring safety to honour. The terms of chivalry and cock-fighting were synonymous in the feudal times, as those of the cock-pit and the boxing-ring are equivalent now. To show a white feather is now a term of pugilism, derived from the ruffled plumes of the frightened bird.

Kath. Where did you study all this goodly speech?

Pet. It is extempore, from my mother-wit.

Kath. A witty mother! witless else her son.

Pet. Am I not wise?

Kath. Yes; keep you warm.

Pet. Marry, so I mean, sweet Katharine, in thy bed:
And therefore, setting all this chat aside,
Thus in plain terms:—Your father hath consented
That you shall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on;
And, will you, nill you, I will marry you.
Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn;
For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,
(Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well,)
Thou must be married to no man but me;
For I am he am born to tame you, Kate;
And bring you from a wild Kate¹ to a Kate
Conformable, as other household Kates.
Here comes your father; never make denial,
I must and will have Katharine to my wife.

Re-enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, and TRANIO.

Bap. Now, signior Petrucio: How speed you with my daughter?

Pet. How but well, sir? how but well?
It were impossible I should speed amiss.

Bap. Why, how now, daughter Katharine? in your dumps?

Kath. Call you me daughter? now I promise you,
You have show'd a tender fatherly regard,
To wish me wed to one half lunatic;
A mad-cap ruffian, and a swearing Jack,
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

Pet. Father, 'tis thus,—yourself and all the world,
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her;
If she be curst, it is for policy:
For she's not froward, but modest as the dove;
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn;
For patience she will prove a second Grissel;
And Roman Lucrece for her chastity:
And to conclude,—we have 'greed so well together,
That upon Sunday is the wedding-day.

Kath. I'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first.

Gre. Hark, Petrucio! she says she'll see thee hang'd first.

Tra. Is this your speeding? nay, then, good night our part!

Pet. Be patient, gentlemen; I choose her for myself;
If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?
'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,
That she shall still be curst in company.
I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe
How much she loves me: O, the kindest Kate!
She hung about my neck; and kiss on kiss
She vied so fast, protesting oath on oath,
That in a twink she won me to her love.
O, you are novices! 'tis a world to see,
How tame, when men and women are alone,
A meacock wretch can make the curstest shrew.
Give me thy hand, Kate: I will unto Venice,
To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day:^c
Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests;
I will be sure my Katharine shall be fine.

Bap. I know not what to say: but give me your hands;
God send you joy, Petrucio! 'tis a match.

Gre., Tra. Amen, say we; we will be witnesses.

Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu;
I will to Venice; Sunday comes apace:
We will have rings, and things, and fine array;
And kiss me, Kate, we will be married o' Sunday.

[*Exeunt PETRUCIO and KATHARINA severally.*]

Gre. Was ever match clapp'd up so suddenly?

Bap. 'Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's part,
And venture madly on a desperate mart.

Tra. 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you;
'Twill bring you gain, or perish on the seas.

Bap. The gain I seek is—quiet in the match.

Gre. No doubt, but he hath got a quiet catch.
But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter;
Now is the day we long have looked for;
I am your neighbour, and was suitor first.

Tra. And I am one that love Bianca more
Than words can witness, or your thoughts can guess.

Gre. Youngling! thou canst not love so dear as I.

Tra. Grey-beard! thy love doth freeze.

Gre.

But thine doth fry.

Skipper, stand back; 'tis age that nourisheth.

Tra. But youth, in ladies' eyes that flourisheth.

Bap. Content you, gentlemen; I will compound this strife:

'Tis deeds must win the prize; and he, of both,
That can assure my daughter greatest dower,
Shall have my Bianca's love.

Say, signior Gremio, what can you assure her?

Gre. First, as you know, my house within the city
Is richly furnished with plate and gold;
Basons, and ewers, to lave her dainty hands;
My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry:
In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns;
In cypress chests my arras, counterpoints,²
Costly apparel, tents and canopies,
Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl,
Valance of Venice gold in needle-work,
Pewter and brass, and all things that belong
To house, or housekeeping: then, at my farm,
I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,
Sixscore fat oxen standing in my stalls,
And all things answerable to this portion.
Myself am struck in years, I must confess;
And, if I die to-morrow, this is hers,
If, whilst I live, she will be only mine.

Tra. That, only, came well in. Sir, list to me:
I am my father's heir, and only son;
If I may have your daughter to my wife,
I'll leave her houses three or four as good,
Within rich Pisa walls, as any one
Old signior Gremio has in Padua;
Besides two thousand ducats by the year,
Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure.
What! have I pinch'd you, signior Gremio?

Gre. Two thousand ducats by the year of land!
My land amounts not to so much in all:
That she shall have; besides an argosy
That now is lying in Marseilles' road.³
What! have I chok'd you with an argosy?

Tra. Gremio, 'tis known my father hath no less
Than three great argosies; besides two galliasses,⁴
And twelve tight galleys: these I will assure her,
And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'st next.

Gre. Nay, I have offer'd all, I have no more;
And she can have no more than all I have.
If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

Tra. Why, then the maid is mine from all the world,
By your firm promise. Gremio is outvied.

Bap. I must confess your offer is the best;
And, let your father make her the assurance,
She is your own; else, you must pardon me:
If you should die before him, where's her dower?

Tra. That's but a cavil; he is old, I young.

Gre. And may not young men die as well as old?

¹ *Kate* in the first folio, *Kat* in the second.

² *Counterpoints* and *counterpanes* are the same. These coverlets were composed of counter panes or points, of various colours, contrasting with each other.

³ Gremio's land was not worth "two thousand ducats by the year;" but he

made up the deficiency by "an argosy." Du Cange says that *argosy* is derived from *Argo*, the fabulous name of the first ship.

⁴ *Galliass*—galley, galleon, galleot, were vessels of burthen, navigated both with sails and oars.

Bap. Well, gentlemen,
I am thus resolv'd :—On Sunday next you know
My daughter Katharine is to be married :
Now, on the Sunday following, shall Bianca
Be bride to you, if you make this assurance ;
If not, to signior Gremio :
And so I take my leave, and thank you both. *[Exit.*
Gre. Adieu, good neighbour.—Now I fear thee not ;
Sirrah, young gamester, your father were a fool
To give thee all, and, in his waning age,
Set foot under thy table : Tut ! a toy !
An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy. *[Exit.*
Tra. A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide !
Yet I have faced it with a card of ten.¹
'Tis in my head to do my master good :—
I see no reason, but suppos'd Lucentio
Must get a father call'd—suppos'd Vincentio,
And that's a wonder : fathers, commonly,
Do get their children ; but, in this case of wooing,
A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my cunning. *[Exit.*

RECENT NEW READING.

Sc. I. p. 144.—“ She is not hot, but temperate as the *morn*.”
“ She is not hot, but temperate as the *moon*.”—*Collier*.
Mr. Collier says *moon*, “in reference to the chaste coldness of the moon, was doubtless the true word.” But if authority were necessary for the retention of *morn* in connection with *temperate*, Shakspeare might furnish it :—
“ Modest as morning, when she coldly eyes
The youthful Phoebus.”
Troilus and Cressida, Act I. Sc. III.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Room in Baptista's House.

Enter LUCENTIO, HORTENSIO, and BIANCA.

Luc. Fiddler, forbear ; you grow too forward, sir :
Have you so soon forgot the entertainment
Her sister Katharine welcom'd you withal ?
Hor. But, wrangling pedant, this is
The patroness of heavenly harmony :
Then give me leave to have prerogative ;
And when in music we have spent an hour,
Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.
Luc. Preposterous ass ! that never read so far
To know the cause why music was ordain'd !
Was it not, to refresh the mind of man,
After his studies, or his usual pain ?
Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And, while I pause, serve in your harmony.
Hor. Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine.
Bian. Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong,
To strive for that which resteth in my choice :
I am no breeching scholar in the schools ;
I'll not be tied to hours, nor 'pointed times,
But learn my lessons as I please myself.
And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down :
Take you your instrument, play you the whiles ;
His lecture will be done ere you have tun'd.
Hor. You'll leave his lecture when I am in tune ?
[To BIANCA.—HORTENSIO retires.
Luc. That will be never ;—tune your instrument.
Bian. Where left we last ?
Luc. Here, madam :—
Hac ibat Simois ; hic est Sigeia tellus ;
Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.
Bian. Construe them.

Card of ten—a proverbial expression, as old as Skelton :—

First pick a quarrel, and fall out with him then,
And so outface him with a *card of ten*.”

² But I be deceiv'd—unless I be deceived.

Luc. *Hac ibat*, as I told you before,—*Simois*, I am Lucentio,—*hic est*, son unto Vincentio of Pisa,—*Sigeia tellus*, disguised thus to get your love ;—*Hic steterat*, and that Lucentio that comes a wooing,—*Priami*, is my man Tranio, *regia*—bearing my port,—*celsa senis*, that we might beguile the old pantaloon.

Hor. Madam, my instrument's in tune. *[Returning.*

Bian. Let's hear ;— *[HORTENSIO plays.*

O fie ! the treble jars.

Luc. Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

Bian. Now let me see if I can construe it : *Hac ibat Simois*, I know you not ; *hic est Sigeia tellus*, I trust you not ;—*Hic steterat Priami*, take heed he hear us not ;—*regia*, presume not ;—*celsa senis*, despair not.

Hor. Madam, 'tis now in tune.

Luc. All but the base.

Hor. The base is right ; 'tis the base knave that jars.
How fiery and forward our pedant is !

Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love :

Pedascule, I'll watch you better yet.

Bian. In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.

Luc. Mistrust it not ; for, sure, *Æacides*
Was Ajax,—called so from his grandfather.

Bian. I must believe my master ; else, I promise you,
I should be arguing still upon that doubt :

But let it rest.—Now, Licio, to you :—

Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray,

That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

Hor. You may go walk, *[to LUCENTIO]* and give me leave awhile ;

My lessons make no music in three parts.

Luc. Are you so formal, sir ? well, I must wait,

And watch withal ; for, but I be deceiv'd,²

Our fine musician groweth amorous. *[Aside.*

Hor. Madam, before you touch the instrument,

To learn the order of my fingering,

I must begin with rudiments of art ;

To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,

More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,

Than hath been taught by any of my trade :

And there it is in writing, fairly drawn.

Bian. Why, I am past my gamut long ago.

Hor. Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.

Bian. *[Reads.]* Gamut I am, the ground of all accord,

A re, to plead Hortensio's passion ;

B mi, Bianca, take him for thy lord,

C fa ut, that loves with all affection :

D sol re, one cliff, two notes have I ;

E la mi, show pity, or I die.³

Call you this gamut ? tut ! I like it not :

Old fashions please me best ; I am not so nice,

To change true rules for odd inventions.³

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mistress, your father prays you leave your books,

And help to dress your sister's chamber up ;

You know, to-morrow is the wedding-day.

Bian. Farewell, sweet masters, both ; I must be gone.

[Exeunt BIANCA and Serv.

Luc. 'Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay.

[Exit.

Hor. But I have cause to pry into this pedant ;

Methinks, he looks as though he were in love :

Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble,

To cast thy wand'ring eyes on every stale,

Seize thee that list : If once I find thee ranging,

Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing. *[Exit.*

³ The original reads—

“To charge true rules for old inventions.”

These alterations, which were made by the editor of the second folio, and by Theobald, are not violent, and belong to the class of typographical corrections.

SCENE II.—*The same. Before Baptista's House.*

Enter BAPTISTA, TRANIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA,
LUCENTIO, and Attendants.

Bap. Signior Lucentio, [*to* TRANIO] this is the 'pointed day

That Katharine and Petrucio should be married,
And yet we hear not of our son-in-law:

What will be said? what mockery will it be,
To want the bridegroom, when the priest attends
To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage?

What says Lucentio to this shame of ours?

Kath. No shame but mine: I must, forsooth, be forc'd
To give my hand, oppos'd against my heart,
Unto a mad-brain rudesby, full of spleen;
Who woo'd in haste, and means to wed at leisure.
I told you, I, he was a frantic fool,
Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour:
And, to be noted for a merry man,
He'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage,
Make friends, invite them, and proclaim the banns;
Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.
Now must the world point at poor Katharine,
And say,—“Lo, there is mad Petrucio's wife,
If it would please him come and marry her.”

Tra. Patience, good Katharine, and Baptista too;
Upon my life, Petrucio means but well,
Whatever fortune stays him from his word:
Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise;
Though he be merry, yet withal he's honest.

Kath. 'Would Katharine had never seen him, though!

[*Exit, weeping, followed by* BIANCA, and others.]

Bap. Go, girl; I cannot blame thee now to weep;
For such an injury would vex a saint,
Much more a shrew of thy impatient humour.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. Master, master! news, old news,¹ and such news
as you never heard of!

Bap. Is it new and old too? how may that be?

Bion. Why, is it not news, to hear of Petrucio's coming?

Bap. Is he come?

Bion. Why, no, sir.

Bap. What then?

Bion. He is coming.

Bap. When will he be here?

Bion. When he stands where I am, and sees you there.

Tra. But, say, what:—To thine old news.

Bion. Why, Petrucio is coming, in a new hat and an old jerkin; a pair of old breeches, thrice turned; a pair of boots that have been candle-cases, one buckled, another laced; an old rusty sword ta'en out of the town armoury, with a broken hilt, and chapeless; with two broken points:² His horse hipped with an old mothy saddle, and stirrups of no kindred: besides, possessed with the glanders, and like to mose in the chine; troubled with the lampass, infected with the fashions,³ full of wind-galls, sped with spavins, railed with the yellows, past cure of the fives, stark spoiled with the staggers, begnawn with the bots; swayed in the back, and shoulder-shotten; ne'er legg'd before; and with a half-checked bit, and a head-stall of sheep's leather, which, being restrained to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and now repaired with knots; one girth six times pieced, and a

woman's crupper of velure,⁴ which hath two letters for her name, fairly set down in studs, and here and there pieced with packthread.⁵

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion. O, sir, his lackey, for all the world caparisoned like the horse; with a linen stock⁶ on one leg, and a kersey boot-hose on the other, gartered with a red and blue list; an old hat, and *The humour of forty fancies* pricked in't for a feather:⁶ a monster, a very monster in apparel; and not like a Christian footboy, or a gentleman's lackey.

Tra. 'Tis some odd humour pricks him to this fashion; Yet oftentimes he goes but mean apparel'd.

Bap. I am glad he is come, howsoe'er he comes.

Bion. Why, sir, he comes not.

Bap. Didst thou not say, he comes?

Bion. Who? that Petrucio came?

Bap. Ay, that Petrucio came.

Bion. No, sir; I say, his horse comes with him on his back.

Bap. Why, that's all one.

Bion. Nay, by Saint Jamy, I hold you a penny,
A horse and a man is more than one, and yet not many.

Enter PETRUCIO and GRUMIO.

Pet. Come, where be these gallants? who's at home?

Bap. You are welcome, sir.

Pet. And yet I come not well.

Bap. And yet you halt not.

Tra. Not so well apparel'd

As I wish you were.

Pet. Were it better I should rush in thus.

But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride?

How does my father?—Gentles, methinks you frown:

And wherefore gaze this goodly company;

As if they saw some wondrous monument,

Some comet, or unusual prodigy?

Bap. Why, sir, you know, this is your wedding-day:

First we were sad, fearing you would not come;

Now sadder, that you come so unprovided.

Fie! doff this habit, shame to your estate,

An eye-sore to our solemn festival.

Tra. And tell us, what occasion of import

Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,

And sent you hither so unlike yourself?

Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear:

Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word,

Though in some part enforced to digress;

Which, at more leisure, I will so excuse

As you shall well be satisfied withal.

But, where is Kate? I stay too long from her;

The morning wears, 'tis time we were at church.

Tra. See not your bride in these unreverent robes;
Go to my chamber, put on clothes of mine.

Pet. Not I, believe me; thus I'll visit her.

Bap. But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.

Pet. Good sooth, even thus; therefore ha' done with words;

To me she's married, not unto my clothes:

Could I repair what she will wear in me,

As I can change these poor accoutrements,

'Twere well for Kate, and better for myself.

But what a fool am I, to chat with you,

When I should bid good-morrow to my bride.

And seal the title with a lovely kiss!

[*Exeunt* PETRUCIO, GRUMIO, and BIONDELLO.]

¹ *Old news*—rare news. The words, however, are not in the original, being added by Rowe. But they are necessary for the context.

² *Two broken points*. Johnson says, “How a sword should have two broken points I cannot tell.” The *points* were amongst the most costly and elegant parts of the dress of Elizabeth's time; and to have *two broken* was certainly indicative of more than ordinary slovenliness.

³ *Fashions*—the farcins or farcy. In Greene's “Looking-glass for London and

England” we have mentioned, amongst the “outward diseases” of a horse, “the spavin, splent, ringbone, windgall, and *fashion*.”

⁴ *Velure*—velvet.

⁵ *Stock*—stocking.

⁶ *The humour of forty fancies* was, it is conjectured by Warburton, a slight collection of ballads, or short poems, which Petrucio's lackey pricked in his hat for a feather.

Tra. He hath some meaning in his mad attire :
We will persuade him, be it possible,
To put on better ere he go to church.

Bap. I'll after him, and see the event of this. [Exit.

Tra. But, sir, to love¹ concerneth us to add
Her father's liking : Which to bring to pass,
As I before imparted to your worship,
I am to get a man,—whate'er he be,
It skills not much ; we'll fit him to our turn,—
And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa ;
And make assurance, here in Padua,
Of greater sums than I have promised.
So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,
And marry sweet Bianca with consent.

Luc. Were it not that my fellow schoolmaster
Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,
'Twere good, methinks, to steal our marriage ;
Which once perform'd, let all the world say—no,
I'll keep mine own, despite of all the world.

Tra. That by degrees we mean to look into,
And watch our vantage in this business :
We'll over-reach the greybeard, Gremio,
The narrow-prying father, Minola,
The quaint musician, amorous Licio ;
All for my master's sake, Lucentio.

Enter GREMIO.

Signior Gremio ! came you from the church ?

Gre. As willingly as e'er I came from school.

Tra. And is the bride and bridegroom coming home ?

Gre. A bridegroom, say you ? 'tis a groom indeed,
A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.

Tra. Curster than she ? why, 'tis impossible.

Gre. Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.

Tra. Why, she's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.

Gre. Tut ! she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him.

I'll tell you, sir Lucentio ; When the priest
Should ask—if Katharine should be his wife,
"Ay, by gogs-wouns," quoth he ; and swore so loud
That, all amaz'd, the priest let fall the book :
And, as he stoop'd again to take it up,
This mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff,
That down fell priest and book, and book and priest ;
"Now take them up," quoth he, "if any list."

Tra. What said the wench, when he arose again ?

Gre. Trembled and shook ; for why, he stamp'd, and
swore,

As if the vicar meant to cozen him.
But after many ceremonies done,
He calls for wine :—"A health," quoth he,^c as if
He had been aboard, carousing to his mates
After a storm :—Quaff'd off the muscadel,
And threw the sops all in the sexton's face ;
Having no other reason,—
But that his beard grew thin and hungerly,
And seem'd to ask him sops as he was drinking.
This done, he took the bride about the neck,
And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack,
That, at the parting, all the church did echo.
And I, seeing this, came thence for very shame ;
And after me, I know, the rout is coming :
Such a mad marriage never was before.
Hark, hark ! I hear the minstrels play. [Music.

*Enter PETRUCIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA, BAPTISTA,
HORTENSIO, GRUMIO, and Train.*

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains :
I know, you think to dine with me to-day,

¹ *To love.* The word *to* is omitted in the folio. Malone added *her* as well as *to*, which appears unnecessary.

And have prepar'd great store of wedding cheer ;
But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,
And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

Bap. Is't possible you will away to-night ?

Pet. I must away to-day, before night come :^a
Make it no wonder ; if you knew my business,
You would entreat me rather go than stay.
And, honest company, I thank you all,
That have beheld me give away myself
To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife.
Dine with my father, drink a health to me ;
For I must hence, and farewell to you all.

Tra. Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.

Pet. It may not be.

Gre. Let me entreat you.

Pet. It cannot be.

Kath. Let me entreat you.

Pet. I am content.

Kath. Are you content to stay ?

Pet. I am content you shall entreat me stay ;
But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.

Kath. Now, if you love me, stay.

Pet. Grumio, my horse.²

Grum. Ay, sir, they be ready ; the oats have eaten the
horses.

Kath. Nay, then,

Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day ;
No, nor to-morrow, nor till I please myself.
The door is open, sir, there lies your way,
You may be jogging whiles your boots are green ;
For me, I'll not be gone, till I please myself :
'Tis like, you'll prove a jolly surly groom,
That take it on you at the first so roundly.

Pet. O Kate, content thee ; prithee be not angry.

Kath. I will be angry. What hast thou to do ?
Father, be quiet : he shall stay my leisure.

Gre. Ay, marry, sir : now it begins to work.

Kath. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner :
I see, a woman may be made a fool,
If she had not a spirit to resist.

Pet. They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command :
Obey the bride, you that attend on her :
Go to the feast, revel and domineer,
Carouse full measure to her maidenhead,
Be mad and merry,—or go hang yourselves ;
But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.
Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret ;
I will be master of what is mine own :
She is my goods, my chattels ; she is my house,
My household-stuff, my field, my barn,
My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing ;
And here she stands, touch her whoever dare ;
I'll bring mine action on the proudest he
That stops my way in Padua. Grumio,
Draw forth thy weapon, we are beset with thieves ;
Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man :—
Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee, Kate ;
I'll buckler thee against a million.

[*Exeunt PETRUCIO, KATHARINA, and GRUMIO.*

Bap. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

Gre. Went they not quickly I should die with laughing.

Tra. Of all mad matches, never was the like !

Luc. Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister ?

Bian. That, being mad herself, she's madly mated.

Gre. I warrant him, Petrucio is Kated.

Bap. Neighbours and friends, though bride and bride-
groom wants

For to supply the places at the table,
You know there wants no junkets at the feast ;
Lucentio, you shall supply the bridegroom's place ;
And let Bianca take her sister's room.

² *Horse* is here used in the plural.

Tra. Shall sweet Bianca practise how to bride it?

Bap. She shall, Lucentio.—Come, gentlemen, let's go.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A Hall in Petrucio's Country House.

Enter GRUMIO.

Gru. Fie, fie, on all tired jades! on all mad masters! and all foul ways! Was ever man so beaten? was ever man so rayed?¹ was ever man so weary? I am sent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them. Now, were not I a little pot, and soon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me:—But, I, with blowing the fire, shall warm myself; for, considering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold. Holla, hoa! Curtis!

Enter CURTIS.

Curt. Who is that calls so coldly?

Gru. A piece of ice:^a If thou doubt it, thou may'st slide from my shoulder to my heel, with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis.

Curt. Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

Gru. O, ay, Curtis, ay: and therefore fire, fire; cast on no water.

Curt. Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported?

Gru. She was, good Curtis, before this frost: but, thou know'st, winter tames man, woman, and beast; for it hath tamed my old master, and my new mistress, and myself,² fellow Curtis.

Curt. Away, you three inch fool! I am no beast.

Gru. Am I but three inches? why, thy horn is a foot; and so long am I at the least. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand (she being now at hand,) thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office?

Curt. I prithee, good Grumio, tell me, How goes the world?

Gru. A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine; and, therefore, fire: Do thy duty, and have thy duty; for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

Curt. There's fire ready; And, therefore, good Grumio, the news?

Gru. Why, *Jack, boy! ho, boy!*^b and as much news as thou wilt.

Curt. Come, you are so full of conycatching.

Gru. Why, therefore, fire; for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook? is supper ready, the house trimmed, rushes strewed, cobwebs swept; the serving-men in their new fustian, the white stockings, and every officer his wedding garment on? Be the jacks fair within, the jills fair without,³ the carpets laid,⁴ and everything in order?

Curt. All ready. And, therefore, I pray thee, news?

Gru. First, know, my horse is tired; my master and mistress fallen out.

Curt. How?

Gru. Out of their saddles into the dirt. And thereby hangs a tale.

Curt. Let's ha't, good Grumio.

Gru. Lend thine ear.

Curt. Here.

Gru. There.

[*Striking him.*]

Curt. This 'tis to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

Gru. And therefore 'tis called, a sensible tale: and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listening. Now I begin: *Imprimis*, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress:—

Curt. Both on one horse?

Gru. What's that to thee?

Curt. Why, a horse.

Gru. Tell thou the tale:—But hadst thou not crossed me, thou shouldst have heard how her horse fell, and she under her horse; thou shouldst have heard, in how miry a place: how she was bemoiled;⁵ how he left her with the horse upon her; how he beat me because her horse stumbled; how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me; how he swore; how she prayed, that never pray'd before; how I cried; how the horses ran away; how her bridle was burst; how I lost my crupper; with many things of worthy memory, which now shall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienced to thy grave.

Curt. By this reckoning, he is more shrew than she.

Gru. Ay, and that thou and the proudest of you all shall find, when he comes home. But what talk I of this?—Call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugar-sop, and the rest. Let their heads be sleekly combed, their blue coats brushed, and their garters of an indifferent knit:⁶ let them curtsy with their left legs; and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horse-tail, till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready?

Curt. They are.

Gru. Call them forth.

Curt. Do you hear, oh? you must meet my master, to countenance my mistress.

Gru. Why, she hath a face of her own.

Curt. Who knows not that?

Gru. Thou, it seems, that callest for company to countenance her.

Curt. I call them forth to credit her.

Gru. Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Enter several Servants.

Nath. Welcome home, Grumio.

Phil. How now, Grumio?

Jos. What, Grumio!

Nich. Fellow Grumio!

Nath. How now, old lad?

Gru. Welcome, you;—how now, you;—what, you;—fellow, you;—and thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?

Nath. All things is ready: how near is our master?

Gru. E'en at hand, alighted by this: and therefore be not,—Cock's passion, silence!—I hear my master.

Enter PETRUCIO and KATHARINA.

Pet. Where be these knaves?^c What, no man at door, To hold my stirrup, nor to take my horse? Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?

All Serv. Here, here, sir; here, sir.

Pet. Here, sir! here, sir! here, sir! here, sir! You logger-headed and unpolish'd grooms!

What, no attendance? no regard? no duty?

Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

Gru. Here, sir; as foolish as I was before.

¹ *Rayed*—covered with mire, sullied. As in Spenser (*Fairy Queen*, b. vi. c. v.):—

“From his soft eyes the tears he wiped away,
And from his face the filth that did it ray.”

² *Myself*. Some would read *thysself*, because Curtis says, “I am no beast.” But Grumio calling himself a beast, has also called Curtis *fellow*—hence the offence.

³ *Jacks* were leathern drinking vessels—*jills*, cups or measures of metal. The leathern jugs were to be kept clean within—the pewter ones bright without. But Grumio is quibbling upon the application of *jills* to maids and *jacks* to men.

⁴ *Carpets laid*—to cover the tables. The floors were strewed with rushes.

⁵ *Bemoiled*—bemired.

⁶ *Indifferent knit*. Malone conjectures that party-coloured garters are here meant.

Pet. You peasant swain! you whoreson malt-horse drudge!

Did I not bid thee meet me in the park,
And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?

Gru. Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made,
And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i' the heel;
There was no link to colour Peter's hat,
And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing:
There were none fine but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory;
The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly;
Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.

Pet. Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.—

[*Exeunt some of the Servants.*]

*Where is the life that late I led—*¹ [*Sings.*]
Where are those—Sit down, Kate, and welcome.
Soud, soud, soud, soud!²

Re-enter Servants, with supper.

Why, when, I say?—Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.
Off with my boots, you rogues, you villains; When?

It was the friar of orders grey, [*Sings.*]
As he forth walked on his way:—^a

Out, out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry:
Take that, and mend the plucking of the other.—

[*Strikes him.*]

Be merry, Kate:—Some water here; what, ho!
Where's my spaniel Troilus?—Sirrah, get you hence,
And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither:

[*Exit Servant.*]

One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted with.
Where are my slippers?—Shall I have some water?

[*A bason is presented to him.*]

Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily:—

[*Servant lets the ewer fall.*]

You whoreson villain! will you let it fall? [*Strikes him.*]

Kath. Patience, I pray you; 'twas a fault unwilling.

Pet. A whoreson, beetle-headed, flap-ear'd knave!
Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have a stomach.
Will you give thanks, sweet Kate, or else shall I?—
What is this? mutton?

I Serv.

Ay.

Pet.

Who brought it?

I Serv.

I.

Pet. 'Tis burnt; and so is all the meat:
What dogs are these?—Where is the rascal cook?
How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,
And serve it thus to me that love it not?
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all:

[*Throws the meat, &c., about the stage.*]

You heedless jolthead, and unmanner'd slaves!
What, do you grumble? I'll be with you straight.

Kath. I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet;
The meat was well, if you were so contented.

Pet. I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt and dried away;
And I expressly am forbid to touch it,
For it engenders choler, planteth anger;
And better 'twere that both of us did fast,
Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choleric,
Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.
Be patient; to-morrow it shall be mended,
And, for this night, we'll fast for company:
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.

[*Exeunt PETRUCIO, KATHARINA, and CURTIS.*]

Nath. [*Advancing.*] Peter, didst ever see the like?

Peter. He kills her in her own humour.

Re-enter CURTIS.

Gru. Where is he?

Curt. In her chamber,

Making a sermon of continency to her:

And rails, and swears, and rates; that she, poor soul,
Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak;
And sits as one new-risen from a dream.

Away, away! for he is coming hither.

[*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter PETRUCIO.

Pet. Thus have I politicly begun my reign,
And 'tis my hope to end successfully:
My falcon now is sharp, and passing empty:
And, till she stoop, she must not be full-gorg'd,
For then she never looks upon her lure.
Another way I have to man my haggard,³
To make her come, and know her keeper's call,
That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites,
That bate, and beat, and will not be obedient.
She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat;
Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall not;
As with the meat, some undeserved fault
I'll find about the making of the bed;
And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,
This way the coverlet, another way the sheets:—
Ay, and amid this hurly, I intend,
That all is done in reverend care of her;
And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night:
And, if she chance to nod, I'll rail and brawl,
And with the clamour keep her still awake.
This is a way to kill a wife with kindness;
And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong humour:
He that knows better how to tame a shrew,
Now let him speak; 'tis charity to show.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—Padua. Before Baptista's House.

Enter TRANIO and HORTENSIO.

Tra. Is't possible, friend Licio, that mistress Bianca
Doth fancy any other but Lucentio?

I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.

Hor. Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said,
Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.

[*They stand aside.*]

Enter BIANCA and LUCENTIO.

Luc. Now, mistress, profit you in what you read

Bian. What, master, read you? first resolve me that.

Luc. I read that I profess, the art to love.

Bian. And may you prove, sir, master of your art!

Luc. While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my heart.
[*They retire.*]

Hor. Quick proceeders, marry! Now, tell me, I pray,
You that durst swear that your mistress Bianca
Lov'd none in the world so well as Lucentio.

Tra. O despiteful love! unconstant womankind!
I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.

Hor. Mistake no more: I am not Licio,
Nor a musician, as I seem to be;
But one that scorn to live in this disguise,
For such a one as leaves a gentleman,
And makes a god of such a cullion:
Know, sir, that I am called Hortensio.

Tra. Signior Hortensio, I have often heard
Of your entire affection to Bianca;
And since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,
I will with you,—if you be so contented,—
Forswear Bianca, and her love for ever.

Hor. See, how they kiss and court! Signior Lucentio,
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow

¹ In "A Handful of Pleasant Delites," 1584, this is the title of a "new Sonet."

² Malone thinks these words are meant to express the noise made by a person heated and fatigued.

³ To man my haggard—to tame my wild hawk.

Never to woo her more ; but do forswear her,
As one unworthy all the former favours
That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.

Tra. And here I take the like unfeigned oath,
Never to marry with her though she would entreat :
Fie on her ! see, how beastly she doth court him.

Hor. 'Would all the world, but he, had quite forsworn !
For me, that I may surely keep mine oath,
I will be married to a wealthy widow
Ere three days pass ; which hath as long lov'd me,
As I have lov'd this proud disdainful haggard :
And so farewell, signior Lucentio.
Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love : and so I take my leave,
In resolution as I swore before.

[*Exit HORTENSIO.*—*LUCENTIO and BIANCA advance.*

Tra. Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace
As 'longeth to a lover's blessed case !
Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love ;
And have forsworn you with Hortensio.

Bian. Tranio, you jest. But have you both forsworn me ?

Tra. Mistress, we have.

Luc. Then we are rid of Licio.

Tra. I' faith, he'll have a lusty widow now,
That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day.

Bian. God give him joy !

Tra. Ay, and he'll tame her.

Bian. He says so, Tranio.

Tra. 'Faith, he is gone unto the taming-school.

Bian. The taming-school ! what, is there such a place ?

Tra. Ay, mistress, and Petrucio is the master ;
That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,
To tame a shrew, and charm her chattering tongue.

Enter BIONDELLO, running.

Bion. O master, master, I have watch'd so long
That I'm dog-weary ; but at last I spied
An ancient engle¹ coming down the hill,
Will serve the turn.

Tra. What is he, Biondello ?

Bion. Master, a mercatante, or a pedant,
I know not what ; but formal in apparel,
In gait and countenance surely like a father.

Luc. And what of him, Tranio ?

Tra. If he be credulous, and trust my tale,
I'll make him glad to seem Vincentio ;
And give assurance to Baptista Minola,
As if he were the right Vincentio.
Take in your love, and then let me alone.

[*Exeunt LUCENTIO and BIANCA.*

Enter a PEDANT.

Ped. God save you, sir !

Tra. And you, sir ! you are welcome.
Travel you far on, or are you at the farthest ?

Ped. Sir, at the farthest for a week or two ;
But then up farther ; and as far as Rome ;
And so to Tripoli, if God lend me life.

Tra. What countryman, I pray ?

Ped. Of Mantua.

Tra. Of Mantua, sir ?—marry, God forbid !

And come to Padua, careless of your life ?

Ped. My life, sir ! how, I pray ? for that goes hard.

Tra. 'Tis death for any one in Mantua
To come to Padua. Know you not the cause ?
Your ships are staid at Venice ; and the duke
(For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him,)
Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly :
'Tis marvel ; but that you are but newly come,
You might have heard it else proclaim'd about.

Ped. Alas, sir, it is worse for me than so ;
For I have bills for money by exchange
From Florence, and must here deliver them.

Tra. Well, sir, to do you courtesy,
This will I do, and this I will advise you :
First, tell me, have you ever been at Pisa ?

Ped. Ay, sir, in Pisa have I often been ;
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens.

Tra. Among them, know you one Vincentio ?

Ped. I know him not, but I have heard of him ;
A merchant of incomparable wealth.

Tra. He is my father, sir ; and, sooth to say,
In countenance somewhat doth resemble you.

Bion. As much as an apple doth an oyster, and all one.

[*Aside.*

Tra. To save your life in this extremity,
This favour will I do you for his sake ;
And think it not the worst of all your fortunes,
That you are like to sir Vincentio.
His name and credit shall you undertake,
And in my house you shall be friendly lodg'd.
Look, that you take upon you as you should ;
You understand me, sir ;—so shall you stay
Till you have done your business in the city :
If this be courtesy, sir, accept of it.

Ped. O, sir, I do ; and will repute you ever
The patron of my life and liberty.

Tra. Then go with me, to make the matter good.
This, by the way, I let you understand ;
My father is here look'd for every day,
To pass assurance of a dower in marriage
'Twixt me and one Baptista's daughter here :
In all these circumstances I'll instruct you :
Go with me, sir, to clothe you as becomes you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—A Room in Petrucio's House.

Enter KATHARINA and GRUMIO.

Gru. No, no ; forsooth, I dare not, for my life.^c

Kath. The more my wrong, the more his spite appears :
What, did he marry me to famish me ?
Beggars that come unto my father's door,
Upon entreaty, have a present alms ;
If not, elsewhere they meet with charity :
But I, who never knew how to entreat,
Nor never needed that I should entreat,²
Am starv'd for meat, giddy for lack of sleep ;
With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed :
And that which spites me more than all these wants,
He does it under name of perfect love ;
As who should say, if I should sleep, or eat,

the text of every succeeding one. In the same manner, of the well-known lines in Hamlet—

“ Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine,”

the middle line is omitted in Reed's edition, and the blunder is copied in Chalmers's. No book was more incorrectly printed than the booksellers' stereotype edition of Shakspeare in one volume. In this very play we had *abroad* for *aboard*—*too* for *to*—*forward* for *foward*—besides errors of punctuation in abundance. And yet the typographical errors of the first folio, printed from a manuscript, are always visited by some commentators with the severest reprehension.

¹ *Engle.* The original copy, as well as modern editions, read *angel*. But Theobald and others suggested that the word should be *engle*, a gull. Tranio intends to deceive the Pedant, “if he be credulous.” Ben Jonson several times uses *enghle* in this sense ; and Gifford has no doubt that the same word is meant in the passage before us. Mr. Dyce somewhat inclines to the original reading of *angel*, citing a passage from Cotgrave's Dictionary, “*Angelot a la grosse escaille, an old angel*,” and by metaphor, a fellow of the old, sound, honest, and worthwhile stamp.” Tranio requires a respectable-looking man to pass for Vincentio.

² This line had been omitted in every edition of Shakspeare of the present century, when our “Pictorial” was originally published. We then took some pains to trace the origin of this typographical blunder, and found that the line was first left out in Reed's edition of 1803. This, being the standard edition, has furnished

'Twere deadly sickness, or else present death.
I prithee go, and get me some repast;
I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

Gru. What say you to a neat's foot?

Kath. 'Tis passing good; I prithee let me have it.

Gru. I fear, it is too choleric a meat:

How say you to a fat tripe, finely broil'd?

Kath. I like it well; good Grumio, fetch it me.

Gru. I cannot tell; I fear, 'tis choleric.

What say you to a piece of beef, and mustard?

Kath. A dish that I do love to feed upon.

Gru. Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.

Kath. Why, then the beef, and let the mustard rest.

Gru. Nay, then I will not; you shall have the mustard,
Or else you get no beef of Grumio.

Kath. Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.

Gru. Why, then the mustard without the beef.

Kath. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave,
[Beats him.]

That feed'st me with the very name of meat:
Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you,
That triumph thus upon my misery!
Go, get thee gone, I say.

Enter PETRUCIO, with a dish of meat; and HORTENSIO.

Pet. How fares my Kate? What, sweeting, all amort?¹

Hor. Mistress, what cheer?

Kath. 'Faith, as cold as can be.

Pet. Pluck up thy spirits, look cheerfully upon me.

Here, love; thou see'st how diligent I am,

To dress thy meat myself, and bring it thee:
[Sets the dish on a table.]

I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.

What, not a word? Nay, then thou lov'st it not;

And all my pains is sorted to no proof:

Here, take away this dish.

Kath. I pray you, let it stand.

Pet. The poorest service is repaid with thanks;

And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.

Kath. I thank you, sir.

Hor. Signior Petrucio, fie! you are to blame!

Come, mistress Kate, I'll bear you company.

Pet. Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lov'st me. [Aside.]

Much good do it unto thy gentle heart!

Kate, eat apace;—And now my honey love,

Will we return unto thy father's house;

And revel it as bravely as the best,

With silken coats, and caps, and golden rings,

With ruffs, and cuffs, and farthingales, and things;²

With scarfs, and fans, and double change of bravery,

With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery.

What, hast thou din'd? The tailor stays thy leisure,

To deck thy body with his ruffling³ treasure.

Enter Tailor.

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments;⁴

Enter Haberdasher.

Lay forth the gown.—What news with you, sir?

Hab. Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porringer;

A velvet dish;—fie, fie! 'tis lewd and filthy:

Why, 'tis a cockle, or a walnutshell,

A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap;

Away with it, come, let me have a bigger.

Kath. I'll have no bigger; this doth fit the time,

And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have one too,

And not till then.

Hor. That will not be in haste. [Aside.]

Kath. Why, sir, I trust, I may have leave to speak;

And speak I will. I am no child, no babe:

Your betters have endur'd me say my mind;

And, if you cannot, best you stop your ears.

My tongue will tell the anger of my heart;

Or else my heart, concealing it, will break;

And rather than it shall, I will be free

Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.

Pet. Why, thou say'st true; it is a paltry cap,

A custard coffin,⁴ a bauble, a silken pie:

I love thee well, in that thou lik'st it not.

Kath. Love me, or love me not, I like the cap;

And it I will have, or I will have none.

Pet. Thy gown? why, ay.—Come, tailor, let us see't.

O mercy, God! what masking stuff is here!

What's this? a sleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon:

What! up and down, carv'd like an apple tart?

Here's snip, and nip, and cut, and slish, and slash,

Like to a censer in a barber's shop:

Why, what, o' devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this?

Hor. I see, she's like to have neither cap nor gown.

[Aside.]

Tai. You bid me make it orderly and well,

According to the fashion and the time.

Pet. Marry, and did; but if you be remember'd,

I did not bid you mar it to the time.

Go, hop me over every kennel home,

For you shall hop without my custom, sir:

I'll none of it; hence, make your best of it.

Kath. I never saw a better fashion'd gown,

More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable:

Belike, you mean to make a puppet of me.

Pet. Why, true; he means to make a puppet of thee.

Tai. She says your worship means to make a puppet
of her.

Pet. O monstrous arrogance! Thou liest, thou thread,

Thou thimble,

Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail,

Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter cricket thou:

Brav'd in mine own house with a skein of thread!

Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant;

Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard,

As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou liv'st!

I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.

Tai. Your worship is deceived; the gown is made

Just as my master had direction:

Grumio gave order how it should be done.

Gru. I gave him no order; I gave him the stuff.

Tai. But how did you desire it should be made?

Gru. Marry, sir, with needle and thread.

Tai. Did you not request to have it cut?

Gru. Thou hast faced⁵ many things.

Tai. I have.

Gru. Face not me: thou hast braved⁶ many men; brave

not me. I will neither be faced nor braved. I say unto

thee—I bid thy master cut out the gown; but I did not

bid him cut it to pieces: *ergo*, thou liest.

Tai. Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify.

Pet. Read it.

¹ *All amort*—dispirited. The expression is common in the old dramatists.

² *Things*. Johnson says, "Though *things* is a poor word, yet I have no better; and perhaps the author had not another that would rhyme." It is marvellous that the lexicographer did not see how characteristic the word is of Petrucio's bold and half-satirical humour. He has used it before:—

"We will have rings and *things*, and fine array."

³ *Ruffling*. Pope changed this to *rustling*. The word was familiar to the

Elizabethan literature. In Lyly's "Euphues" we have, "Shall I *ruffle* in new devices, with chains, with bracelets, with rings, with robes?" In Ben Jonson's "Cynthia's Revels" we find, "Lady, I cannot *ruffle* it in red and yellow."

⁴ *Custard coffin*. The crust of a pie was called the coffin.

⁵ *Faced*—made facings.

⁶ *Braved*—made fine. In the old stage directions the word is commonly used in this sense. In this play we find, "Enter Tranio, *brave*."

Gru. The note lies in's throat, if he say I said so.

Tai. *Imprimis, a loose-bodied gown :*

Gru. Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown, sew me in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread : I said, a gown.

Pet. Proceed.

Tai. *With a small compassed cape ;*

Gru. I confess the cape.

Tai. *With a trunk sleeve ;*

Gru. I confess two sleeves.

Tai. *The sleeves curiously cut.*

Pet. Ay, there's the villainy.

Gru. Error i' the bill, sir ; error i' the bill. I commanded the sleeves should be cut out, and sewed up again : and that I'll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

Tai. This is true, that I say ; an I had thee in place where thou shouldst know it.

Gru. I am for thee straight : take thou the bill, give me thy mete-yard, and spare not me.

Hor. God-a-mercy, Grumio ! then he shall have no odds.

Pet. Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for me.

Gru. You are i' the right, sir ; 'tis for my mistress.

Pet. Go, take it up unto thy master's use.

Gru. Villain, not for thy life : Take up my mistress' gown for thy master's use !

Pet. Why, sir, what's your conceit in that ?

Gru. O, sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for :

Take up my mistress' gown to his master's use !

O, fie, fie, fie !

Pet. Hortensio, say thou wilt see the tailor paid :—
[*Aside.*]

Go, take it hence ; begone, and say no more.

Hor. Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow.

Take no unkindness of his hasty words :

Away, I say ; commend me to thy master. [*Exit Tailor.*]

Pet. Well, come, my Kate ; we will unto your father's,

Even in these honest mean habiliments ;

Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor :

For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich ;

And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,

So honour peereth in the meanest habit.

What, is the jay more precious than the lark,

Because his feathers are more beautiful ?

Or is the adder better than the eel,

Because his painted skin contents the eye ?

O, no, good Kate ; neither art thou the worse

For this poor furniture and mean array.

If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me :

And therefore, frolic ; we will hence forthwith,

To feast and sport us at thy father's house.

Go, call my men, and let us straight to him ;

And bring our horses unto Long-lane end,

There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.

Let's see ; I think, 'tis now some seven o'clock,

And well we may come there by dinner-time.

Kath. I dare assure you, sir, 'tis almost two ;

And 'twill be supper-time ere you come there.

Pet. It shall be seven, ere I go to horse :

Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,

You are still crossing it.—Sirs, let 't alone :

I will not go to-day ; and ere I do,

It shall be what o'clock I say it is.

Hor. Why, so ! this gallant will command the sun.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Padua. *Before Baptista's House.*

Enter TRANIO, and the PEDANT dressed like VINCENTIO.

Tra. Sir, this is the house. Please it you, that I call :

Ped. Ay, what else ? and, but I be deceived,

Signior Baptista may remember me,

Near twenty years ago, in Genoa,

Where we were lodgers at the Pegasus.

Tra. 'Tis well ; and hold your own, in any case,
With such austerity as 'longeth to a father.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Ped. I warrant you : But, sir, here comes your boy ;
'Twere good he were school'd.

Tra. Fear you not him. Sirrah Biondello,

Now do your duty thoroughly, I advise you ;

Imagine 'twere the right Vincentio.

Bion. Tut ! fear not me.

Tra. But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista ?

Bion. I told him that your father was at Venice ;
And that you look'd for him this day in Padua.

Tra. Thou'rt a tall fellow ; hold thee that to drink.
Here comes Baptista :—set your countenance, sir.

Enter BAPTISTA and LUCENTIO.

Signior Baptista, you are happily met :—

Sir, [*to the Pedant*]

This is the gentleman I told you of :

I pray you, stand good father to me now,

Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

Ped. Soft, son !

Sir, by your leave, having come to Padua
To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio
Made me acquainted with a weighty cause
Of love between your daughter and himself :
And,—for the good report I hear of you ;
And for the love he beareth to your daughter,
And she to him,—to stay him not too long,
I am content, in a good father's care,
To have him match'd ; and,—if you pleas'd to like
No worse than I, sir—upon some agreement,
Me shall you find ready and willing¹
With one consent to have her so bestow'd ;
For curious² I cannot be with you,
Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to say ;—
Your plainness and your shortness please me well.
Right true it is, your son Lucentio here
Doth love my daughter, and she loveth him,
Or both dissemble deeply their affections :
And, therefore, if you say no more than this,
That like a father you will deal with him,
And pass my daughter a sufficient dower,
The match is made, and all is done :³
Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

Tra. I thank you, sir. Where then do you know best,
We be affied ; and such assurance ta'en,
As shall with either part's agreement stand ?

Bap. Not in my house, Lucentio ; for, you know,
Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants :
Besides, old Gremio is heark'ning still ;
And, happily, we might be interrupted.

Tra. Then at my lodging, an it like you :
There doth my father lie ; and there, this night,

¹ We print this line as in the old copy. It was changed by Hanmer to—

“Me shall you find *most* ready and *most* willing.”

In this play we have many examples of short lines ; and certainly Shakspeare would not have resorted to these feeble expletives to make out ten syllables.

Curious—scrupulous.

³ Again we print this line as in the folio. Hanmer changed it to—

“The match is made, and all is *fully* done.”

We'll pass the business privately and well :
 Send for your daughter by your servant here,
 My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.
 The worst is this, that, at so slender warning,
 You're like to have a thin and slender pittance.
Bap. It likes me well : Cambio, hie you home,
 And bid Bianca make her ready straight ;
 And, if you will, tell what hath happened :
 Lucentio's father is arrived in Padua,
 And how she's like to be Lucentio's wife !
Luc. I pray the gods she may, with all my heart !
Tra. Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.
 Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way ?
 Welcome ! one mess is like to be your cheer ;
 Come, sir ; we will better it in Pisa.
Bap. I follow you.
 [Exeunt TRANIO, PEDANT, and BAPTISTA.
Bion. Cambio.
Luc. What say'st thou, Biondello ?
Bion. You saw my master wink and laugh upon you ?
Luc. Biondello, what of that ?
Bion. 'Faith nothing ; but he has left me here behind,
 to expound the meaning or moral of his signs and tokens.
Luc. I pray thee, moralize them.
Bion. Then thus. Baptista is safe, talking with the
 deceiving father of a deceitful son.
Luc. And what of him ?
Bion. His daughter is to be brought by you to the
 supper.
Luc. And then ?
Bion. The old priest at Saint Luke's church is at your
 command at all hours.
Luc. And what of all this ?
Bion. I cannot tell : expect¹ they are busied about a
 counterfeit assurance : Take your assurance of her, *cum*
privilegio ad imprimendum solum to the church ;—take
 the priest, clerk, and some sufficient honest witnesses :
 If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say,
 But bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day. [Going.
Luc. Hear'st thou, Biondello ?
Bion. I cannot tarry : I knew a wench married in an
 afternoon as she went to the garden for parsley to stuff a
 rabbit ; and so may you, sir ; and so adieu, sir. My
 master hath appointed me to go to Saint Luke's, to bid the
 priest be ready to come against you come with your
 appendix. [Exit.
Luc. I may, and will, if she be so contented :
 She will be pleas'd, then wherefore should I doubt ?
 Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her ;
 It shall go hard, if Cambio go without her. [Exit.

SCENE V.—A public Road.

Enter PETRUCIO, KATHARINA, and HORTENSIO.

Pet. Come on, o' God's name ; once more toward our
 father's.
 Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon !
Kath. The moon ! the sun ; it is not moonlight now.
Pet. I say, it is the moon that shines so bright.
Kath. I know, it is the sun that shines so bright.
Pet. Now, by my mother's son, and that's myself,
 It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,
 Or ere I journey to your father's house :
 Go one, and fetch our horses back again.
 Evermore cross'd and cross'd : nothing but cross'd !
Hor. Say as he says, or we shall never go.
Kath. Forward, I pray, since we have come so far,

And be it moon, or sun, or what you please :
 And if you please to call it a rush candle,
 Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.
Pet. I say, it is the moon.
Kath. I know it is the moon.²
Pet. Nay, then you lie ; it is the blessed sun.
Kath. Then, God be bless'd, it is the blessed sun :
 But sun it is not, when you say it is not ;
 And the moon changes, even as your mind.
 What you will have it nam'd, even that it is ;
 And so it shall be so for Katharine.
Hor. Petrucio, go thy ways ; the field is won.
Pet. Well, forward, forward : thus the bowl should run,
 And not unluckily against the bias.
 But soft ; what company is coming here ?

Enter VINCENTIO, in a travelling dress.

Good morrow, gentle mistress : Where away ?
 [To VINCENTIO.
 Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,
 Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman ?
 Such war of white and red within her cheeks ?
 What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty,
 As those two eyes become that heavenly face ?
 Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee :
 Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.
Hor. 'A will make the man mad, to make a woman of
 him.
Kath. Young budding virgin, fair, and fresh, and sweet,
 Whither away ; or where is thy abode ?
 Happy the parents of so fair a child ;
 Happier the man, whom favourable stars
 Allot thee for his lovely bed-fellow !
Pet. Why, how now, Kate ? I hope thou art not mad :
 This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd ;
 And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.
Kath. Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,
 That have been so bedazzled with the sun,
 That everything I look on seemeth green :
 Now I perceive thou art a reverend father ;
 Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.
Pet. Do, good old grandsire ; and, withal, make known
 Which way thou travellest : if along with us,
 We shall be joyful of thy company.
Vin. Fair sir, and you my merry mistress,
 That with your strange encounter much amaz'd me,
 My name is called Vincentio : my dwelling Pisa ;
 And bound I am to Padua ; there to visit
 A son of mine, which long I have not seen.
Pet. What is his name ?
Vin. Lucentio, gentle sir.
Pet. Happily met ; the happier for thy son.
 And now by law, as well as reverend age,
 I may entitle thee my loving father ;
 The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman,
 Thy son by this hath married : Wonder not,
 Nor be not griev'd ; she is of good esteem,
 Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth ;
 Beside, so qualified as may beseem
 The spouse of any noble gentleman.
 Let me embrace with old Vincentio :
 And wander we to see thy honest son,
 Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.
Vin. But is this true ? or is it else your pleasure.
 Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest
 Upon the company you overtake ?
Hor. I do assure thee, father, so it is.

¹ Expect. This is generally printed except. Biondello means to say, believe—think—they are busied, &c.

² The repetition by Katharine, "I know it is the moon," is most characteristic of her humbled deportment. Steevens strikes out "the moon," with, "the old copy redundantly reads," &c.

Pet. Come, go along, and see the truth hereof;
For our first merriment hath made thee jealous.

[*Exeunt* PETRUCIO, KATHARINA, and VINCENTIO.

Hor. Well, Petrucio, this hath put me in heart.
Have to my widow; and if she be froward,
Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be untoward. [*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Padua. Before Lucentio's House.

Enter on one side BIONDELLO, LUCENTIO, and BIANCA;
Gremio walking on the other side.

Bion. Softly and swiftly, sir; for the priest is ready.

Luc. I fly, Biondello: but they may chance to need thee
at home, therefore leave us.

Bion. Nay, faith, I'll see the church o' your back; and
then come back to my master as soon as I can.

[*Exeunt* LUCENTIO, BIANCA, and BIONDELLO.

Gre. I marvel Cambio comes not all this while.

Enter PETRUCIO, KATHARINA, VINCENTIO, and Attendants.

Pet. Sir, here's the door, this is Lucentio's house,
My father's bears more toward the market place;
Thither must I, and here I leave you, sir.

Vin. You shall not choose but drink before you go;
I think I shall command your welcome here,
And by all likelihood, some cheer is toward. [*Knocks.*

Gre. They're busy within, you were best knock louder.

Enter PEDANT above at a window.

Ped. What's he that knocks as he would beat down the
gate?

Vin. Is signior Lucentio within, sir?

Ped. He's within, sir, but not to be spoken withal.

Vin. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two
to make merry withal?

Ped. Keep your hundred pounds to yourself; he shall
need none, so long as I live.

Pet. Nay, I told you your son was well beloved in Padua.
—Do you hear, sir?—to leave frivolous circumstances,—I
pray you, tell signior Lucentio, that his father is come
from Pisa, and is here at the door to speak with him.

Ped. Thou liest; his father is come from Pisa, and is
here looking out at the window.

Vin. Art thou his father?

Ped. Ay, sir; so his mother says, if I may believe her.

Pet. Why, how now, gentleman! [*To* VINCEN.] why, this
is flat knavery, to take upon you another man's name.

Ped. Lay hands on the villain. I believe 'a means to
cozen somebody in this city under my countenance.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. I have seen them in the church together; God
send 'em good shipping!—But who is here? mine old
master, Vincentio? Now, we are undone, and brought to
nothing.

Vin. Come hither, crack-hemp. [*Seeing* BIONDELLO.

Bion. I hope I may choose, sir.

Vin. Come hither, you rogue. What, have you forgot
me?

Bion. Forgot you? no, sir: I could not forget you, for I
never saw you before in all my life.

Vin. What, you notorious villain, didst thou never see
thy master's father, Vincentio?

Bion. What, my old, worshipful old master? Yes, marry,
sir; see where he looks out of the window.

Vin. Is't so, indeed? [*Beats* BIONDELLO.

Bion. Help, help, help! here's a madman will murder
me. [*Exit.*

Ped. Help, son! help, signior Baptista!

[*Exit from the window.*

Pet. Prithee, Kate, let's stand aside, and see the end of
this controversy. [*They retire.*

Re-enter PEDANT below; BAPTISTA, TRANIO, and Servants.

Tra. Sir, what are you that offer to beat my servant?

Vin. What am I, sir? nay, what are you, sir?—O im-
mortal gods! O fine villain! A silken doublet! a velvet
hose! a scarlet cloak! and a copatain hat!¹—O, I am un-
done, I am undone! While I play the good husband at
home, my son and my servant spend all at the university.

Tra. How now? what's the matter?

Bap. What, is the man lunatic?

Tra. Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your
habit, but your words show you a madman. Why, sir,
what cerns² it you if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my
good father, I am able to maintain it.

Vin. Thy father? O villain! he is a sail-maker in
Bergamo.³

Bap. You mistake, sir; you mistake, sir: Pray, what do
you think is his name?

Vin. His name? as if I knew not his name: I have
brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his
name is Tranio.

Ped. Away, away, mad ass! His name is Lucentio;
and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me,
signior Vincentio.

Vin. Lucentio! O, he hath murdered his master! lay
hold on him, I charge you, in the duke's name: O, my
son, my son!—tell me, thou villain, where is my son,
Lucentio?

Tra. Call forth an officer: [*Enter one with an Officer.*]
Carry this mad knave to the gaol:—Father Baptista, I
charge you see that he be forthcoming.

Vin. Carry me to the gaol!

Gre. Stay, officer; he shall not go to prison.

Bap. Talk not, signior Gremio. I say he shall go to
prison.

Gre. Take heed, signior Baptista, lest you be coney-
caught in this business. I dare swear this is the right
Vincentio.

Ped. Swear, if thou darest.

Gre. Nay, I dare not swear it.

Tra. Then thou wert best say that I am not Lucentio.

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be signior Lucentio.

Bap. Away with the dotard: to the gaol with him.

Vin. Thus strangers may be haled and abus'd.
O monstrous villain!

Re-enter BIONDELLO, with LUCENTIO and BIANCA.

Bion. O, we are spoiled, and—Yonder he is; deny him,
forswear him, or else we are all undone.

Luc. Pardon, sweet father. [*Kneeling.*

Vin. Lives my sweet son?

[*BIONDELLO, TRANIO, and PEDANT run out.*

Bian. Pardon, dear father. [*Kneeling.*

Bap. How hast thou offended?

Where is Lucentio?

Luc. Here's Lucentio,
Right son unto the right Vincentio;

¹ *Copatain hat*—high-crowned hat. *Cop* is the top. The copatain hat was
probably that described by Stubbe's, "Anatomie of Abuses," 1595:—"Some-
times they use them sharp on the crown, peaking up like the spear or shaft of a
steple, standing a quarter of a yard above the crown of their heads."

² *Cerns*. So the original. It means, and is usually printed, *concerns*. Perhaps
Tranio uses the word as an abbreviation; for we know no instance in which *cern*
(cernere), is used without a prefix, such as *con*, *dis*, *de*.

That have by marriage made thy daughter mine,
While counterfeit supposes blear'd thine eyne.

Gre. Here's packing with a witness, to deceive us all!

Vin. Where is that damned villain, Tranio,
That fac'd and brav'd me in this matter so?

Bap. Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?

Bian. Cambio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Luc. Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's love
Made me exchange my state with Tranio,
While he did bear my countenance in the town;
And happily I have arrived at last
Unto the wished haven of my bliss:
What Tranio did, myself enforc'd him to;
Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

Vin. I'll slit the villain's nose, that would have sent me
to the gaol.

Bap. But do you hear, sir? [*To LUCENTIO.*] Have you
married my daughter without asking my good-will?

Vin. Fear not, Baptista; we will content you: go to:
But I will in, to be revenged for this villany. [*Exit.*]

Bap. And I, to sound the depth of this knavery. [*Exit.*]

Luc. Look not pale, Bianca; thy father will not frown.

[*Exeunt LUC. and BIAN.*]

Gre. My cake is dough:¹ But I'll in among the rest;
Out of hope of all,—but my share of the feast. [*Exit.*]

PETRUCIO and KATHARINA advance.

Kath. Husband, let's follow, to see the end of this ado.

Pet. First kiss me, Kate, and we will.

Kath. What, in the midst of the street?

Pet. What, art thou ashamed of me?

Kath. No, sir; God forbid:—but ashamed to kiss.

Pet. Why, then, let's home again:—Come, sirrah, let's
away.

Kath. Nay, I will give thee a kiss: now pray thee, love,
stay.

Pet. Is not this well?—Come, my sweet Kate;
Better once than never, for never too late. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Room in Lucentio's House

A banquet set out. Enter BAPTISTA, VINCENTIO, GREMIO,
the PEDANT, LUCENTIO, BIANCA, PETRUCIO, KATHA-
RINA, HORTENSIO, and Widow. TRANIO, BIONDELLO,
GRUMIO, and others, attending.

Luc. At last, though long, our jarring notes agree;
And time it is, when raging war is done,
To smile at 'scapes and perils overblown.
My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome,
While I with self-same kindness welcome thine:
Brother Petrucio,—sister Katharina,—
And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow,—
Feast with the best, and welcome to my house.
My banquet is to close our stomachs up,
After our great good cheer: Pray you, sit down;
For now we sit to chat, as well as eat. [*They sit at table.*]

Pet. Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat.

Bap. Padua affords this kindness, son Petrucio.

Pet. Padua affords nothing but what is kind.

Hor. For both our sakes, I would that word were true.

Pet. Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow.

Wid. Then never trust me if I be afraid.²

Pet. You are very sensible, and yet you miss my sense;
I mean, Hortensio is afraid of you.

Wid. He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.

Pet. Roundly replied.

Kath. Mistress, how mean you that?

Wid. Thus I conceive by him.

Pet. Conceives by me!—How likes Hortensio that?

Hor. My widow says, thus she conceives her tale.

Pet. Very well mended: Kiss him for that, good widow.

Kath. He that is giddy thinks the world turns round:—
I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.

Wid. Your husband, being troubled with a shrew,
Measures my husband's sorrow by his woe:
And now you know my meaning.

Kath. A very mean meaning.

Wid. Right, I mean you.

Kath. And I am mean, indeed, respecting you.

Pet. To her, Kate!

Hor. To her, widow!

Pet. A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.

Hor. That's my office.

Pet. Spoke like an officer:—Ha' to thee, lad.

[*Drinks to HORTENSIO.*]

Bap. How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks?

Gre. Believe me, sir, they butt together well.

Bian. Head, and butt? an hasty witted body
Would say your head and butt were head and horn.

Vin. Ay, mistress bride, hath that awaken'd you?

Bian. Ay, but not frighted me; therefore I'll sleep again.

Pet. Nay, that you shall not; since you have begun,
Have at you for a bitter jest or two.³

Bian. Am I your bird? I mean to shift my bush,
And then pursue me as you draw your bow:—
You are welcome all.

[*Exeunt BIANCA, KATHARINA, and Widow.*]

Pet. She hath prevented me.—Here, signior Tranio,
This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not;
Therefore, a health to all that shot and miss'd.

Tra. O, sir, Lucentio slipp'd me like his greyhound,
Which runs himself, and catches for his master.

Pet. A good swift simile, but something currish.

Tra. 'Tis well, sir, that you hunted for yourself;
'Tis thought, your deer does hold you at a bay.

Bap. O ho, Petrucio, Tranio hits you now.

Luc. I thank thee for that gird, good Tranio.

Hor. Confess, confess, hath he not hit you here?

Pet. 'A has a little gall'd me, I confess;
And, as the jest did glance away from me,
'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two outright.

Bap. Now, in good sadness, son Petrucio,
I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.

Pet. Well, I say—no: and therefore, for assurance,
Let's each one send unto his wife;
And he, whose wife is most obedient
To come at first when he doth send for her,
Shall win the wager which we will propose.

Hor. Content: What is the wager?

Luc. Twenty crowns.

Pet. Twenty crowns!

I'll venture so much on my hawk, or hound,
But twenty times so much upon my wife.

Luc. A hundred then.

Hor. Content.

Pet. A match; 'tis done.

Hor. Who shall begin?

Luc. That will I.

Go, Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.

Bion. I go. [*Exit.*]

Bap. Son, I will be your half, Bianca comes.

Luc. I'll have no halves; I'll bear it all myself.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

How now! what news?

¹ *My cake is dough.* This proverbial expression is used in Howell's "Letters," to express the disappointment of the heir-presumptive of France when Louis XIV. was born: "So that now Monsieur's cake is dough."

² The use of *fear* in the active and passive sense is here exemplified.

³ *Bitter.* The original reads *better.* We adopt the correction of Capell.

Bion. Sir, my mistress sends you word
That she is busy, and she cannot come.

Pet. How! she is busy, and she cannot come!
Is that an answer?

Gre. Ay, and a kind one too:
Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.

Pet. I hope, better.

Hor. Sirrah Biondello, go, and entreat my wife
To come to me forthwith. *[Exit BIONDELLO.]*

Pet. O, ho! entreat her!
Nay, then she must needs come.

Hor. I am afraid, sir,
Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Now where's my wife?

Bion. She says, you have some goodly jest in hand;
She will not come; she bids you come to her.

Pet. Worse and worse; she will not come! O vile,
Intolerable, not to be endur'd!
Sirrah Grumio, go to your mistress;
Say I command her come to me. *[Exit GRUMIO.]*

Hor. I know her answer.

Pet. What?

Hor. She will not.

Pet. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

Enter KATHARINA.

Bap. Now, by my holidame, here comes Katharina!

Kath. What is your will, sir, that you send for me?

Pet. Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife?

Kath. They sit conferring by the parlour fire.

Pet. Go, fetch them hither; if they deny to come,
Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands:
Away, I say, and bring them hither straight. *[Exit KATHARINA.]*

Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.

Hor. And so it is; I wonder what it bodes.

Pet. Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,
An awful rule, and right supremacy;
And, to be short, what not, that's sweet and happy.

Bap. Now fair befall thee, good Petrucio!
The wager thou hast won; and I will add
Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns!
Another dowry to another daughter,
For she is chang'd, as she had never been.

Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet;
And show more sign of her obedience,
Her new-built virtue and obedience.

Re-enter KATHARINA, with BIANCA and Widow.

See, where she comes; and brings your froward wives
As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.
Katharine, that cap of yours becomes you not;
Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.

[KATHARINA pulls off her cap, and throws it down.]

Wid. Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh,
Till I be brought to such a silly pass!

Bian. Fie! what a foolish duty call you this?

Luc. I would, your duty were as foolish too:
The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,
Hath cost me an hundred crowns since supper time.

Bian. The more fool you, for laying on my duty.

Pet. Katharine, I charge thee, tell these headstrong
women

What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.

Wid. Come, come, you're mocking; we will have no
telling.

Pet. Come on, I say; and first begin with her.

Wid. She shall not.

Pet. I say, she shall;—and first begin with her.

Kath. Fie, fie! unknit that threat'ning unkind brow;
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:
It blots thy beauty, as frosts do bite the meads;
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds;
And in no sense is meet or amiable.

A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,^b
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And, while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip, or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance: commits his body
To painful labour, both by sea and land;
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
While thou liest warm at home, secure and safe;
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
But love, fair looks, and true obedience,—
Too little payment for so great a debt.
Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
Even such a woman oweth to her husband:
And when she's froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she, but a foul contending rebel,
And graceless traitor to her loving lord?
I am asham'd, that women are so simple
To offer war, where they should kneel for peace;
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.
Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,
Unapt to toil, and trouble in the world,
But that our soft conditions, and our hearts,
Should well agree with our external parts?
Come, come, you froward and unable worms!
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
My heart as great; my reason, haply, more,
To bandy word for word, and frown for frown;
But now, I see our lances are but straws;
Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,—
That seeming to be most, which we indeed least are.
Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot;
And place your hands below your husbands' foot:
In token of which duty, if he please,
My hand is ready, may it do him ease!

Pet. Why, there's a wench!—Come on, and kiss me,
Kate.

Luc. Well, go thy ways, old lad; for thou shalt ha't.

Vin. 'Tis a good hearing, when children are toward.

Luc. But a harsh hearing, when women are froward.

Pet. Come, Kate, we'll to bed:

We three are married, but you two are sped.
'Twas I won the wager, though you hit the white;¹

[To LUCENTIO.]

And, being a winner, God give you good night!

[Exeunt PETRUCIO and KATH.]

Hor. Now go thy ways, thou hast tam'd a curst shrew.²

Luc. 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be tam'd so.

[Exeunt.]

¹ Hit the white—a term in archery.

Shrew. It would appear from this couplet, and another in this scene, where *shrew* rhymes to *woe*, that *shrow* was the old pronunciation.

ILLUSTRATIONS TO THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

INDUCTION.

^a SCENE I.—“*Before an Alehouse on a Heath.*”

IN the old play of “The Taming of a Shrew,” of which we have presented an analysis in the Introductory Notice, we find the outline of Shakspeare’s most spirited Induction. There are few things in our poet which more decidedly bear the stamp of his peculiar genius than this fragment of a comedy, if we may so call it; and his marvellous superiority over other writers is by nothing more distinctly exhibited than by a comparison of this with the parallel Induction in the old play. It must be observed, that this old play is by no means an ordinary performance. It is evidently the work of a very ambitious poet. The passage, for example, in which the lord directs his servants how to effect the transformation of Sly is by no means deficient in force or harmony. But compare it with the similar passage of Shakspeare, beginning—

“Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man,”

and we at once see the power which he possessed of adorning and elevating all that he touched. It will be necessary for us to furnish several examples of the old play; and it will be more convenient, therefore, to the reader, if we give them in the Illustrations, instead of the Introductory Notice.

We first select the opening scene:—

Enter a TAPSTER, beating out of his doors SLIE, drunken.

Tap. You whoreson drunken slave, you had best be gone,
And empty your drunken paunch somewhere else,
For in this house thou shalt not rest to-night. *[Exit TAPSTER.]*

Slie. Tilly vally, by crisee, Tapster, I’ll fese you anon.
Fill’s the t’other pot, and all’s paid for, look you.
I do drink it of mine own instigation: *[Omne bene.]*
Here I’ll lie a while: why, Tapster, I say,
Fill’s a fresh cushion here:
Heigh ho, here’s good warm lying. *[He falls asleep.]*

Enter a Nobleman and his Men from hunting.

Lord. Now that the gloomy shadow of the night,
Longing to view Orion’s drisling looks,
Leaps from th’ antarctic world unto the sky,
And dims the welkin with her pitchy breath,
And darksome night o’ershades the crystal heavens,
Here break we off our hunting for to-night.
Couple up the hounds, let us hie us home,
And bid the huntsmen see them meated well,
For they have all deserv’d it well to-day.
But soft, what sleepy fellow is this lies here?
Or is he dead, see one what he doth lack?

Serv. My lord, ’tis nothing but a drunken sleep;
His head is too heavy for his body,
And he hath drunk so much that he can go no further.

Lord. Fye, how the slavish villain stinks of drink!
Ho, sirrah, arise. What! so sound asleep?
Go, take him up, and bear him to my house,
And bear him easily for fear he wake,
And in my fairest chamber make a fire,
And set a sumptuous banquet on the board,
And put my richest garments on his back,
Then set him at the table in a chair.
When that is done, against he shall awake,
Let heavenly music play about him still.
Go two of you away, and bear him hence,
And then I’ll tell you what I have devised.
But see in any case you wake him not. *[Exeunt two with SLIE.]*
Now take my cloak, and give me one of yours,
All fellows now, and see you take me so:
For we will wait upon this drunken man,
To see his countenance when he doth awake,
And find himself clothed in such attire,
With heavenly music sounding in his ears,
And such a banquet set before his eyes,
The fellow sure will think he is in heaven:
But we will [be] about him when he wakes,
And see you call him lord at every word,
And offer thou him his horse to ride abroad,
And thou his hawks, and hounds to hunt the deer,
And I will ask what suits he means to wear,
And whatsoe’er he saith, see you do not laugh,
But still persuade him that he is a lord.

The players then enter, and *Sander*, a clown, is the principal speaker. The scene, when *Slie* awakes in his lordly guise, succeeds.

Compare it with the rich poetry and the even richer humour of Sly (reminding us, as Hazlitt well observes, of Sancho Panza). The *Slie* of the old play is but a vulgar tinker, the lord and attendants somewhat fustian ranters:—

Enter two with a table and a banquet on it, and two others with SLIE asleep in a chair, richly appareled, and the music playing.

One. Go, sirrah, now go call my lord,
And tell him that all things are ready as he will’d it.
Another. Set thou some wine upon the board,
And then I’ll go fetch my lord presently. *[Exit.]*

Enter the Lord and his Men.

Lord. How now? what! is all things ready?
One. Yea, my lord.
Lord. Then sound the music, and I’ll wake him straight,
And see you do as erst I gave in charge.
My lord, my lord, he sleeps soundly, my lord.
Sly. Tapster, give’s a little small ale: heigh-ho.
Lord. Here’s wine, my lord, the purest of the grape.
Sly. For which lord?
Lord. For your honour, my lord.
Sly. Who, I? Am I a lord? Jesus, what fine apparel have I got!
Lord. More richer far your honour hath to wear,
And if it please you I will fetch them straight.
Wil. And if your honour please to ride abroad,
I’ll fetch your lusty steeds more swift of pace
Than winged Pegasus in all his pride,
That ran so swiftly over Persian plains.
Tom. And if your honour please to hunt the deer,
Your hounds stand ready coupled at the door,
Who in running will o’ertake the roe,
And make the long-breath’d tiger broken-winded.
Sly. By the mass, I think I am a lord indeed.
What’s thy name?
Lord. Simon, an if it please your honour.
Sly. Sim, that’s much to say Simion, or Simon,
Put forth thy hand and fill the pot.
Give me thy hand, Sim; am I a lord indeed?
Lord. Ay, my gracious lord, and your lovely lady
Long time hath mourned for your absence here,
And now with joy behold where she doth come
To gratulate your honour’s safe return.

^b SCENE I.—“*What think you, if he were convey’d to bed.*”

The story upon which this Induction is founded in all probability had an Eastern origin. “The Sleeper Awakened,” of the “Thousand and One Nights,” is conjectured by Mr. Lane, in the notes to his admirable translation, not to be a genuine tale, its chief and best portion being “an historical anecdote related as a fact.” Mr. Lane adds,—“The author by whom I have found the chief portion of this tale related as an historical anecdote is El-Ishakee, who finished his history shortly before the close of the reign of the ’Osmánlee Sultán Mustafa apparently in the year of the Flight 1032 (A.D. 1623). He does not mention his authority; and whether it is related by an older *historian*, I do not know; but perhaps it is founded upon fact.”

Our readers will be gratified by a few extracts from Mr. Lane’s version of the “historical anecdote,” which he has blended with portions of the tale as given in the Breslau edition of the “Thousand and One Nights.” Abu-l-Hasan, who had spent one-half of his property amongst boon companions, resolved to associate no longer with ungrateful familiars, but to entertain a stranger for one night only, and then afterwards to refuse to recognise him. In pursuance of this resolution he one night entertained the Khaleefeh—“And they drank and caroused until midnight.”

“After this, the Khaleefeh said to his host, O Abu-l-Hasan, is there any service that thou wouldst have performed, or any desire that thou wouldst have accomplished? And Abu-l-Hasan answered, In our neighbourhood is a mosque, to which belong an Imám and four sheykhs, and whenever they hear music or any sport they incite the Wálee against me, and impose fines upon me, and trouble my life, so that I suffer torment from them. If I had them in my power, therefore, I would give each of them a thousand lashes, that I might be relieved from their excessive annoyance.

“Er-Rasheed replied, May Allah grant thee the accomplishment of thy wish! And without his being aware of it, he put into a cup a lozenge of benj, and handed it to him; and as soon as it had settled in his stomach, he fell asleep immediately. Er-Rasheed then

arose and went to the door, where he found his young men waiting for him, and he ordered them to convey Abu-l-Hasan upon a mule, and returned to the palace; Abu-l-Hasan being intoxicated and insensible. And when the Khaleefeh had rested himself in the palace, he called for his Weezeer Jaafar, and 'Abd Allah the son of Táhir, the Wálee of Baghdád, and certain of his chief attendants, and said to them all, In the morning, when ye see this young man (pointing to Abu-l-Hasan) seated on the royal couch, pay obedience to him, and salute him as Khaleefeh, and whatsoever he commandeth you, do it. Then going in to his female slaves, he directed them to wait upon Abu-l-Hasan, and to address him as Prince of the Faithful; after which he entered a private closet, and, having let down a curtain over the entrance, slept.

"So when Abu-l-Hasan awoke, he found himself upon the royal couch, with the attendants standing around, and kissing the ground before him; and a maid said to him, O our lord, it is the time for morning-prayer. Upon which he laughed, and, looking round about him, he beheld a pavilion whose walls were adorned with gold and ultramarine, and the roof bespotted with red gold, surrounded by chambers with curtains of embroidered silk hanging before their doors; and he saw vessels of gold and China-ware and crystal, and furniture and carpets spread, and lighted lamps, and female slaves and eunuchs, and other attendants; whereat he was perplexed in his mind, and said, By Allah, either I am dreaming, or this is Paradise, and the Abode of Peace. And he closed his eyes. So a eunuch said to him, O my lord, this is not thy usual custom, O Prince of the Faithful! And he was perplexed at his case, and put his head into his bosom, and then began to open his eyes by little and little, laughing, and saying, What is this state in which I find myself? And he bit his finger; and when he found that the bite pained him, he cried, Ah!—and was angry. Then raising his head, he called one of the female slaves, who answered him, At thy service, O Prince of the Faithful! And he said to her, What is thy name? She answered, Shejeret ed-Durr. And he said, Knowest thou in what place I am, and who I am?—Thou art the Prince of the Faithful, she answered, sitting in thy palace, upon the royal couch. He replied, I am perplexed at my case, my reason hath departed, and it seemeth that I am asleep; but what shall I say of my yesterday's guest? I imagine nothing but that he is a devil, or an enchanter, who hath sported with my reason.

"All this time the Khaleefeh was observing him, from a place where Abu-l-Hasan could not see him.—And Abu-l-Hasan looked towards the chief eunuch, and called to him. So he came, and kissed the ground before him, saying to him, Yes, O Prince of the Faithful. And Abu-l-Hasan said to him, Who is the Prince of the Faithful?—Thou, he answered. Abu-l-Hasan replied, Thou liest. And addressing another eunuch, he said to him, O my chief, as thou hopest for Allah's protection, tell me, am I the Prince of the Faithful?—Yea, by Allah, answered the eunuch: thou art at this present time the Prince of the Faithful, and the Khaleefeh of the Lord of all creatures. And Abu-l-Hasan, perplexed at all that he beheld, said, In one night do I become Prince of the Faithful? Was I not yesterday Abu-l-Hasan; and to-day am I Prince of the Faithful?—He remained perplexed and confounded until the morning, when a eunuch advanced to him and said to him, May Allah grant a happy morning to the Prince of the Faithful! And he handed to him a pair of shoes of gold stuff, reticulated with precious stones and rubies; and Abu-l-Hasan took them, and after examining them a long time, put them into his sleeve. So the eunuch said to him, These are shoes, to walk in. And Abu-l-Hasan replied, Thou hast spoken truth. I put them into my sleeve but in my fear lest they should be soiled.—He therefore took them forth, and put them on his feet. And shortly after, the female slaves brought him a basin of gold and a ewer of silver, and poured the water upon his hands; and when he had performed the ablution, they spread for him a prayer-carpet; and he prayed; but knew not how to do so. He continued his inclinations and prostrations until he had performed twenty rek'ahs; meditating and saying within himself, By Allah, I am none other than the Prince of the Faithful, in truth; or else this is a dream, and all these things occur not in a dream. He therefore convinced himself and determined in his mind, that he was the Prince of the Faithful; and he pronounced the salutations, and finished his prayers. They then brought him a magnificent dress, and, looking at himself, as he sat upon the couch, he retracted, and said, All this is an illusion, and a machination of the Ján.

"And while he was in this state, lo, one of the memlooks came

in and said to him, O Prince of the Faithful, the chamberlain is at the door, requesting permission to enter.—Let him enter, replied Abu-l-Hasan. So he came in, and, having kissed the ground before him, said, Peace be on thee, O Prince of the Faithful! And Abu-l-Hasan rose, and descended from the couch to the floor; whereupon the chamberlain exclaimed, Allah! Allah! O Prince of the Faithful! Knowest thou not that all men are thy servants, and under thy authority, and that it is not proper for the Prince of the Faithful to rise to any one?—Abu-l-Hasan was then told that Jaafar el-Barmekee, and 'Abd Allah the son of Táhir, and the chiefs of the memlooks, begged permission to enter. And he gave them permission. So they entered, and kissed the ground before him, each of them addressing him as Prince of the Faithful. And he was delighted at this, and returned their salutation: after which, he called the Wálee, who approached him, and said, At thy service, O Prince of the Faithful! And Abu-l-Hasan said to him, Repair immediately to such a street, and give a hundred pieces of gold to the mother of Abu-l-Hasan the Wag, with my salutation: then take the Imám of the mosque, and the four sheykhs, inflict upon each of them a thousand lashes; and when thou hast done that, write a bond against them, confirmed by oath, that they shall not reside in the street, after thou shalt have paraded them through the city, mounted on beasts, with their faces to the tails, and hast proclaimed before them, This is the recompense of those who annoy their neighbours!—And beware of neglecting that which I have commanded thee to do.—So the Wálee did as he was ordered. And when Abu-l-Hasan had exercised his authority until the close of the day, he looked towards the chamberlain and the rest of the attendants, and said to them, Depart.

"He then called for a eunuch who was near at hand, and said to him, I am hungry, and desire something to eat. And he replied, I hear and obey:—and led him by the hand into the eating-chamber, where the attendants placed before him a table of rich viands; and ten slave girls, high-bosomed virgins, stood behind his head. Abu-l-Hasan, looking at one of these, said to her, What is thy name? She answered, Kádeeb el-Bán. And he said to her, O Kádeeb el-Bán, who am I?—Thou art the Prince of the Faithful, she answered. But he replied, Thou liest, by Allah, thou slut! Ye girls are laughing at me.—So she said, Fear Allah, O Prince of the Faithful: this is thy palace, and the female slaves are thine. And upon this he said within himself, It is no great matter to be effected by God, to whom be ascribed might and glory! Then the slave-girls led him by the hand to the drinking-chamber, where he saw what astonished the mind; and he continued to say within himself, No doubt these are of the Ján, and this person who was my guest is one of the Kings of the Ján, who saw no way of requiting and compensating me for my kindness to him but by ordering his 'O'ns to address me as Prince of the Faithful. All these are of the Ján. May Allah then deliver me from them happily!—And while he was thus talking to himself, lo, one of the slave-girls filled for him a cup of wine; and he took it from her hand and drank it; after which, the slave-girls plied him with wine in abundance; and one of them threw into his cup a lozenge of benj; and when it had settled in his stomach, he fell down senseless.

"Er-Rasheed then gave orders to convey him to his house; and the servants did so, and laid him on his bed, still in a state of insensibility."

The parallel here ends between Abu-l-Hasan and Christopher Sly; and it is unnecessary for us to follow the fortunes of "the Wag."

The following story, which has been extracted by Malone from Goulart's "Admirable and Memorable Histories," translated by E. Grimestone, 1607, is to be found in Heuterus, *Rerum Burgund.* lib. iv. Malone thinks that it had appeared in English before the old "Taming of a Shrew":—

"Philip, called the Good, Duke of Burgundy, in the memory of our ancestors, being at Bruxelles with his Court, and walking one night after supper through the streets, accompanied with some of his favourites, he found lying upon the stones a certain artisan that was very drunk, and that slept soundly. It pleased the prince, in this artisan, to make trial of the vanity of our life, whereof he had before discoursed with his familiar friends. He, therefore, caused this sleeper to be taken up, and carried into his palace: he commands him to be laid in one of the richest beds; a rich night-cap to be given him; his foul shirt to be taken off, and to have another put on him of fine holland. When as this drunkard had digested his wine, and began to awake, behold there comes about his bed pages and grooms of the Duke's chamber, who draw the curtains, and make

many courtesies, and, being bareheaded, ask him if it please him to rise, and what apparel it would please him to put on that day.—They bring him rich apparel. This new *Monsieur*, amazed at such courtesy, and doubting whether he dreamed or waked, suffered himself to be dressed, and led out of the chamber. There came noblemen which saluted him with all honour, and conduct him to the mass, where with great ceremony they gave him the book of the Gospel, and Pixe to kiss, as they did usually to the Duke. From the mass, they bring him back unto the palace; he washes his hands, and sits down at the table well furnished. After dinner, the Great Chamberlain commands cards to be brought, with a great sum of money. This Duke in imagination plays with the chief of the court. Then they carry him to walk in the garden, and to hunt the hare, and to hawk. They bring him back unto the palace, where he sups in state. Candles being lighted, the musicians begin to play; and, the tables taken away, the gentlemen and gentlewomen fell to dancing. Then they played a pleasant Comedy, after which followed a banquet, whereat they had presently store of ipocras and precious wine, with all sorts of confitures, to this prince of the new impression, so as he was drunk, and fell soundly asleep. Thereupon the Duke commanded that he should be disrobed of all his rich attire. He was put into his old rags, and carried into the same place where he had been found the night before; where he spent that night. Being awake in the morning, he began to remember what had happened before;—he knew not whether it were true indeed, or a dream that had troubled his brain. But in the end, after many discourses, he concludes that all was but a dream that had happened unto him; and so entertained his wife, his children, and his neighbours, without any other apprehension."

^c SCENE II.—"*Old Sly's son of Burton-heath.*"

Barton-on-the-Heath is a small village on the borders of Warwickshire and Oxfordshire. In "Domesday-Book," according to Dugdale, it is written *Bertone*,—so that the *Burton* of the text may be correct. It consists of some twenty or thirty cottages, intermixed with a few small farm-houses, making together one short irregular street. The church is small, and peculiar in its architectural arrangements; an old mansion near it of the Elizabethan era is the rectory. The village is situated two miles from Long Compton, on the road to Stratford from Oxford, and the approaches on all sides are by lonely lanes, and in its general aspect it is solitary and neglected. Of the "heath," however, from which it partly takes its name, no traces remain, the land being wholly enclosed.

^d SCENE II.—"*The fat alewife of Wincot.*"

Wincot is the name of a hamlet farm situated about four miles from Stratford, on the road to Cheltenham. Wincot is a substantial stone building of the Elizabethan period, and was probably at its first erection a manorial residence, but at no period in the memory of the neighbourhood has it ever been used as an alehouse. The house of the "fat alewife of Wincot" is not, therefore, here to be found; but its site may perhaps be indicated by a few square patches of rank dark-coloured grass, which, at the distance of a quarter of a mile from the farm, and near the roadside, are all that remain to corroborate the memories of the villagers of Clifford, (the parish in which the hamlet stands,) who say that "a house once stood there." Wincot is a wild place, in which sword-dances are still prevalent, and annual fights continue to be held to adjust the quarrels of the year.

We believe, however, that in this passage, as in Henry IV., Part II., the place to which Shakspeare alludes is the hamlet of *Wilmecote*, anciently *Wylmyncote*, about three miles to the north of Stratford, in the parish of Aston-Cantlow. Here lived Robert Arden, our poet's maternal grandfather; and his youngest daughter, the mother of Shakspeare, inherited a house and lands here situate. It is most probable, therefore, that this hamlet, which Malone says (though he gives no authority) was also called *Wyncote*, was in Shakspeare's thoughts. The matter is of little consequence here. Wilmecote is a straggling village with a few old houses, amongst whose secluded fields our poet no doubt passed many of his boyish hours.

ACT I.

^a SCENE I.—"*Fair Padua, nursery of arts.*"

During the ages when books were scarce and seminaries of learning few, men of accomplishment in literature, science, and art, crowded

into cities which were graced by universities. Nothing could be more natural and probable than that a tutor, like Licio, should repair to Padua from Mantua;

"His name is Licio, born in Mantua;"

or a student, like Lucentio, from Pisa,

"As he that leaves

A shallow splash, to plunge him in the deep;"

or "a pedant" (Act IV. Sc. II.) turning aside from the road to Rome and Tripoli to spend "a week or two" in the great "nursery of arts" of the Italian peninsula. The university of Padua was in all its glory in Shakspeare's day; and it is difficult to those who have explored the city to resist the persuasion that the poet himself had been one of the travellers who had come from afar to look upon its seats of learning, if not to partake of its "ingenious studies." There is a pure Paduan atmosphere hanging about this play; and the visitor of to-day sees other Lucentios and Tranios in the knots of students who meet and accost in the "public places," and the servants who buy in the market; while there may be many an accomplished Bianca among the citizens' daughters who take their walks along the arcades of the venerable streets. Influences of learning, love, and mirth are still abroad in the place, breathing as they do from the play.

The university of Padua was founded by Frederick Barbarossa, early in the thirteenth century, and was, for several hundred years, a favourite resort of learned men. Among other great personages, Petrarch, Galileo, and Christopher Columbus studied there. The number of students was once (we believe in Shakspeare's age) eighteen thousand. Now that universities have multiplied, none are so thronged; but that of Padua still numbers from fifteen hundred to twenty-three hundred. Most of the educated youth of Lombardy pursue their studies there, and numbers from a greater distance. "The mathematics" are still a favourite branch of learning, with some "Greek, Latin, and other languages;" also natural philosophy and medicine. History and morals, and consequently politics, seem to be discouraged, if not omitted. The aspect of the university of Padua is now somewhat forlorn, though its halls are respectably tenanted by students. Its mouldering courts and dim staircases are thickly hung with the heraldic blazonry of the pious benefactors of the institution. The number of these coats-of-arms is so vast as to convey a strong impression of what the splendour of this seat of learning must once have been.—(M.)

^b SCENE I.—"*Fruitful Lombardy,
The pleasant garden of great Italy.*"

The rich plain of Lombardy is still like "a pleasant garden," and appears as if it must ever continue to be so, sheltered as it is by the vast barrier of the Alps, and fertilized by the streams which descend from their glaciers. From the walls of the Lombard cities, which are usually reared on rising grounds, the prospects are enchanting, presenting a fertile expanse, rarely disfigured by fences, intersected by the great Via *Æmilia*—one long avenue of mulberry trees; gleaming here and there with transparent lakes, and adorned with scattered towns, villas, and churches, rising from among the vines. Corn, oil, and wine are everywhere ripening together; and not a speck of barrenness is visible, from the northern Alps and eastern Adriatic, to the unobstructed southern horizon, where the plain melts away in sunshine.—(M.)

^c SCENE I.—"*O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,
Such as the daughter of Agenor had,*" &c.

There are in this play a few delicate touches of mythological images, as in the passage before us. But the old "Taming of a Shrew" is crammed full of the learning of a university student, paraded with an ostentation totally inconsistent with dramatic propriety. The classical allusions introduced by Shakspeare in this and other comedies are just such as a gentleman might use without pedantry. But the following passage from the old play (and there are many of a similar character) is as far removed from the language of nature as it is from that of high scholarship. It is nothing beyond a school-boy's exercise:—

Philema. Not for great Neptune, no, nor Jove himself,
Will Philema leave Aurelius' love:
Could he instal me empress of the world,
Or make me queen and guidress of the heaven,

Yet would I not exchange my love for his :
Thy company is poor Philema's heaven,
And without thee heaven were hell to me.

Emelia. And should my love, as erst did Hercules,
Attempt the burning vaults of hell,
I would, with piteous looks and pleasing words,
As once did Orpheus with his harmony,
And ravishing sound of his melodious harp,
Entreat grim Pluto, and of him obtain
That thou might'st go, and safe return again.

Philema. And should my love, as erst Leander did,
Attempt to swim the boiling Hellespont
For Hero's love, no towers of brass should hold,
But I would follow thee through those raging floods,
With locks disshever'd, and my breast all bare :
With bended knees upon Abida's shore,
I would, with smoky sighs and brinish tears,
Importune Neptune and the watery gods,
To send a guard of silver-scaled dolphins,
With sounding Tritons, to be our convoy,
And to transport us safe unto the shore,
Whilst I would hang about thy lovely neck,
Redoubling kiss on kiss upon thy cheeks,
And with our pastime still the swelling waves.

Eme. Should Polidor, as Achilles did,
Only employ himself to follow arms,
Like to the warlike Amazonian queen,
Penthesilea, Hector's paramour,
Who foil'd the bloody Pyrrhus, murd'rous Greek,
I'll thrust myself amongst the thickest throngs,
And with my utmost force assist my love.

^d SCENE I.—“*The Presenters above speak.*”

In the second scene of the Induction the original stage-direction is “Enter aloft the drunkard with attendants,” &c. In the same way, in the parting scene of Romeo and Juliet, we have a similar direction,—“Enter Romeo and Juliet aloft.” In the Illustrations of the third act of Romeo and Juliet will be given a description of the construction of the balcony, or upper stage, of our old theatres, to which these directions refer.

^e SCENE II.—“*Nay, 'tis no matter, what he 'leges in Latin.*”

“Petrucio,” says Steevens, “has been just speaking Italian to Hortensio, which Grumio mistakes for the other language.” Monck Mason has a delicious remark on this:—“Mr. Steevens appears to have been a little absent when he wrote his note. He forgot that Italian was Grumio's native language, and that therefore he could not possibly mistake it for Latin.” To this Steevens rejoins, “I was well aware that Italian was Grumio's native language, but was not, nor am now, certain of our author's attention to this circumstance, because his Italians necessarily speak English throughout the play, with the exception of a few colloquial sentences.” But if our author did attend “to this circumstance,” he could not have made Grumio blunder more naturally. The “Italians necessarily speak English throughout the play;”—and when they speak “a few colloquial sentences” of Italian, they speak them as an Englishman would speak that or any other foreign language. To make the citizens and scholars of Padua speak English at all is—to test poetry by laws which do not apply to it—a violation of propriety. But that violation admitted, the mistake of Grumio is perfectly in keeping.

^f SCENE II.—“*Be she as foul as was Florentius' love.*”

In Gower, “De Confessione Amantis,” we have the description of a deformed hag whom *Florent*, a young knight, had bound himself to marry, provided she gave him the key to a riddle, upon the solution of which his life depended.

^g SCENE II.—“*Were she as rough
As are the swelling Adriatic seas.*”

The Adriatic, though well land-locked, and in summer often as still as a mirror, is subject to severe and sudden storms. Shakspeare, we have no doubt, found the image in Horace, Ode ix. Book. iii., of whose Odes there was no translation in the sixteenth century. Herrick has a neat translation of the ode, “Donec gratus eram tibi,” which thus concludes:—

“*Rough as the Adriatic sea, yet I
Will live with thee, or else for thee will die.*”

ACT II.

^a SCENE I.—“*And this small packet of Greek and Latin books.*”

It is not to be supposed that the daughters of Baptista were more learned than other ladies of their city and their time.

Under the walls of universities, then the only centres of intellectual light, knowledge was shed abroad like sunshine at noon, and was naturally more or less enjoyed by all. At the time when Shakspeare and the university of Padua flourished, the higher classes of women were not deemed unfitted for a learned education. Queen Elizabeth, Lady Jane Grey, the daughters of Sir Thomas More, and others, will at once occur to the reader's recollection in proof of this. “Greek, Latin, and other languages,” “the mathematics,” and “to read philosophy,” then came as naturally as “music” within the scope of female education. Any association of pedantry with the training of the young ladies of this play is in the prejudices of the reader, not in the mind of the poet.—(M.)

^b SCENE I.—“*Good-morrow, Kate.*”

The first scene between Petrucio and Kate is founded upon a similar scene in “The Taming of a Shrew.” Our readers may amuse themselves by a comparison of Shakspeare and his predecessor:—

“*Alf.* Ha, Kate, come hither, wench, and list to me :
Use this gentleman friendly as thou canst.

Fer. Twenty good-morrows to my lovely Kate.

Kate. You jest, I am sure ; is she yours already ?

Fer. I tell thee, Kate, I know thou lov'st me well.

Kate. The devil you do ! who told you so ?

Fer. My mind, sweet Kate, doth say I am the man,
Must wed, and bed, and marry bonny Kate.

Kate. Was ever seen so gross an ass as this ?

Fer. Ay, to stand so long, and never get a kiss.

Kate. Hands off, I say, and get you from this place ;
Or I will set my ten commandments in your face.

Fer. I prithee do, Kate ; they say thou art a shrew,
And I like thee the better, for I would have thee so.

Kate. Let go my hand for fear it reach your ear.

Fer. No, Kate, this hand is mine, and I thy love.

Kate. I' faith, sir, no, the woodcock wants his tail.

Fer. But yet his bill will serve if the other fail.

Alf. How now, Ferando ? what, my daughter ?

Fer. She's willing, sir, and loves me as her life.

Kate. 'Tis for your skin, then, but not to be your wife.

Alf. Come hither, Kate, and let me give thy hand

To him that I have chosen for thy love,

And thou to-morrow shalt be wed to him.

Kate. Why, father, what do you mean to do with me,

To give me thus unto this brainsick man,

That in his mood cares not to murder me ?

[*She turns aside and speaks.*]

And yet I will consent and marry him,

(For I, methinks, have liv'd too long a maid,)

And match him too, or else his manhood's good.

Alf. Give me thy hand ; Ferando loves thee well,

And will with wealth and ease maintain thy state.

Here, Ferando, take her for thy wife,

And Sunday next shall be our wedding-day.

Fer. Why so, did I not tell thee I should be the man ?

Father, I leave my lovely Kate with you.

Provide yourselves against our marriage-day,

For I must hie me to my country house

In haste, to see provision may be made

To entertain my Kate when she doth come.

Alf. Do so ; come, Kate, why dost thou look

So sad ? Be merry, wench, thy wedding-day's at hand ;

Son, fare you well, and see you keep your promise.

[*Exit ALFONSO and KATE.*]

^c SCENE I.—“*I will unto Venice,
To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day.*”

“*My house within the city
Is richly furnished with plate and gold,*” &c.

If Shakspeare had not seen the interior of Italian houses when he wrote this play, he must have possessed some effectual means of knowing and realising in his imagination the particulars of such an interior. Every educated man might be aware that the extensive commerce of Venice must bring within the reach of the neighbouring cities a multitude of articles of foreign production and taste. But there is a particularity in his mention of these articles, which strongly indicates the experience of an eye-witness. The “cypress chests”

and "ivory coffers," rich in antique carving, are still existing, with some remnants of "Tyrian tapestry," to carry back the imagination of the traveller to the days of the glory of the republic. The "plate and gold" are, for the most part, gone, to supply the needs of the impoverished aristocracy, who (to their credit) will part with everything sooner than their pictures. The "tents and canopies," and "Turkey cushions 'bossed with pearl," now no longer seen, were appropriate to the days when Cyprus, Candia, and the Morea were dependencies of Venice, scattering their productions through the eastern cities of Italy, and actually establishing many of their customs in the singular capital of the Venetian dominion. After Venice, Padua was naturally first served with importations of luxury.

Venice was, and is still, remarkable for its jewellery, especially its fine works in gold. "Venice gold" was wrought into "valance"—tapestry—by the needle, and was used for every variety of ornament, from chains as fine as if made of woven hair, to the most massive form in which gold can be worn. At the present day, the traveller who walks round the Piazza of St. Mark's is surprised at the large proportion of jewellers' shops, and at the variety and elegance of the ornaments they contain,—the shell necklaces, the jewelled rings and tiaras, and the profusion of gold chains.—(M.)

ACT III.

^a SCENE I.—"*Gamut I am, the ground of all accord,*" &c.

Gamut, or, more correctly, *Gammüt*, is, in the sense here intended, the lowest note of the musical scale, established in the eleventh century by a Benedictine monk, Guido, of Arezzo in Tuscany. To this sound (G, the first line in the bass,) he gave the name of the third letter in the Greek alphabet, Γ (*Gamma*), cutting off the final vowel, and affixing the syllable *ut*. This, and the other syllables, *re, mi, fa, &c.*, names assigned by Guido to the notes of the diatonic scale, were suggested to him by the following verses, which form the first stanza of a hymn, by Paulus Diaconus, to St. John the Baptist:—

*"Ut queant laxis resonare fibris,
Mira gestorum famuli tuorum,
Solve polluti labii reatum,
Sancte Joannes!"*

The tune to which this hymn was anciently sung in the Catholic Church ascends by the diatonic intervals G, A, B, C, D, and E, at the syllables here printed in italics.

^b SCENE II.—"*His horse hipped,*" &c.

Shakspeare describes the imperfections and unsoundness of a horse with as much precision as if he had been bred in a farrier's shop. In the same way, in the *Venus and Adonis*, he is equally circumstantial in summing up the qualities of a noble courser:—

*"Round hoof'd, short jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
Broad breast, full eye, small head, and nostrils wide,
High crest, short ears, straight legs and passing strong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide."*

^c SCENE II.—"*A health, quoth he.*"

It was the universal custom, in our poet's time, at the marriage of the humblest as well as the highest, for a *bride-cup*, sometimes called "*a knitting-cup*," to be quaffed in church. At the marriage of Philip and Mary, in Winchester Cathedral, in 1554, this part of the ceremony is thus described:—"The trumpets sounded, and they both returned to their traverses in the quire, and there remained until mass was done; at which time *wine and sops* were hallow'd and delivered to them both."—(*Leland's Collectanea*.) In Laneham's Letter (1575), describing the entertainments at Kenilworth, we have an account of a real rustic wedding, in which there was borne before the bride "the bride-cup, formed of a sweet sucket barrel, a fair-turned post set to it, all seemingly besilvered and parcel-gilt." Laneham adds that "the busy flies flocked about the bride-cup for the sweetness of the sucket that it savoured on."

^d SCENE II.—"*I must away to-day.*"

We subjoin the parallel scene in the other play:—

Fer. Father, farewell, my Kate and I must home.
Sirrah, go make ready my horse presently.

Alf. Your horse! what, son, I hope you do but jest; I am sure you will not go so suddenly.

Kate. Let him go or tarry, I am resolved to stay,
And not to travel on my wedding-day.

Fer. Tüt, Kate, I tell thee we must needs go home.
Villain, hast thou saddled my horse?

San. Which horse—your curtail?

Fer. Zounds! you slave, stand you prating here!
Saddle the bay gelding for your mistress.

Kate. Not for me, for I will not go.

San. The ostler will not let me have him; you owe tenpence
For his meat, and sixpence for stuffing my mistress' saddle.

Fer. Here, villain, go pay him straight.

San. Shall I give him another peck of lavender?

Fer. Out, slave! and bring them presently to the door.

Alf. Why, son, I hope at least you'll dine with us.

San. I pray you, master, let's stay till dinner be done.

Fer. Zounds, villain, art thou here yet? [*Exit SANDER.*
Come, Kate, our dinner is provided at home.

Kate. But not for me, for here I mean to dine:
I'll have my will in this as well as you;
Though you in madding mood would leave your friends,
Despite of you I'll tarry with them still.

Fer. Ay, Kate, so thou shalt, but at some other time:
When as thy sisters here shall be espoused,
Then thou and I will keep our wedding-day
In better sort than now we can provide;
For here I promise thee before them all,
We will ere long return to them again.

Come, Kate, stand not on terms, we will away;
This is my day, to-morrow thou shalt rule,
And I will do whatever thou command'st.
Gentlemen, farewell, we'll take our leaves,
It will be late before that we come home.

[*Exeunt FERANDO and KATE.*]

ACT IV.

^a SCENE I.—"*Curt. Who is that calls so coldly?*
Gru. A piece of ice."

At Venice, surrounded by the sea, the temperature is rarely below 6° Réaumur—18° Fahrenheit; but the cold is much greater on the mainland, even at its nearest points; and at Padua, from which Petrucio's country-house was obviously not very distant, it is frequently so extreme as to justify all Grumio's lamentations. During a considerable period of one winter, nearly two hundred men were daily employed in breaking up the ice on the Brenta for the passage of boats to Venice; and piles of ice, of great height, might be seen till spring.—(M.)

^b SCENE I.—"*Jack, boy! ho, boy!*"

The first words of a *Round* for four voices, printed in 1609, in a musical work, now become exceedingly rare, entitled "*Pammelia, Musickes Miscellanie; or Mixed Varietie of Pleasant Roundelays and delightful Catches,*" &c.

Malone gives a rather inaccurate copy of this, and in the enigmatic form which it takes in "*Pammelia*," without seeming to be aware that it is printed in that work, for he cites Sir John Hawkins as his authority, in whose "*History of Music*," however, it not only does not appear, but is not even alluded to.

^c SCENE I.—"*Where be these knaves,*" &c.

This scene is one of the most spirited and characteristic in the play; and we see a joyous, revelling spirit shining through Petrucio's affected violence. The *Ferando* of the old "*Taming of a Shrew*" is a coarse bully, without the fine animal spirits and the real self-command of our Petrucio. The following is the parallel scene in that play; and it is remarkable how closely Shakspeare copies the incidents:—

Enter FERANDO and KATE.

Fer. Now, welcome, Kate. Where's these villains
Here? What, not supper yet upon the board,
Nor table spread, nor nothing done at all?
Where's that villain that I sent before?

San. Now, *adsum*, sir.

Fer. Come hither, you villain, I'll cut your nose.
You rogue, help me off with my boots; will't please
You to lay the cloth? Zounds! the villain
Hurts my foot; pull easily, I say, yet again!

[*He beats them all.*]

[*They cover the board, and fetch in the meat.*
Zounds, burnt and scorched! Who dress'd this meat?
T T

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Wil. Forsooth, John Cook.

[*He throws down the table, and meat, and all, and beats them all.*]

Fer. Go, you villains, bring me such meat!
Out of my sight, I say, and bear it hence:
Come, Kate, we'll have other meat provided.
Is there a fire in my chamber, sir?

San. Ay, forsooth.

[*Exeunt FERANDO and KATE.*]

[*Manent Serving-men, and eat up all the meat.*]

Tom. Zounds! I think of my conscience my master's mad since he was married.

Wil. I laughed, what a box he gave Sander for pulling off his boots.

Enter FERANDO again.

San. I hurt his foot for the nonce, man.

Fer. Did you so, you damned villain?

[*He beats them all out again.*]

This humour must I hold me to awhile,
To bridle and hold back my headstrong wife,
With curbs of hunger, ease, and want of sleep:
Nor sleep, nor meat, shall she enjoy to-night.
I'll mew her up as men do mew their hawks,
And make her gently come unto the lure.
Were she as stubborn, or as full of strength,
As was the Thracian horse Alcides tamed,
That king Egeus fed with flesh of men,
Yet would I pull her down, and make her come,
As hungry hawks do fly unto their lure.

[*Exit.*]

^d SCENE I.—“*It was the friar of orders grey,*” &c.

Percy's poem, “The Friar of Orders Grey,” which is partly made up of fragments of ballads found in Shakspeare, begins thus:—

“It was a friar of orders grey
Walk'd forth to tell his beads.”

^e SCENE III.—“*No, no; forsooth, I dare not, for my life.*”

We subjoin the parallel scene from the other play:—

Enter SANDER and his Mistress.

San. Come, mistress.

Kate. Sander, I prithee help me to some meat,
I am so faint that I can scarcely stand.

San. Ay, marry, mistress, but you know my master has given me a charge that you must eat nothing, but that which he himself giveth you.

Kate. Why, man, thy master needs never know it.

San. You say true, indeed. Why look you, mistress, what say you to a piece of beef and mustard now?

Kate. Why, I say 'tis excellent meat; canst thou help me to some?

San. Ay, I could help you to some, but that I doubt the mustard is too choleric for you. But what say you to a sheep's head and garlic?

Kate. Why, anything, I care not what it be.

San. Ay, but the garlic I doubt will make your breath stink, and then my master will curse me for letting you eat it. But what say you to a fat capon?

Kate. That's meat for a king, sweet Sander, help me to some of it.

San. Nay, by'r lady! then 'tis too dear for us; we must not meddle with the king's meat.

Kate. Out, villain! dost thou mock me?

Take that for thy sauciness.

[*She beats him.*]

Grey has been hastily betrayed into a remark upon this scene in Shakspeare which is singularly opposed to his usual accuracy:—“This seems to be borrowed from Cervantes' account of Sancho Panza's treatment by his physician, when sham governor of the island of Barataria.” The first part of “Don Quixote” was not published till 1605; and the scene is found in the old “Taming of a Shrew,” which was published in 1594.

^f SCENE III.—“*Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments,*” &c.

The resemblance of this scene to the scene in the other play, in which the Shrew is tried to the utmost by her husband's interference with her dress, is closer than in almost any other part. The “face not me,” and “brave not me,” of Grumio, are literally the same jokes. In the speech of Petrucio, after the tailor is driven out, we have three lines which are the same, with the slightest alteration:—

“Come, Kate, we now will go see thy father's house,
Even in these honest, mean habiliments;
Our purses shall be rich, our garments plain.”

And yet the differences in spirit and taste are as remarkable as the resemblances.

Enter FERANDO and KATE, and SANDER.

San. Master, the haberdasher has brought my mistress home her cap here.

Fer. Come hither, sirrah: what have you there?

Haberdasher. A velvet cap, sir, an it please you.

Fer. Who spoke for it? didst thou, Kate?

Kate. What if I did? Come hither, sirrah, give me the cap; I'll see if it will fit me. [*She sets it on her head.*]

Fer. O monstrous! why, it becomes thee not:

Let me see it, Kate. Here, sirrah, take it hence,
This cap is out of fashion quite.

Kate. The fashion is good enough: belike you mean to make a fool of me.

Fer. Why, true, he means to make a fool of thee

To have thee put on such a curtail'd cap.

Sirrah, begone with it.

Enter the Tailor with a Gown.

San. Here is the tailor, too, with my mistress' gown.

Fer. Let me see it, tailor: what, with cuts and jags?

Zounds, thou villain, thou hast spoiled the gown!

Tailor. Why, sir, I made it as your man gave me direction. You may read the note here.

Fer. Come hither, sirrah. Tailor, read the note.

Tailor. Item, a fair round compassed cape.

San. Ay, that's true.

Tailor. And a large trunk sleeve.

San. That's a lie, master, I said two trunk sleeves.

Fer. Well, sir, go forward.

Tailor. Item, a loose-bodied gown.

San. Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown, sew me in a seam, and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread.

Tailor. I made it as the note bade me.

San. I say the note lies in his throat, and thou too an thou sayest it.

Tailor. Nay, nay, ne'er be so hot, sirrah, for I fear you not.

San. Dost thou hear, Tailor, thou hast braved many men: brave not me. Thou hast faced many men—

Tailor. Well, sir?

San. Face not me: I'll neither be faced nor braved at thy hands, I can tell thee.

Kate. Come, come, I like the fashion of it well enough;

Here's more ado than needs; I'll have it, ay,

And if you do not like it, hide your eyes;

I think I shall have nothing by your will.

^g SCENE V.—“*Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon!*” &c.

We trespass once more upon the indulgence of our readers while we give the parallel scene from the other play. The incidents are the same in both.

Fer. Come, Kate, the moon shines clear to-night, methinks.

Kate. The moon? why, husband, you are deceiv'd,
It is the sun.

Fer. Yet again, come back again, it shall be
The moon ere we come at your father's.

Kate. Why, I'll say as you say; it is the moon.

Fer. Jesus, save the glorious moon!

Kate. Jesus, save the glorious moon!

Fer. I am glad, Kate, your stomach is come down;
I know it well thou know'st it is the sun,
But I did try to see if thou wouldst speak,
And cross me now as thou hast done before;
And trust me, Kate, hadst thou not named the moon,
We had gone back again as sure as death.
But soft, who's this that's coming here?

Enter the Duke of CESTUS, alone.

Duke. Thus all alone from Cestus am I come,
And left my princely court and noble train,
To come to Athens, and in this disguise,
To see what course my son Aurelius takes.
But stay, here's some, it may be, travels thither;
Good sir, can you direct me the way to Athens?

Fer. [*Speaks to the old man.*] Fair, lovely maiden, young and affable,
More clear of hue, and far more beautiful
Than precious sardonix or purple rocks
Of amethysts or glittering hyacinth,
More amiable far than is the plain,
Where glittering Cephers in silver bowers
Gazeth upon the Giant, Andromede:
Sweet Kate, entertain this lovely woman.

Duke. I think the man is mad; he calls me a woman.

Kate. Fair, lovely lady, bright and crystalline,
Beauteous and stately as the eye-train'd bird,
As glorious as the morning washed with dew,
Within whose eyes she takes her dawning beams,
And golden summer sleeps upon thy cheeks,
Wrap up thy radiations in some cloud,
Lest that thy beauty make this stately town
Inhabitable like the burning zone,
With sweet reflections of thy lovely face.

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTICE.

ACT V.

^a SCENE I.—“*A sail-maker in Bergamo.*”

It seems rather odd to select sail-making as the occupation of a resident in a town so far from the sea as Bergamo. It is possible, however, that the sails required for the navigation of the Lakes Lecco and Garda might have been made in the intermediate town of Bergamo. I looked through the place for a sail-maker; but the nearest approach I could find to one was a maker of awnings, &c.—(M.)

^b SCENE II.—“*A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled.*”

The fountain is the favourite of the many ornaments of the court of an Italian palazzo. It is important for its utility during the heats of summer; and such arts are lavished upon this species of erection as make it commonly a very beautiful object. It is worth the trouble of ascending a campanile in an Italian city in summer merely to look down into the shady courts of the surrounding houses, where, if such houses be of the better sort, the fountains in the centre of the courts may be seen brimming and spouting, so as to refresh the gazer through the imagination. The birds that come to the basin to drink, and the servants of the house to draw water, form pictures which are a perpetual gratification to the eye. The clearness of the pool is the first requisite to the enjoyment of the fountain, without which, however elegant may be its form, it is “ill-seeming—bereft of beauty.”—(M.)

SCENE II.—“*Exeunt.*”

Shakspeare's play terminates without disposing of Christopher Sly. The actors probably dealt with him as they pleased after his most characteristic speech at the end of the second scene of Act I. The old “*Taming of a Shrew*” concludes as follows:—

Then enter two bearing of SLIE in his own apparel again, and leave him where they found him, and then go out: then enters the TAPSTER.

Tap. Now that the darksome night is overpast,
And dawning day appears in crystal sky,
Now must I haste abroad: but soft, who's this?
What, Slie? O wondrous! hath he lain here all night?
I'll wake him; I think he's starved by this,
But that his belly was so stuff'd with ale.

What, now, Slie, awake, for shame.

Slie. Sim, give's some more wine: what, all the players gone? Am not I a lord?

Tap. A lord with a murrain: come, art thou drunken still?

Slie. Who's this? Tapster! O Lord, sirrah, I have had the bravest dream to-night that ever thou heardst in all thy life.

Tap. Yea, marry, but you had best get you home,
For your wife will curse you for dreaming here to-night.

Slie. Will she? I know now how to tame a shrew;
I dreamt upon it all this night till now,
And thou hast waked me out of the best dream
That ever I had in my life: but I'll to my wife presently,
And tame her too if she anger me.

Tap. Nay, tarry, Slie, for I'll go home with thee,
And hear the rest that thou hast dreamt to-night.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTICE.

THIS play was produced in a “taming” age. Men tamed each other by the axe and the fagot; parents tamed their children by the rod and the ferrule, as they stood or knelt in trembling silence before those who had given them life; and, although England was then called the “paradise of women,” and, as opposed to the treatment of horses, they were treated “obsequiously,” husbands thought that “taming,” after the manner of Petrucio, by oaths and starvation, was a commendable fashion. Fletcher was somewhat heretical upon this point; for he wrote a play called “*The Tamer Tamed*; or the *Taming of the Tamer*,” in which Petrucio, having married a second wife, was subjected to the same process by which he conquered “*Katharine the curst*.” The discipline appeared to be considered necessary for more than a century afterwards; for we find in the “*Tatler*” a story told as new and original, of a gentleman in Lincolnshire who had four daughters, one of whom was of “so imperious a temper (usually called a high spirit), that it continually made great uneasiness in the family,” but who was entirely reclaimed by the Petrucio recipe of “taking a woman down in her wedding shoes.”

We live in an age when this practice of Petrucio is not universally considered orthodox; and we owe a great deal to him who has exhibited the secrets of the “taming school” with so much spirit in this comedy, for the better belief of our age, that violence is not to be subdued by violence. It was *he* who said, when the satirist cried out—

“Give me leave
To speak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleanse the foul body of the infected world”—

it was *he* who said, in his own proper spirit of gentleness and truth,

“Fie on thee, I can tell what thou wouldst do—
Most mischievous foul sin in chiding sin.”

It was *he* who found “a soul of goodness in things evil,”—who taught us, in the same delicious reflection of his own nature, the real secret of conquering opposition:—

“Your gentleness shall force,
More than your force move us to gentleness.”*

Pardon be for him, if, treading in the footsteps of a predecessor whose sympathies with the peaceful and the beautiful were immeasurably inferior to his own, and sacrificing something to the popular appetite,

he should have made the husband of a froward woman “kill her in her own humour,” and bring her upon her knees to the abject obedience of a revolted, but penitent slave:—

“A foul contending rebel,
And graceless traitor to her loving lord.”

Pardon for *him*? If there be one reader of Shakspeare, and especially if that reader be a female, who cherishes *unmixed* indignation when Petrucio, in his triumph, exclaims—

“He that knows better how to tame a shrew,
Now let him speak,”—

we would say,—the indignation which you feel, and in which thousands sympathise, belongs to the age in which you live; but the principle of justice, and of justice to women above all, from which it springs, has been established, more than by any other lessons of human origin, by him who has now moved your anger. It is to him that woman owes, more than to any other human authority, the popular elevation of the feminine character, by the most matchless delineations of its purity, its faith, its disinterestedness, its tenderness, its heroism, its union of intellect and sensibility. It is he that, as long as the power of influencing mankind by high thoughts, clothed in the most exquisite language, shall endure, will preserve the ideal elevation of woman pure and unassailable from the attacks of coarseness or libertinism,—ay, and even from the degradation of the example of the crafty and worldly-minded of their own sex;—for it is he that has delineated the ingenuous and trusting Imogen, the guileless Perdita, the impassioned Juliet, the heart-stricken but loving Desdemona, the generous and courageous Portia, the unconquerable Isabella, the playful Rosalind, the world-unknowing Miranda. Shakspeare may have exhibited one froward woman wrongly tamed; but who can estimate the number of those from whom his all-penetrating influence has averted the curse of being froward?

If Shakspeare requires any apology for *The Taming of the Shrew*, it is for having adopted the subject at all,—not for his treatment of it. The Kate that he found ready to his hand was a thoroughly unfeminine person, coarse and obstreperous, without the humour which shines through the violence of his Katharine. He describes his Shrew as—

“Young and beauteous;
Brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman.”

* As You Like It.

She has "a scolding tongue," "her only fault." Her temper, as Shakspeare has delineated it, is the result of her pride and her love of domination. She is captious to her father; she tyrannizes over her younger sister; she is jealous of the attractions of that sister's gentleness. This is a temper that perhaps could not be subdued by kindness, except after Petrucio's fashion of "killing a wife with kindness." At any rate, it could not be so subdued, except by a long course of patient discipline, quite incompatible with the hurried movement of a dramatic action. In the scene where Katharine strikes Bianca her temper has been exhibited at the worst. It is bad enough; but not quite so bad as appears from the following description of a French commentator:—"Catherine bat sa sœur par fantaisie et pour passer le temps, malgré les prières et les larmes de Bianca, qui ne se défend que par la douceur. Baptista accourt, et met Bianca en sûreté dans sa chambre. Catherine sort, enragée de n'avoir plus personne à battre."* It is in her worst humour that Petrucio woos her; and surely nothing can be more animated than the wooing:—

"For you are call'd plain Kate,
And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst;
But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,
Kate of Kate-Hall, my super-dainty Kate,
For dainties are all cates; and therefore, Kate,
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation;
Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every town,
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,
(Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,)
Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife."

Mr. Brown† has very judiciously pointed out the conduct of this scene, as an example of Shakspeare's intimate knowledge of Italian manners. The conclusion of it is in reality a betrothment, of which circumstance no indication is given in the older play. The imperturbable spirit of Petrucio, and the daring mixture of reality and jest in his deportment, subdued Katharine at the first interview:—

"Setting all this chat aside,
Thus in plain terms:—Your father hath consented
That you shall be my wife;—your dowry 'greed on;
And will you, nill you, I will marry you."

Katharine denounces him as—

"A madcap ruffian, and a swearing Jack;"

Petrucio heeds it not:—

"We have 'greed so well together,
That upon Sunday is the wedding-day."

Katharine rejoins—

"I'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first;"

but, nevertheless, the betrothment proceeds:—

"Give me thy hand, Kate: I will unto Venice,
To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day:—
Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests;
I will be sure, my Katharine shall be fine.
Bap. I know not what to say: but give me your hands;
God send you joy, Petrucio! 'tis a match.
Gre., Tra. Amen, say we; we will be witnesses."

"Father and wife," says Petrucio. The betrothment is complete; and Katharine acknowledges it when Petrucio does not come to his appointment:—

"Now must the world point at poor Katharine,
And say—Lo! there is mad Petrucio's wife,
If it would please him come and marry her."

The "taming" has begun; her pride is touched in a right direction. But Petrucio *does* come. What passes in the church is matter of description, but the description is Shakspeare all over. When we compare the freedom and facility which our poet has thrown into these scenes, with the drawling course of his predecessor, we are amazed that any one should have a difficulty in distinctly tracing his "fine Roman hand." Nor are the scenes of the under-plot in our opinion less certainly his. Who but Shakspeare could have written these lines?—

"Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move,
And with her breath she did perfume the air;
Sacred and sweet was all I saw in her."

Compare this exquisite simplicity, this tender and unpretending har-

mony, with the bombastic images and the formal rhythm of the old play; the following passage for example:—

"Come, fair Emelia, my lovely love,
Brighter than the burnish'd palace of the Sun,
The eyesight of the glorious firmament,
In whose bright looks sparkles the radiant fire
Wily Prometheus slyly stole from Jove."

And who but Shakspeare could have created Grumio out of the stupid *Sander* of his predecessor? That

"Ancient, trusty, pleasant, servant Grumio"

is one of those incomparable characters who drove the old clowns and fools off the stage, and trampled their wooden daggers and coxcombs for ever under foot. He is one of that numerous train that Shakspeare called up, of whom Shadwell said, that "they had more wit than any of the wits and critics of his time." When Grumio comes with Petrucio to wed, he says not a word; but who has not pictured him "with a linen stock on one leg, and a kersey boot-hose on the other—a very mōnster in apparel, and not like a Christian foot-boy or a gentleman's lackey"? We imagine him, like Sancho or Ralpho, somewhat under-sized. His profound remark, "Considering the weather, a taller man than I would take cold," is indicative equally of his stature and his wit. His scene with Curtis, in the fourth act, is almost as good as Launce and Touchstone.

But we are digressing from Petrucio, the soul of this drama. Hazlitt's character of him is very just:—"Petrucio is a madman in his senses; a very honest fellow, who hardly speaks a word of truth, and succeeds in all his tricks and impostures. He acts his assumed character to the life, with the most fantastical extravagance, with complete presence of mind, with untired animal spirits, and without a particle of ill humour from beginning to end." The great skill which Shakspeare has shewn in the management of this comedy is established in the conviction that he produces all along that Petrucio's character is *assumed*. Whatever he may say or do, we are satisfied that he has a real fund of good humour at the bottom of all the outbreaks of his inordinate self-will. We know that if he succeeds in subduing the violence of his wife by a much higher extravagance of violence, he will be prepared not only to return her affection, but to evoke it, in all the strength and purity of woman's love, out of the pride and obstinacy in which it has been buried. His concluding line—

"Why, there's a wench!—Come on, and kiss me, Kate"—

is an earnest of his happiness.

Of the Induction we scarcely know how to speak without appearing hyperbolical in our praise. It is to us one of the most precious gems in Shakspeare's casket. The elegance, the truth, the high poetry, the consummate humour, of this fragment, are so remarkable, that if we apply ourselves to compare it carefully with the earlier Induction upon which Shakspeare formed it, and with the best of the dramatic poetry of his contemporaries, we shall in some degree obtain a conception, not only of the qualities in which he equalled and excelled the highest things of other men, and in which he could be measured with them,—but of those wonderful endowments in which he differed from all other men, and to which no standard of comparison can be applied. Schlegel says, "The last half of this prelude, that in which the tinker in his new state again drinks himself out of his senses, and is transformed in his sleep into his former condition, from some accident or other is lost." We doubt whether it was ever produced; and whether Shakspeare did not exhibit his usual judgment in letting the curtain drop upon honest Christopher, when his wish was accomplished at the close of the comedy which he had expressed very early in its progress:—

"'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam lady; 'Would 'twere done!"

Had Shakspeare brought him again upon the scene, in all the richness of his first exhibition, perhaps the impatience of the audience would never have allowed them to sit through the lessons of "the taming school." We have had farces enough *founded* upon the legend of Christopher Sly, but no one has ventured to *continue* him.

* Paul Duport, Essais Littéraires, tom. ii. p. 305.

† Shakspeare's Autobiographical Poems.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

STATE OF THE TEXT, AND CHRONOLOGY, OF A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM was first printed in 1600. In that year there appeared two editions of the play;—the one published by Thomas Fisher, a bookseller; the other by James Roberts, a printer. The differences between these two editions are very slight. Steevens, in his collection of twenty plays, has reprinted that by Roberts, giving the variations of the edition by Fisher. It is difficult to say whether both of these were printed with the consent of the author, or whether one was genuine and the other pirated. If the entries at Stationers' Hall may be taken as evidence of a proprietary right, the edition by Fisher is the genuine one, "A booke called A Mydsomer Nyghte Dreame" having been entered by him Oct. 8, 1600. One thing is perfectly clear to us—that the original of these editions, whichever it might be, was printed from a genuine copy, and carefully superintended through the press. The text appears to us as perfect as it is possible to be, considering the state of typography in that day. There is one remarkable evidence of this. The prologue to the interlude of the Clowns, in the fifth act, is purposely made inaccurate in its punctuation throughout. The speaker "does not stand upon points." It was impossible to have effected the object better than by the punctuation of Roberts's edition; and this is precisely one of those matters of nicety in which a printer would have failed, unless he had followed an extremely clear copy, or his proofs had been corrected by an author or an editor. The play was not reprinted after 1600, till it was collected into the folio of 1623; and the text in that edition differs in very few instances, and those very slight ones, from that of the preceding quartos.

Malone has assigned the composition of A Midsummer Night's Dream to the year 1594. We are not disposed to object to this,—indeed, we are inclined to believe that he has pretty exactly indicated the precise year, as far as it can be proved by one or two allusions which the play contains. But we entirely object to the reasons upon which Malone attempts to show that it was one of our author's "earliest attempts in comedy." He derives the proof of this from "the poetry of this piece, glowing with all the warmth of a youthful and lively imagination, the many scenes which it contains of almost continual rhyme, the poverty of the fable, and want of discrimination among the higher personages." Malone would place A Midsummer Night's Dream in the same rank as The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Love's Labour's Lost, and The Comedy of Errors; and he supposes all of them written within a year or two of each other. We have no objection to believe that our poet wrote A Midsummer Night's Dream when he was thirty years of age, that is, in 1594. But it so far exceeds the three other comedies in all the higher attributes of poetry, that we cannot avoid repeating here the opinion which we have so often expressed, that he had written these for the stage before his twenty-fifth year, when he was a considerable shareholder in the Blackfriars' company; some of them, perhaps, as early as 1585, at which period the vulgar tradition assigns to Shakspeare—a husband, a father, and a man conscious of the possession of the very highest order of talent—the dignified office of holding horses at the theatre door. The year 1594 is, as nearly as possible, the period where we would place A Midsummer Night's Dream, with reference to our strong belief that Shakspeare's earliest plays must be assigned to the

commencement of his dramatic career; and that two or three even of his great works had then been given to the world in an unformed shape, subsequently worked up to completeness and perfection. But it appears to us a misapplication of the received meaning of words, to talk of "the warmth of a youthful and lively imagination" with reference to A Midsummer Night's Dream, and the Shakspeare of thirty. We can understand these terms to apply to the unpruned luxuriance of the Venus and Adonis; but the poetry of this piece—the almost continual rhyme—and even the poverty of the fable, are to us evidences of the very highest art having obtained a perfect mastery of its materials after years of patient study. Of all the dramas of Shakspeare there is none more entirely harmonious than A Midsummer Night's Dream. All the incidents, all the characters, are in perfect subordination to the will of the poet. "Throughout the whole piece," says Malone, "the more exalted characters are subservient to the interests of those beneath them." Precisely so. An unpractised author—one who had not in command "a youthful and lively imagination"—when he had got hold of the Theseus and Hippolyta of the heroic ages, would have made them ultra-heroical. They would have commanded events, instead of moving with the supernatural influence around them in perfect harmony and proportion. "Theseus, the associate of Hercules, is not engaged in any adventure worthy of his rank or reputation, nor is he in reality an agent throughout the play." Precisely so. An immature poet, again, if the marvellous creation of Oberon and Titania and Puck could have entered into such a mind, would have laboured to make the power of the fairies produce some strange and striking events. But the exquisite beauty of Shakspeare's conception is, that, under the supernatural influence, "the human mortals" move precisely according to their respective natures and habits. Demetrius and Lysander are impatient and revengeful;—Helena is dignified and affectionate, with a spice of female error;—Hermia is somewhat vain and shrewish. And then Bottom! Who but the most skilful artist could have given us such a character? Of him Malone says, "Shakspeare would naturally copy those manners first, with which he was first acquainted. The ambition of a theatrical candidate for applause he has happily ridiculed in Bottom the weaver." A theatrical candidate for applause! Why, Bottom the weaver is the representative of the whole human race. His confidence in his own power is equally profound, whether he exclaims, "Let me play the lion too;" or whether he sings alone, "that they shall hear I am not afraid;" or whether, conscious that he is surrounded with spirits, he cries out, with his voice of authority, "Where's Peas-blossom?" In every situation Bottom is the same,—the same personification of that self-love which the simple cannot conceal, and the wise can with difficulty suppress. Malone thus concludes his analysis of the internal evidence of the chronology of A Midsummer Night's Dream:—"That a drama, of which the principal personages are thus insignificant, and the fable thus meagre and uninteresting, was one of our author's earliest compositions, does not, therefore, seem a very improbable conjecture; nor are the beauties with which it is embellished inconsistent with this supposition." The beauties with which it is embellished include, of course, the whole rhythmical structure of the versification. The poet has here put forth all his strength. We venture to offer an opinion that if any single compo-

sition were required to exhibit the power of the English language for purposes of poetry, that composition would be the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. This wonderful model—which, at the time it appeared, must have been the commencement of a great poetical revolution, and which has never ceased to influence our higher poetry, from Fletcher to Shelley—was, according to Malone, the work of “the genius of Shakspeare, even *in its minority*.”

Mr. Hallam has, as might be expected, taken a much more correct view of this question than Malone. He places *A Midsummer Night's Dream* among the early plays; but having mentioned *The Comedy of Errors*, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Love's Labour's Lost*, and *The Taming of the Shrew*, he adds, “Its superiority to those we have already mentioned affords some presumption that it was written after them.”*

A Midsummer Night's Dream is mentioned by Francis Meres in 1598. The date of the first publication of the play, therefore, in 1600, does not tend to fix its chronology. Nor is it very material to ascertain whether it preceded 1598 by three, or four, or five years. The state of the weather in 1593 and 1594, when England was visited with peculiarly ungenial seasons, may have suggested Titania's beautiful description in Act II. Scene II. (See Illustrations.) The allusion of two lines in Act IV. is by no means so clear:—

“The thrice three muses mourning for the death
Of learning, late deceas'd in beggary.”

This passage was once thought to allude to the death of Spenser. But the misfortunes and the death of Spenser did not take place till 1599. Even if the allusion were inserted between the first production of the piece, and its publication in 1600, it is difficult to understand how an elegy on the great poet could have been called—

“Some satire keen and critical.”

T. Warton suggested “that Shakspeare here, perhaps, alluded to Spenser's poem, entitled ‘*The Tears of the Muses, on the Neglect and Contempt of Learning*.’ This piece first appeared in quarto, with others, 1591.” We greatly doubt the propriety of this conjecture, which Malone has adopted. Spenser's poem is certainly a satire in one sense of the word; for it makes the Muses lament that all the glorious productions of men that proceeded from their influence had vanished from the earth. All that

“—was wont to work delight
Through the divine infusion of their skill,
And all that els seemd fair and fresh in sight,
So made by nature for to serve their will,
Was turned now to dismall heavinesse,
Was turned now to dreadful ugliness.”

Clio complains that mighty peers “only boast of arms and ancestry;” Melpomene, that “all man's life me seems a tragedy;” Thalia is “made the servant of the many;” Euterpe weeps that “now no pastoral is to be heard;” and so on. These laments do not seem to be identical with the

“mourning for the death
Of learning, late deceas'd in beggary.”

These expressions are too precise and limited to refer to the tears of the Muses for the decay of knowledge and art. We cannot divest ourselves of the belief that some real person, and some real death, were alluded to. May we hazard a conjecture?—Greene, a man of learning, and one whom Shakspeare in the generosity of his nature might wish to point at kindly, died in 1592, in a condition that might truly be called beggary. But how was his death, any more than that of Spenser, to be the occasion of “some satire keen and critical”? Every student of our literary history will remember the famous controversy of Nash and Gabriel Harvey, which was begun by Harvey's publication, in 1592, of “*Four Letters, and certain Sonnets, especially touching Robert Greene, and other parties by him abused*.” Robert Greene was dead; but Harvey came forward, in revenge of an incautious attack of the unhappy poet, to satirize him in his grave—to hold up his vices and his misfortunes to the public scorn—to be “keen and critical” upon “learning, late deceas'd in

beggary.” The conjecture which we offer may have little weight, and the point is certainly of very small consequence.

COSTUME.

For the costume of the Greeks in the heroical ages we must look to the frieze of the Parthenon. It has been justly remarked (“*Elgin Marbles*,” p. 165), that we are not to consider the figures of the Parthenon frieze as affording us “a close representation of the national costume,” harmony of composition having been the principal object of the sculptors. But nevertheless, although not one figure in all the groups may be represented as fully attired according to the custom of the country, nearly all the component parts of the ancient Greek dress are to be found in the frieze. Horsemen are certainly represented with no garment but the chlamys, according to the practice of the sculptors of that age; but the tunic which was worn beneath it is seen upon others, as well as the cothurnus, or buskin, and the petasus, or Thessalian hat, which altogether completed the male attire of that period. On other figures may be observed the Greek crested helmet and cuirass; the closer skull-cap, made of leather; and the large circular shield, &c. The Greeks of the heroic ages wore the sword under the left armpit, so that the pommel touched the nipple of the breast. It hung almost horizontally in a belt which passed over the right shoulder. It was straight, intended for cutting and thrusting, with a leaf-shaped blade, and not above twenty inches long. It had no guard, but a cross-bar, which, with the scabbard, was beautifully ornamented. The hilts of the Greek swords were sometimes of ivory and gold. The Greek bow was made of two long goat's horns fastened into a handle. The original bow-strings were thongs of leather, but afterwards horse-hair was substituted. The knocks were generally of gold, whilst metal and silver also ornamented the bows on other parts. The arrow-heads were sometimes pyramidal, and the shafts were furnished with feathers. They were carried in quivers, which, with the bow, was slung behind the shoulders. Some of these were square, others round, with covers to protect the arrows from dust and rain. Several which appear on fictile vases seem to have been lined with skins. The spear was generally of ash, with a leaf-shaped head of metal, and furnished with a pointed ferule at the butt, with which it was stuck in the ground—a method used, according to Homer, when the troops rested on their arms, or slept upon their shields. The hunting-spear (in Xenophon and Pollux) had two salient parts, sometimes three crescents, to prevent the advance of the wounded animal. On the coins of Ætolia is an undoubted hunting-spear.

The female dress consisted of the long sleeveless tunic (stola or calasiris), or a tunic with shoulder-flaps almost to the elbow, and fastened by one or more buttons down the arm (axillaris). Both descriptions hung in folds to the feet, which were protected by a very simple sandal (solea or crepida). Over the tunic was worn the peplum, a square cloth or veil fastened to the shoulders, and hanging over the bosom as low as the zone (tænia or strophium), which confined the tunic just beneath the bust. Athenian women of high rank wore hair-pins (one ornamented with a cicada, or grasshopper, is engraved in Hope's “*Costume of the Ancients*,” plate 138), ribands or fillets, wreaths of flowers, &c. The hair of both sexes was worn in long, formal ringlets, either of a flat and zigzagged, or of a round and corkscrew shape.

The lower orders of Greeks were clad in a short tunic of coarse materials, over which slaves wore a sort of leathern jacket, called diphthera: slaves were also distinguished from freemen by their hair being closely shorn.

The Amazons are generally represented on the Etruscan vases in short embroidered tunics with sleeves to the wrist (the peculiar distinction of Asiatic or barbaric nations), pantaloons, ornamented with stars and flowers to correspond with the tunic, the chlamys, or short military cloak, and the Phrygian cap or bonnet. Hippolyta is seen so attired on horseback contending with Theseus. (Vide Hope's “*Costumes*.”)

* Literature of Europe, vol. ii. p. 387.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

THESEUS, *Duke of Athens.*
EGEUS, *father to Hermia.*
LYSANDER, } *in love with Hermia.*
DEMETRIUS, }
PHILOSTRATE, *master of the revels to Theseus.*
QUINCE, *the carpenter.*
SNUG, *the joiner.*
BOTTOM, *the weaver.*
FLUTE, *the bellows-mender.*
SNOUT, *the tinker.*
STARVELING, *the tailor.*

HIPPOLYTA, *Queen of the Amazons, betrothed to Theseus.*
HERMIA, *daughter to Egeus, in love with Lysander.*
HELENA, *in love with Demetrius.*

OBERON, *king of the fairies.*
TITANIA, *queen of the fairies.*
PUCK, *or Robin-goodfellow, a fairy.*
PEAS-BLOSSOM,
COBWEB,
MOTH,
MUSTARD-SEED, } *fairies.*
Pyramus,
Thisbe,
Wall,
Moonshine,
Lion, } *characters in the Interlude performed by the Clowns.*

Other Fairies attending their King and Queen. Attendants on Theseus and Hippolyta.

SCENE.—ATHENS, and a Wood not far from it.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Athens. *A Room in the Palace of Theseus.*

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, and Attendants.

The. Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour
Draws on apace; four happy days bring in
Another moon: but, oh, methinks, how slow
This old moon wanes! she lingers my desires,
Like to a step-dame, or a dowager,
Long withering out a young man's revenue.

Hip. Four days will quickly steep themselves in nights;
Four nights will quickly dream away the time;
And then the moon, like to a silver bow
New bent¹ in heaven, shall behold the night
Of our solemnities.

The. Go, Philostrate,
Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments;
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth;
Turn melancholy forth to funerals,
The pale companion is not for our pomp.
[*Exit PHILOSTRATE.*]

Hippolyta, I woo'd thee with my sword,^a
And won thy love, doing thee injuries;
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling.²

Enter EGEUS, HERMIA, LYSANDER, and DEMETRIUS.

Ege. Happy be Theseus, our renowned duke!³

The. Thanks, good Egeus: What's the news with thee?

Ege. Full of vexation come I, with complaint
Against my child, my daughter Hermia.
Stand forth, Demetrius: My noble lord,
This man hath my consent to marry her.—
Stand forth, Lysander:—and, my gracious duke,
This man⁴ hath bewitch'd the bosom of my child:
Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rhymes,
And interchang'd love-tokens with my child:

Thou hast by moonlight at her window sung,
With feigning voice, verses of feigning love;
And stol'n the impression of her fantasy
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, conceits,
Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweet-meats; messengers
Of strong prevailment in unhardened youth:
With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's heart;
Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,
To stubborn harshness:—And, my gracious duke,
Be it so she will not here before your grace
Consent to marry with Demetrius,
I beg the ancient privilege of Athens;
As she is mine, I may dispose of her:
Which shall be either to this gentleman,
Or to her death; according to our law,
Immediately provided in that case.

The. What say you, Hermia? Be advis'd, fair maid:
To you your father should be as a god;
One that compos'd your beauties; yea, and one
To whom you are but as a form in wax,
By him imprinted, and within his power
To leave the figure, or disfigure it.
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

Her. So is Lysander.

The. In himself he is:
But, in this kind, wanting your father's voice,
The other must be held the worthier.

Her. I would my father look'd but with my eyes.

The. Rather your eyes must with his judgment look.

Her. I do entreat your grace to pardon me.

I know not by what power I am made bold,
Nor how it may concern my modesty,
In such a presence here, to plead my thoughts:
But I beseech your grace that I may know
The worst that may befall me in this case,
If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

The. Either to die the death, or to abjure
For ever the society of men.
Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires,
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,

¹ *New bent.* The two quartos of 1600, and the folio of 1623, read "*now bent*." *New* was supplied by Rowe. We believe that *now* was the original word, but used in the sense of *new*, both the words having an etymological affinity. In the same manner we have, in *All's Well that Ends Well*, Act II. Sc. III.—

"—whose ceremony
Shall seem expedient on the *now-born* brief."

This, in many editions, has been changed to "*new-born* brief;" certainly without necessity. In the present case, the corrected reading must, we apprehend, be received; for *now* could not be restored without producing an ambiguity.

² See *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Illustrations of Act V.

³ *Our renowned duke.* In a note upon the first chapter of the First Book of

Chronicles, where we find a list of "*the dukes of Edom*," the editor of the "*Pictorial Bible*" says, "Duke is rather an awkward title to assign to the chiefs of Edom. The original word is *aluph*, which would perhaps be best rendered by the general and indefinite title 'prince.'" At the time of the translation of the Bible *duke* was used in this general and indefinite sense. The word, as pointed out by Gibbon, was a corruption of the Latin *dux*, which was indiscriminately applied to any military chief. Chaucer has *duke* Theseus,—Gower, *duke* Spartacus,—Stonyhurst, *duke* Æneas. The "awkward title" was a word in general use; and therefore Steevens is not justified in calling it "a misapplication of a modern title."

⁴ *This man.* So the old copies. In modern editions *man* is omitted; and the emphatic repetition of Egeus is in consequence destroyed.

Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,
You can endure the livery of a nun;
For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.
Thrice blessed they that master so their blood,
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage:
But earthly happier¹ is the rose distill'd,
Than that, which, withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.

Her. So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,
Ere I will yield my virgin patent up
Unto his lordship,² whose unwish'd yoke
My soul consents not to give sovereignty.³

The. Take time to pause; and, by the next new moon,
(The sealing-day betwixt my love and me,
For everlasting bond of fellowship)
Upon that day either prepare to die,
For disobedience to your father's will;
Or else, to wed Demetrius, as he would;
Or on Diana's altar to protest,
For aye, austerity and single life.

Dem. Relent, sweet Hermia:—And, Lysander, yield
Thy crazed title to my certain right.

Lys. You have her father's love, Demetrius;
Let me have Hermia's: Do you marry him.

Ege. Scornful Lysander! true he hath my love;
And what is mine my love shall render him;
And she is mine; and all my right of her
I do estate unto Demetrius.

Lys. I am, my lord, as well deriv'd as he,
As well possess'd; my love is more than his;
My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd,
If not with vantage, as Demetrius'
And, which is more than all these boasts can be,
I am belov'd of beauteous Hermia:
Why should not I then prosecute my right?
Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,
Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,
And won her soul; and she, sweet lady, dotes,
Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,
Upon this spotted⁴ and inconstant man.

The. I must confess that I have heard so much,
And with Demetrius thought to have spoke thereof;
But, being over-full of self-affairs,
My mind did lose it.—But, Demetrius, come;
And come, Egeus; you shall go with me,
I have some private schooling for you both.
For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourself

To fit your fancies to your father's will;
Or else the law of Athens yields you up
(Which by no means we may extenuate,
To death, or to a vow of single life.
Come, my Hippolyta: What cheer, my love?
Demetrius, and Egeus, go along:
I must employ you in some business
Against our nuptial; and confer with you
Of something nearly that concerns yourselves.

Ege. With duty and desire, we follow you.

[*Exeunt* THES., HIP., EGE., DEM., and train.

Lys. How now, my love? why is your cheek so pale?
How chance the roses there do fade so fast?

Her. Belike for want of rain; which I could well
Beteem⁵ them from the tempest of mine eyes.

Lys. Ah me! for aught that ever I could read,^b
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth:
But, either it was different in blood;—

Her. O cross! too high to be enthrall'd to low!⁶

Lys. Or else misgraffed, in respect of years;—

Her. O spite! too old to be engag'd to young!

Lys. Or else it stood upon the choice of friends;⁷—

Her. O hell! to choose love by another's eye!

Lys. Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it;
Making it momentary⁸ as a sound,
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream,
Brief as the lightning in the collied⁹ night,
That, in a spleen,¹⁰ unfolds both heaven and earth,
And ere a man hath power to say,—Behold!
The jaws of darkness do devour it up:
So quick bright things come to confusion.

Her. If then true lovers have been ever cross'd,
It stands as an edict in destiny:
Then let us teach our trial patience,
Because it is a customary cross;
As due to love as thoughts, and dreams, and sighs,
Wishes, and tears, poor fancy's¹¹ followers.

Lys. A good persuasion; therefore, hear me, Hermia.
I have a widow aunt, a dowager
Of great revenue, and she hath no child;
From Athens is her house remov'd¹² seven leagues;
And she respects me as her only son.
There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee;
And to that place the sharp Athenian law
Cannot pursue us: If thou lov'st me then,
Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night;
And in the wood, a league without the town,

¹ *Earthly happier*—more happy in an earthly sense. The reading of all the old copies is *earthlier happy*, and this has been generally followed, although Pope and Johnson proposed *earlier happy*, and Steevens *earthly happy*. We have no doubt that Capell's reading, which we have adopted, is the true one, and that the old reading arose out of one of the commonest of typographical errors. The orthography of the folio is *earthlier happie*. If the comparative had not been used, it would have been *earthlie happie*; and it is easy to see, therefore, that the *r* has been transposed.

² *Lordship*—authority. The word *dominion* in our present translation of the Bible (Romans vi.) is *lordship* in Wycliffe's translation.

³ This is one of those elliptical expressions which frequently occur in our poet. The editor of the second folio, who was not scrupulous in adapting Shakspeare's language to the changes of a quarter of a century, printed the lines—

"Unto his lordship, to whose unwish'd yoke," &c.

The *to* must be understood after *sovereignty*. In the same manner, the particle *on* must be understood in a passage in *Cymbeline*:—

"Whom heavens, in justice, (both on her and hers,)
Have laid most heavy hand." (*on*.)

The same elliptical construction occurs in Othello's speech to the Senate:—

"What conjurations and what mighty magic
I won his daughter." (*with*.)

⁴ *Spotted*—stained, impure: the opposite of *spotless*.

⁵ *Beteem*—pour forth.

⁶ The quartos and the folio read—

"O cross! too high to be enthrall'd to love."

Theobald altered *love* to *low*; and the antithesis, which is kept up through the subsequent lines, justifies the change:—*high—low; old—young*.

⁷ *Friends*. So the quartos. In the folio we find—

"Or else it stood upon the choice of merit."

The alteration in the folio was certainly not an accidental one; but we hesitate to adopt the reading, the meaning of which is more recondite than that of *friends*. The "choice of merit" is opposed to the "sympathy in choice;"—the merit of the suitor recommends itself to "another's eye," but not to the person beloved.

⁸ *Momentary*. So the folio of 1623; the quartos read *momentary*, which Johnson says is the old and proper word. *Momentary* has certainly a more antique sound than *momentary*; but they were each indifferently used by the writers of Shakspeare's time. We prefer the reading of the folio, because *momentary* occurs in four other passages in our poet's dramas; and this is a solitary example of the use of *momentary*, and that only in the quartos. The reading of the folio is invariably *momentary*.

⁹ *Collied*—black, smutted. This is a word still in use in the Staffordshire collieries. Shakspeare found it there, and transplanted it into the region of poetry.

¹⁰ *In a spleen*—in a sudden fit of passion or caprice.

¹¹ *Fancy's followers*—the followers of Love. *Fancy* is here used in the same sense as in the exquisite song in *The Merchant of Venice*:—

"Tell me where is fancy bred."

The word is repeated with the same meaning three times in this play: in Act II. Sc. II.—

"In maiden meditation fancy-free;"—

in Act III. Sc. II.—

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

and in Act IV. Sc. I.—

"Fair Helena in fancy following me."

¹² *Remov'd*—the reading of the folio. In the quartos we find *remote*. The reading of the folio is supported by several parallel passages; as in *Hamlet*—

"It wafts you to a more removed ground;"

and in *As You Like It*—"Your accent is somewhat finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling."

Where I did meet thee once with Helena,
To do observance to a morn of May,^c
There will I stay for thee.

Her. My good Lysander!
I swear to thee by Cupid's strongest bow;
By his best arrow with the golden head;
By the simplicity of Venus' doves;
By that which knitteth souls, and prospers loves;
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage queen,
When the false Trojan under sail was seen;
By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever women spoke;
In that same place thou hast appointed me,
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

Lys. Keep promise, love: Look, here comes Helena.

Enter HELENA.

Her. God speed fair Helena! Whither away?

Hel. Call you me fair? that fair again unsay.
Demetrius loves your fair:¹ O happy fair!
Your eyes are load-stars;^d and your tongue's sweet air
More tunable than lark to shepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.
Sickness is catching; O, were favour² so,
Yours would I catch,³ fair Hermia, ere I go;
My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye,
My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody.
Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,
The rest I'll give to be to you translated.
O, teach me how you look; and with what art
You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart.

Her. I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.

Hel. O, that your frowns would teach my smiles such skill!

Her. I give him curses, yet he gives me love.

Hel. O, that my prayers could such affection move!

Her. The more I hate, the more he follows me.

Hel. The more I love, the more he hateth me.

Her. His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine.⁴

Hel. None. But your beauty; would that fault were mine!

Her. Take comfort; he no more shall see my face;
Lysander and myself will fly this place.
Before the time I did Lysander see,
Seem'd Athens like a paradise to me:
O then, what graces in my love do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a heaven unto a hell!

Lys. Helen, to you our minds we will unfold:
To-morrow night, when Phœbe doth behold
Her silver visage in the wat'ry glass,
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass,
(A time that lovers' flights doth still conceal,
Through Athens' gates have we devis'd to steal.

Her. And in the wood, where often you and I
Upon faint primrose beds were wont to lie,

Emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet,
There my Lysander and myself shall meet:
And thence, from Athens, turn away our eyes,
To seek new friends and stranger companies.⁵
Farewell, sweet playfellow; pray thou for us,
And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!—
Keep word, Lysander: We must starve our sight
From lovers' food, till morrow deep midnight.

[*Exit* HERMIA.]

Lys. I will, my Hermia.—Helena, adieu:
As you on him, Demetrius dote on you!

[*Exit* LYSANDER.]

Hel. How happy some o'er other some can be!
Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.
But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so;
He will not know what all but he do know.
And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,
So I, admiring of his qualities.
Things base and vile,⁶ holding no quantity,
Love can transpose to form and dignity.
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind.
Nor hath love's mind of any judgment taste;
Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haste:
And therefore is love said to be a child,
Because in choice he is so oft beguil'd.
As waggish boys in game themselves forswear,
So the boy love is perjur'd everywhere:
For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eyne,
He hail'd down oaths, that he was only mine;
And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt,
So he dissolv'd, and showers of oaths did melt.
I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight:
Then to the wood will he, to-morrow night,
Pursue her; and for this intelligence
If I have thanks, it is a dear expense:
But herein mean I to enrich my pain,
To have his sight thither and back again.

[*Exit*.]

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room in a Cottage.*

Enter SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, QUINCE, and
STARVELING.

Quin. Is all our company here?

Bot. You were best to call them generally, man by man,
according to the scrip.⁷

Quin. Here is the scroll of every man's name, which is
thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our interlude
before the duke and the duchess, on his wedding-day at
night.

Bot. First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats
on; then read the names of the actors; and so grow on to
a point.

Quin. Marry, our play is—The most lamentable comedy,
and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby.

⁴ This is the reading of the quarto printed by Fisher. That by Roberts, and the folio, read—

“His folly, Helena, is none of mine.”

In the original editions we have the following reading:—

“And in the wood, where often you and I
Upon faint primrose beds were wont to lie,
Emptying our bosoms, of their counsel *swell'd*,
There my Lysander and myself shall meet,
And thence from Athens turn away our eyes
To seek new friends and *strange* companions.”

It will be observed that the whole scene is in rhyme; and the introduction, therefore, of four lines of blank verse has a harsh effect. The emendations were made by Theobald; and they are certainly ingenious and unforced. *Companies* for *companions* has an example in Henry V.:—

“His *companies* unletter'd, rude, and shallow.”

⁶ *Vile*—vilc. The word repeatedly occurs in Shakspeare, as in Spenser; and when it does so occur we are scarcely justified in substituting the *vile* of the modern editors.

⁷ *Scrip*—script, a written paper. Bills of exchange are called by Locke “*scrips* of paper;” and the term is still known upon the Stock Exchange.

¹ *Fair*—used as a substantive for *beauty*. As in The Comedy of Errors—

“My decayed *fair*

A sunny look of his would soon repair.”

This is the reading of the quartos. In the folio we have “*you* fair.”

² *Favour*—features, appearance, outward qualities. In Cymbeline we find—

“I have surely seen him;

His *favour* is familiar to me;”

in Measure for Measure, “Surely, sir, a good *favour* you have;” and in Hamlet,

“Tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this *favour* she must come.”

³ *Yours would I catch*. The reading of all the old editions is, *Your words I catch*. The substitution was made by Hamner. We leave the text as in most modern editions; but if the passage be pointed thus, we have an intelligible meaning in the original text:—

“Sickness is catching; O, were favour so.

(Your words I catch, fair Hermia,) ere I go,

My ear should catch your voice,” &c.

It is in the repetition of the word *fair* that Helena catches the words of Hermia; but she would also catch her voice, her intonation, and her expression, as well as her words.

Bot. A very good piece of work, I assure you,¹ and a merry.—Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scroll: Masters, spread yourselves.

Quin. Answer, as I call you.—Nick Bottom, the weaver.

Bot. Ready. Name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quin. You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

Bot. What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant?

Quin. A lover, that kills himself most gallantly for love.

Bot. That will ask some tears in the true performing of it: If I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move storms, I will condole in some measure. To the rest:—Yet my chief humour is for a tyrant: I could play *Ercles* rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split.

“The raging rocks,
And shivering shocks,
Shall break the locks
Of prison gates:
And Phibbus' car
Shall shine from far,
And make and mar
The foolish fates.”

This was lofty!—Now name the rest of the players.—This is *Ercles' vein*,² a tyrant's vein; a lover is more condoling.

Quin. Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

Flu. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You must take *Thisby* on you.

Flu. What is *Thisby*? a wandering knight?

Quin. It is the lady that *Pyramus* must love.

Flu. Nay, faith, let not me play a woman; I have a beard coming.

Quin. That's all one; you shall play it in a mask,³ and you may speak as small as you will.

Bot. An I may hide my face, let me play *Thisby*, too: I'll speak in a monstrous little voice;—“*Thisne*, *Thisne*,—Ah, *Pyramus*, my lover dear; thy *Thisby* dear! and lady dear!”

Quin. No, no, you must play *Pyramus*; and, *Flute*, you *Thisby*.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Quin. *Robin Starveling*, the tailor.

Star. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. *Robin Starveling*, you must play *Thisby's* mother.—*Tom Snout*, the tinker.

Snout. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You, *Pyramus's* father; myself, *Thisby's* father;—*Snug*, the joiner, you, the lion's part:—and, I hope, here is a play fitted.

Snug. Have you the lion's part written? pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.

Quin. You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

Bot. Let me play the lion too: I will roar, that it will do any man's heart good to hear me; I will roar, that I will make the duke say, “Let him roar again, let him roar again.”

Quin. An you should do it too terribly, you would fright the duchess and the ladies, that they would shriek; and that were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang us every mother's son.

Bot. I grant you, friends, if that you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us; but I will aggravate my voice so, that I

¹ Bottom and Sly both speak of a theatrical representation as they would of a piece of cloth or a pair of shoes. Sly says of the play, “'Tis a very excellent piece of work.”

² *Ercles*—Hercules—was one of the roaring heroes of the rude drama which preceded Shakspeare. In Greene's “*Groat's-worth of Wit*,” (1592,) a player says, “The twelve labours of Hercules have I terribly thundered on the stage.”

³ *Properties*. The technicalities of the theatre are very unchanging. The person who has charge of the wooden swords, and pasteboard shields, and other trumpery required for the business of the stage, is still called the *property-man*. In the “*Antipodes*,” by R. Brome, 1640, (quoted by Mr. Collier,) we have the following ludicrous account of the “*properties*,” which form as curious an assemblage as in Hogarth's “*Strollers* :”—

“He has got into our tiring-house amongst us,
And ta'en a strict survey of all our properties;
Our statues and our images of gods,
Our planets and our constellations,
Our giants, monsters, furies, beasts, and bugbears,

will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale.

Quin. You can play no part but *Pyramus*; for *Pyramus* is a sweet-faced man; a proper man as one shall see in a summer's day; a most lovely, gentleman-like man; therefore you must needs play *Pyramus*.

Bot. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will discharge it in either your straw-coloured beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown-coloured beard, your perfect yellow.

Quin. Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play bare-faced.—But, masters, here are your parts: and I am to entreat you, request you, and desire you to con them by to-morrow night: and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moonlight; there we will rehearse; for if we meet in the city we shall be dog'd with company, and our devices known. In the mean time I will draw a bill of properties,⁴ such as our play wants. I pray you fail me not.

Bot. We will meet; and there we may rehearse more obscenely and courageously. Take pains; be perfect; adieu.

Quin. At the duke's oak we meet.

Bot. Enough. Hold, or cut bow-strings.⁵

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Wood near Athens.

Enter a Fairy on one side, and PUCK on the other.

Puck. How now, spirit! whither wander you?

Fai. Over hill, over dale,

Thorough bush, thorough brier,⁶

Over park, over pale,

Thorough flood, thorough fire,

I do wander everywhere

Swifter than the moon's sphere;

And I serve the fairy queen,

To dew her orbs⁷ upon the green:

The cowslips tall her pensioners⁸ be;

In their gold coats spots you see;

Those be rubies, fairy favours,

In those freckles live their savours:

I must go seek some dew-drops here,

And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

Farewell, thou lob⁷ of spirits, I'll be gone;

Our queen and all her elves come here anon.

Puck. The king doth keep his revels here to-night;

Take heed, the queen come not within his sight.

For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,

Because that she, as her attendant, hath

A lovely boy stol'n from an Indian king;

She never had so sweet a changeling;⁸

And jealous Oberon would have the child

Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild:

Our helmets, shields and vizors, hairs and beards,
Our pasteboard marchpanes, and our wooden pies.”

⁴ Capell says this is a proverbial expression derived from the days of archery:—“When a party was made at butts, assurance of meeting was given in the words of that phrase.”

⁵ *Orbs*—the *fairy rings*, as they are popularly called; which, however explained by philosophy, will always have a poetical charm connected with the beautiful superstition that the night-tripping fairies have, on these verdant circles, danced their merry roundels. It was Puck's office to dew these orbs, which had been parched under the fairy-feet in the moonlight revels.

⁶ *Pensioners*. These courtiers, whom Mrs. Quickly put above earls, (Merry Wives of Windsor, Act II. Sc. II.) were Queen Elizabeth's favourite attendants. They were the handsomest men of the first families,—tall, as the cowslip was to the fairy, and shining in their spotted gold coats like that flower under an April sun.

⁷ *Lob*—looby, lubber, lubbard.

⁸ *Changeling*—a child procured in exchange.

But she, perforce, withholds the loved boy,
Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her joy :
And now they never meet in grove, or green,
By fountain clear, or spangled star-light sheen,
But they do square;¹ that all their elves, for fear,
Creep into acorn cups, and hide them there.

Fai. Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite,
Call'd Robin Goodfellow:^b are you not he,
That frights the maidens of the villagery ;
Skim milk ; and sometimes labour in the quern ;²
And bootless make the breathless housewife churn ;
And sometime make the drink to bear no barm ;³
Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm
Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,
You do their work, and they shall have good luck :
Are not you he ?

Puck. Thou speak'st aright ;
I am that merry wanderer of the night.
I jest to Oberon, and make him smile,
When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
Neighing in likeness of a filly foal :
And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
In very likeness of a roasted crab ;
And, when she drinks, against her lips I bob,
And on her wither'd dewlap pour the ale,
The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,
Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me ;
Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,
And *tailor* cries, and falls into a cough ;
And then the whole quire hold their hips and loffe,
And waxen in their mirth, and neeze and swear
A merrier hour was never wasted there.—
But room, Faery, here comes Oberon.

Fai. And here my mistress :—Would that he were gone !

SCENE II.—Enter OBERON, on one side, with his train,
and TITANIA, on the other, with hers.

Obe. Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania.^c

Tita. What, jealous Oberon ? Fairies, skip hence ;
I have forsworn his bed and company.

Obe. Tarry, rash wanton. Am not I thy lord ?

Tita. Then I must be thy lady : But I know
When thou hast stolen away from fairy land,
And in the shape of Corin sat all day,
Playing on pipes of corn,^d and versing love
To amorous Phillida. Why art thou here,
Come from the farthest steep of India ?
But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon,

¹ *Square*—to quarrel. It is difficult to understand how *to square*, which, in the ordinary sense, is to agree, should mean *to disagree*. And yet there is no doubt that the word was used in this sense. Holinshed has "Falling at square with her husband." In *Much Ado about Nothing*, Beatrice says, "Is there no young *squarer* now, that will make a voyage with him to the devil ?" Mr. Richardson, after explaining the usual meaning of this verb, adds, "*To square* is also, consequently, to broaden ; to set out broadly, in a position or attitude of offence or defence—(*se quarrer*)."^e The word is thus used in the language of pugilism. There is more of our old dialect in *flash* terms than is generally supposed.

² *Quern*—a handmill ; from the Anglo-Saxon, *cwyrn*.

³ *Barm*—yeast. Holland, in his translation of Pliny, speaks of "the froth, or barm, that riseth from these ales or beers."

⁴ *Middle summer's spring*. The *spring* is the beginning—as the *spring* of the day, a common expression in our early writers. The *middle summer* is the *mid-summer*.

⁵ *Paved fountain*—a fountain, or clear stream, rushing over pebbles ; certainly not an artificially-paved fountain, as Johnson has supposed. The *paved fountain* is contrasted with the *rushy brook*. The epithet *paved* is used in the same sense as in the "pearl-paved ford" of Drayton, the "pebble-paved channel" of Marlow, and the "coral-paven bed" of Milton.

⁶ *Pelting*—petty, contemptible. See note on "pelting farm," in Richard II., Act II. Sc. I.

⁷ *Continents*—banks. A *continent* is that which contains.

⁸ *Human mortals*. This beautiful expression has been supposed to indicate the difference between mankind and fairy-kind in the following manner—that they were each mortal, but that the less spiritual beings were distinguished as human. Upon this assertion of Steevens, Ritson and Reed enter into fierce controversy. Chapman, in his *Homer*, has an inversion of the phrase "mortal humans ;" and we suppose that, in the same way, whether Titania were, or were not, subject to death, she employed the language of poetry in speaking of "human mortals," without reference to the conditions of fairy existence.

Your buskin'd mistress, and your warrior love,
To Theseus must be wedded ; and you come
To give their bed joy and prosperity.

Obe. How canst thou thus, for shame, Titania,
Glance at my credit with Hippolyta,
Knowing I know thy love to Theseus ?
Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering night
From Perigenia, whom he ravished ?
And make him with fair *Æglé* break his faith,
With Ariadne, and Antiopa ?

Tita. These are the forgeries of jealousy :
And never, since the middle summer's spring,⁴
Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
By paved fountain,⁵ or by rushy brook,
Or in the beached margent of the sea,
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport.
Therefore, the winds, piping to us in vain,⁶
As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea
Contagious fogs ; which, falling in the land,
Have every pelting⁶ river made so proud,
That they have overborne their continents :⁷
The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain,
The ploughman lost his sweat ; and the green corn-
Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a beard :
The fold stands empty in the drowned field,
And crows are fatted with the murrion flock ;
The nine men's morris is fill'd up with mud ;⁸
And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,
For lack of tread, are undistinguishable ;
The human mortals⁸ want ; their winter here,⁹
No night is now with hymn or carol blest :—
Therefore, the moon, the governess of floods,
Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
That rheumatic diseases do abound :
And thorough this distemperature, we see
The seasons alter : hoary-headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose ;
And on old Hyems' thin and icy crown,
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
Is, as in mockery, set : The spring, the summer,
The childing¹⁰ autumn, angry winter, change
Their wonted liveries ; and the mazed world,
By their increase,¹¹ now knows not which is which :
And this same progeny of evils comes
From our debate, from our dissension ;
We are their parents and original.

Obe. Do you amend it then : it lies in you :
Why should Titania cross her Oberon ?
I do but beg a little changeling boy,
To be my henchman.¹²

Their winter here. The emendation proposed by Theobald, *their winter cheer*, is very plausible. The original reading is—

"The humane mortals want their winter *heere*."

Johnson says *here* means, in this country, and their *winter* signifies their winter evening sports. The ingenious author of a pamphlet, "Explanations and Emendations," &c. (Edinburgh, 1814), would read—

"The human mortals want ; their winter here,
No night is now with hymn or coral blest."

The writer does not support his emendation by any argument ; but we believe that he is right. The swollen rivers have rotted the corn, the fold stands empty, the flocks are murrain, the sports of summer are at an end, the human mortals *want*. This is the climax. Their winter is *here*—is come—although the season is the latter summer, or autumn ; and in consequence the hymns and carols which gladdened the nights of a seasonable winter are wanting to this premature one. The "*therefore*," which follows, introduces another clause in the catalogue of evils produced by the "brawls" of Oberon and Titania : as in the case of the preceding use of the same emphatic word in two instances :—

"*Therefore*, the winds, piping to us in vain," &c.,

and—

"The ox hath *therefore* stretch'd his yoke in vain," &c.

¹⁰ *Childing*—producing. "The childing autumn" is "the teeming autumn" of our poet's ninety-seventh Sonnet.

¹¹ *Increase*—produce.

¹² *Henchman*—a page, originally a horseman. In Chaucer we find—

"And every knight had after him riding
Three *henshmen*, on him awaiting."

It has been conjectured that *henchman* is *haunchman*—one that follows a chief or lord at his *haunch*. The derivation from the Anglo-Saxon *henges*, a horse, seems more probable.

Tita. Set your heart at rest,
The fairy land buys not the child of me.
His mother was a vot'ress of my order:
And, in the spiced Indian air, by night,
Full often hath she gossip'd by my side;
And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,
Marking the embarked traders on the flood;
When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive,
And grow big-bellied, with the wanton wind:
Which she, with pretty and with swimming gait,
Following (her womb then rich with my young squire,)
Would imitate; and sail upon the land,
To fetch me trifles, and return again,
As from a voyage, rich with merchandise.
But she, being mortal, of that boy did die;
And, for her sake, I do rear up her boy:
And, for her sake, I will not part with him.

Obe. How long within this wood intend you stay?

Tita. Perchance, till after Theseus' wedding-day.
If you will patiently dance in our round,
And see our moonlight revels, go with us;
If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.

Obe. Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

Tita. Not for thy fairy¹ kingdom. Fairies away:
We shall chide downright, if I longer stay.

[*Exeunt TITANIA and her train.*]

Obe. Well, go thy way: thou shalt not from this grove,
Till I torment thee for this injury.
My gentle Puck, come hither: Thou remember'st²
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song;
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music.

Puck. I remember.

Obe. That very time I saw, (but thou couldst not,)
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd:³ a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal, throned by the west;
And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts:
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the watery moon;
And the imperial votaress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
It fell upon a little western flower,—
Before, milk-white, now purple with love's wound,—
And maidens call it love-in-idleness.
Fetch me that flower; the herb I show'd thee once;
The juice of it on sleeping eyelids laid,
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that it sees.
Fetch me this herb; and be thou here again,
Ere the leviathan can swim a league.

Puck. I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes.³ [*Exit PUCK.*]

Obe. Having once this juice,
I'll watch Titania when she is asleep,

¹ *Fairy.* This epithet is not found in modern editions, being rejected by Stevens:—"By the advice of Dr. Farmer I have omitted the useless adjective, *fairy*, as it spoils the metre." Stevens scarcely wanted the advice of another as presumptuous as himself to perpetrate these atrocities.

² *All arm'd.* One of the commentators turned this epithet into "alarm'd." The original requires no explanation, beyond the recollection of the Cupid of the poets:—

"He doth bear a golden bow,
And a quiver hanging low,
Full of arrows that outbrave
Dian's shafts."—BEN JONSON.

³ This is the reading of Fisher's quarto. That of Roberts, and the folio, omit *round*, printing the passage as one line:—

"I'll put a girdle about the earth in forty minutes."

⁴ This is the invariable reading of the old copies. Theobald, upon the suggestion of Dr. Thirlby, changed it to—

And drop the liquor of it in her eyes:
The next thing then she waking looks upon,
(Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,
On meddling monkey, or on busy ape,)
She shall pursue it with the soul of love.
And ere I take this charm from off her sight,
(As I can take it, with another herb,)
I'll make her render up her page to me.
But who comes here? I am invisible;
And I will overhear their conference.

[*Enter DEMETRIUS, HELENA following him.*]

Dem. I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.
Where is Lysander, and fair Hermia?
The one I'll stay, the other stayeth me.⁴
Thou told'st me, they were stol'n into this wood,
And here am I, and wood⁵ within this wood,
Because I cannot meet my⁶ Hermia.
Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant;
But yet you draw not iron, for my heart
Is true as steel: Leave you your power to draw,
And I shall have no power to follow you.

Dem. Do I entice you? Do I speak you fair?
Or, rather, do I not in plainest truth
Tell you—I do not, nor I cannot love you?

Hel. And even for that do I love you the more.
I am your spaniel; and, Demetrius,
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you:
Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me,
Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.
What worser place can I beg in your love,
(And yet a place of high respect with me,)
Than to be used as you do use your dog?

Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit;
For I am sick when I do look on thee.

Hel. And I am sick when I look not on you.

Dem. You do impeach your modesty too much,
To leave the city, and commit yourself
Into the hands of one that loves you not;
To trust the opportunity of night,
And the ill counsel of a desert place,
With the rich worth of your virginity.

Hel. Your virtue is my privilege for that.
It is not night, when I do see your face,
Therefore I think I am not in the night:
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company;
For you, in my respect, are all the world:
Then how can it be said, I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me?

Dem. I'll run from thee, and hide me in the brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.

Hel. The wildest hath not such a heart as you.
Run when you will, the story shall be chang'd:
Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase;
The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind
Makes speed to catch the tiger: Bootless speed!
When cowardice pursues, and valour flies.

"The one I'll *slay*, the other *stayeth* me."

But it is surely unnecessary to assign to Demetrius any such murderous intents. Helena has betrayed her friend:—

"I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight:
Then to the wood will he, to-morrow night,
Pursue her."

He is pursuing her, when he exclaims—

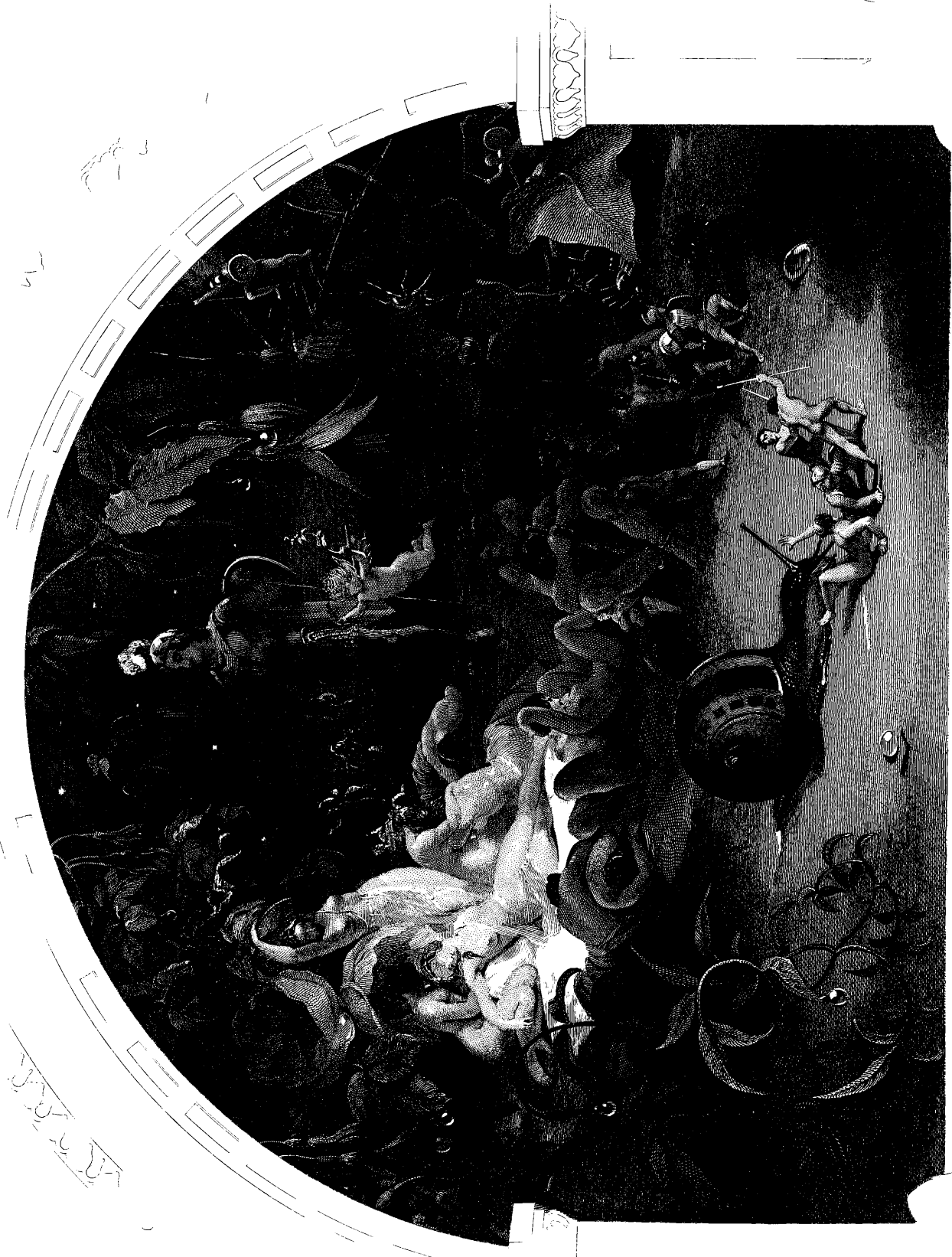
"The one I'll *stay*, the other *stayeth* me."

He will *stay*—stop—Hermia; Lysander *stayeth*—hindereth—him.

⁵ *Wood*—mad—from the Anglo-Saxon *wod*. Chaucer uses it in the form of *wode*, and it is still in common use in Scotland as *wud*.

⁶ *My Hermia.* This has been enfeebled by some editor, who has been followed without apology by others, into

"Because I cannot meet *with* Hermia."





Dem. I will not stay thy questions ; let me go.
Or, if thou follow me, do not believe
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.

Hel. Ay, in the temple, in the town, and field,
You do me mischief. Fie, Demetrius!
Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex :
We cannot fight for love, as men may do :
We should be woo'd, and were not made to woo.
I'll follow thee, and make a heaven of hell,
To die upon the hand I love so well.

[*Exeunt DEM. and HEL.*]

Obe. Fare thee well, nymph : ere he do leave this grove,
Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.

Re-enter PUCK.

Hast thou the flower there, welcome wanderer ?

Puck. Ay, there it is.

Obe. I pray thee, give it me.
I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,¹
Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows ;
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,²
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine :
There sleeps Titania, sometime of the night,
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight ;
And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in :
And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantasies.
Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove :
A sweet Athenian lady is in love
With a disdainful youth : anoint his eyes ;
But do it when the next thing he espies
May be the lady : Thou shalt know the man
By the Athenian garments he hath on.
Effect it with some care ; that he may prove
More fond on her, than she upon her love :
And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.

Puck. Fear not, my lord, your servant shall do so.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Another part of the Wood.*

Enter TITANIA with her train.

Tita. Come, now a roundel, and a fairy song ;
Then, for the third part of a minute, hence ;
Some, to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds ;
Some, war with rear-mice³ for their leathern wings,
To make my small elves coats ; and some, keep back
The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots and wonders
At our quaint spirits : Sing me now asleep ;
Then to your offices, and let me rest.

SONG.

I.

1 Fai. You spotted snakes, with double tongue,
Thorny hedge-hogs, be not seen ;
Newts, and blind-worms, do no wrong ;
Come not near our fairy queen :

CHORUS.

Philomel, with melody
Sing in our sweet lullaby ;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby ; lulla, lulla, lullaby ;
Never harm, nor spell nor charm,

¹ So all the old copies. Steevens, who hated variety in rhythm, as he gloated on a *double-entendre*, gives us—

"I know a bank *whereon* the wild thyme blows."

² For the same love of counting syllables upon the fingers, the *luscious* woodbine of the old copies is changed into *lush* woodbine : Farmer, who knew as little about the melody of verse as Steevens, would read—

"O'er-canopied with luscious woodbine."

Come our lovely lady nigh ;
So, good night, with lullaby.

II.

2 Fai. Weaving spiders, come not here ;
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence :
Beetles black, approach not near ;
Worm, nor snail, do no offence.

CHORUS.

Philomel, with melody, &c.

2 Fai. Hence, away ; now all is well :
One, aloof, stand sentinel.

[*Exeunt Fairies.* TITANIA sleeps.]

Enter OBERON.

Obe. What thou seest, when thou dost wake,

[*Squeezes the flower on TITANIA'S eyelids.*]

Do it for thy true-love take ;
Love and languish for his sake ;
Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,
Pard, or boar with bristled hair,
In thy eye that shall appear
When thou wak'st, it is thy dear ;
Wake, when some vile thing is near.

[*Exit.*]

Enter LYSANDER and HERMIA.

Lys. Fair love, you faint with wandering in the wood ;
And, to speak troth, I have forgot our way ;
We'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.

Her. Be it so, Lysander, find you out a bed,
For I upon this bank will rest my head.

Lys. One turf shall serve as pillow for us both ;
One heart, one bed, two bosoms and one troth.

Her. Nay, good Lysander ; for my sake, my dear,
Lie further off yet, do not lie so near.

Lys. O, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence :
Love takes the meaning, in love's conference.
I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit ;
So that but one heart we can make of it :
Two bosoms interchain'd⁴ with an oath ;
So then, two bosoms, and a single troth.
Then, by your side no bed-room me deny ;
For, lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.

Her. Lysander riddles very prettily :—
Now much beshrew my manners and my pride,
If Hermia meant to say, Lysander lied.
But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy
Lie further off ; in human modesty
Such separation, as, may well be said,
Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid :
So far be distant ; and good night, sweet friend :
Thy love ne'er alter, till thy sweet life end !

Lys. Amen, Amen, to that fair prayer say I ;
And then end life, when I end loyalty !

Here is my bed : Sleep give thee all his rest !

Her. With half that wish the wisher's eyes be press'd !
[*They sleep.*]

Enter PUCK.

Puck. Through the forest have I gone,
But Athenian find⁵ I none,
On whose eyes I might approve
This flower's force in stirring love.

Mr. Collier's Corrector of the folio of 1632, would read—

"Quite over-canopied with *lush* woodbine,"

and—

"Lull'd in these *bowers* with dances and delight."

³ *Rear-mice*—bats.

⁴ *Interchain'd* is the reading of the quartos. The folio has *interchanged*.

⁵ *Find* is the reading of the folio, and of one of the quartos. The other quarto has *found*.

Night and silence! who is here?
Weeds of Athens he doth wear:
This is he my master said
Despised the Athenian maid;
And here the maiden, sleeping sound,
On the dank and dirty ground.
Pretty soul! she durst not lie
Near this lack-love, this kill-courtesy.¹
Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charm doth owe:
When thou wak'st, let love forbid
Sleep his seat on thy eye-lid.
So awake, when I am gone;
For I must now to Oberon.

[Exit.]

Enter DEMETRIUS and HELENA, running.

Hel. Stay, though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius.

Dem. I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me thus.

Hel. O, wilt thou darkling leave me? do not so.

Dem. Stay, on thy peril; I alone will go. [Exit DEM.]

Hel. O, I am out of breath in this fond chase!

The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.
Happy is Hermia, wheresoe'er she lies;
For she hath blessed and attractive eyes.
How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt tears:
If so, my eyes are oftener wash'd than hers.
No, no, I am as ugly as a bear;
For beasts that meet me run away for fear:
Therefore, no marvel, though Demetrius
Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus.
What wicked and dissembling glass of mine
Made me compare with Hermia's sphery eyne?
But who is here?—Lysander! on the ground!
Dead? or asleep? I see no blood, no wound!
Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake.

Lys. And run through fire I will, for thy sweet sake.

[Waking.]

Transparent Helena! Nature shows her art,²
That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.
Where is Demetrius? O, how fit a word
Is that vile name to perish on my sword!

Hel. Do not say so, Lysander; say not so:
What though he love your Hermia? Lord, what though?
Yet Hermia still loves you: then be content.

Lys. Content with Hermia? No: I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her have spent.
Not Hermia, but Helena now I love:
Who will not change a raven for a dove?
The will of man is by his reason sway'd:
And reason says you are the worthier maid.
Things growing are not ripe until their season;
So I, being young, till now ripe not to reason;
And touching now the point of human skill,
Reason becomes the marshal to my will,
And leads me to your eyes; where I o'erlook
Love's stories, written in love's richest book.

Hel. Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born?
When, at your hands, did I deserve this scorn?
Is't not enough, is't not enough, young man,
That I did never, no, nor never can,
Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,
But you must flout my insufficiency?
Good troth, you do me wrong, good sooth, you do,
In such disdainful manner me to woo.
But fare you well: perforce I must confess,
I thought you lord of more true gentleness.

¹ This is the reading of the old copies. It is evidently intended for a long line amidst those of seven or eight syllables.

² *Nature shows her art.* The quartos read, "Nature shows art;" the folio, "Nature here shows art:" this is clearly a typographical error; and we agree, with Malone, that "Nature shows her art" is more probably a genuine reading than "Nature here shows art," which is the received one.

O, that a lady of one man refus'd
Should of another therefore be abused!

[Exit.]

Lys. She sees not Hermia:—Hermia, sleep thou there;
And never may'st thou come Lysander near!

For, as a surfeit of the sweetest things
The deepest loathing to the stomach brings;

Or, as the heresies that men do leave
Are hated most of those they did deceive;

So thou, my surfeit, and my heresy,
Of all be hated; but the most of me!

And all my powers address your love and might

To honour Helen, and to be her knight.

[Exit.]

Her. [starting.] Help me, Lysander, help me! do thy best,

To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast!

Ah me, for pity!—what a dream was here!

Lysander, look how I do quake with fear!

Methought a serpent ate my heart away,

And you sat smiling at his cruel prey:

Lysander! what, remov'd? Lysander! lord!

What, out of hearing? gone? no sound, no word:

Alack, where are you? speak, an if you hear;

Speak, of all loves;³ I swoon almost with fear.

No? then I well perceive you are not nigh:

Either death, or you, I'll find immediately.

[Exit.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Wood.* The Queen of Fairies *lying asleep.*

Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, and STARVELING.

Bot. Are we all met?

Quin. Pat, pat; and here's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal: This green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn brake our tiring-house; and we will do it in action, as we will do it before the duke.

Bot. Peter Quince,—

Quin. What say'st thou, bully Bottom?

Bot. There are things in this comedy of *Pyramus and Thisby* that will never please. First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill himself; which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?

Snout. By'r'lakin,⁴ a parlous⁵ fear.

Star. I believe we must leave the killing out, when all is done.

Bot. Not a whit; I have a device to make all well. Write me a prologue: and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords: and that Pyramus is not killed indeed: and, for the more better assurance, tell them, that I Pyramus am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver: This will put them out of fear.

Quin. Well, we will have such a prologue; and it shall be written in eight and six.⁶

Bot. No, make it two more: let it be written in eight and eight.

Snout. Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion?

Star. I fear it, I promise you.

Bot. Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves: to bring in, God shield us! a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing:⁷ for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion, living; and we ought to look to it.

Snout. Therefore, another prologue must tell he is not a lion.

⁷ *Of all loves.* We have this phrase in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, and in *Othello*.

⁴ *By'r'lakin*—by our ladykin—our little lady.

Parlous—perilous.

Eight and six—alternate verses of eight and six syllables.

Bot. Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck; and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect,—Ladies, or fair ladies, I would wish you, or, I would request you, or I would entreat you, not to fear, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life: No, I am no such thing; I am a man as other men are: and there, indeed, let him name his name; and tell them plainly he is Snug the joiner.^b

Quin. Well, it shall be so. But there is two hard things; that is, to bring the moonlight into a chamber: for you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moonlight.

Snug. Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?

Bot. A calendar, a calendar! look in the almanac; find out moonshine,^c find out moonshine.

Quin. Yes, it doth shine that night.

Bot. Why, then may you leave a casement of the great chamber-window, where we play, open; and the moon may shine in at the casement.

Quin. Ay; or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lantern, and say, he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of moonshine. Then there is another thing: we must have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisby, says the story, did talk through the chink of a wall.

Snug. You can never bring in a wall.—What say you, Bottom?

Bot. Some man or other must present wall: and let him have some plaster, or some loam, or some rough-cast about him, to signify wall; and let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts. Pyramus, you begin: when you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake; and so every one according to his cue.

Enter PUCK behind.

Puck. What hempen home-spuns have we swaggering here,

So near the cradle of the fairy queen?

What, a play toward? I'll be an auditor;

An actor too, perhaps, if I see cause.

Quin. Speak, Pyramus:—Thisby, stand forth.

Pyr. "Thisby, the flowers of odious savours sweet."

Quin. Odours, odours.

Pyr. "— odours savours sweet:

So hath thy breath, my dearest Thisby dear.

But, hark, a voice! stay thou but here awhile,

And by and by I will to thee appear."

[*Exit.*

Puck. A stranger Pyramus than e'er play'd here!

[*Aside.—Exit.*

This. Must I speak now?

Quin. Ay, marry, must you: for you must understand, he goes but to see a noise¹ that he heard, and is to come again.

This. "Most radiant Pyramus, most lily white of hue,

Of colour like the red rose on triumphant brier,

Most briskly juvenal, and eke most lovely Jew,

As true as truest horse that yet would never tire,

I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb."

Quin. Ninus' tomb, man: Why you must not speak that yet; that you answer to Pyramus: you speak all your part at once, cues and all.—Pyramus enter; your cue is past; it is, *never tire.*

Re-enter PUCK, and BOTTOM with an ass's head.

This. "O,—As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire."

Pyr. "If I were fair, Thisby, I were only thine:"—

Quin. O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted.

Pray, masters! fly, masters! help! [*Exeunt Clowns.*

Puck. I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round,
Through bog, through bush, through brake, through
brier;

Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound,

A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire;

And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,

Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn. [*Exit.*

Bot. Why do they run away? this is a knavery of them, to make me afeard.

Re-enter SNOUT.

Snout. O Bottom, thou art changed! what do I see on thee?

Bot. What do you see? you see an ass-head of your own; Do you?

Re-enter QUINCE.

Quin. Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated. [*Exit.*

Bot. I see their knavery: this is to make an ass of me; to fright me, if they could. But I will not stir from this place, do what they can: I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid.

[*Sings.*

The woosel-cock, so black of hue,

With orange-tawny bill,^d

The throstle with his note so true,

The wren with little quill;

Tita. What angel wakes me from my flowery bed?

[*Waking.*

Bot. The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,

The plain-song cuckoo gray,

Whose note full many a man doth mark,

And dares not answer, nay—

for, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird? who would give a bird the lie, though he cry *cuckoo* never so?

Tita. I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again:

Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note,

So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape;

And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth move me,

On the first view, to say, to swear, I love thee.²

Bot. Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that: And yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together now-a-days: The more the pity, that some honest neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleeek³ upon occasion.

Tita. Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

Bot. Not so, neither: but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

Tita. Out of this wood do not desire to go;

Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.

I am a spirit, of no common rate;

The summer still doth tend upon my state,

And I do love thee: therefore, go with me;

I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee;

And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,

And sing, while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep:

And I will purge thy mortal grossness so,

That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.—

Peas-blossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustard-seed!

Enter four Fairies.

¹ *Fai.* Ready.

² *Fai.* And I.

³ *Fai.* And I.

⁴ *Fai.* And I.

¹ Quince's description of Bottom going "to see a noise," is akin to Sir Toby Belch's notion of "to hear by the nose" (*Twelfth Night*, Act II. Sc. III.).

² This is the reading of the preceding five lines in the quarto printed by Fisher.

In that by Roberts, and in the folio, two of the lines, namely, the third and fourth of Titania's speech, are transposed.

³ *Gleeek.* This verb is generally used in the sense of to *scoff*; but we apprehend Bottom only means to say that he can *joke*.

*All.*Where shall we go?¹

Tit. Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;
Feed him with apricocks, and dewberries;²
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries
The honey bags steal from the humble-bees,
And, for night-tapers, crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,³
To have my love to bed, and to arise;
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,
To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes:
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

¹ *Fai.* Hail, mortal!² *Fai.* Hail!³ *Fai.* Hail!⁴ *Fai.* Hail!

Bot. I cry your worship's mercy, heartily.—I beseech your worship's name.

Cob. Cobweb.

Bot. I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good master Cobweb: If I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you.—Your name, honest gentleman?

Peas. Peas-blossom.

Bot. I pray you, commend me to mistress Squash, your mother, and to master Peas-cod, your father. Good master Peas-blossom, I shall desire you of more acquaintance too.—Your name, I beseech you, sir?

Mus. Mustard-seed.

Bot. Good master Mustard-seed, I know your patience³ well: that same cowardly, giant-like ox-beef hath devoured many a gentleman of your house: I promise you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire you more acquaintance, good master Mustard-seed.

Tit. Come, wait upon him; lead him to my bower.

The moon, methinks, looks with a watery eye;
And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,
Lamenting some enforced chastity,

Tie up my love's tongue, bring him silently. [*Exeunt.*]SCENE II.—*Another part of the Wood.**Enter OBERON.*

Obe. I wonder, if Titania be awak'd;
Then, what it was that next came in her eye,
Which she must dote on in extremity.

Enter PUCK.

Here comes my messenger.—How now, mad spirit?
What night-rule⁴ now about this haunted grove?

Puck. My mistress with a monster is in love.
Near to a close and consecrated bower,
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,
A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,
Were met together to rehearse a play,
Intended for great Theseus' nuptial day.
The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,
Who Pyramus presented, in their sport
Forsook his scene, and enter'd in a brake:
When I did him at this advantage take,
An ass's nowl⁵ I fixed on his head;
Anon, his Thisbe must be answered,

And forth my mimic⁶ comes: When they him spy,
As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye,
Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort,
Rising and cawing at the gun's report,
Sever themselves, and madly sweep the sky;
So at his sight away his fellows fly:
And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one falls;
He murder cries, and help from Athens calls.
Their sense thus weak, lost with their fears thus strong,
Made senseless things begin to do them wrong:
For briars and thorns at their apparel snatch;
Some, sleeves; some, hats; from yielders all things catch.
I led them on in this distracted fear,
And left sweet Pyramus translated there:
When in that moment (so it came to pass,)
Titania wak'd, and straightway lov'd an ass.

Obe. This falls out better than I could devise.
But hast thou yet latch'd⁷ the Athenian's eyes
With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?

Puck. I took him sleeping,—that is finish'd too,—
And the Athenian woman by his side;
That when he wak'd of force she must be ey'd.

*Enter DEMETRIUS and HERMIA.**Obe.* Stand close; this is the same Athenian.*Puck.* This is the woman, but not this the man.

Dem. O, why rebuke you him that loves you so?
Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.

Her. Now I but chide, but I should use thee worse
For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse.
If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,
Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in knee-deep,⁸
And kill me too.

The sun was not so true unto the day,
As he to me: Would he have stol'n away
From sleeping Hermia? I'll believe as soon,
This whole earth may be bor'd; and that the moon
May through the centre creep, and so displease
Her brother's noontide with the Antipodes.
It cannot be, but thou hast murder'd him;
So should a murderer look; so dead, so grim.

Dem. So should the murder'd look; and so should I,
Pierc'd through the heart with your stern cruelty:
Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear,
As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.

Her. What's this to my Lysander? where is he?
Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?

Dem. I had rather give his carcase to my hounds.

Her. Out, dog! out, cur! thou driv'st me past the bounds
Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him then?
Henceforth be never number'd among men!
Oh! once tell true, tell true, even for my sake;
Durst thou have look'd upon him, being awake,
And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O brave touch:
Could not a worm, an adder, do so much?
An adder did it; for with doubler tongue
Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.

Dem. You spend your passion on a mispris'd mood:
I am not guilty of Lysander's blood;
Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.

Her. I pray thee, tell me then that he is well.*Dem.* An if I could, what should I get therefore?*Her.* A privilege never to see me more.—

¹ Steevens omitted the "And I" of the fourth Fairy, and gave her the "Where shall we go?" which the original copies assigned to *all*; and this he calls getting rid of "a useless repetition."

² *Dewberries.* This delicate wild fruit is perfectly well known to all who have lived in the country; but one of the commentators tells us dewberries are gooseberries, and another raspberries.

³ The *patience* of the family of Mustard in being devoured by the ox-beef is one of those brief touches of wit, so common in Shakspeare, which take him far out of the range of ordinary writers. But his critics love common-places; and therefore Hanmer would read *parentage*; Farmer, *passions*; and Mason, *passing*. Reed

then solemnly pronounces "no change is necessary;" and so half a page of the variorum Shakspeare is filled.

⁴ *Night-rule*—night-revel. The old spelling of *reuel* became *rule*; and by this corruption we obtained, says Douce, "the lord of mis-rule."

⁵ *Nowl*—noll, head.

⁶ *Mimic*—actor. *Mimick* is the reading of the folio; *minnock* and *minnick* are found in the quartos.

⁷ *Latch'd*—fastened. According to Hanmer,—"licked-o'er."

⁸ *Knee-deep*—suggested by W. S. Walker in the place of *the deep*.

And from thy hated presence part I so :
See me no more, whether he be dead or no. *[Exit.]*

Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vein :
Here, therefore, for awhile I will remain.
So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow
For debt that bankrout sleep doth sorrow owe ;
Which now, in some slight measure, it will pay,
If for his tender here I make some stay. *[Lies down.]*

Obe. What hast thou done ? thou hast mistaken quite,
And laid the love-juice on some true-love's sight :
Of thy misprision must perforce ensue
Some true-love turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.

Puck. Then fate o'er-rules ; that one man holding troth,
A million fail, confounding oath on oath.

Obe. About the wood go swifter than the wind,
And Helena of Athens look thou find :
All fancy-sick she is, and pale of cheer¹
With sighs of love, that cost the fresh blood dear.
By some illusion see thou bring her here ;
I'll charm his eyes against she doth appear.

Puck. I go, I go ; look, how I go ;
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow. *[Exit.]*

Obe. Flower of this purple die,
Hit with Cupid's archery,
Sink in apple of his eye !
When his love he doth espy
Let her shine as gloriously
As the Venus of the sky.
When thou wak'st, if she be by
Beg of her for remedy.

Re-enter PUCK.

Puck. Captain of our fairy band,
Helena is here at hand,
And the youth, mistook by me,
Pleading for a lover's fee ;
Shall we their fond pageant see ?
Lord, what fools these mortals be !

Obe. Stand aside : the noise they make,
Will cause Demetrius to awake.

Puck. Then will two at once woo one—
That must needs be sport alone ;
And those things do best please me,
That befall preposterously.

Enter LYSANDER and HELENA.

Lys. Why should you think that I should woo in scorn ?
Scorn and derision never come in tears.
Look, when I vow, I weep ; and vows so born,
In their nativity all truth appears.

How can these things in me seem scorn to you,
Bearing the badge of faith, to prove them true ?

Hel. You do advance your cunning more and more.
When truth kills truth, O devilish-holy fray !
These vows are Hermia's ; Will you give her o'er ?

Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh :
Your vows to her and me, put in two scales,
Will even weigh ; and both as light as tales.

Lys. I had no judgment, when to her I swore.

Hel. Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.

Lys. Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.

Dem. *[awaking.]* O Helen, goddess, nymph, perfect,
divine !

To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne ?
Crystal is muddy. O, how ripe in show
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow !
That pure congealed white, high Taurus' snow,^f
Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow,

When thou hold'st up thy hand : O let me kiss
This princess of pure white, this seal of bliss !

Hel. O spite ! O hell ! I see you all are bent
To set against me, for your merriment.
If you were civil and knew courtesies,
You would not do me thus much injury.
Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
But you must join, in souls, to mock me too ?
If you were men, as men you are in show,
You would not use a gentle lady so ;
To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,
When, I am sure, you hate me with your hearts.
You both are rivals, and love Hermia ;
And now both rivals, to mock Helena :
A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,
To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes,
With your derision ! none of noble sort
Would so offend a virgin ; and extort
A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.

Lys. You are unkind, Demetrius ; be not so ;
For you love Hermia : this, you know, I know :
And here, with all good will, with all my heart,
In Hermia's love I yield you up my part ;
And yours of Helena to me bequeath,
Whom I do love, and will do to my death.

Hel. Never did mockers waste more idle breath.

Dem. Lysander, keep thy Hermia ; I will none :
If e'er I lov'd her, all that love is gone.
My heart with her but as guest-wise sojourn'd ;
And now to Helen it is home return'd,
There to remain.

Lys. Helen, it is not so.

Dem. Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,
Lest, to thy peril, thou aby it dear.—
Look, where thy love comes ; yonder is thy dear.

Enter HERMIA.

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The ear more quick of apprehension makes ;
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
It pays the hearing double recompense :
Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander, found ;
Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound.
But why unkindly didst thou leave me so ?

Lys. Why should he stay whom love doth press to go ?

Her. What love could press Lysander from my side ?

Lys. Lysander's love, that would not let him bide ;
Fair Helena ; who more engilds the night
Than all yon fiery oes² and eyes of light.
Why seek'st thou me ? could not this make thee know,
The hate I bare thee made me leave thee so ?

Her. You speak not as you think ; it cannot be.

Hel. Lo, she is one of this confederacy !
Now I perceive they have conjoin'd, all three,
To fashion this false sport in spite of me.
Injurious Hermia ! most ungrateful maid !
Have you conspir'd, have you with these contriv'd
To bait me with this foul derision ?
Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd,
The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us,—O, and is all forgot ?³
All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence ?
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Have with our needles³ created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key ;
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,

¹ *Cheer*—face. From the old French *chère*.

² *Oes*—circles.

³ *Needles* in the old copies.

Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted;
But yet a union in partition,
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem:
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,¹
Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.
And will you rent our ancient love asunder,
To join with men in scorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly:
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it;
Though I alone do feel the injury.

Her. I am amazed at your passionate words:
I scorn you not; it seems that you scorn me.

Hel. Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,
To follow me, and praise my eyes and face?
And made your other love, Demetrius,
(Who even but now did spurn me with his foot,)
To call me goddess, nymph, divine, and rare,
Precious, celestial? Wherefore speaks he this
To her he hates? and wherefore doth Lysander
Deny your love, so rich within his soul,
And tender me, forsooth, affection;
But by your setting on, by your consent?
What though I be not so in grace as you,
So hung upon with love, so fortunate;
But miserable most, to love unlov'd!
This you should pity, rather than despise.

Her. I understand not what you mean by this.

Hel. Ay, do, perséver, counterfeit sad looks,
Make mouths upon me when I turn my back;
Wink each at other; hold the sweet jest up:
This sport, well carried, shall be chronicled.
If you have any pity, grace, or manners,
You would not make me such an argument.
But, fare ye well: 'tis partly mine own fault;
Which death, or absence, soon shall remedy.

Lys. Stay, gentle Helena; hear my excuse;
My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena!

Hel. O excellent!

Her. Sweet, do not scorn her so.

Dem. If she cannot entreat, I can compel.

Lys. Thou canst compel no more than she entreat;
Thy threats have no more strength, than her weak
prayers.¹—

Helen, I love thee; by my life I do;
I swear by that which I will lose for thee,
To prove him false that says I love thee not.

Dem. I say, I love thee more than he can do.

Lys. If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it too.

Dem. Quick, come,—

Her. Lysander, whereto tends all this?

Lys. Away, you Ethiope!

Dem. No, no, sir:—

Seem to break loose; take on, as you would follow;
But yet come not: You are a tame man, go!

Lys. Hang off, thou cat, thou burr: vile thing, let loose;
Or I will shake thee from me, like a serpent.

Her. Why are you grown so rude? what change is this,
Sweet love?

Lys. Thy love? out, tawny Tartar, out!
Out, loathed medicine! hated poison, hence!

Her. Do you not jest?

Hel. Yes, 'sooth; and so do you.

Lys. Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.

Dem. I would I had your bond; for I perceive
A weak bond holds you; I'll not trust your word.

Lys. What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?
Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so.

Her. What, can you do me greater harm than hate?

Hate me! wherefore? O me! what news, my love?
Am not I Hermia? Are not you, Lysander?
I am as fair now as I was erewhile.
Since night you lov'd me; yet, since night you left me:
Why then you left me,—O, the gods forbid!—
In earnest, shall I say?

Lys. Ay, by my life;

And never did desire to see thee more.
Therefore, be out of hope, of question, of doubt,
Be certain, nothing truer, 'tis no jest,
That I do hate thee, and love Helena.

Her. O me! you juggler! you canker-blossom!
You thief of love! what, have you come by night,
And stol'n my love's heart from him?

Hel. Fine, i' faith!

Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,
No touch of bashfulness? What, will you tear
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?
Fie, fie! you counterfeit, you puppet, you!

Her. Puppet! why so? Ay, that way goes the game.
Now I perceive that she hath made compare
Between our statures, she hath urg'd her height;
And with her personage, her tall personage,
Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him.
And are you grown so high in his esteem,
Because I am so dwarfish, and so low?
How low am I, thou painted maypole? speak;
How low am I? I am not yet so low,
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

Hel. I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me: I was never curst;²
I have no gift at all in shrewishness;
I am a right maid for my cowardice;
Let her not strike me: You, perhaps, may think,
Because she's something lower than myself,
That I can match her.

Her. Lower! hark, again.

Hel. Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me.
I evermore did love you, Hermia,
Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd you;
Save that, in love unto Demetrius,
I told him of your stealth unto this wood:
He follow'd you; for love, I follow'd him.
But he hath chid me hence; and threaten'd me
To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too:
And now, so you will let me quiet go,
To Athens will I bear my folly back,
And follow you no further: Let me go:
You see how simple and how fond I am.

Her. Why, get you gone: Who is't that hinders you?

Hel. A foolish heart that I leave here behind.

Her. What, with Lysander?

Hel. With Demetrius.

Lys. Be not afraid: she shall not harm thee, Helena.

Dem. No, sir; she shall not, though you take her part.

Hel. O, when she's angry, she is keen and shrewd:
She was a vixen, when she went to school;
And, though she be but little, she is fierce.

Her. Little again? nothing but low and little?
Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?
Let me come to her.

Lys. Get you gone, you dwarf;
You minimus, of hind'ring knot-grass³ made;
You bead, you acorn.

Dem. You are too officious
In her behalf that scorns your services.
Let her alone; speak not of Helena;
Take not her part: for if thou dost intend⁴

Knot-grass—"a low repentant herb," according to Richard Tomlinson, a botanical apothecary of the seventeenth century.

⁴ *Intend*. Steevens explains this word by *pretend*. That is scarcely the meaning, which is rather to *direct*.

¹ *Prayers*—in the old copies, *praise*.

² *Curst*—shrewish.

Never so little show of love to her,
Thou shalt aby¹ it.

Lys. Now she holds me not ;
Now follow, if thou dar'st, to try whose right,
Or thine or mine, is most in Helena.

Dem. Follow? nay, I'll go with thee, cheek by jole.

[*Exeunt* LYS. and DEM.]

Her. You, mistress, all this coil is 'long of you :
Nay, go not back.

Hel. I will not trust you, I ;
Nor longer stay in your curst company.
Your hands than mine are quicker for a fray ;
My legs are longer though, to run away. [*Exit.*

Her. I am amaz'd, and know not what to say.²

[*Exit, pursuing* HELENA.]

Obe. This is thy negligence : still thou mistak'st,
Or else committ'st thy knaveries willingly.³

Puck. Believe me, king of shadows, I mistook.
Did not you tell me, I should know the man
By the Athenian garments he had on ?
And so far blameless proves my enterprise,
That I have 'nointed an Athenian's eyes :
And so far am I glad it so did sort,
As this their jangling I esteem a sport.

Obe. Thou see'st, these lovers seek a place to fight :
Hie therefore, Robin, overcast the night ;
The starry welkin cover thou anon
With drooping fog, as black as Acheron ;
And lead these testy rivals so astray,
As one come not within another's way.
Like to Lysander sometime frame thy tongue,
Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong ;
And sometime rail thou like Demetrius ;
And from each other look thou lead them thus,
Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep
With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep :
Then crush this herb into Lysander's eye,
Whose liquor hath this virtuous property,
To take from thence all error, with his might,
And make his eye-balls roll with wonted sight.
When they next wake, all this derision
Shall seem a dream, and fruitless vision ;⁴
And back to Athens shall the lovers wend,
With league, whose date till death shall never end.
Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,
I'll to my queen, and beg her Indian boy ;
And then I will her charmed eye release
From monster's view, and all things shall be peace.

Puck. My fairy lord, this must be done with haste ;
For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,^k
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger ;
At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and there,
Troop home to church-yards : damned spirits all,
That in cross-ways and floods have burial,
Already to their wormy beds are gone ;
For fear lest day should look their shames upon,
They wilfully themselves exile from light,
And must for aye consort with black-brow'd night.

Obe. But we are spirits of another sort :
I with the morning's love have oft made sport ;^l
And, like a forester, the groves may tread,
Even till the eastern gate, all fiery-red,
Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,
Turns into yellow gold his salt-green streams.^m
But, notwithstanding, haste ; make no delay :
We may effect this business yet ere day. [*Exit* OBERON.]

Puck. Up and down, up and down ;
I will lead them up and down :

I am fear'd in field and town ;
Goblin, lead them up and down
Here comes one.

Enter LYSANDER.

Lys. Where art thou, proud Demetrius? speak thou now.

Puck. Here, villain ; drawn and ready. Where art thou?

Lys. I will be with thee straight.

Puck. Follow me then
To plainer ground. [*Exit* LYS. as following the voice.]

Enter DEMETRIUS.

Dem. Lysander! speak again.

Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?

Speak. In some bush? Where dost thou hide thy head?

Puck. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars,
Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,
And wilt not come? Come, recreant; come, thou child ;
I'll whip thee with a rod : He is defil'd
That draws a sword on thee.

Dem. Yea ; art thou there?

Puck. Follow my voice ; we'll try no manhood here.

[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter LYSANDER.

Lys. He goes before me, and still dares me on ;
When I come where he calls then he is gone.
The villain is much lighter heel'd than I :
I follow'd fast, but faster he did fly ;
That fallen am I in dark uneven way,
And here will rest me. Come, thou gentle day!

[*Lies down.*

For if but once thou show me thy grey light,
I'll find Demetrius, and revenge this spite.

[*Sleeps.*

Re-enter PUCK and DEMETRIUS.

Puck. Ho, ho! ho, ho!ⁿ Coward, why com'st thou not?

Dem. Abide me, if thou dar'st ; for well I wot,
Thou runn'st before me, shifting every place ;
And dar'st not stand, nor look me in the face.
Where art thou now?

Puck. Come hither ; I am here.

Dem. Nay, then, thou mock'st me. Thou shalt buy⁴ this
dear,

If ever I thy face by daylight see :
Now, go thy way. Faintness constraineth me
To measure out my length on this cold bed.
By day's approach look to be visited.

[*Lies down and sleeps.*

Enter HELENA.

Hel. O weary night, O long and tedious night,
Abate thy hours : shine, comforts, from the east,
That I may back to Athens, by daylight,
From these that my poor company detest :—
And, sleep, that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye,
Steal me awhile from mine own company. [*Sleeps.*

Puck. Yet but three? Come one more ;
Two of both kinds makes up four.
Here she comes, curst and sad :
Cupid is a knavish lad,
Thus to make poor females mad.

¹ *Aby it*—suffer for it. Thus, in Beaumont and Fletcher :—

“Fool-hardy knight, full soon thou shalt *aby*
This fond reproach.”

² This line is not found in the folio of 1623, but is in the previous quartos.

Willingly in the folio ; *wilfully* in the quartos.

⁴ *Buy*. So the old copies ; *buy it dear* is still a familiar expression.

Enter HERMIA.

Her. Never so weary, never so in woe,
Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with briers;
I can no further crawl, no further go;
My legs can keep no pace with my desires.
Here will I rest me, till the break of day.
Heavens shield Lysander, if they mean a fray! [*Lies down.*]

Puck. On the ground
Sleep sound:
I'll apply
To your eye,
Gentle lover, remedy.

[*Squeezing the juice on Lys.'s eye.*]

When thou wak'st,
Thou tak'st^o
True delight
In the sight
Of thy former lady's eye:
And the country proverb known,
That every man should take his own,
In your waking shall be shown:

Jack shall have Jill;

Nought shall go ill;

The man shall have his mare again, and all shall be well.

[*Exit PUCK.—DEM., HEL., &c., sleep.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Wood.*

Enter TITANIA and BOTTOM, Fairies attending; OBERON behind unseen.

Tita. Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed,
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

Bot. Where's Peas-blossom?

Peas. Ready.

Bot. Scratch my head, Peas-blossom.—Where's monsieur Cobweb?¹

Cob. Ready.

Bot. Monsieur Cobweb; good monsieur, get your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipped humble-bee on the top of a thistle; and, good monsieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too much in the action, monsieur; and, good monsieur, have a care the honey-bag break not; I would be loth to have you overflown² with a honey-bag, signior.—Where's monsieur Mustard-seed?

Must. Ready.

Bot. Give me your neif,³ monsieur Mustard-seed. Pray you, leave your courtesy, good monsieur.

Must. What's your will?

Bot. Nothing, good monsieur, but to help cavalry Cobweb⁴ to scratch. I must to the barber's, monsieur; for, methinks, I am marvellous hairy about the face; and I am

such a tender ass, if my hair do but tickle me I must scratch.

Tita. What, wilt thou hear some music, my sweet love?

Bot. I have a reasonable good ear in music: let us have the tongs and the bones.⁵

Tita. Or say, sweet love, what thou desir'st to eat.

Bot. Truly, a peck of provender: I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks I have a great desire to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.

Tita. I have a venturous fairy that shall seek
The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee new nuts.

Bot. I had rather have a handful, or two, of dried peas. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me; I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.

Tita. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.
Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away.

So doth the woodbine the sweet honeysuckle

Gently entwist; the female ivy so

Enrings the barked fingers of the elm.⁶

O, how I love thee! how I dote on thee! [*They sleep.*]

OBERON *advances.* *Enter PUCK.*

Obe. Welcome, good Robin. See'st thou this sweet sight?
Her dotage now I do begin to pity.

For meeting her of late, behind the wood,
Seeking sweet favours for this hateful fool,
I did upbraid her and fall out with her:

For she his hairy temples then had rounded

With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers;

And that same dew, which sometime on the buds

Was wont to swell like round and orient pearls,

Stood now within the pretty flow'rets' eyes,

Like tears that did their own disgrace bewail.

When I had, at my pleasure, taunted her,

And she, in mild terms, begg'd my patience,

I then did ask of her her changeling child;

Which straight she gave me, and her fairy sent

To bear him to my bower in fairy land.

And now I have the boy, I will undo

This hateful imperfection of her eyes.

And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp

From off the head of this Athenian swain;

That he awaking when the other do,

May all to Athens back again repair;

And think no more of this night's accidents,

But as the fierce vexation of a dream.

Bul first I will release the fairy queen.

Be, as thou was wont to be;

[*Touching her eyes with an herb.*]

See, as thou was wont to see:

Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower

Hath such force and blessed power.

Now, my Titania, wake you, my sweet queen.

Tita. My Oberon! what visions have I seen!

Methought I was enamour'd of an ass.

Obe. There lies your love.

Tita. How came these things to pass?
O, how mine eyes do loathe his visage now!

¹ *Monsieur.* Throughout the folio and quartos (as pointed out by Mr. White) Bottom characteristically uses *Monsieur*.

² *Overflown*—flooded, drowned. The sense in which this word is here used may explain a passage in Milton, which has been thought corrupt:—

“Then wander forth the sons
Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine.”

Paradise Lost, Book I.

³ *Neif*—fist. Thus in Henry IV., Part I., Act II. Sc. IV.—“Sweet knight, I kiss thy *neif*.”

⁴ *Cobweb.* This is probably a misprint for *Peas-blossom*. Cobweb has been sent after the “red-hipped humble-bee;” and *Peas-blossom* has already been appointed to the honoured office in which *Mustard-seed* is now called to assist him.

⁵ The folio has here a stage-direction:—“Music, Tongs; Rural music.”

⁶ According to Steevens “the sweet honeysuckle” is an explanation of what the poet means by “the woodbine,” which name was sometimes applied to the

ivy. “The honeysuckle” doth *entwist*—“the female ivy” *enrings*—“the barked fingers of the elm.” Upon this interpretation the lines would be thus printed:—

“So doth the woodbine, the sweet honeysuckle,
Gently entwist,—the female ivy so
Enrings,—the barked fingers of the elm.”

This is certainly very different from the usual Shaksperian construction. Nor is our poet fond of expletives. If the “elm” is the only plant entwisted and enringed, we have only *one* image. But if the “woodbine” is not meant to be identical with the “honeysuckle,” we have *two* images, each distinct and each beautiful. Gifford pointed out the true meaning of the passage, in his note upon a parallel passage in Ben Jonson:—

“—Behold
How the *blue bindweed* doth itself enfold
With *honeysuckle*, and both these intwine
Themselves with bryony and jessamine.”

“In many of our counties,” says Gifford, “the *woodbine* is still the name for the great *convolvulus*.”

Obe. Silence awhile.—Robin, take off this head.—
Titania, music call; and strike more dead
Than common sleep, of all these five the sense.

Tita. Music, ho! music; such as charmeth sleep.

Puck. Now, when thou wak'st, with thine own fool's eyes
peep.¹

Obe. Sound, music. [*Still music.*] Come, my queen,
take hands with me,
And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.
Now thou and I are new in amity;
And will, to-morrow midnight, solemnly,
Dance in Duke Theseus' house triumphantly,
And bless it to all fair posterity:
There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be
Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.

Puck. Fairy king, attend, and mark;
I do hear the morning lark.

Obe. Then, my queen, in silence sad,
Trip we after the night's shade:
We the globe can compass soon,
Swifter than the wand'ring moon.

Tita. Come, my lord; and in our flight,
Tell me how it came this night,
That I sleeping here was found,
With these mortals on the ground. [*Exeunt.*
[*Horns sound within.*

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS, and Train.

The. Go one of you, find out the forester;^a
For now our observation is perform'd;
And since we have the vaward of the day,
My love shall hear the music of my hounds.
Uncouple in the western valley; let them go;
Despatch, I say, and find the forester.
We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,
And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

Hip. I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear
With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear
Such gallant chiding; for, besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains, every region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry: I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

The. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flew'd, so sanded; and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
Crook-knee'd and dew-lap'd like Thessalian bulls
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly:
Judge, when you hear.—But, soft; what nymphs are these?

Ege. My lord, this is my daughter here asleep;
And this Lysander; this Demetrius is;
This Helena, old Nedar's Helena:
I wonder of their being here together.

The. No doubt they rose up early, to observe
The rite of May; and, hearing our intent,
Came here in grace of our solemnity.
But, speak, Egeus; is not this the day
That Hermia should give answer of her choice?

Ege. It is, my lord.

The. Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with their horns.

Horns, and shout within. DEMETRIUS, LYSANDER, HERMIA,
and HELENA, wake, and start up.

The. Good morrow, friends. Saint Valentine is past;
Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?

Lys. Pardon, my lord. [*He and the rest kneel to THESEUS.*
The. I pray you all, stand up.

I know you two are rival enemies;
How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is so far from jealousy,
To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity?

Lys. My lord, I shall reply amazedly,
Half'sleep, half waking: But as yet, I swear,
I cannot truly say how I came here:
But, as I think, (for truly would I speak,—
And now I do bethink me, so it is;)—
I came with Hermia hither: our intent
Was to be gone from Athens, where we might be
Without the peril of the Athenian law.

Ege. Enough, enough, my lord; you have enough:
I beg the law, the law, upon his head.
They would have stol'n away, they would, Demetrius,
Thereby to have defeated you and me:
You of your wife, and me of my consent,—
Of my consent that she should be your wife.

Dem. My lord, fair Helen told me of their stealth,
Of this their purpose hither, to this wood;
And I in fury hither follow'd them;
Fair Helena in fancy following me.
But, my good lord, I wot not by what power,
(But, by some power it is,) my love to Hermia,
Melted as the snow, seems to me now
As the remembrance of an idle gaud,
Which in my childhood I did dote upon:
And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,
The object, and the pleasure of mine eye,
Is only Helena. To her, my lord,
Was I betroth'd ere I saw Hermia:
But, like in sickness, did I loathe this food:
But, as in health, come to my natural taste,
Now do I wish it, love it, long for it,
And will for evermore be true to it.

The. Fair lovers, you are fortunately met:
Of this discourse we will hear more anon.
Egeus, I will overbear your will;
For in the temple, by and by with us,
These couples shall eternally be knit.
And, for the morning now is something worn,
Our purpos'd hunting shall be set aside.
Away, with us, to Athens: Three and three,
We'll hold a feast in great solemnity.
Come, Hippolyta.

[*Exeunt THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS, and Train.*

Dem. These things seem small and undistinguishable,
Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.

Her. Methinks I see these things with parted eye,
When everything seems double.

Hel. So methinks:
And I have found Demetrius like a jewel,²
Mine own, and not mine own.

Dem. It seems to me,
That yet we sleep, we dream.—Do not you think,
The duke was here, and bid us follow him?

Her. Yea, and my father.

Hel. And Hippolyta.

Lys. And he did bid us follow to the temple.

Dem. Why then, we are awake: let's follow him;
And, by the way, let us recount our dreams. [*Exeunt.*

As they go out BOTTOM awakes.

Bot. When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer:—
my next is, "Most fair Pyramus."—Hey, ho!—Peter
Quince! Flute, the bellows-mender! Snout, the tinker!

² She has found Demetrius, as a person picks up a jewel—for the moment it is his own, but its value may cause it to be reclaimed. She feels insecure in the possession of her treasure.

¹ Now, at the beginning of the line, is found in Fisher's edition.

Starveling! God's my life! stolen hence, and left me asleep! I have had a most rare vision. I have had a dream,—past the wit of man to say what dream it was:—Man is but an ass if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was—there is no man can tell what. Methought I was, and methought I had.—But man is but a patched fool¹ if he will offer to say what methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen, man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream: it shall be called Bottom's Dream, because it hath no bottom; and I will sing it in the latter end of our play, before the duke; Peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her death.² [Exit.

SCENE II.—Athens. *A Room in Quince's House.*

Enter QUINCE, FLUTE, SNOUT, and STARVELING.

Quin. Have you sent to Bottom's house? is he come home yet?

Star. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt, he is transported.

Flu. If he come not, then the play is marred; It goes not forward, doth it?

Quin. It is not possible: you have not a man in all Athens able to discharge Pyramus, but he.

Flu. No; he hath simply the best wit of any handicraft man in Athens.

Quin. Yea, and the best person too: and he is a very paramour for a sweet voice.

Flu. You must say, paragon: a paramour is, God bless us, a thing of nought.

Enter SNUG.

Snug. Masters, the duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies more married: if our sport had gone forward we had all been made men.

Flu. O sweet Bully Bottom! Thus hath he lost sixpence a-day during his life; he could not have 'scaped sixpence a-day: an the duke had not given him sixpence a-day for playing Pyramus, I'll be hanged; he would have deserved it: sixpence a-day, in Pyramus, or nothing.

Enter BOTTOM.

Bot. Where are these lads? where are these hearts?

Quin. Bottom!—O most courageous day! O most happy hour!

Bot. Masters, I am to discourse wonders: but ask me not what; for if I tell you I am no true Athenian. I will tell you everything, right as it fell out.

Quin. Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

Bot. Not a word of me. All that I will tell you is, that the duke hath dined: Get your apparel together; good strings to your beards,^b new ribbons to your pumps; meet presently at the palace; every man look o'er his part; for, the short and the long is, our play is preferred.³ In any case, let Thisby have clean linen; and let not him that plays the lion pare his nails, for they shall hang out for the lion's claws. And, most dear actors, eat no onions, nor garlic, for we are to utter sweet breath; and I do not doubt but to hear them say it is a sweet comedy. No more words; away; go, away. [Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Athens. *An Apartment in the Palace of Theseus.*

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, Lords, and Attendants.

Hip. 'Tis strange, my Theseus, that these lovers speak of.

The. More strange than true. I never may believe These antique fables, nor these fairy toys. Lovers and madmen have such seething brains, Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend More than cool reason ever comprehends. The lunatic, the lover, and the poet, Are of imagination all compact:

One sees more devils than vast hell can hold— That is the madman: the lover, all as frantic, Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt: The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling, Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven, And, as imagination bodies forth The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing A local habitation and a name.

Such tricks hath strong imagination; That, if it would but apprehend some joy, It comprehends some bringer of that joy; Or, in the night, imagining some fear, How easy is a bush suppos'd a bear!

Hip. But all the story of the night told over, And all their minds transfigur'd so together, More witnesseth than fancy's images, And grows to something of great constancy; But, howsoever, strange, and admirable.

Enter LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HERMIA, and HELENA.

The. Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth. Joy, gentle friends! joy, and fresh days of love, Accompany your hearts!

Lys. More than to us Wait in your royal walks, your board, your bed!

The. Come now; what masks, what dances shall we have,

To wear away this long age of three hours, Between our after-supper and bed-time? Where is our usual manager of mirth? What revels are in hand? Is there no play, To ease the anguish of a torturing hour? Call Philostrate.

Philostr. Here, mighty Theseus.

The. Say, what abridgment⁴ have you for this evening? What mask, what music? How shall we beguile The lazy time, if not with some delight?

Philostr. There is a brief, how many sports are rife; Make choice of which your highness will see first.

[Giving a paper.

Lys. [reads.⁵] "The battle with the Centaurs,^a to be sung, By an Athenian eunuch to the harp."

The. We'll none of that: that have I told my love, In glory of my kinsman Hercules.

Lys. "The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals, Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage."

The. That is an old device, and it was play'd When I from Thebes came last a conqueror.

¹ Pitched fool—a fool in a party-coloured coat.

² Probably at the death of Thisbe. Theobald would read "after death,"—that is, after Bottom had been killed in the part of Pyramus.

³ Preferred—not in the sense of chosen in preference—but offered, as a suit is preferred.

⁴ Abridgment—pastime—something that may abridge "the lazy time."

⁵ Rife. So the folio. One of the quartos, ripe.

⁶ In the quartos *Theseus* reads the "brief," and makes the remarks upon each item; in the folio *Lysander* reads the list. The lines are generally printed as in the quartos; but the division of so long a passage is clearly better, and is perfectly natural and proper.

Lys. "The thrice three Muses mourning for the death
Of learning, late deceas'd in beggary."

The. That is some satire, keen, and critical,
Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.

Lys. "A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus,
And his love Thisbe; very tragical mirth."

The. Merry and tragical? Tedious and brief?
That is, hot ice, and wonderous strange snow.¹
How shall we find the concord of this discord?

Philost. A play there is, my lord, some ten words long;
Which is as brief as I have known a play;
But by ten words, my lord, it is too long,
Which makes it tedious: for in all the play
There is not one word apt, one player fitted.
And tragical, my noble lord, it is;
For Pyramus therein doth kill himself.
Which when I saw rehears'd, I must confess,
Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears
The passion of loud laughter never shed.

The. What are they that do play it?

Philost. Hard-handed men, that work in Athens here,
Which never labour'd in their minds till now;
And now have toil'd their unbreath'd memories
With this same play, against your nuptial.

The. And we will hear it.

Philost. No, my noble lord,
It is not for you: I have heard it over,
And it is nothing, nothing in the world,
(Unless you can find sport in their intents),²
Extremely stretch'd and conn'd with cruel pain,
To do you service.

The. I will hear that play;
For never anything can be amiss
When simpleness and duty tender it.
Go, bring them in: and take your places, ladies.

[*Exit PHILOSTRATE.*]

Hip. I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharg'd,
And duty in his service perishing.

The. Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.

Hip. He says, they can do nothing in this kind.

The. The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing.
Our sport shall be, to take what they mistake:
And what poor duty cannot do,
Noble respect takes it in might,³ not merit.
Where I have come, great clerks have purposed
To greet me with premeditated welcomes;
Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,
Make periods in the midst of sentences,
Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears,
And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,
Not paying me a welcome: Trust me, sweet,
Out of this silence yet I pick'd a welcome;
And in the modesty of fearful duty
I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.
Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity,
In least speak most, to my capacity.

Enter PHILOSTRATE.

Philost. So please your grace, the prologue is addrest.⁴

The. Let him approach. [*Flourish of trumpets.*]

¹ *Wonderous strange snow.* This has sorely puzzled the commentators. They want an antithesis for *snow*, as *hot* is for *ice*. Upton, therefore, reads, "*black snow*;" Hanmer, "*scorching snow*;" and Mason, "*strong snow*." Surely *snow* is a *common* thing; and, therefore, "*wonderous strange*" is sufficiently antithetical—hot ice, and snow as strange.

² This line is parenthetical, and we print it so. Johnson says he does not know what it is to *stretch* and *conn* an *intent*. It is the *play* which Philostrate has heard over, so *stretch'd* and *conn'd*.

³ *Might.* This is not used to express *power*, but *will*—*what one mayeth*—the will for the deed. See Tooke's "*Diversions of Purley*," Part II. c. v.

⁴ *Addrest*—ready.

⁵ The Prologue is very carefully *mis-pointed* in the original editions—"a tangled chain; nothing impaired, but all disordered." Had the fellow stood "upon points" it would have read thus:—

Enter Prologue.

Prol. "If we offend, it is with our good will.
That you should think we come not to offend,
But with good will. To show our simple skill,
That is the true beginning of our end.
Consider then, we come but in despite.
We do not come as minding to content you,
Our true intent is. All for your delight,
We are not here. That you should here repent you,
The actors are at hand; and, by their show,
You shall know all that you are like to know."

The. This fellow doth not stand upon points.⁵

Lys. He hath rid his prologue like a rough colt; he
knows not the stop. A good moral, my lord: It is not
enough to speak, but to speak true.

Hip. Indeed he hath played on his prologue like a child
on a recorder; a sound, but not in government.

The. His speech was like a tangled chain; nothing
impaired, but all disordered. Who is next?

Enter PYRAMUS and THISBE, Wall, Moonshine, and Lion, as in dumb show.

Prol. "Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show;
But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.
This man is Pyramus, if you would know;
This beauteous lady Thisby is, certain.
This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present
Wall, that vile wall which did these lovers sunder:
And through wall's chink, poor souls, they are content
To whisper, at the which let no man wonder.
This man, with lantern, dog, and bush of thorn,
Presenteth moonshine: for, if you will know,
By moonshine did these lovers think no scorn
To meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there to woo.
This grisly beast, which by name lion hight,
The trusty Thisby, coming first by night,
Did scare away, or rather did affright:
And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall;⁶
Which lion vile with bloody mouth did stain:
Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth and tall,
And finds his trusty Thisby's mantle slain:
Whereat with blade, with bloody blameful blade,
He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast;
And, Thisby tarrying in mulberry shade,
His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,
Let lion, moonshine, wall, and lovers twain,
At large discourse, while here they do remain."

[*Exeunt Prol., THISBE, Lion, and Moonshine.*]

The. I wonder, if the lion be to speak.

Dem. No wonder, my lord: one lion may, when many
asses do.

Wall. "In this same interlude, it doth befall
That I, one Snout by name, present a wall:
And such a wall as I would have you think,
That had in it a cranny'd hole, or chink,
Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisby,
Did whisper often very secretly.
This loam, this rough-cast, and this stone doth show
That I am that same wall; the truth is so:
And this the cranny is, right and sinister,
Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper."

The. Would you desire lime and hair to speak better?

Dem. It is the wittiest partition that ever I heard dis-
course, my lord.

The. Pyramus draws near the wall: silence.

Enter PYRAMUS.

Pyr. "O grim-look'd night! O night with hue so black!
O night, which ever art when day is not!
O night, O night, alack, alack, alack,
I fear my Thisby's promise is forgot!"

"If we offend, it is with our good will
That you should think we come not to offend;
But with good will to show our simple skill.
That is the true beginning of our end.
Consider then. We come: but in despite
We do not come. As, minding to content you,
Our true intent is all for your delight.
We are not here that you should here repent you.
The actors are at hand; and, by their show,
You shall know all that you are like to know."

We fear that we have taken longer to puzzle out this enigma than the poet did
to produce it.

⁶ *Fall*—used actively.

And thou, O wall, O sweet, O lovely wall,
That stands between her father's ground and mine;
Thou wall, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall,
Show me thy chink, to blink through with mine eyne.
[Wall holds up his fingers.
Thanks, courteous wall: Jove shield thee well for this!
But what see I? No Thisby do I see.
O wicked wall, through whom I see no bliss;
Curst be thy stones for thus deceiving me!"

The. The wall, methinks, being sensible, should curse again.

Bot. No, in truth, sir, he should not. "Deceiving me," is Thisby's cue: she is to enter now, and I am to spy her through the wall. You shall see, it will fall pat as I told you:—Yonder she comes.

Enter THISBE.

This. "O wall, full often hast thou heard my moans,
For parting my fair Pyramus and me:
My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones;
Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee."
Pyr. "I see a voice: now will I to the chink,
To spy an I can hear my Thisby's face.
Thisby!"
This. "My love! thou art my love, I think."
Pyr. "Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace;
And like Limander am I trusty still."
This. "And I like Helen, till the fates me kill."
Pyr. "Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true."
This. "As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you."
Pyr. "O, kiss me through the hole of this vile wall.
This. "I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all."
Pyr. "Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me straightway?"
This. "'Tide life, 'tide death, I come without delay."
Wall. "Thus have I, wall, my part discharged so;
And, being done, thus wall away doth go."

[*Exeunt* Wall, PYRAMUS, and THISBE.]

The. Now is the mural down between the two neighbours.

Dem. No remedy, my lord, when walls are so wilful to hear without warning.

Hip. This is the silliest stuff that e'er I heard.

The. The best in this kind are but shadows; and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.

Hip. It must be your imagination then, and not theirs.

The. If we imagine no worse of them than they of themselves, they may pass for excellent men. Here come two noble beasts in, a man and a lion.

Enter Lion and Moonshine.

Lion. "You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear
The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor,
May now, perchance, both quake and tremble here,
When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.
Then know that I, one Snug the joiner, am
A lion fell, nor else no lion's dam:
For if I should as lion come in strife
Into this place, 'twere pity of my life."

The. A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience.

Dem. The very best at a beast, my lord, that e'er I saw,

Lys. This lion is a very fox for his valour.

The. True; and a goose for his discretion.

Dem. Not so, my lord; for his valour cannot carry his discretion; and the fox carries the goose.

The. His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his valour; for the goose carries not the fox. It is well: leave it to his discretion, and let us hearken to the moon.

Moon. "This lantern doth the horned moon present."

Dem. He should have worn the horns on his head.

The. He is no crescent, and his horns are invisible within the circumference.

Moon. "This lantern doth the horned moon present;
Myself the man i' th' moon do seem to be."^b

¹ This passage, according to an emendation of the old copies by Dr. Farmer, is always printed:—

"And so comes Pyramus,
And then the moon vanishes."

Farmer makes the correction, because, in this mock-play, the moon vanishes after

The. This is the greatest error of all the rest: the man should be put into the lantern: How is it else the man i' the moon?

Dem. He dares not come there for the candle: for, you see, it is already in snuff.

Hip. I am weary of this moon: Would he would change.

The. It appears, by his small light of discretion, that he is in the wane: but yet, in courtesy, in all reason, we must stay the time.

Lys. Proceed, moon.

Moon. "All that I have to say is, to tell you, that the lantern is the moon: I, the man in the moon; this thorn-bush my thorn-bush; and this dog my dog."

Dem. Why, all these should be in the lantern; for they are in the moon. But, silence; here comes Thisbe.

Enter THISBE.

This. "This is old Ninny's tomb: Where is my love?"

Lion. "Oh—"

[*The* Lion roars.—*THISBE* runs off.]

Dem. Well roared, lion.

The. Well run, Thisbe.

Hip. Well shone, moon. Truly, the moon shines with a good grace.

The. Well moused, lion.

[*The* Lion tears *THISBE*'S mantle, and exit.]

Dem. And then came Pyramus.

Lys. And so the lion vanished.¹

Enter PYRAMUS.

Pyr. "Sweet moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams;
I thank thee, moon, for shining now so bright;
For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering gleams,²
I trust to taste of truest Thisby's sight.
But stay;—O spite!
But mark;—Poor knight,
What dreadful dole is here?
Eyes, do you see?
How can it be?
O dainty duck! O dear!
Thy mantle good,
What, stain'd with blood?
Approach, ye furies fell!
O fates! come, come;
Cut thread and thrum;
Quail, crush, conclude, and quell

The. This passion, and the death of a dear friend, would go near to make a man look sad.

Hip. Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.

Pyr. "O, wherefore, nature, didst thou lions frame?
Since lion vile hath here deflour'd my dear:
Which is—no, no—which was the fairest dame,
That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd with cheer.
Come, tears, confound;
Out, sword, and wound
The pap of Pyramus:
Ay, that left pap
Where heart doth hop:—
Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.
Now am I dead,
Now am I fled;
My soul is in the sky:
Tongue, lose thy light!
Moon, take thy flight!
Now die, die, die, die, die."³

[*Dies*.—*Exit* Moonshine.]

Dem. No die, but an ace, for him; for he is but one.

Lys. Less than an ace, man; for he is dead; he is nothing.

The. With the help of a surgeon, he might yet recover, and prove an ass.

Hip. How chance moonshine is gone, before Thisbe comes back and finds her lover?

The. She will find him by starlight.—Here she comes; and her passion ends the play.

Pyramus dies. But Demetrius and Lysander do not profess to have any knowledge of the play; it is Philostrate who has "heard it over." They are thinking of the classical story; and, like Hamlet, they are each "a good chorus."

² *Gleams*. The word in the original copies is *beams*, which is clearly an error. The editor of the second folio altered it to *streams*. I suggested *gleams*, as the ridicule of excessive alliteration would then have been carried further.





Enter THISBE.

Hip. Methinks, she should not use a long one for such a Pyramus: I hope she will be brief.

Dem. A mote will turn the balance, which Pyramus, which Thisbe, is the better.

Lys. She hath spied him already with those sweet eyes.

Dem. And thus she moans, *videlicet*.

This. "Asleep, my love?
What, dead, my love?
O Pyramus, arise,
Speak, speak. Quite dumb?
Dead, dead? A tomb
Must cover thy sweet eyes.
These lily lips,¹
This cherry nose,
These yellow cowslip cheeks,
Are gone, are gone:
Lovers, make moan!
His eyes were green as leeks.
O sisters three,
Come, come to me,
With hands as pale as milk;
Lay them in gore,
Since you have shore
With shears his thread of silk.
Tongue, not a word:
Come, trusty sword;
Come, blade, my breast imbrue:
And farewell, friends;
Thus Thisbe ends:
Adieu, adieu, adieu."

[*Dies.*]

Thc. Moonshine and lion are left to bury the dead.

Dem. Ay, and wall too.

Bot. No, I assure you; the wall is down that parted their fathers. Will it please you to see the epilogue, or to hear a Bergomask² dance, between two of our company?

The. No epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuse. Never excuse; for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it had played Pyramus, and hanged himself in Thisbe's garter, it would have been a fine tragedy: and so it is, truly; and very notably discharged. But come, your Bergomask: let your epilogue alone.

[*Here a dance of Clowns.*]

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve:—

Lovers, to bed; 'tis almost fairy time.

I fear we shall outsleep the coming morn,

As much as we this night have over-watch'd.

This palpable gross play³ hath well beguild

The heavy gait of night.—Sweet friends, to bed.—

A fortnight hold we this solemnity,

In nightly revels, and new jollity.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter PUCK.

Puck. Now the hungry lion roars,⁴

And the wolf howls⁵ the moon;

Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,

All with weary task fordone.

Now the wasted brands do glow,

Whilst the scritch-owl, scritch'ing loud,

Puts the wretch, that lies in woe,

In remembrance of a shroud.

Now it is the time of night,

That the graves, all gaping wide,

¹ Lips in the original copies, which Theobald changed to brows.

² An Italian dance, after the manner of the peasants of Bergomasco.

³ Behowls. This is beholds in the original text, but clearly an error. In As You Like It we have—" 'Tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon."

The image is familiar to poetry, from Shakspeare to Pope—

"Silence, ye wolves, while Ralph to Cynthia howls."

Every one lets forth his sprite,
In the church-way paths to glide:
And we fairies, that do run
By the triple Hecate's⁴ team,
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream,
Now are frolic; not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallow'd house:
I am sent, with broom, before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.

Enter OBERON and TITANIA, with their train.

Obc. Though⁵ the house give glimmering light,
By the dead and drowsy fire:
Every elf, and fairy sprite,
Hop as light as bird from brier;
And this ditty, after me,
Sing, and dance it trippingly.⁶
Tita. First, rehearse this song by rote:
To each word a warbling note,
Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
Will we sing, and bless this place.

SONG, AND DANCE.

Obc. Now, until the break of day,
Through this house each fairy stray.
To the best bride-bed will we,^f
Which by us shall blessed be:
And the issue there create,
Ever shall be fortunate.
So shall all the couples three
Ever true in loving be;
And the blots of nature's hand
Shall not in their issue stand;
Never mole, hare-lip, nor scar,
Nor mark prodigious, such as are
Despised in nativity,
Shall upon their children be.
With this field-dew consecrate,
Every fairy take his gait;
And each several chamber bless,
Through this palace with sweet peace;
Ever shall in safety rest,
And the owner of it blest.⁶

Trip away;

Make no stay;

Meet me all by break of day.

[*Exeunt OBERON, TITANIA, and train.*]

Puck. If we shadows have offended,
Think but this, (and all is mended,)
That you have but slumber'd here,
While these visions did appear.
And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream,
Gentles, do not reprehend;
If you pardon, we will mend.
And, as I am an honest Puck,
If we have unearned luck
Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue,
We will make amends, ere long:
Else the Puck a liar call.
So, good night unto you all.
Give me your hands, if we be friends,
And Robin shall restore amends.

[*Exit.*]

⁴ Marlowe, Middleton, and Golding also use *Hecate* as a dissyllable. In Spenser and Jonson we find *Hécate*.

⁵ *Though*. Mr. White's suggestion instead of *through*.

⁶ It has been suggested that these two lines should be transposed.

ILLUSTRATIONS TO A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

ACT I.

^a SCENE I.—“*Hippolyta, I woo'd thee with my sword.*”

THE very ingenious writer of “A Letter on Shakspeare's Authorship of The Two Noble Kinsmen,” (1833,) remarks, that “the characters in A Midsummer Night's Dream are classical, but the costume is strictly Gothic, and shows that it was through the medium of romance that he drew the knowledge of them.” It was in Chaucer's “Knight's Tale” that our poet found the Duke of Athens, and Hippolyta, and Philostrate; in the same way that the author of “The Two Noble Kinsmen,” and subsequently Dryden, found there the story of Palamon and Arcite. Hercules and Theseus have been called by Godwin “the knight-errants of antiquity;”^{*} and truly the mode in which the fabulous histories of the ancient world blended themselves with the literature of the chivalrous ages fully justifies this seemingly anomalous designation. It is not difficult to trace Shakspeare in passages of the “Knight's Tale.” The opening lines of that beautiful poem offer an example:—

“Whilom, as olde stories tellen us,
Ther was a duk that highte Theseus.
Of Athenes he was lord and governour,
And in his time swiche a conquerour,
That greter was ther non under the sonne.
Ful many a riche contree had he wonne.
What with his wisdom and his chevalrie,
He conquerd all the regne of Feminie,
That whilom was ycleped Scythia;
And wedded the fresshe quene Ipolita,
And brought hire home with him to his contree
With mochel glorie and gret solempnitee,
And eke hire yonge suster Emelie.
And thus with victorie and with melodie
Let I this worthy duk to Athenes ride,
And all his host, in armes him beside.
And certes, if it n'ere to long to here,
I wolde have tolde you fully the manere,
How wonnen was the regne of Feminie,
By Theseus, and by his chevalrie:
And of the grete bataille for the nones
Betwix Athenes and the Amasones:
And how asseged was Ipolita
The faire hardy quene of Scythia;
And of the feste, that was at hire wedding,
And of the temple at hire home coming.
But all this thing I moste as now forbere
I have, God wot, a large field to ere.”

SCENE I.—“*Ah me! for aught that ever I could read,*” &c.

The passage in “Paradise Lost,” in which Milton has imitated this famous passage of Shakspeare, is conceived in a very different spirit. Lysander and Hermia lament over the evils by which

“—true lovers have been ever cross'd,”

as “an edict in destiny,” to which they must both submit with patience and mutual forbearance. The Adam of Milton reproaches Eve with the

“—innumerable
Disturbances on earth through female snares,”

as a trial of which lordly man has alone a right to complain:—

“—for either
He never shall find out fit mate, but such
As some misfortune brings him, or mistake;
Or whom he wishes most shall seldom gain
Through her perverseness, but shall see her gain'd
By a far worse, or if she love, withheld
By parents; or his happiest choice too late
Shall meet, already link'd and wedlock-bound
To a fell adversary, his hate or shame:
Which infinite calamity shall cause
To human life, and household peace confound.”

Par. Lost, Book X. v. 895.

Adam had certainly cause to be angry when he uttered these re-

proaches; and therefore Milton has dramatically forgotten that man is not the only sufferer in such “disturbances on earth.”

SCENE I.—“*To do observance to a morn of May.*”

The very expression, “*to do observance*,” in connection with the rites of May, occurs twice in Chaucer's “Knight's Tale:”—

“Thus passeth yere by yere, and day by day,
Till it fell ones in a morn of May
That Emelie, that fayrer was to sene
Than is the lillie upon his stalke grene,
And fressher than the May with floures newe,
(For with the rose colour strof hire hewe;
I n'ot which was the finer of hem two.)
Er it was day, as she was wont to do,
She was arisen, and all redy dight,
For May wol have no slogardie a-night.
The seson pricketh every gentil herte,
And maketh him out of his slepe to sterte,
And sayth, arise, and do thin observance.”

Again:—

“Arcite, that is in the court real
With Theseus the squier principal,
Is risen, and loketh on the mery day
And for to don his observance to May.”

The “observance” in the days of Chaucer, as in those of Shakspeare, was a tribute from the city and the town to the freshness of a beautiful world; and our ancestors, as Stow has described, went out “into the sweet meadows and green woods, there to rejoice their spirits with the beauty and savour of sweet flowers, and with the harmony of birds praising God in their kind.” Stubbs, however, in his “Anatomie of Abuses,” first printed in 1585—at the very period when Shakspeare was laying up in his native fields those stores of high and pleasant thoughts which show his love for the country and for country delights—has, while he describes the “observance” of May, denounced it as being under the superintendence of “Sathan.” This passage of the inflexible Puritan is curious and interesting:—

“Against May, Whitsunday, or some other time of the year, every parish, town, and village assemble themselves together, both men, women, and children, old and young, even all indifferently; and either going all together, or dividing themselves into companies, they go, some to the woods and groves, some to the hills and mountains, some to one place, some to another, where they spend all the night in pleasant pastimes, and in the morning they return, bringing with them birch-boughs and branches of trees, to deck their assemblies withal. And no marvel, for there is a great lord present amongst them, as superintendent and lord over their pastimes and sports, namely Sathan, Prince of Hell. But their chiefest jewel they bring from thence is their Maypole, which they bring home with great veneration, as thus: they have twenty or forty yoke of oxen, every ox having a sweet nosegay of flowers tied on the tip of his horns, and these oxen draw home this Maypole (this stinking idol rather), which is covered all over with flowers and herbs, bound round about with strings, from the top to the bottom, and sometime painted with variable colours, with two or three hundred men, women, and children following it with great devotion. And thus being reared up, with handkerchiefs and flags streaming on the top, they strew the ground about it, bind green boughs and arbours hard by it; and then fall they to banquet and feast, to leap and dance about it, as the heathen people did at the dedication of their idols, whereof this is a perfect pattern, or rather the thing itself.”

The old spirit of joy was not put down when Herrick wrote sixty years afterwards—the spirit in which Chaucer sang—

“O Maye, with all thy floures and thy grene,
Right welcome be thou, faire freshe Maye!”

The spirit, indeed, was too deeply implanted in “Merry England” to be easily put down; and the young, at any rate, were for the most part ready to exclaim with Herrick—

“Come, let us go, while we are in our prime,
And take the harmless folly of the time.”

^a SCENE I.—“*Your eyes are load-stars.*”

The *load-star* is the north-star, by which sailors steered their course in the early days of navigation. Chaucer used the term in this sense; and Spenser also:—

“Like as a ship who, *load-star* suddenly
Cover’d with clouds, her pilot hath dismay’d.”

It was under this guiding star that danger was avoided, and the haven reached. Thus, Sidney in his “*Arcadia*” says, “Be not, most excellent lady—you, that nature has made to be the *load-star* of comfort—be not the rock of shipwreck.” The *load-star* of Shakspeare and the *cynosure* of Milton are the same in their metaphorical use:—

“Towers and battlements it sees
Bosom’d high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some Beauty lies,
The *cynosure* of neighb’ring eyes.”—*L’Allegro*.

In “*The Spanish Tragedy*” we have the same application of the image:—

“Led by the *load-star* of her heavenly looks.”

^c SCENE II.—“*You shall play it in a mask.*”

Coryat, describing the theatres of Venice in 1608, writes—“I observed certain things that I never saw before; for I saw women act,—a thing that I never saw before.” Prynne, in his “*Histrio-Mastix*,” (1633,) after denouncing women-actors in the most furious terms, speaks of them as recently introduced upon the English stage:—“As they have now their female players in Italy and other foreign parts; and as they had such *French women-actors* in a play not long since personated in Blackfriars play-house, to which there was great resort.” In a note he explains “not long since” as “*Michaelmas Term, 1629.*” We therefore can have no doubt that in Shakspeare’s time the parts of women were personated by men and boys; and, indeed, Prynne denounces this as a more pernicious custom than the acting of women. The objection of Flute that he had “a beard coming,” was doubtless a common objection; and the remedy was equally common—“*You shall play it in a mask.*” Quince, instructing his

“Hard-handed men, that work in Athens here,”

reminds us of the celebrated picture, found at Pompeii, of the Choragus giving directions to the actors. The travestie would probably have been as just two thousand years ago as in the days of Shakspeare.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—“*Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,*” &c.

Theobald printed this passage as it appears in the folio and in one of the quartos—

“Through bush, through briar.”

Coleridge is rather hard upon him:—“What a noble pair of ears this worthy Theobald must have had!” He took the passage as he found it. It is remarkable that the reading was corrupted in the folio; for Drayton, in his imitation in the “*Nymphidia*,” which was published a few years before the folio, exhibits the value of the word “*thorough*.”—

“Thorough brake, thorough briar,
Thorough muck, thorough mire,
Thorough water, thorough fire.”

On the other hand, Steevens had not the justification of any text when he gave us—

“Swifter than the moon’s sphere.”

Mr. Guest, in his “*History of English Rhythm*,” (a work of great research, but which belongs to a disciple of the school of Pope, rather than of one nurtured by our elder poet,) observes upon the passage as we print it—

“Swifter than the moon’s sphere”—

“The flow of Shakspeare’s line is quite in keeping with the peculiar rhythm which he has devoted to his fairies.” This rhythm, Mr.

Guest, in another place, describes as consisting of “abrupt verses of two, three, or four accents.”

^b SCENE I.—“*That shrewd and knavish sprite,
Call’d Robin Goodfellow.*”

There can be no doubt that the attributes of Puck, or Robin Goodfellow, as described by Shakspeare, were collected from the popular superstitions of his own day. In Harsnet’s “*Declaration of Egregious Popish Impostures*,” (1603,) he is mixed up as a delinquent with the friars:—“And if that the bowle of curds and creame were not duly set out for Robin Goodfellow, the frier, and Sisse the dairy-maid, why then either the pottage was burnt to next day in the pot, or the cheeses would not curdle, or the butter would not come, or the ale in the fat [vat] never would have good head.” Again, in Scot’s “*Discoverie of Witchcraft*,” (1584,) we have, “Your grandames’ maids were wont to set a bowl of milk for him, for his pains in grinding malt and mustard, and sweeping the house at midnight—this white bread, and bread and milk, was his standing fee.” But Robin Goodfellow does not find a place in English poetry before the time of Shakspeare. He is Puck’s poetical creator. The poets who have followed in his train have endeavoured to vary the character of the “shrewd and meddling elf;” but he is nevertheless essentially the same. Drayton thus describes him in the “*Nymphidia*.”—

“This Puck seems but a dreaming dolt,
Still walking like a ragged colt,
And oft out of a bush doth bolt,
Of purpose to deceive us;
And leading us, makes us to stray,
Long winter nights, out of the way,
And when we stick in mire and clay,
He doth with laughter leave us.”

In the song of Robin Goodfellow, printed in Percy’s “*Reliques*,” (which has been attributed to Ben Jonson,) we have the same copy of the original features:—

“Yet now and then, the maids to please,
At midnight I card up their wool;
And while they sleep, and take their ease,
With wheel to threads their flax I pull.
I grind at mill
Their malt up still;
I dress their hemp, I spin their tow.
If any wake,
And would me take,
I wend me, laughing, ho, ho, ho!”

The “lubar-fiend” of Milton is the “lob of spirits” of Shakspeare. The hind, “by friar’s lanthorn led,”

“Tells how the drudging Goblin sweat,
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail hath thresh’d the corn,
That ten day-lab’rers could not end;
Then lies him down the lubbar-fiend,
And, stretch’d out all the chimney’s length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
And crop-full out of door he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings.”—*L’Allegro*.

SCENE II.—“*Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania,*” &c.

The name of “Oberon, King of Fairies,” is found in Greene’s “*James the IVth.*” Greene died in 1592. But the name was long before familiar in Lord Berners’ translation of the French romance of “*Sir Hugh of Bordeaux.*” It is probable that Shakspeare was indebted for the *name* to this source. Tyrwhitt has given his opinion that the Pluto and Proserpina of Chaucer’s “*Marchantes Tale*” were the true progenitors of Oberon and Titania. Chaucer calls Pluto the “King of Faerie,” and Proserpina is “Queen of Faerie;” and they take a solicitude in the affairs of mortals. But beyond this they have little in common with Oberon and Titania. In the “*Wife of Bathes Tale*,” however, Shakspeare found the popular superstition presented in that spirit of gladsome revelry which it was reserved for him to work out in this matchless drama:—

“In olde dayes of the King Artour,
Of which that Bretons speken gret honour,
All was this land fulfilled of faerie,
The elfe-queene with her joly compaignie,
Danced ful oft in many a grene mede.”

^a SCENE II.—“*Playing on pipes of corn.*”

“Pipes made of grene corne” were amongst the rustic music described by Chaucer. Sidney’s “Arcadia,” at the time when Shakspeare wrote his *Midsummer Night’s Dream*, had made pastoral images familiar to all. It is pleasant to imagine that our poet had the following beautiful passage in his thoughts:—“There were hills which garnished their proud heights with stately trees: humble valleys, whose base estate seemed comforted with the refreshing of silver rivers: meadows, enamelled with all sorts of eye-pleasing flowers; thickets, which being lined with most pleasant shade were witnessed so too by the cheerful disposition of many well-tuned birds: each pasture stored with sheep, feeding with sober security, while the pretty lambs with bleating oratory craved the dam’s comfort: here a shepherd’s boy piping, as though he should never be old; there a young shepherdess knitting, and withal singing, and it seemed that her voice comforted her hands to works, and her hands kept time to her voice-music.”

^c SCENE II.—“*Therefore, the winds, piping to us in vain,*” &c.

In Churchyard’s “Charitie,” a poem published in 1595, the “dis-temperature” of that year is thus described:—

“A colder time in world was never seen:
The skies do lower, the sun and moon wax dim,
Summer scarce known but that the leaves are green.
The winter’s waste drives water o’er the brim;
Upon the land great floats of wood may swim.
Nature thinks scorn to do her duty right,
Because we have displeased the Lord of Light.”

This “progeny of evils” has been recorded by the theologians as well as the poets. In Strype’s “Annals” we have an extract from a lecture preached by Dr. J. King, at York, in which are enumerated the signs of divine wrath with which England was visited in 1593 and 1594. The lecturer says:—“Remember that the spring” (that year when the plague broke out) “was very unkind, by means of the abundance of rains that fell. Our July hath been like to a February; our June even as an April: so that the air must needs be infected.”

Then, having spoken of three successive years of scarcity, he adds, “And see, whether the Lord doth not threaten us much more, by sending such unseasonable weather, and storms of rain among us: which if we will observe, and compare it with that which is past, we may say that the course of nature is very much inverted. Our years are turned upside down. Our summers are no summers: our harvests are no harvests: our seed-times are no seed-times. For a great space of time, scant any day hath been seen that it hath not rained upon us.”

^f SCENE II.—“*The nine men’s morris is fill’d up with mud.*”

Upon the green turf of their spacious commons the shepherds and ploughmen of England were wont to cut a rude series of squares, and other right lines, upon which they arranged eighteen stones, divided between two players, who moved them alternately, as at chess or draughts, till the game was finished by one of the players having all his pieces taken or impounded. This was the *nine men’s morris*. It is affirmed that the game was brought hither by the Norman conquerors, under the name of *merelles*; and that this name, which signifies *counters*, was subsequently corrupted into *morals* and *morris*. In a wet season the lines upon which the *nine men* moved were “filled up with mud;” and “the quaint mazes,” which the more active of the youths and maidens in propitious seasons trod “in the wanton green,” were obliterated.

^g SCENE II.—“*My gentle Puck, come hither: Thou remember’st,*” &c.

The most remarkable of the shows of Kenilworth, when Elizabeth was the guest of Leicester, were associated with the mythology and the romance of lakes and seas. “Triton, in likeness of a mermaid, came towards the Queen’s Majesty.” “Arion appeared sitting on a dolphin’s back.” So George Gascoigne, in his “Brief Rehearsal, or rather a true copy of as much as was presented before her Majesty at Kenilworth.” But Laneham describes a song of Arion with an ecstasy which may justify the belief that the “dulcet and harmonious breath” of “the sea-maid’s music” might be the echo of melodies

heard by the young Shakspeare as he stood by the lake of Kenilworth. If Elizabeth be the “fair vestal throned by the west,” of which there can be no reasonable doubt, the most appropriate scene of the mermaid’s song would be Kenilworth, and “that very time” the summer of 1575.

ACT III.

^a SCENE I.—“*A lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing.*”

There was an account published in 1594 of the ceremonies observed at the baptism of Henry, the eldest son of the King of Scotland. A triumphal chariot, according to this account, was drawn in by a “black-moor.” The writer adds, “This chariot should have been drawn in by a lion, but because his presence might have brought *some fear* to the nearest, or that the sight of the lighted torches might have commoved his tameness, it was thought meet that the moor should supply that room.” It is not improbable that Shakspeare meant to ridicule this incident in—“There is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion, living.”

SCENE I.—“*Let him name his name; and tell them plainly he is Snug the joiner.*”

This passage will suggest to our readers Sir Walter Scott’s description of the pageant at Kenilworth, when Lambourne, not knowing his part, tore off his vizard and swore, “Cogs-bones! he was none of Arion or Orion either, but honest Mike Lambourne, that had been drinking her Majesty’s health from morning till midnight, and was come to bid her heartily welcome to Kenilworth Castle.” But a circumstance of this nature actually happened upon the Queen’s visit to Kenilworth in 1575, and is recorded in the “Merry Passages and Jests,” compiled by Sir Nicholas Lestrangle, which is published by the Camden Society from the Harleian MS.:—“There was a spectacle presented to Queen Elizabeth upon the water, and, amongst others, Harry Goldingham was to represent Arion upon the dolphin’s back, but finding his voice to be very hoarse and unpleasant when he came to perform it, he tears off his disguise and swears he was none of Arion, not he, but e’en honest Harry Goldingham; which blunt discovery pleased the queen better than if it had gone through in the right way; yet he could order his voice to an instrument exceeding well.” It is by no means improbable that Shakspeare was familiar with this local anecdote, and has applied it in the case of Snug the joiner. Bottom, and Quince, and the other “hard-handed men,” must also have been exceedingly like the citizens of Coventry, who played their Hock play before the Queen, on the memorable occasion of her visit to their neighbourhood.

^c SCENE I.—“*Look in the almanac; find out moonshinc.*”

The popular almanac of Shakspeare’s time was that of Leonard Digges, the worthy precursor of the Moores and Murphys. He had a higher ambition than these his degenerate descendants; for, while they prophesy only by the day and the week, he prognosticated *for ever*, as his title-page shows:—“A Prognostication *euerlasting* of right good effect, fruitfully augmented by the auctour, containyng plain, briefe, pleasaunte, chosen rules to iudge the Weather by the Sunne, Moone, Starres, Comets, Rainebow, Thunder, Cloudes, with other extraordinary tokens, not omitting the Aspects of the Planets, with a briefe iudgement *for euer*, of Plenty, Lucke, Sickenes, Dearth, Warres, &c., opening also many natural causes worthy to be knowen” (1575).

^d SCENE I.—“*The woosel-cock, so black of hue,
With orange tawny bill.*”

Although Bottom has here described the blackbird with zoological precision, there are some commentators hardy enough to deny his scientific pretensions, maintaining that the woosel or ousel is something else. It is sufficient for us to show that this name expressed the blackbird in Shakspeare’s day. It is used by Drayton as synonymous with the *merle* (about which there can be no doubt) in his description of the “rough woodlands” of the Warwickshire

Arden, where both he and his friend Shakspeare studied the book of nature :—

"The throstel, with shrill sharps; as purposely he song
T' wake the lustless sun, or chiding that so long
He was in coming forth, that should the thickets thrill;
The *woasel* near at hand, that hath a golden bill;
As nature him had mark'd of purpose, t' let us see
That from all other birds his tunes should different be:
For, with their vocal sounds, they sing to pleasant May;
Upon his dulcet pipe the *merle* doth only play."

Poly-Olbion, 13th Song.

^c SCENE I.—"*And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes.*"

Shakspeare was certainly a much truer lover of nature, and therefore a much better naturalist, than Dr. Johnson, who indeed professed to despise such studies; but the critic has, nevertheless, ventured in this instance to be severe upon the poet :—"I know not how Shakspeare, who commonly derived his knowledge of nature from his own observation, happened to place the glow-worm's light in his eyes, which is only in his tail." Well, then, let us correct the poet, and make Titania describe the glow-worm with a hatred of all metaphor :—

"And light them at the fiery glow-worm's *tail*."

We fear this will not do. It reminds us of the attempt of a very eminent naturalist to unite science and poetry in verses which he called "*The Pleasures of Ornithology*," of which union the following is a specimen :—

"The morning wakes, as from the lofty elm
The cuckoo sends the monotone. Yet he,
Polygamous, ne'er knows what pleasures wait
On pure monogamy."

We may be wrong, but we would rather have Bottom's

"— plain-song cuckoo gray,"

than these hard words.

^f SCENE II.—"*Thy lips, those kissing cherries,*" &c.

The "kissing cherries" of Shakspeare gave Herrick a stock in trade for half a dozen poems. We would quote the "*Cherry ripe*," had it not passed into that extreme popularity which almost renders a beautiful thing vulgar. The following is little known :—

"I saw a cherry weep, and why?
Why wept it? but for shame;
Because my Julia's lip was by,
And did out-red the same.
But, pretty fondling, let not fall
A tear at all for that;
Which rubies, corals, scarlets, all
For tincture, wonder at."

^g SCENE II.—"*O, and is all forgot?*" &c.

Gibbon compares this beautiful passage with some lines of a poem of Gregory Nazianzen on his own life.

SCENE II.—"*Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,*" &c.

Mr. Monck Mason's explanation of this passage seems the most intelligible :—"Every branch of a family is called a house; and none but the first of the first house can bear the arms of the family without some distinction; two of the first, therefore, means two coats of the first house, which are properly due but to one."

SCENE II.—"*Shall seem a dream, and fruitless vision.*"

Mr. Guest classes this line in the division of "sectional rhyme"—an ancient form of emphatically marking a portion of a verse. We have it in *The Taming of the Shrew* :—

"With *cuffs* and *ruffs*; and farthingales, and things;"

and in *Love's Labour's Lost* :—

"Or *groan* for *Joan*, or spend a minute's time."

^k SCENE II.—"*For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast.*"

The chariot of night was drawn by dragons, on account of their

watchfulness. They were the serpents "whose eyes were never shut." In Milton's "*Il Penseroso* :—

"Cynthia checks her dragon yoke."

^l SCENE II.—"*I with the morning's love have oft made sport.*"

Whether Oberon meant to laugh at Tithonus, the old husband of Aurora, or sport "like a forester" with young Cephalus, the morning's love, is matter of controversy.

^m SCENE II.—"*Even till the eastern gate,*" &c.

This splendid passage was perhaps suggested by some lines in Chaucer's "*Knight's Tale* :—

"The besy larke, the messenger of day,
Salewith in hire song the morne gray;
And fry Phebus riseth up so bright,
That all the orient laugheth of the sight,
And with his stremes drieth in the greves
The silver drops, hanging on the leves."

SCENE II.—"*Ho, ho! ho, ho!*"

The devil of the old mysteries was as well known by his *Ho, ho!* as Henry VIII. by his *Ha, ha!* Robin Goodfellow succeeded to the pass-word of the ancient devil. Of the old song which we quoted in Act. II., each stanza ends with "*ho, ho, ho!*"

^o SCENE II.—"*When thou wak'st,
Thou tak'st.*"

The second line is generally corrupted into—

"See thou tak'st."

The structure of the verse is precisely the same as in the previous lines—

"On the ground
Sleep sound."

ACT IV.

^a SCENE I.—"*Go one of you, find out the forester.*"

The Theseus of Chaucer was a mighty hunter :—

"This mene I now by mighty Theseus
That for to huntun is so desirous,
And namely at the grete hart in May,
That in his bed ther daweth him no day
That he n'is clad, and redy for to ride
With hunte and horne, and houndes him beside.
For in his hunting hath he swiche delite,
That it is all his joye and appetite
To ben himself the grete hartes bane,
For after Mars he serveth now Diane."

The Knightes Tale.

SCENE II.—"*Good strings to your beards.*"

In the first act Bottom has told us that he will "discharge" the part of Pyramus "in either your straw-coloured beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown-coloured beard, your perfect yellow." He is now solicitous that the strings by which the artificial beards were to be fastened should be in good order. The custom of wearing coloured beards was not confined to the stage. In the comedy of "*Ram-alley*," (1611,) we have :—

"What *colour'd beard* comes next by the window :"
A black man's, I think."
"I think, a *red*; for that is most in fashion."

In "*The Alchymist*" we find, "He had *dye'd* his beard, and all." Stubbes, the great dissector of "Abuses," gives us nothing about the coloured beards of men; but he is very minute about the solicitude of ladies to procure false hair, and to dye their hair. We dare say the anxiety was not confined to one sex.

"If curling and laying out their own natural hair were all, (which is impious, and at no hand lawful, being, as it is, an ensign of pride, and the stern of wantonness to all that behold it,) it were the less matter; but they are not simply content with their own hair, but

buy other hair, either of horses, mares, or any other strange beasts, dyeing it of what colour they list themselves. And if there be any poor woman (as now and then, we see, God doth bless them with beauty as well as the rich) that have fair hair, these nice dames will not rest till they have bought it. Or if any children have fair hair, they will entice them into a secret place, and for a penny or two they will cut off their hair; as I heard that one did in the city of Londinum of late, who, meeting a little child with very fair hair, inveigled her into a house, promised her a penny, and so cut off her hair. And this they wear in the same order, as you have heard, as though it were their own natural hair; and upon the other side, if any have hair of her own natural growing, which is not fair enough, then will they dye it in divers colours, almost changing the substance into accidents by their devilish, and more than these cursed, devices."

ACT V.

^a SCENE I.—"*The battle with the Centaurs.*"

Theseus has told his love the story of the battle with the Centaurs:—

"In glory of my kinsman Hercules."

Shakspeare has given to Theseus the attributes of a real hero, amongst which modesty is included. He has attributed the glory to his "kinsman Hercules." The poets and sculptors of antiquity have made Theseus himself the great object of their glorification. The Elgin Marbles and Shakspeare have made the glories of Theseus familiar to the modern world.

^b SCENE I.—"*Myself the man i' th' moon do seem to be.*"

The "man in the moon" was a considerable personage in Shakspeare's day. He not only walked in the moon, ("his lantern,") with his "thorn-bush" and his "dog," but he did sundry other odd things, such as the man in the moon has ceased to do in these our unimaginative days. There is an old black-letter ballad of the time of James II., preserved in the British Museum, entitled "The Man in the Moon drinks Claret," adorned with a woodcut of this remarkable tippler.

^c SCENE I.—"*This palpable gross play.*"

There is a general opinion, and probably a correct one, that the state of the early stage is shadowed in the "Pyramus and Thisbe." We believe that the resemblance is intended to be general, rather than pointed at any particular example of the rudeness of the ancient drama. The description by Quince of his play—"The most lamentable Comedy," is considered by Steevens to be a burlesque of the title-page of Cambyeses, "A lamentable Tragedie, mixed full of pleasant mirth." Capell thinks that "in the Clowns' Interlude you have some particular burlesques of passages in 'Sir Clyomen and Sir Chlamydes,' and in 'Damon and Pithias.'"

"O sisters three
Come, come to me,"

certainly resembles the following in "Damon and Pithias":—

"Gripe me, you greedy griefs,
And present pangs of death,
You sisters three, with cruel hands,
With speed now stop my breath."

We incline to think that the Interlude is intended as a burlesque on "The Art of Sinking," whether in dramatic or other poetry. In Clement Robinson's "Handfull of Pleasant Delites," (1584,) we have a "Tale of Pyramus and Thisbe" which well deserves the honour of a travestie:—

A NEW SONET OF PYRAMUS AND THISBIE.

"You dames (I say) that climbe the mount
Of Helicon,
Come on with me, and give account
What hath been don:
Come tell the chaunce, ye Muses all,
And doleful newes,
Which on these lovers did befall,
Which I accuse.

In Babilon, not long agone,
A noble Prince did dwell,
Whose daughter bright, dimd ech ones sight,
So farre she did excel.

"Another lord of high renowne,
Who had a sonne;
And dwelling there within the towne,
Great love begunne:
Pyramus, this noble knight,
(I tel you true,)
Who with the love of Thisbie bright,
Did cares renue.
It came to passe, their secrets was
Be knowne unto them both:
And then in minde, they place do finde,
Where they their love unclothe.

"This love they use long tract of time;
Till it befell,
At last they promised to meet at prime,
By Ninus Well;
Where they might lovingly imbrace,
In loves delight:
That he might see his Thisbies face,
And she his sight.
In joyful case, she approcht the place
Where she her Pyramus
Had thought to viewd; but was renewd
To them most dolorous.

"Thus, while she staies for Pyramus,
There did proceed
Out of the wood a lion fierce,
Made Thisbie dreed:
And, as in haste she fled awaie,
Her mantle fine
The lion tare, in stead of praie;
Till that the time
That Pyramus proceeded thus,
And see how lion tare
The mantle this, of Thisbie his,
He desperately doth fare.

"For why? he thought the lion had
Faire Thisbie slaine:
And then the beast, with his bright blade,
He slew certaine.
Then made he mone, and said 'Alas!
O wretched wight!
Now art thou in woful case
For Thisbie bright:
Oh! gods above, my faithful love
Shal never faile this need;
For this my breath, by fatall death,
Shal weave Atropos threed.'

"Then from his sheath he drew his blade,
And to his hart
He thrust the point, and life did wade,
With painfull smart:
Then Thisbie she from cabin came,
With pleasure great;
And to the Well apase she ran,
There for to treat,
And to discusse to Pyramus,
Of all her former feares;
And when slaine she found him, truly,
She shed forth bitter teares.

"When sorrow great that she had made,
She took in hand
The bloudie knife, to end her life
By fatall hand.
You ladies all, peruse and see
The faithfulnessse,
How these two lovers did agree
To die in distresse.
You muses waile, and do not faile,
But still do you lament
These lovers twaine, who with such paine
Did die so well content."

SCENE II.—"*Now the hungry lion roars,*" &c.

"Very Anacreon," says Coleridge, "in perfectness, proportion, grace, and spontaneity. So far it is Greek; but then add, O! what wealth, what wild raging, and yet what compression and condensation of English fancy. In truth, there is nothing in Anacreon more perfect than these thirty lines, or half so rich and imaginative. They form a speckless diamond."—*Literary Remains*, vol. II. p. 114.

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTICE.

* SCENE II.—“*Sing, and dance it trippingly.*”

The *trip* was the fairy pace : in The Tempest we have—

“ Each one *tripping* on his toe,
Will be here with mop and moe.”

In the Venus and Adonis—

“ Or, like a fairy *trip* upon the green.”

In The Merry Wives of Windsor—

“ About him, fairies, sing a scornful rhyme,
And as you *trip* still pinch him to your time.”

† SCENE II.—“ *To the best bride-bed will we,*” &c.

“The ceremony of blessing the bed,” says Douce, “was used at all marriages.” Those who desire to consult the original form of blessing, illustrated by a copy of a hideous ancient woodcut, may find very full details in Douce, vol. ii. p. 199.

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTICE.

“THIS is the silliest stuff that ever I heard,” says Hippolyta, when Wall has “discharged” his part. The answer of Theseus is full of instruction :—“The best in this kind are but shadows ; and the worst are no worse if imagination amend them.” It was in this humble spirit that the great poet judged of his own matchless performances. He felt the utter inadequacy of his art, and indeed of any art, to produce its due effect upon the mind unless the imagination, to which it addressed itself, was ready to convert the shadows which it presented into living forms of truth and beauty. “I am convinced,” says Coleridge, “that Shakspeare availed himself of the title of this play in his own mind, and worked upon it as a dream throughout.” The poet says so in express words :—

“ If we shadows have offended,
Think but this, (and all is mended,)
That you have but slumber’d here,
While these visions did appear.
And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream,
Gentles, do not reprehend.”

But to understand this dream—to have all its gay, and soft, and harmonious colours impressed upon the vision—to hear all the golden cadences of its poesy—to feel the perfect congruity of all its parts, and thus to receive it as a truth—we must not suppose that it will enter the mind amidst the lethargic slumbers of the imagination. We must receive it—

“ As youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream.”

Let no one expect that the beautiful influences of this drama can be truly felt when he is under the subjection of the literal and prosaic parts of our nature, or if he habitually refuses to believe that there are higher and purer regions of thought than are supplied by the physical realities of the world. In these cases he will have a false standard by which to judge of this, and of all other high poetry—such a standard as that possessed by a critic—acute, learned, in many respects wise—Dr. Johnson, who lived in a prosaic age, and fostered in this particular the real ignorance by which he was surrounded. He sums up the merits of *A Midsummer Night’s Dream* after this extraordinary fashion :—“Wild and fantastical as this play is, all the parts in their various modes are well written, and give the kind of pleasure which the author designed. Fairies, in his time, were much in fashion : common tradition had made them familiar, and Spenser’s poem had made them great.” It is perfectly useless to attempt to dissect such criticism : let it be a beacon to warn us, and not a “load-star” to guide us.

Mr. Hallam accounts *A Midsummer Night’s Dream* poetical, more than dramatic ; “yet rather so, because the indescribable profusion of imaginative poetry in this play overpowers our senses, till we can hardly observe anything else, than from any deficiency of dramatic excellence. For, in reality, the structure of the fable, consisting as it does of three if not four actions, very distinct in their subjects and personages, yet wrought into each other without effort or confusion,

displays the skill, or rather instinctive felicity, of Shakspeare, as much as in any play he has written.” Yet certainly, with all its harmony of dramatic arrangement, this play is not for the stage—at least, not for the modern stage. It may reasonably be doubted whether it was ever eminently successful in performance. The tone of the epilogue is decidedly apologetic, and “the best of this kind are but shadows,” is in the same spirit. Hazlitt has admirably described its failure as an acting drama in his own day :—

“The *Midsummer Night’s Dream*, when acted, is converted from a delightful fiction into a dull pantomime. All that is finest in the play is lost in the representation. The spectacle was grand ; but the spirit was evaporated, the genius was fled. Poetry and the stage do not agree well together. The attempt to reconcile them in this instance fails not only of effect, but of decorum. The *ideal* can have no place upon the stage, which is a picture without perspective : everything there is in the foreground. That which was merely an airy shape, a dream, a passing thought, immediately becomes an unmanageable reality. Where all is left to the imagination (as is the case in reading), every circumstance, near or remote, has an equal chance of being kept in mind, and tells accordingly to the mixed impression of all that has been suggested. But the imagination cannot sufficiently qualify the actual impressions of the senses. Any offence given to the eye is not to be got rid of by explanation. Thus Bottom’s head in the play is a fantastic illusion, produced by magic spells : on the stage it is an ass’s head, and nothing more ; certainly a very strange costume for a gentleman to appear in. Fancy cannot be embodied any more than a simile can be painted ; and it is as idle to attempt it as to personate *Wall* or *Moonshine*.”

And yet, just and philosophical as are these remarks, they offer no objection to the opinion of Mr. Hallam, that in this play there is no deficiency of dramatic excellence. We can conceive that, with scarcely what can be called a model before him, Shakspeare’s early dramatic attempts must have been a series of experiments to establish a standard by which he should regulate what he addressed to a mixed audience. The plays of his middle and mature life, with scarcely an exception, are acting plays ; and they are so, not from the absence of the higher poetry, but from the predominance of character and passion in association with it. But even in those plays which call for a considerable exercise of the unassisted imaginative faculty in an audience, such as *The Tempest* and *A Midsummer Night’s Dream*, where the passions are not powerfully roused, and the senses are not held enchained by the interests of a plot, he is still essentially dramatic. What has been called of late years the dramatic poem—that something between the epic and the dramatic which is held to form an apology for whatever of episodic or incongruous the author may choose to introduce—was unattempted by him. The “*Faithful Shepherdess*” of Fletcher—a poet who knew how to accommodate himself to the taste of a mixed audience more readily than Shakspeare—was condemned on the first night of its appearance. Seward, one of his editors, calls this the scandal of

our nation. And yet it is extremely difficult to understand how the event should have been otherwise; for the "Faithful Shepherdess" is essentially undramatic. Its exquisite poetry was therefore thrown away upon an impatient audience—its occasional indelicacy could not propitiate them. Milton's "Comus" is in the same way essentially undramatic; and none but such a refined audience as that at Ludlow Castle could have endured its representation. But the *Midsummer Night's Dream* is composed altogether upon a different principle. It exhibits all that congruity of parts—that natural progression of scenes—that subordination of action and character to one leading design—that ultimate harmony evolved out of seeming confusion—which constitute the dramatic spirit. With "audience fit, though few,"—with a stage not encumbered with decorations,—with actors approaching (if it were so possible) to the idea of grace and archness which belong to the fairy troop—the subtle and evanescent beauties of this drama might not be wholly lost in the representation. But under the most favourable circumstances much would be sacrificed. It is in the closet that we must not only suffer our senses to be overpowered by its "indescribable profusion of imaginative poetry," but trace the instinctive felicity of Shakspeare in the "structure of the fable." If the *Midsummer Night's Dream* *could* be acted, there can be no doubt how well it would act. Our imagination must amend what is wanting.

Schlegel has happily remarked upon this drama, that "the most extraordinary combination of the most dissimilar ingredients seems to have arisen without effort by some ingenious and lucky accident; and the colours are of such clear transparency, that we think the whole of the variegated fabric may be blown away with a breath." It is not till after we have attentively studied this wonderful production that we understand how solidly the foundations of the fabric are laid. Theseus and Hippolyta move with a stately pace as their nuptial hour draws on. Hermia takes time to pause before she submits

"To death, or to a vow of single life,"—

secretly resolving "through Athens' gates to steal." Helena, in the selfishness of her own love, resolves to betray her friend. Bottom the weaver, and Quince the carpenter, and Snug the joiner, and Flute the bellows-mender, and Snout the tinker, and Starveling the tailor, are "thought fit through all Athens to play in the interlude before the Duke and Duchess on his wedding-day, at night." Here are indeed "dissimilar ingredients." They appear to have no aptitude for combination. The artists are not yet upon the scene, who are to make a mosaic out of these singular materials. We are only presented in the first act with the extremes of high and low—with the slayer of the Centaurs, and the weaver, who "will roar you an 'twere any nightingale,"—with the lofty Amazon, who appears elevated above woman's hopes and fears, and the pretty and satirical Hermia, who swears—

"By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever woman spoke."

"The course of true love" does not at all "run smooth" in these opening scenes. We have the love that is crossed, and the love that is unrequited; and worse than all, the unhappiness of Helena makes her treacherous to her friend. We have little doubt that all this will be set straight in the progress of the drama; but what Quince and his company will have to do with the untying of this knot is a mystery.

To offer an analysis of this subtle and ethereal drama would, we believe, be as unsatisfactory as the attempts to associate it with the realities of the stage. With scarcely an exception, the proper understanding of the other plays of Shakspeare may be assisted by connecting the apparently separate parts of the action, and by developing and reconciling what seems obscure and anomalous in the features of the characters. But to follow out the caprices and illusions of the loves of Demetrius and Lysander—of Helena and Hermia; to reduce to prosaic description the consequence of the jealousies of Oberon and Titania; to trace the Fairy Queen under the most fantastic of deceptions, where grace and vulgarity blend together

like the Cupids and Chimeras of Raphael's Arabesques; and, finally, to go along with the scene till the illusions disappear—till the lovers are happy, and "sweet bully Bottom" is reduced to an ass of human dimensions;—such an attempt as this would be worse even than unreverential criticism. No; the *Midsummer Night's Dream* must be left to its own influences.

"It is probable," says Steevens, "that the hint of this play was received from Chaucer's 'Knight's Tale.'" We agree with this opinion, and have noticed some similarities in our Illustrations. Malone has, with great hardihood, asserted that the part of the fable which relates to the quarrels of Oberon and Titania was "not of our author's invention." He has nothing to show in support of this but the opinion of Tyrwhitt, that Pluto and Proserpina, in Chaucer's "Merchant's Tale," were the true progenitors of Oberon and Titania; that Robert Greene boasts of having performed the King of the Fairies; and that Greene has introduced Oberon in his play of "James the IVth." (See Illustrations of Act II.) Malone's assertion, and the mode altogether in which he speaks of this drama, furnish a decisive proof of his incompetence to judge of the higher poetry of Shakspeare. Because the names of Oberon and Titania existed before Shakspeare, he did not invent his Oberon and Titania! The opinion of Mr. Hallam may correct some of the errors which the commentators have laboured to propagate. "The *Midsummer Night's Dream* is, I believe, altogether original in one of the most beautiful conceptions that ever visited the mind of a poet, the fairy machinery. A few before him had dealt in a vulgar and clumsy manner with popular superstitions; but the sportive, beneficent, invisible population of the air and earth, long since established in the creed of childhood, and of those simple as children, had never for a moment been blended with 'human mortals' among the personages of the drama. Lyly's 'Maid's Metamorphosis' is probably later than this play of Shakspeare, and was not published till 1600. It is unnecessary to observe that the fairies of Spenser, as he has dealt with them, are wholly of a different race."* Of these imaginary beings Gervinus says:—

"Separated from their external actions and their reference to human kind, it is marvellous how Shakspeare has made their inner character correspond with their outward occupations. He has represented them as beings without any delicate feelings and without morals—as in a dream we receive no shock to our sympathies and are without any moral rules or apprehensions. They carelessly, and without conscience, mislead human creatures to faithlessness; the effects of the changes which they cause make no impressions upon their minds; they take no part in the inward torment of the lovers, but only sport and wonder at their apparent errors, and the folly of their behaviour. These little deities are depicted as natural souls without the higher capabilities of the human spirit; lords, not of the realms of reason and morals, but of material ideas and the charms of imagination; and therefore equally the creatures of the fancy which works in dreams and the illusions of love. Their notions thus go not beyond the corporeal. They lead a luxurious and cheerful natural and sensual life. This simple and sensual life is mingled, by the power of fancy, with a delight in, and a desire for, whatever is choicest, beautiful, and agreeable. With butterflies and nightingales they sympathise; they make war on all ugly animals, hedgehogs, spiders, and bats; dance, sport, and song are their highest enjoyments; they steal beautiful children and substitute changelings; deformed old age, toothless gossips, 'wisest aunts,' the clumsy associates in the play of 'Pyramus and Thisbe,' they annoy; while they love and reward cleanliness and kindness. This accords with the popular belief. Their sense of the beautiful is perhaps the only superiority they have, not only over the mere animal, but over the low human creatures utterly destitute of any appreciation of the fanciful or beautiful. Thus to the notions of the fairies, whose sense of the fitting and agreeable has been so finely developed, it must have been doubly comic that the elegant Titania should have become enamoured of an ass's head."

* Literature of Europe, vol. ii. p. 388.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

STATE OF THE TEXT, AND CHRONOLOGY, OF THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE, like *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, was first printed in 1600; and it had a further similarity to that play from the circumstance of two editions appearing in the same year—the one bearing the name of a publisher, Thomas Heyes, the other that of a printer, J. Roberts. The edition of Heyes is printed by J. Roberts; and it is probable that he, the printer, obtained the first copy. On the 22nd of July, 1598, the following entry was made in the books of the Stationers' Company:—"James Robertes. A booke of the Marchaunt of Venyce, or otherwise called the Jewe of Venyce. Provided that yt bee not prynted by the said James Robertes or anye other whatsoever, without lycence first had of the right honourable the Lord Chamberlen." The title of Roberts's edition is very circumstantial:—"The excellent History of the Merchant of Venice. With the extreme cruelty of Shylocke the Jew towards the said Merchant, in cutting a just pound of his flesh. And the obtaining of Portia by the choyce of three caskets. Written by W. Shakespeare." On the 28th of October, 1600, Thomas Haies enters at Stationers' Hall, "The book of the Merchant of Venyce." The edition of Heyes is by no means identical with that of Roberts; but the differences are not many. In the title-page of that edition we have added:—"As it hath beene divers times acted by the Lord Chamberlaine his Servants." The play was not reprinted till it appeared in the folio of 1623. In that edition there are a few variations from the quartos, which we have indicated in our notes. All these editions present the internal evidence of having been printed from correct copies.

The Merchant of Venice is one of the plays of Shakspeare mentioned by Francis Meres in 1598, and it is the last mentioned in his list. From the original entry at Stationers' Hall in 1598, providing that it be not printed without license first had of the Lord Chamberlain, it may be assumed that it had not then been acted by the Lord Chamberlain's servants. We know, however, so little about the formalities of license that we cannot regard this point as certain. Malone considers that a play called the "Venesyan Comedy," which it appears from Henslowe's Manuscripts was acted in 1594, was The Merchant of Venice; and he has therefore assigned it to 1594. He supports this by a solitary conjecture. In Act III. Portia exclaims:—

"He may win;
And what is music then? then music is
Even as the flourish when true subjects bow
To a new-crowned monarch."

Malone thinks this alludes to the coronation of Henry IV. of France, in 1594. Chalmers would fix it in 1597, because, when Antonio says—

"Nor is my whole estate
Upon the fortune of this present year,"—

he alludes to 1597, which was a year of calamity to merchants. Surely this is laborious trifling. We know absolutely nothing of the date of The Merchant of Venice beyond what is furnished by the entry at Stationers' Hall, and the notice by Meres.

SUPPOSED SOURCE OF THE PLOT.

Stephen Gosson, who, in 1579, was moved to publish a tract, called "The School of Abuse, containing a pleasant invective against poets, pipers, players, jesters, and such like caterpillars of the common-wealth," thus describes a play of his time:—"The Jew, shewn at the

Bull, representing the greedyness of worldly choosers, and the bloody minds of usurers." Mr. Skottowe somewhat leaps to a conclusion that this play contains the same plot as The Merchant of Venice:—"The loss of this performance is justly a subject of regret, for, as it combined within its plot the two incidents of the bond and the caskets, it would, in all probability, have thrown much additional light on Shakspeare's progress in the composition of his highly-finished comedy."* As all we know of this play is told us by Gosson, it is rather bold to assume that it combined the two incidents of the bond and the caskets. The combination of these incidents is perhaps one of the most remarkable examples of Shakspeare's dramatic skill. "In the management of the plot," says Mr. Hallam, "which is sufficiently complex without the slightest confusion or incoherence, I do not conceive that it has been surpassed in the annals of any theatre." The rude dramatists of 1579 were not remarkable for the combination of incidents. It was probably reserved for the skill of Shakspeare to bring the caskets and the bond in juxtaposition. He found the incidents far apart, but it was for him to fuse them together. We cannot absolutely deny Mr. Douce's conjecture that the play mentioned by Gosson *might* have furnished our poet with the whole of the plot; but it is certainly an abuse of language to say that it *did* furnish him, because the Jew shown at the Bull deals with "worldly choosers" and the "bloody minds of usurers."

Whatever might have been the plot of the "Jew" mentioned by Gosson, the story of the bond was ready to Shakspeare's hand, in a ballad to which Warton first drew attention. He considers that the ballad was written before The Merchant of Venice, for reasons which we shall subsequently point out. In the meantime we reprint this curious production from the copy in Percy's "Reliques":—

A NEW SONG.

SHEWING THE CRUELTYE OF GERNUTUS, A JEW, WHO, LENDING TO A MERCHANT AN HUNDRED CROWNS, WOULD HAVE A POUND OF HIS FLESH, BECAUSE HE COULD NOT PAY HIM AT THE TIME APPOINTED.

To the Tune of 'Blacker and Yellow.'

THE FIRST PART.

IN Venice towne not long agoe
A cruel Jew did dwell,
Which lived all on usurie,
As Italian writers tell.

Gernutus called was the Jew,
Which never thought to dye;
Nor ever yet did any good
To them in streets that lie.

His life was like a barrow hogge,
That liveth many a day,
Yet never once doth any good,
Until men will him slay.

Or like a filthy heap of dung,
That lyeth in a whoard;
Which never can do any good,
Till it be spread abroad.

So fares it with the usurer,
He cannot sleep in rest,
For feare the thiefe will him pursue
To plucke him from his nest.

His heart doth thinke on many a wile,
How to deceive the poore:
His mouth is almost full of mucke,
Yet still he gapes for more.

* Life of Shakspeare, vol. i. p. 330.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

His wife must lend a shilling,
For every weeke a penny,
Yet bring a pledge, that is double worth,
If that you will have any.

And see, likewise, you keepe your day,
Or else you loose it all :
This was the living of the wife,
Her cow she did it call.

Within that citie dwelt that time
A marchant of great fame,
Which, being distressed in his need,
Unto Gernutus came :

Desiring him to stand his friend
For twelve month and a day,
To lend to him an hundred crownes :
And he for it would pay

Whatsoever he would demand of him,
And pledges he should have.
No, (quoth the Jew, with flearing lookes,)
Sir, aske what you will have.

No penny for the loane of it
For one year you shall pay ;
You may doe me as good a turne,
Before my dying day.

But we will hays a merry jeast,
For to be talked long :
You shall make me a bond, quoth he,
That shall be large and strong :

And this shall be the forfeiture ;
Of your own fleshe a pound.
If you agree, make you the bond,
And here is a hundred crownes.

With right good will ! the marchant says ;
And so the bond was made.
When twelve month and a day drew on
That backe it should be payd,

The marchant's ships were all at sea,
And money came not in ;
Which way to take, or what to doc,
To think he doth begin ;

And to Gernutus strait he comes
With cap and bended knee,
And sayde to him, Of curtesie
I pray you beare with mee.

My day is come, and I have not
The money for to pay :
And little good the forfeiture
Will doe you, I dare say.

With all my heart, Gernutus sayd,
Commaund it to your minde :
In things of bigger waight then this
You shall me ready finde.

He goes his way ; the day once past,
Gernutus doth not slacke
To get a sergiant presently ;
And clapt him on the backe :

And layd him into prison strong,
And sued his bond withall ;
And when the judgement day was come,
For judgement he did call.

The marchant's friends came thither fast,
With many a weeping eye,
For other means they could not find,
But he that day must dye.

THE SECOND PART.

OF THE JEW'S CRUELTYE ; SETTING FORTH THE MERCIFULNESSE OF THE JUDGE
TOWARDS THE MERCHANT.

To the Tune of 'Blacke and Yellow.'

Some offered for his hundred crownes
Five hundred for to pay ;
And some a thousand, two, or three,
Yet still he did deny.

And at the last ten thousand crownes
They offered, him to save.
Gernutus sayd, I will no gold :
My forfeite I will have.

A pound of fleshe is my demand,
And that shall be my hire.
Then sayd the Judge, Yet, good, my friend,
Let me of you desire

To take the fleshe from such a place,
As yet you let him live :
Do so, and lo ! an hundred crownes
To thee here will I give.

No : no : quoth he ; no : judgement here ;
For this it shall be tride,
For I will have my pound of fleshe
From under his right side.

It grieved all the companie
His crueltie to see,
For neither friend nor foe could helpe,
But he must spoyled bee.

The bloudie Jew now ready is
With whetted blade in hand,
To spoyle the bloud of innocent,
By forfeite of his bond.

And as he was about to strike
In him the deadly blow,
Stay (quoth the judge) thy crueltie ;
I charge thee to do so.

Sith needs thou wilt thy forfeite have,
Which is of fleshe a pound,
See that thou shed no drop of bloud,
Nor yet the man confound.

For if thou doe, like murderer,
Thou here shalt hanged be :
Likewise of fleshe see that thou cut
No more than 'longes to thee :

For if thou take either more or lesse
To the value of a mite,
Thou shalt be hanged presently,
As is both law and right.

Gernutus now waxt frantick mad,
And votes not what to say ;
Quoth he at last, Ten thousand crownes
I will that he shall pay ;

And so I graunt to let him free.
The judge doth answere make :
You shall not have a penny given ;
Your forfeiture now take.

At the last he doth demaund
But for to have his owne.
No, quoth the judge, doe as you list,
Thy judgement shall be showne.

Either take your pound of fleshe, quoth he,
Or cancell me your bond.
O cruell judge, then quoth the Jew,
That doth against me stand !

And so with griping grieved mind
He biddeth them fare-well.
Then all the people prays'd the Lord,
That ever this heard tell.

Good people, that doe heare this song,
For trueth I dare well say,
That many a wretch as ill as hee
Doth live now at this day ;

That seeketh nothing but the spoyle
Of many a wealthey man,
And for to trap the innocent
Deviseth what they can.

From whome the Lord deliver me,
And every Christian too,
And send to them like sentence eke
That meaneth so to do.

Warton's opinion of the priority of this ballad to The Merchant of Venice is thus expressed :—"It may be objected, that this ballad might have been written after, and copied from Shakespeare's play. But if that had been the case, it is most likely that the author would have preserved Shakespeare's name of Shylock for the Jew ; and nothing is more likely than that Shakespeare, in copying from this ballad, should alter the name from Gernutus to one more Jewish.

Our ballad has the air of a narrative written before Shakespeare's play ; I mean, that if it had been written after the play, it would have been much more full and circumstantial. At present, it has too much the nakedness of an original.* The reasoning of Warton is scarcely borne out by a new fact, for which we are indebted to the indefatigable researches of Mr. Collier. Thomas

Jordan, in 1664, printed a ballad or romance called "The Forfeiture;" and Mr. Collier says:—"So much does Shakspeare's production seem to have been forgotten in 1664, that Thomas Jordan made a ballad of it, and printed it as an original story (at least without any acknowledgment), in his 'Royal Arbor of Loyal Poesie,' in that year. In the same scarce little volume he also uses the plot of the serious part of *Much Ado About Nothing*, and of *The Winter's Tale*, both of which had been similarly laid by for a series of years, partly, perhaps, on account of the silencing of the theatres from and after 1642. The circumstance has hitherto escaped observation; and Jordan felt authorised to take such liberties with the story of *The Merchant of Venice*, that he has represented the Jew's daughter, instead of Portia, as assuming the office of assessor to the Duke of Venice in the trial-scene, for the sake of saving the life of the Merchant, with whom she was in love."* Now, it is remarkable that this ballad by Jordan, which was unquestionably written *after* the play, is much *less* full and circumstantial than the old ballad of "Gernutus;" so that Warton's argument, as a general principle, will not hold. It appears to us that "Gernutus" is, in reality, *very* full and circumstantial, and that some of the circumstances are identical with those of the play. It will be observed, however, that the ballad of "Gernutus" wants that remarkable feature of the play, the intervention of Portia to save the life of the Merchant; and this, to our minds, is the strongest confirmation that the ballad *preceded* the comedy. Shakspeare found that incident in the source from which the ballad-writer professed to derive his history:—

In Venice towne not long agoe,
A cruel Jew did dwell,
Which lived all on usurie,
As *Italian writers* tell."

It was from an Italian writer, Ser Giovanni, the author of a collection of tales, called "*Il Pecorone*," written in the fourteenth century, and first published at Milan in 1558, that Shakspeare unquestionably derived some of the incidents of his story, although he might be familiar with another version of the same tale. An abstract of this chapter of the "*Pecorone*" may be found in Mr. Dunlop's "*History of Fiction*;" and a much fuller epitome of a scarce translation of the tale, printed in 1755, was first given in Johnson's edition of Shakspeare, and is reprinted in all the variorum editions. In this story we have a rich lady at Belmont, who is to be won upon certain conditions; and she is finally the prize of a young merchant, whose friend, having become surety for him to a Jew, under the same penalty as in the play, is rescued from the forfeiture by the adroitness of the married lady, who is disguised as a lawyer. The pretended judge receives, as in the comedy, her marriage ring as a gratuity; and afterwards banters her husband, in the same way, upon the loss of it.

Some of the stories of "*Il Pecorone*," as indeed of Boccaccio and other early Italian writers, appear to have been the common property of Europe, derived from some Oriental origin.

Mr. Douce has given an extremely curious extract from the English "*Gesta Romanorum*,"—"A manuscript, preserved in the Harleian Collection, No. 7333, written in the reign of Henry the Sixth,"—in which the daughter of "Selestinus, a wise emperor in Rome," exacts somewhat similar conditions, from a knight who loved her, as the lady in the "*Pecorone*." Being reduced to poverty by a compliance with these conditions, he applies to a merchant to lend him money; and the loan is granted under the following covenant:—"And the covenaut shalle be this, that thou make to me a charter of thine owne blood, in condicion that yf thowe kepe not thi day of payment, hit shalle be lefulle to me for to draw away alle the flesh of thy body froo the bone with a sharp swerde, and yf thou wolt assent hereto, I shalle fulfille thi wille." In this ancient story the borrower of the money makes himself subject to the penalty without the intervention of a friend; and, having forgotten the day of payment, is authorised by his wife to give any sum which is demanded. The money is refused by the

merchant, and the charter of blood exacted. Judgment was given against the knight; but, "the damysell, his love, whenne she harde tell that the lawe passid agenst him, she kytte of al the long her of hir hede, and cladde hir in precious clothing like to a man, and yede to the palys." The scene that ensues in the "*Gesta Romanorum*" has certainly more resemblance to the conduct of the incident in Shakspeare than the similar one in the "*Pecorone*." Having given a specimen of the *language* of the manuscript of Henry VI.'s time, which Mr. Douce thinks was of the same period as the writing, we shall continue the story in orthography which will present fewer difficulties to many of our readers, and which will allow them to feel the beautiful simplicity of this ancient romance. We have no doubt that Shakspeare was familiar with this part of the "*Gesta Romanorum*," as well as with that portion from which he derived the story of the caskets, to which we shall presently advert. We have seen how the damsel "yede to the palys."

"And the judge inquired of what country she was, and what she had to do there. She said, I am a knight, and come of far country; and hear tidings that there is a knight among you that should be judged to death, for an obligation that he made to a merchant, and therefore I am come to deliver him. Then the judge said, It is law of the emperor, that whosoever bindeth him with his own proper will and consent without any constraining, he should be served so again. When the damsel heard this, she turned to the merchant, and said, Dear friend, what profit is it to thee that this knight, that standeth here ready to the doom, be slain? It were better to thee to have money than to have him slain. Thou speakest all in vain, quoth the merchant; for, without doubt, I will have the law, since he bound himself so freely; and therefore he shall have none other grace than law will, for he came to me, and I not to him. I desire him not thereto against his will. Then said she, I pray thee how much shall I give to have my petition? I shall give thee thy money double; and if that be not pleasing to thee, ask of me what thou wilt, and thou shalt have. Then said he, Thou heardest me never say but that I would have my covenant kept. Truly, said she; and I say before you, Sir Judge, and before you all, thou shalt believe me with a right knowledge of that I shall say to you. Ye have heard how much I have proffered this merchant for the life of this knight, and he forsaketh all and asketh for more, and that liketh me much. And, therefore, lordings that be here, hear me what I shall say. Ye know well, that the knight bound him by letter that the merchant should have power to cut his flesh from the bones, but there was no covenant made of shedding of blood. Thereof was nothing spoken; and, therefore, let him set hand on him anon; and if he shed any blood with his shaving of the flesh, forsooth, then shall the king have good law upon him. And when the merchant heard this, he said, Give me my money, and I forgive my action. Forsooth, quoth she, thou shalt not have one penny, for before all this company I proffered to thee all that I might, and thou forsook it, and saidst loudly, I shall have my covenant; and therefore do thy best with him, but look that thou shed no blood I charge thee, for it is not thine, and no covenant was thereof. Then the merchant seeing this, went away confounded; and so was the knight's life saved, and no penny paid."

In "*The Orator*," translated from the French of Alexander Silvayn, printed in 1596, the arguments urged by a Jew and a Christian, under similar circumstances, are set forth at great length. It has been generally asserted that Shakspeare borrowed from this source; but the similarity appears to us exceedingly small. The arguments, or declamations, as they are called, are given at length in the variorum editions.

"It is well known," says Mrs. Jameson, "that *The Merchant of Venice* is founded on two different tales; and in weaving together his double plot in so masterly a manner, Shakspeare has rejected altogether the character of the astutious lady of Belmont, with her magic potions, who figures in the Italian novel. With yet more refinement, he has thrown out all the licentious part of the story, which some of his cotemporary dramatists would have seized on with avidity, and made the best or the worst of it possible; and he

* New Particulars regarding the Works of Shakspeare, p. 36.

has substituted the trial of the caskets from another source.* That source is the "Gesta Romanorum." In Mr. Douce's elaborate treatise upon this most singular collection of ancient stories we have the following analysis of the ninety-ninth chapter of the English "Gesta;" which, Mr. Douce says, "is obviously the story which supplied the caskets of The Merchant of Venice." "A marriage was proposed between the son of Anselmus, emperor of Rome, and the daughter of the king of Apulia. The young lady in her voyage was shipwrecked and swallowed by a whale. In this situation she contrived to make a fire and to wound the animal with a knife, so that he was driven towards the shore, and slain of an earl named Pirius, who delivered the princess and took her under his protection. On relating her story she was conveyed to the emperor. In order to prove whether she was worthy to receive the hand of his son, he placed before her three vessels. The first was of gold, and filled with dead men's bones; on it was this inscription—'*Who chuses me shall find what he deserves.*' The second was of silver, filled with earth, and thus inscribed—'*Who chuses me shall find what nature covets.*' The third vessel was of lead, but filled with precious stones; it had this inscription—'*Who chuses me shall find what God hath placed.*' The emperor then commanded her to chuse one of the vessels, informing her that if she made choice of that which should profit herself and others, she would obtain his son; if of what should profit neither herself nor others, she would lose him. The princess, after praying to God for assistance, preferred the leaden vessel. The emperor informed her that she had chosen as he wished, and immediately united her with his son."

In dealing with the truly dramatic subject of the forfeiture of the bond, Shakspeare had to choose between one of two courses that lay open before him. The "Gesta Romanorum" did not surround the debtor and the creditor with any prejudices. We hear nothing of one being a Jew, the other a Christian. There is a remarkable story told by Gregorio Leti, in his "Life of Pope Sixtus the Fifth," in which the debtor and creditor of The Merchant of Venice change places. The debtor is the Jew,—the revengeful creditor the Christian; and this incident is said to have happened at Rome in the time of Sir Francis Drake. This, no doubt, was a pure fiction of Leti, whose narratives are by no means to be received as authorities; but it shows that he felt the intolerance of the old story, and endeavoured to correct it, though in a very inartificial manner. Shakspeare took the story as he found it in those narratives which represented the popular prejudice. If he had not before him the ballad of "Gernutus" (upon which point it is difficult to decide), he had certainly access to the tale of the "Pecorone." If he had made the contest connected with the story of the bond between two of the same faith, he would have lost the most powerful hold which the subject possessed upon the feelings of an audience two centuries and a half ago. If he had gone directly counter to those feelings (supposing that the story which Leti tells had been known to him, as some have supposed), his comedy would have been hooted from the stage. The ballad of "Gernutus" has the following amongst its concluding stanzas:—

" Good people, that doe heare this song,
For trueth I dare well say,
That many a wretch as ill as hee
Doth live now at this day;

That seeketh nothing but the spoyle
Of many a wealthy man,
And for to trap the innocent
Deviseth what they can."

Although the Jews had been under an edict of banishment from England from the time of Edward I., it is probable that, after the Reformation, they had crept into the country, in which they again openly settled in the latter half of the seventeenth century. The "Prioress's Tale" of Chaucer belonged to the period when this persecuted race was robbed, maimed, banished, and most foully vilified, with the universal consent of the powerful and the lowly, the learned and the ignorant:—

" There was in Asie, in a gret citee,
Amonges Cristen folk a Jewerie,
Sustened by a lord of that contree,
For foul usure, and lucre of vilanie,
Hateful to Crist, and to his compaignie."

It was scarcely to be avoided in those times, that even Chaucer, the most genuine and natural of poets, should lend his great powers to the support of the popular belief that Jews ought to be proscribed as—

"Hateful to Crist, and to his compaignie."

But we ought to expect better things when we reach the times in which the principles of religious liberty were at least germinated. And yet what a play is Marlowe's "Jew of Malta," undoubtedly one of the most popular plays even of Shakspeare's day! That drama, as compared with The Merchant of Venice, has been described by Charles Lamb with his usual felicity:—"Marlowe's Jew does not approach so near to Shakspeare's as his Edward II. Shylock, in the midst of his savage purpose, is a man. His motives, feelings, resentments, have something human in them. 'If you wrong us, shall we not revenge?' Barabas is a mere monster, brought in with a large painted nose, to please the rabble. He kills in sport—poisons whole nunneries—invents infernal machines. He is just such an exhibition as a century or two earlier might have been played before the Londoners, by the Royal command, when a general pillage and massacre of the Hebrews had been previously resolved on in the cabinet." "The Jew of Malta" was written essentially upon an intolerant principle. The Merchant of Venice, whilst it seized upon the prejudices of the multitude, and dealt with them as a foregone conclusion by which the whole dramatic action was to be governed, had the intention of making those prejudices as hateful as the reaction of cruelty and revenge of which they are the cause.

PERIOD OF THE ACTION, AND MANNERS.

The Venice of Shakspeare's own time, and the manners of that city, are delineated with matchless accuracy in this drama. To the same friend who furnished us with some local illustrations of The Taming of the Shrew, we are indebted for some equally interesting notices of similar passages in this play. They go far to prove that Shakspeare had visited Italy. Mr. Brown has justly observed, "The Merchant of Venice is a merchant of no other place in the world."

COSTUME.

The dresses of the most civilised nations of Europe have at all periods borne a strong resemblance to each other: the various fashions have been generally invented amongst the southern, and gradually adopted by the northern, ones. Some slight distinctions, however, have always remained to characterise, more or less particularly, the country of which the wearer was a native; and the Republic of Venice, perhaps, differed more than any other State in the habits of its nobles, magistrates, and merchants, from the universal fashion of that quarter of the globe in which it was situate.

To commence with the chief officer of the Republic:—The Doge, like the Pope, appears to have worn different habits on different occasions. Cesare Vecellio describes at some length the alterations made in the ducal dress by several princes, from the close of the twelfth century down to that of the sixteenth, the period of the action of the play before us; at which time the materials of which it was usually composed were cloth of silver, cloth of gold, and crimson velvet, the cap always corresponding in colour with the robe and mantle. On the days sacred to the Holy Virgin the Doge always appeared entirely in white. Coryat, who travelled in 1608, says, in his "Crudities," "The fifth day of August, being Friday I saw the Duke in some of his richest ornaments. He himself then wore two very rich robes, or long garments, whereof the uppermost was white cloth of silver, with great massy buttons of gold; the other cloth of silver also, but adorned with many curious works made in colours with needlework." Howell, in his "Survey of the Signorie of Venice," Lond. 1651, after telling us that the Duke "always

* Characteristics of Women, vol. i. p. 72.

goes clad in silk and purple," observes, that "sometimes he shows himself to the public in a robe of cloth of gold, and a white mantle; he hath his head covered with a thin coif, and on his forehead he wears a crimson kind of mitre, with a gold border, and, behind, it turns up in form of a horn on his shoulders he carries ermine skins to the middle, which is still a badge of the Consul's habit; on his feet he wears embroidered sandals,* tied with gold buttons, and about his middle a most rich belt, embroidered with costly jewels, in so much, that the habit of the Duke, when at festivals he shows himself in the highest state, is valued at about 100,000 crowns."†

The chiefs of the Council of Ten, who were three in number, wore "red gowns with long sleeves, either of cloth, camlet, or damask, according to the weather, with a flap of the same colour over their left shoulders, red stockings, and slippers." The rest of the Ten, according to Coryat, wore black camlet gowns with marvellous long sleeves, that reached almost down to the ground. The "clarissimos" generally wore gowns of black cloth faced with black taffata, with a flap of black cloth, edged with taffata, over the left shoulder;‡ and "and all these gowned men," says the same author, "do wear marvellous little black caps of felt, without any brims at all, and very diminutive falling bands, no ruffs at all, which are so shallow, that I have seen many of them not above a little inch deep." The colour of their under garments was also generally black, and consisted of "a slender doublet made close to the body, without much quilting or bombast, and long hose plain, without those new-fangled curiosities and ridiculous superfluities of panes, pleats, and other light toys used with us Englishmen. Yet," he continues, "they make it of costly stuff, well beseeeming gentlemen and eminent persons of their places, as of the best taffatas and satins that Christendom doth yield, which are fairly garnished also with lace of the best sort. The Knights of St. Mark, or of the Order of the Glorious Virgin, &c., were distinguished by wearing red apparel under their black gowns." "Young lovers," says Vecellio, "wear generally a doublet and breeches of satin, tabby, or other silk, cut or slashed in the form of crosses or stars, through which slashes is seen the lining of coloured taffata: gold buttons, a lace ruff, a bonnet of rich velvet or silk with an ornamental band, a silk cloak, and silk stockings, Spanish morocco shoes, a flower in one hand, and their gloves and handkerchief in the other." This habit, he tells us, was worn by many of the nobility, as well of Venice as of other Italian cities, especially by the young men before they put on the gown with the sleeves, "a comito," which was generally in their eighteenth or twentieth year.

Vecellio also furnishes us with the dress of a doctor of law, the habit in which Portia defends Antonio. The upper robe was of black damask cloth, velvet, or silk, according to the weather; the under one of black silk with a silk sash, the ends of which hang down to the middle of the leg; the stockings of black cloth or velvet; the cap of rich velvet or silk.

And now to speak of the dress of the principal character of this play. Great difference of opinion has existed, and much ink been shed, upon this subject, as it seems to us very needlessly. If a work, written and published by Venetians in their own city, at the particular period when this play was composed, is not sufficient authority, we know not what can be considered such. Vecellio expressly informs us that the Jews differed in nothing, as far as regarded dress, from Venetians of the same professions, whether merchants, artisans, &c.,§ with the exception of a *yellow bonnet*, which they were *compelled to wear by order of the government*.|| Can anything be more distinct and satisfactory? In opposition to this positive assertion of a Venetian writing upon the actual subject of dress, we have the statement of Saint Didier, who, in his "Histoire de Venise," says that the Jews of Venice wore *scarlet hats lined with black taffata*, and a notification in Hakluyt's "Voyages" (p. 179, edit. 1598), that in

the year 1581 the Jews wore *red caps* for distinction's sake. We remember also to have met somewhere with a story, apparently in confirmation of this latter statement, that the colour was changed from *red* to *yellow*, in consequence of a Jew having been accidentally taken for a cardinal! But besides that neither of the two last-mentioned works is to be compared with Vecellio's, in respect of authority for what may be termed Venetian costume, it is not likely that scarlet, a sacred colour among Catholics generally, and appropriated particularly by the Venetian knights and principal magistrates, would be selected for a badge of degradation, or rather infamous distinction. Now yellow, on the contrary, has always been in Europe a mark of disgrace. Tenne (*i.e.* orange) was considered by many heralds as *stainant*. The Jews in England wore yellow caps of a peculiar shape as early as the reign of Richard I.; and Lord Bacon, in his "Essay on Usury," speaking of the witty invectives that men have made against usury, states one of them to be that "usurers should have *orange-tawny bonnets*, because they do *Judaize*. The orange-tawny bonnet was the descendant of the *badge of yellow felt* to be worn by each Jew upon his outer garment. (*Stat. de Jeuerie*.)

As late, also, as the year 1825, an order was issued by the Pope that "the Jews should wear a *yellow* covering on their hats, and the women a *yellow* riband on their breasts, under the pain of severe penalties."—(Vide *Examiner*, Sunday Newspaper, Nov. 20th, 1825.) The which order there can be little doubt, from the evidence before us, was the re-enforcement of the old edict, latterly disregarded by the Jews of Italy. It is not impossible that "the orange-tawny bonnet" might have been worn of so deep a colour by some of the Hebrew population as to have been described as red by a careless observer, or that some Venetian Jews, in fact, did venture to wear red caps or bonnets in defiance of the statute, and thereby misled the traveller or the historian. We cannot, however, imagine that a doubt can exist of the propriety of Shylock wearing a yellow, or, at all events, an orange-coloured cap of the same form as the black one of the Christian Venetian merchants. Shakspeare makes Shylock speak of "his Jewish gaberdine;" but independently of Vecellio's assurance that no difference existed between the dress of the Jewish and Christian merchants save the yellow bonnet aforesaid, the word gaberdine conveys to us no precise form of garment, its description being different in nearly every dictionary, foreign or English.

Speaking of the ladies of Venice, Coryat says, "Most of these women, when they walk abroad, especially to church, are veiled with long veils, whereof some do reach almost to the ground behind. These veils are either black, or white, or yellowish. The black, either wives or widows do wear; the white, maids, and so the yellowish also, but they wear more white than yellowish. It is the custom of these maids, when they walk the streets, to cover their faces with their veils, the stuff being so thin and slight, that they may easily look through it, for it is made of a pretty slender silk, and very finely curled. Now, whereas I said that only maids do wear white veils, I mean these white silk curled veils, which (as they told me), none do wear but maids. But other white veils wives do much wear, such as are made in Holland, whereof the greatest part is handsomely edged with great and very fair bonelace." Coryat also gives an amusing description of that singular portion of a Venetian lady's costume—monstrous clogs, called "chopines"—to which we shall have occasion to refer in our Illustrations of the second act of Hamlet.

The account in Howell's "Survey" differs slightly from Coryat's, but Vecellio confirms the latter, and states that courtesans wore black veils, in imitation of women of character.

Jewish females, Vecellio says, were distinguished from Christian women by their being "highly painted," and wearing *yellow* veils, but that in other respects their dresses were perfectly similar.¶

* C. Vecellio, a much better authority, says slippers. "Porta in piedi le piane delle piu del medesimo usasi anche da cavalieri nobili di Venetia."

† In the collection at Goodrich Court is the walking-staff of a Doge of Venice of the sixteenth century.

‡ Coryat.

§ "Imitano gli altri mercanti e artigiani di questa litta." Edit. 1590.

|| "Portano per comandamento publico la berretta gialla." *Ibid.*

¶ Edit. 1590.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUKE OF VENICE.
PRINCE OF MOROCCO, } *suitors to Portia.*
PRINCE OF ARRAGON, }
ANTONIO, *the Merchant of Venice.*
BASSANIO, *his friend.*
SOLANIO, }
SALARINO, } *friends to Antonio and Bassanio.*
GRATIANO, }
LORENZO, *in love with Jessica.*
SHYLOCK, *a Jew.*
TUBAL, *a Jew, his friend.*

LAUNCELOT GOBBO, *a clown, servant to Shylock.*
OLD GOBBO, *father to Launcelot.*
LEONARDO, *servant to Bassanio.*
BALTHAZAR, } *servants to Portia.*
STEPHANO, }
PORTIA, *a rich heiress.*
NERISSA, *her waiting-maid.*
JESSICA, *daughter to Shylock.*
Magnificoes of Venice, Officers of the Court of Justice, Gaoler, Servants, and other Attendants.

SCENE,—*partly at VENICE; and partly at BELMONT, the Seat of PORTIA, on the Continent.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Venice. *A Street.*

Enter ANTONIO, SALARINO,¹ and SOLANIO.

Ant. In sooth, I know not why I am so sad;
It wearies me; you say, it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn;
And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myself.

Salar. Your mind is tossing on the ocean;
There, where your argosies with portly sail,^a
Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,
Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea,
Do overpeer the petty traffickers,
That curt'sy to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

Solan. Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
Plucking the grass, to know where sits the wind;
Peering in maps, for ports, and piers, and roads;
And every object that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt,
Would make me sad.

Salar. My wind, cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great might do at sea.
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
But I should think of shallows and of flats;
And see my wealthy Andrew² dock'd in sand,
Vailing her high-top³ lower than her ribs,
To kiss her burial. Should I go to church,
And see the holy edifice of stone,
And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks,
Which, touching but my gentle vessel's side,
Would scatter all her spices on the stream;
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks;
And, in a word, but even now worth this,

And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought
To think on this; and shall I lack the thought
That such a thing, bechanc'd, would make me sad?
But tell not me; I know Antonio
Is sad to think upon his merchandise.

Ant. Believe me, no: I thank my fortune for it,
My ventures⁴ are not in one bottom trusted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
Upon the fortune of this present year:
Therefore, my merchandise makes me not sad.

Salar. Why then you are in love.

Ant. Fie, fie!

Salar. Not in love neither? Then let us say, you are sad
Because you are not merry: an 'twere as easy
For you to laugh; and leap, and say you are merry,
Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed Janus,^c
Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,
And laugh, like parrots, at a bagpiper:
And other of such vinegar aspect,
That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

Enter BASSANIO, LORENZO, and GRATIANO.

Solan. Here comes Bassanio, your most noble kinsman,
Gratiano, and Lorenzo: Fare you well;
We leave you now with better company.

Salar. I would have stay'd till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented me.

Ant. Your worth is very dear in my regard.
I take it, your own business calls on you,
And you embrace the occasion to depart.

Salar. Good-morrow, my good lords.

Bass. Good signiors both, when shall we laugh? Say,
when?

You grow exceeding strange: Must it be so?

Salar. We'll make our leisures to attend on yours.

[*Exeunt SALARINO and SOLANIO.*]

Lor. My lord Bassanio, since you have found Antonio,

¹ *Salarino.* Nothing can be more confused than the manner in which the names of *Salarino* and *Solanio* are indicated in the folio of 1623. Neither in that edition, nor in the quartos, is there any enumeration of characters. In the text of the folio we find *Salarino* and *Slarino*; *Salanio*, *Solanio*, and *Salino*. Further, in the third act we have a *Salerio*, who has been raised to the dignity of a distinct character by Steevens. *Gratiano* calls this *Salerio* "my old Venetian friend;" and there is no reason whatever for not receiving the name as a misprint of *Solanio*, or *Salanio*. But if there be confusion even in these names when given at length in the text, the abbreviations prefixed to the speeches are "confusion worse confounded." *Salanio* begins with being *Sal.*, but he immediately turns into *Sola.* and afterwards to *Sol.*; *Salarino* is at first *Salar.*, then *Sala.*, and finally *Sal.* We have adopted the distinction which Capell recommended to prevent the mistake of one abbreviation for another—*Solan.* and *Salar.*; and we have in some instances deviated from the usual assignment of the speeches to each of these characters, following for the most part the quarto, which in this particular is much

less perplexed than the folio copy. Some early editors appear to have exercised only their caprice in this matter; and thus they have given *Salarino* and *Solanio* alternate speeches, after the fashion of Tityrus and Melibœus; whereas *Salarino* is decidedly meant for the liveliest and the greatest talker.

Wealthy Andrew. Johnson explains this (which is scarcely necessary) as "the name of the ship;" but he does not point out the propriety of the name for a ship, in association with the great naval commander, Andréa Doria, famous through all Italy.

³ *Vailing her high-top.* To vail is to let down: the high-top was shattered—fallen—when the Andrew was on the shallows.

⁴ *My ventures, &c.* This was no doubt proverbial—something more elegant than "all the eggs in one basket." Sir Thomas More, in his "History of Richard III.," has—"For what wise merchant adventureth all his good in one ship?"

We two will leave you ; but at dinner-time
I pray you have in mind where we must meet.

Bass. I will not fail you.

Gra. You look not well, signior Antonio ;
You have too much respect upon the world :
They lose it that do buy it with much care.
Believe me, you are marvellously chang'd.

Ant. I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano ;
A stage, where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.

Gra. Let me play the Fool :¹
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come ;
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man whose blood is warm within
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster ?
Sleep when he wakes ? and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish ? I tell thee what, Antonio,—
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks ;—
There are a sort of men, whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond ;
And do a wilful stillness entertain,¹
With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit ;
As who should say, "I am Sir Oracle,"²
And when I ope my lips let no dog bark !" ³
O, my Antonio, I do know of these,
That therefore only are reputed wise
For saying nothing ; who, I am very sure,
If they should speak, would almost damn those ears
Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools.
I'll tell thee more of this another time :
But fish not with this melancholy bait,
For this fool gudgeon, this opinion.
Come, good Lorenzo :—Fare ye well, awhile ;
I'll end my exhortation after dinner.

Lor. Well, we will leave you then till dinner-time :
I must be one of these same dumb wise men,
For Gratiano never lets me speak.

Gra. Well, keep me company but two years more,
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue.

Ant. Farewell : I'll grow a talker for this gear.³

Gra. Thanks, i' faith ; for silence is only commendable
In a neat's tongue dried, and a maid not vendible.

[*Exeunt GRATIANO and LORENZO.*]

Ant. Is that anything now ?

Bass. Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more
than any man in all Venice : His reasons are two grains
of wheat⁴ hid in two bushels of chaff ; you shall seek all
day ere you find them ; and when you have them they are
not worth the search.

Ant. Well ; tell me now, what lady is the same
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,
That you to-day promis'd to tell me of ?

Bass. 'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio,
How much I have disabled mine estate,
By something showing a more swelling port⁵
Than my faint means would grant continuance :
Nor do I now make moan to be abridg'd
From such a noble rate ; but my chief care
Is to come fairly off from the great debts
Wherein my time, something too prodigal,
Hath left me gaged : To you, Antonio,
I owe the most in money and in love ;
And from your love I have a warranty

¹ And do a wilful stillness, &c. So Pope, addressing Silence :—

"With thee, in private, modest Dulness lies,
And in thy bosom lurks, in thought's disguise,
Thou varnisher of fools, and cheat of all the wise.

Sir Oracle. So the quartos of 1600 ; the folio, an oracle.

³ For this gear—a colloquial expression, meaning, for this matter. The Anglo-Saxon *gearwian* is to prepare ; gear is the thing prepared, in hand—the business or subject in question.

To unburthen all my plots and purposes,
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

Ant. I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it
And, if it stand, as you yourself still do,
Within the eye of honour, be assur'd
My purse, my person, my extremest means,
Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.

Bass. In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft
I shot his fellow of the self-same flight
The self-same way, with more advised watch
To find the other forth ; and by adventuring both
I oft found both : I urge this childhood proof,
Because what follows is pure innocence.
I owe you much ; and, like a wilful youth,
That which I owe is lost : but if you please
To shoot another arrow that self way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aim, or to find both
Or bring your latter hazard back again,
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

Ant. You know me well ; and herein spend but time,
To wind about my love with circumstance ;
And, out of doubt, you do me now more wrong
In making question of my uttermost,
Than if you had made waste of all I have.
Then do but say to me what I should do,
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am prest⁶ unto it : therefore speak.

Bass. In Belmont is a lady richly left,
And she is fair, and, fairer than that word,
Of wondrous virtues. Sometimes⁷ from her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages :
Her name is Portia ; nothing undervalued
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia.
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth ;
For the four winds blow in from every coast
Renowned suitors : and her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece ;
Which makes her seat of Belmont, Colchos' strand,
And many Jasons come in quest of her.
O, my Antonio ! had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind presages me such thrift,
That I should questionless be fortunate.

Ant. Thou know'st that all my fortunes are at sea ;
Neither have I money, nor commodity
To raise a present sum : therefore go forth,
Try what my credit can in Venice do ;
That shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost,
To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
Go, presently inquire, and so will I,
Where money is ; and I no question make,
To have it of my trust, or for my sake.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Belmont. A Room in Portia's House.

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA.

Por. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is a-weary of
this great world.

Ner. You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were
in the same abundance as your good fortunes are : And
yet, for aught I see, they are as sick that surfeit with too
much, as they that starve with nothing : It is no small
happiness, therefore, to be seated in the mean ; superfluity
comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.

Por. Good sentences, and well pronounced.

⁴ Two grains of wheat. The ordinary reading, that of the quartos, two grains, &c. The folio omits *as*.

⁵ Port—appearance, carriage.

⁶ Prest—ready.

⁷ Sometimes—formerly.

Ner. They would be better, if well followed.

Por. If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood; but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree: such a hare is madness the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel the cripple. But this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband:—O me, the word choose! I may neither choose whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curbed by the will of a dead father:—Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none?

Ner. Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men at their death have good inspirations; therefore, the lottery that he hath devised in these three chests, of gold, silver, and lead (whereof who chooses his meaning chooses you), will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly, but one who you shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?

Por. I pray thee, over-name them; and as thou namest them I will describe them; and according to my description level at my affection.

Ner. First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

Por. Ay, that's a colt, indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts that he can shoe him himself: I am much afraid my lady his mother played false with a smith.

Ner. Then, is there the county Palatine.

Por. He doth nothing but frown; as who should say, "An you will not have me, choose:" he hears merry tales, and smiles not: I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather to be married to a death's head with a bone in his mouth, than to either of these. God defend me from these two!

Ner. How say you by the French lord, Monsieur Le Bon?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker. But, he! why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's; a better bad habit of frowning than the count Palatine: he is every man in no man: if a throstle sing he falls straight a capering; he will fence with his own shadow: if I should marry him I should marry twenty husbands: If he would despise me I would forgive him; for if he love me to madness I shall never requite him.

Ner. What say you then to Faulconbridge, the young baron of England?

Por. You know I say nothing to him; for he understands not me, nor I him: he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian;¹ and you will come into the court and swear that I have a poor pennyworth in the English. He is a proper man's picture. But, alas! who can converse with a dumb show? How oddly he is suited! I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour everywhere.

Ner. What think you of the Scottish lord,¹ his neighbour?

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him; for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him again when he was able: I think the Frenchman became his surety, and sealed under for another.

Ner. How like you the young German, the duke of Saxony's nephew?

Por. Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober; and

most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk: when he is best he is a little worse than a man; and when he is worst he is little better than a beast: an the worst fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him.

Ner. If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will if you should refuse to accept him.

Por. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket: for, if the devil be within, and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do anything, Nerissa, ere I will be married to a sponge.

Ner. You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords; they have acquainted me with their determinations: which is, indeed, to return to their home and to trouble you with no more suit; unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition, depending on the caskets.

Por. If I live to be as old as Sibylla I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will: I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable; for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence, and I wish them a fair departure.

Ner. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar, and a soldier, that came hither in company of the marquis of Montferrat?

Por. Yes, yes, it was Bassanio; as I think so was he called.

Ner. True, madam; he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

Por. I remember him well; and I remember him worthy of thy praise.²

Enter a Servant.

Serv. The four strangers seek you, madam, to take their leave: and there is a fore-runner come from a fifth, the prince of Morocco; who brings word the prince, his master, will be here to-night.

Por. If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach: if he have the condition of a saint, and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrive me than wive me.

Come, Nerissa. Sirrah, go before.

Whiles we shut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door.³ *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III.—Venice. *A public Place.*⁴

*Enter BASSANIO and SHYLOCK.*⁵

Shy. Three thousand ducats,—well.

Bass. Ay, sir, for three months.

Shy. For three months,—well.

Bass. For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.

Shy. Antonio shall become bound,—well.

Bass. May you stead me? Will you pleasure me? Shall I know your answer?

Shy. Three thousand ducats, for three months, and Antonio bound.

Bass. Your answer to that.

Shy. Antonio is a good man.

Bass. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

Shy. Oh no, no, no, no;—my meaning in saying he is a good man is, to have you understand me that he is sufficient: yet his means are in supposition: he hath an argosy

¹ *Scottish lord.* The folio reads *other lord*. The quartos of 1600, *Scottish*. The sarcasm against the political conduct of Scotland was suppressed upon the accession of James.

² *Worthy of thy praise.* In the folio the sentence here concludes. In the quartos, 200

Portia, addressing the servant, says, "How now! what news?" The question may well be spared, for it does not belong to Portia's calm and dignified character.

³ We have printed the conclusion of this scene as *verse*. The doggerel line is not inconsistent with the playfulness of the preceding dialogue.

bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand moreover upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England; and other ventures he hath, squander'd abroad.¹ But ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be land-rats and water-rats, water-thieves and land-thieves; I mean, pirates; and then, there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks: The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient;—three thousand ducats;—I think I may take his bond.

Bass. Be assured you may.

Shy. I will be assured I may; and that I may be assured I will bethink me: May I speak with Antonio?

Bass. If it please you to dine with us.

Shy. Yes, to smell pork; to eat of the habitation which your prophet, the Nazarite, conjured the devil into! I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you.—What news on the Rialto?^h—Who is he comes here?

Enter ANTONIO.

Bass. This is signior Antonio.

Shy. [*Aside.*] How like a fawning publican he looks! I hate him for he is a Christian: But more, for that, in low simplicity, He lends out money gratis, and brings down The rate of usance here with us in Venice.ⁱ If I can catch him once upon the hip,² I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him. He hates our sacred nation; and he rails, Even there where merchants most do congregate, On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift, Which he calls interest: Cursed be my tribe If I forgive him!

Bass. Shylock, do you hear?

Shy. I am debating of my present store: And, by the near guess of my memory, I cannot instantly raise up the gross Of full three thousand ducats: What of that? Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe, Will furnish me: But soft: How many months Do you desire?—Rest you fair, good signior:

[*To ANTONIO.*]

Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

Ant. Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow, By taking, nor by giving of excess, Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend, I'll break a custom:—Is he yet possess'd³ How much you would?

Shy. Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

Ant. And for three months.

Shy. I had forgot,—three months, you told me so. Well then, your bond; and, let me see. But hear you: Methought you said, you neither lend nor borrow, Upon advantage.

Ant. I do never use it.

Shy. When Jacob graz'd his uncle Laban's sheep, This Jacob from our holy Abraham was (As his wise mother wrought in his behalf) The third possessor; ay, he was the third.

Ant. And what of him? did he take interest?

¹ *Squander'd abroad.* In a letter published by Mr. Waldron, in Woodfall's "Theatrical Repertory," 1801, it is stated that "Macklin, mistakenly, spoke the word with a tone of reprobation, implying that Antonio had, as we say of prodigals, unthrifly squander'd his wealth." The meaning is simply, *scattered*; of which Mr. Waldron gives an example from Howell's Letters:—"The Jews, once an elect people, but now grown contemptible, and strangely *squander'd* up and down the world." In Dryden's "Annus Mirabilis" we have the same expression applied to ships:—

"They drive, they *squander*, the huge Belgian fleet."

Upon the hip. We have the same expression in Othello:—

"I'll have our Michael Cassio *on the hip*."

Johnson says the expression is taken from the practice of wrestling.

Shy. No, not take interest; not, as you would say, Directly interest: mark what Jacob did.

When Laban and himself were compromis'd That all the eanlings⁴ which were streak'd and pied Should fall as Jacob's hire; the ewes, being rank, In end of autumn turned to the rams: And when the work of generation was Between these woolly breeders in the act, The skilful shepherd pill'd⁵ me certain wands, And, in the doing of the deed of kind, He stuck them up before the fulsome ewes; Who, then conceiving, did in eaning-time, Fall⁶ particolour'd lambs, and those were Jacob's. This was a way to thrive, and he was blest; And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.

Ant. This was a venture, sir, that Jacob serv'd for; A thing not in his power to bring to pass, But sway'd and fashion'd by the hand of heaven. Was this inserted to make interest good? Or is your gold and silver ewes and rams?

Shy. I cannot tell; I make it breed as fast: But note me, signior.

Ant. Mark you this, Bassanio, The devil can cite scripture for his purpose. An evil soul producing holy witness Is like a villain with a smiling cheek; A goodly apple rotten at the heart; O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!

Shy. Three thousand ducats,—'tis a good round sum. Three months from twelve, then let me see the rate.

Ant. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholden to you?

Shy. Signior Antonio, many a time and oft In the Rialto you have rated me About my monies, and my usances:^k Still have I borne it with a patient shrug; For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe: You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog, And spet⁷ upon my Jewish gaberdine, And all for use of that which is mine own. Well then, it now appears you need my help: Go to then; you come to me, and you say, "Shylock, we would have monies;" You say so; You, that did void your rheum upon my beard, And foot me, as you spurn a stranger cur Over your threshold; monies is your suit. What should I say to you? Should I not say, "Hath a dog money? is it possible A cur can lend three thousand ducats?" or Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key, With 'bated breath, and whispering humbleness, Say this,—

"Fair sir, you spet on me on Wednesday last; You spurn'd me such a day; another time You call'd me dog; and for these courtesies I'll lend you thus much monies?"

Ant. I am as like to call thee so again, To spet on thee again, to spurn thee too. If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not As to thy friends; (for when did friendship take A breed of barren metal of his friend?) But lend it rather to thine enemy; Who, if he break, thou may'st with better face Exact the penalties.

Shy. Why, look you, how you storm!

³ *Possess'd*—informed.

⁴ *Eanlings*—lambs just dropped.

Pill'd. This is usually printed *peel'd*. The words are synonymous; but in the old and the present translations of the Bible we find *pill'd* in the passage of Genesis to which Shylock alludes.

⁶ *Fall*—to let fall.

⁷ *Spet* was the more received orthography in Shakspeare's time; and it was used by Milton:—

"The womb Of Stygian darkness *spets* her thickest gloom."

I would be friends with you, and have your love ;
Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with ;
Supply your present wants, and take no doit
Of usance for my monies, and you'll not hear me :
This is kind I offer.

Bass. This were kindness.

Shy. This kindness will I show :
Go with me to a notary : seal me there
Your single bond ; and, in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum, or sums, as are
Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.

Ant. Content, in faith ; I'll seal to such a bond,
And say there is much kindness in the Jew.

Bass. You shall not seal to such a bond for me ;
I'll rather dwell¹ in my necessity.

Ant. Why, fear not, man ; I will not forfeit it ;
Within these two months, that's a month before
This bond expires, I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

Shy. O father Abraham, what these Christians are,
Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others ! Pray you, tell me this :
If he should break his day, what should I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture ?

A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man,
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say,
To buy his favour I extend this friendship ;
If he will take it, so ; if not, adieu ;
And, for my love, I pray you wrong me not.

Ant. Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.

Shy. Then meet me forthwith at the notary's ;
Give him direction for this merry bond,
And I will go and purse the ducats straight ;
See to my house, left in the fearful guard²
Of an unthrifty knave ; and presently
I will be with you.

[*Exit.*

Ant. Hie thee, gentle Jew.
This Hebrew will turn Christian ; he grows kind.

Bass. I like not fair terms and a villain's mind.

Ant. Come on ; in this there can be no dismay,
My ships come home a month before the day. [*Excunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Belmont. *A Room in Portia's House.*

*Flourish of cornets. Enter the PRINCE OF MOROCCO, and
his Train ; PORTIA, NERISSA, and other of her
Attendants.³*

Mor. Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,
To whom I am a neighbour, and near bred.
Bring me the fairest creature northward born,
Where Phoebus' fire scarce thaws the icicles,
And let us make incision for your love,
To prove whose blood is reddest, his, or mine.
I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine

Hath fear'd the valiant ; by my love, I swear,
The best-regarded virgins of our clime
Have lov'd it too : I would not change this hue,
Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.

Por. In terms of choice I am not solely led
By nice direction of a maiden's eyes :
Besides, the lottery of my destiny
Bars me the right of voluntary choosing :
But, if my father had not scanted me,
And hedg'd me by his wit,³ to yield myself
His wife who wins me by that means I told you,
Yourself, renowned prince, then stood as fair
As any comer I have look'd on yet,
For my affection.

Mor. Even for that I thank you ;
Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets,
To try my fortune. By this scimitar,
That slew the Sophy, and a Persian prince
That won three fields of Sultan Solymán,
I would o'er-stare⁴ the sternest eyes that look,
Out-brave the heart most daring on the earth,
Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she bear,
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,
To win thee, lady : But, alas the while !
If Hercules and Lichas play at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand :
So is Alcides beaten by his page ;⁵
And so may I, blind fortune leading me,
Miss that which one unworthier may attain,
And die with grieving.

Por. You must take your chance ;
And either not attempt to choose at all,
Or swear, before you choose,—if you choose wrong,
Never to speak to lady afterward
In way of marriage ; therefore be advis'd.

Mor. Nor will not ; come, bring me unto my chance.

Por. First, forward to the temple ; after dinner
Your hazard shall be made.

Mor. Good fortune then ! [*Cornets.*
To make me blest or curs'd'st among men. [*Excunt.*

SCENE II.—Venice. *A Street.*

Enter LAUNCELOT GOBBO.⁶

Laun. Certainly my conscience will serve me to run
from this Jew, my master : The fiend is at mine elbow,
and tempts me ; saying to me,—Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo,
good Launcelot, or good Gobbo, or good Launcelot Gobbo,
use your legs, take the start, run away :—My conscience
says,—no ; take heed, honest Launcelot ; take heed, honest
Gobbo ; or (as aforesaid) honest Launcelot Gobbo ; do not
run ; scorn running with thy heels :⁷ Well, the most cou-
rageous fiend bids me pack. Via ! says the fiend ; away !
says the fiend, for the heavens ;⁸ rouse up a brave mind,
says the fiend, and run. Well, my conscience, hanging
about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me,—my
honest friend, Launcelot, being an honest man's son, or
rather an honest woman's son ;—for, indeed, my father did
something smack, something grow to, he had a kind of
taste ;—well, my conscience says, Launcelot, budge not
budge, says the fiend ; budge not, says my conscience :
Conscience, say I, you counsel well ; fiend, say I, you

¹ *Dwell*—continue.

Fearful guard—a guard that is the cause of fear.

² *Wit*. The word is here used in its ancient sense of mental power in general.
To witte, from the Anglo-Saxon *witan*, is *to know*.

O'er-stare. So the folio and one of the quartos ; the ordinary reading, which
is of the other quarto, is *out-stare*.

³ *Page*. All the old copies read *rage*. But there can be no doubt that Lichas,
the unhappy servant of Hercules, was thus designated. The correction was made
by Theobald.

⁶ The original stage direction is, "*Enter the clown*," by which name Launcelot
is invariably distinguished.

⁷ When Pistol says, "He hears with ears," Sir Hugh Evans calls the phrase
"affectations." Perhaps Launcelot uses "*scorn running with thy heels*" in the
same affected fashion. Steevens, however, suggests the following marvellous
emendation : "Do not run ; scorn running ; *withe* thy heels ; *i.e.*, connect them
with a *withe* (a band made of osiers), as the legs of cattle are hampered in some
countries."

⁸ *For the heavens*. This expression is simply, as Gifford states, "a petty oath."
It occurs in Ben Jonson and Dekker.

counsel well : to be ruled by my conscience I should stay with the Jew my master, who (God bless the mark!) is a kind of devil; and to run away from the Jew I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself: Certainly, the Jew is the very devil incarnation: and, in my conscience, my conscience is a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew: The fiend gives the more friendly counsel: I will run, fiend; my heels are at your commandment, I will run.

Enter Old GOBBO, with a basket.

Gob. Master, young man, you, I pray you; which is the way to master Jew's?

Laun. [*Aside.*] O heavens, this is my true-begotten father! who, being more than sand-blind,¹ high-gravel blind, knows me not: I will try conclusions with him.

Gob. Master young gentleman, I pray you which is the way to master Jew's?²

Laun. Turn upon your right hand at the next turning, but, at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.

Gob. By God's sonties, 'twill be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot that dwells with him dwell with him, or no?

Laun. Talk you of young master Launcelot?—Mark me now—[*aside*] now will I raise the waters:—Talk you of young master Launcelot?

Gob. No master, sir, but a poor man's son: his father, though I say it, is an honest exceeding poor man, and, God be thanked, well to live.

Laun. Well, let his father be what a will, we talk of young master Launcelot.

Gob. Your worship's friend, and Launcelot.³

Laun. But I pray you *ergo*, old man, *ergo*, I beseech you, talk you of young master Launcelot.³

Gob. Of Launcelot, an't please your mastership.

Laun. *Ergo*, master Launcelot; talk not of master Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman (according to fates and destinies, and such odd sayings, the sisters three, and such branches of learning,) is, indeed, deceased; or, as you would say in plain terms, gone to heaven.

Gob. Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

Laun. Do I look like a cudgel, or a hovel-post, a staff, or a prop?—Do you know me, father?

Gob. Alack the day, I know you not, young gentleman: but, I pray you tell me, is my boy (God rest his soul!) alive or dead?

Laun. Do you not know me, father?

Gob. Alack, sir, I am sand-blind, I know you not.

Laun. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wise father that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son: Give me your blessing: truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long; a man's son may; but, in the end, truth will out.

Gob. Pray you, sir, stand up; I am sure you are not Launcelot, my boy.

Laun. Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing; I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

Gob. I cannot think you are my son.

Laun. I know not what I shall think of that: but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man; and I am sure Margery, your wife, is my mother.

Gob. Her name is Margery, indeed: I'll be sworn if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood. Lord worshipp'd might he be! what a beard hast thou got! thou hast got more hair on thy chin than Dobbin my phill-horse⁴ has on his tail.

Laun. It should seem then that Dobbin's tail grows backward; I am sure he had more hair of his tail than I have of my face, when I last saw him.

Gob. Lord, how art thou changed! How dost thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a present. How 'gree you now?

Laun. Well, well; but for mine own part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground. My master's a very Jew. Give him a present! give him a halter: I am famish'd in his service; you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come: give me your present to one master Bassanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries; if I serve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground.⁵—O rare fortune! here comes the man;—to him, father; for I am a Jew if I serve the Jew any longer.

Enter BASSANIO, with LEONARDO, and other Followers.

Bass. You may do so:—but let it be so hasted that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clock: See these letters deliver'd; put the liveries to making; and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging.

[*Exit a Servant.*]

Laun. To him, father.

Gob. God bless your worship!

Bass. Gramercy! Wouldst thou aught with me?

Gob. Here's my son, sir, a poor boy,—

Laun. Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man; that would, sir, as my father shall specify,—

Gob. He hath a great infection, sir, as one would say, to serve,—

Laun. Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and have a desire, as my father shall specify,—

Gob. His master and he (saving your worship's reverence) are scarce cater-cousins:

Laun. To be brief, the very truth is, that the Jew having done me wrong, doth cause me, as my father, being I hope an old man, shall frutify unto you,—

Gob. I have here a dish of doves,⁴ that I would bestow upon your worship; and my suit is,—

Laun. In very brief, the suit is impertinent⁵ to myself, as your worship shall know by this honest old man; and, though I say it, though old man, yet, poor man, my father.

Bass. One speak for both:—What would you?

Laun. Serve you, sir.

Gob. That is the very defect of the matter, sir.

Bass. I know thee well, thou hast obtain'd thy suit: Shylock, thy master, spoke with me this day, And hath preferr'd thee, if it be preferment, To leave a rich Jew's service, to become The follower of so poor a gentleman.

Laun. The old proverb is very well parted between my master Shylock and you, sir; you have the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough.

Bass. Thou speak'st it well. Go, father, with thy son:—

¹ *Sand-blind*—having an imperfect sight, as if there were sand in the eye. *Gravel-blind*, a coinage of Launcelot's, is the exaggeration of *sand-blind*. *Pur-blind*, or pore-blind, if we may judge from a sentence in Latimer, is something less than *sand-blind*:—"They be pur-blind and sand-blind."

² The same form of expression occurs in *Love's Labour's Lost*—"Your servant, and Costard." It would seem, from the context, that the old man's name was Launcelot:—"I beseech you, talk you of *young master* Launcelot," says the clown, when the old man has named himself.

³ This sentence is usually put interrogatively, contrary to the punctuation of all the old copies, which is not to be so utterly despised as the modern editors would pretend. The Cambridge editors say the sign was often omitted, and that Mr. Dyce remarks that it is a repetition inconclusive.

⁴ *Phill-horse*. The word is so spelt in all the old copies. It is the same as *thill-horse*—the horse in the shafts—and is the word best understood in the midland counties.

⁵ *Impertinent*. Launcelot is a blunderer as well as one who "can play upon a word." Here he means *pertinent*.

Take leave of thy old master, and inquire
My lodging out :—give him a livery [To his Followers.
More guarded¹ than his fellows' See it done.

Laun. Father, in :—I cannot get a service, no!—I have
ne'er a tongue in my head!—Well; [*looking on his palm*] if
any man in Italy have a fairer table; which doth offer to
swear upon a book I shall have good fortune!² Go to, here's
a simple line of life!³ here's a small trifle of wives: Alas,
fifteen wives is nothing; eleven widows and nine maids, is
a simple coming in for one man: and then, to 'scape
drowning thrice; and to be in peril of my life with the
edge of a feather-bed; here are simple 'scapes! Well, if
fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this gear.—
Father, come. I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twin-
kling of an eye. [*Exeunt LAUNCELOT and Old GOBBO.*

Bass. I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this;
These things being bought, and orderly bestow'd,
Return in haste, for I do feast to-night
My best-esteem'd acquaintance: hie thee, go.

Leon. My best endeavours shall be done herein.

Enter GRATIANO.

Gra. Where is your master?

Leon. Yonder, sir, he walks.
[*Exit LEONARDO.*

Gra. Signior Bassanio,—

Bass. Gratiano!

Gra. I have a suit to you.

Bass. You have obtain'd it.

Gra. You must not deny me: I must go with you to
Belmont.

Bass. Why, then you must.—But hear thee, Gratiano;
Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice;
Parts, that become thee happily enough,
And in such eyes as ours appear not faults;
But where they are not known, why, there they show
Something too liberal :—pray thee take pain
To allay with some cold drops of modesty
Thy skipping spirit; lest, through thy wild behaviour,
I be misconstrued in the place I go to,
And lose my hopes.

Gra. Signior Bassanio, hear me:
If I do not put on a sober habit,
Talk with respect, and swear but now and then,
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely;
Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes
Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say amen;
Use all the observance of civility,
Like one well studied in a sad ostent³
To please his grandam,—never trust me more.

Bass. Well, we shall see your bearing.

Gra. Nay, but I bar to-night; you shall not gage me
By what we do to-night.

Bass. No, that were pity;
I would entreat you rather to put on
Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends
That purpose merriment: But fare you well,
I have some business.

Gra. And I must to Lorenzo and the rest;
But we will visit you at supper-time. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Venice. *A Room in SHYLOCK'S House.*

Enter JESSICA and LAUNCELOT.

Jes. I am sorry thou wilt leave my father so;
Our house is hell, and thou, a merry devil,

Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness:
But fare thee well: there is a ducat for thee:
And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see
Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest:
Give him this letter; do it secretly,
And so farewell; I would not have my father
See me in talk⁴ with thee.

Laun. Adieu!—tears exhibit my tongue. Most beau-
tiful pagan,—most sweet Jew! If a Christian did not play
the knave and get thee, I am much deceived:⁵ But, adieu!
these foolish drops do somewhat drown my manly spirit:
adieu! [*Exit.*

Jes. Farewell, good Launcelot.
Alack, what heinous sin is it in me,
To be asham'd to be my father's child!
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners: O Lorenzo,
If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife;
Become a Christian, and thy loving wife. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—Venice. *A Street.*

Enter GRATIANO, LORENZO, SALARINO, and SOLANIO.

Lor. Nay, we will slink away in supper-time
Disguise us at my lodging, and return
All in an hour.

Gra. We have not made good preparation.

Salar. We have not spoke us yet of torch-bearers.

Solan. 'Tis vile, unless it may be quaintly order'd;
And better, in my mind, not undertook.

Lor. 'Tis now but four o'clock; we have two hours
To furnish us.—

Enter LAUNCELOT, with a letter.

Friend Launcelot, what's the news?

Laun. An it shall please you to break up⁶ this, it shall
seem to signify.

Lor. I know the hand: In faith, 'tis a fair hand;
And whiter than the paper it writ on
Is the fair hand that writ.

Gra. Love-news, in faith.

Laun. By your leave, sir.

Lor. Whither goest thou?

Laun. Marry, sir, to bid my old master the Jew to sup
to-night with my new master the Christian.

Lor. Hold here, take this :—tell gentle Jessica,
I will not fail her;—speak it privately: go.
Gentlemen, [*Exit LAUNCELOT.*

Will you prepare you for this masque to-night?

I am provided of a torch-bearer.

Salar. Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it straight.

Solan. And so will I.

Lor. Meet me and Gratiano
At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.

Salar. 'Tis good we do so. [*Exeunt SALAR. and SOLAN.*

Gra. Was not that letter from fair Jessica?

Lor. I must needs tell thee all: She hath directed
How I shall take her from her father's house;
What gold and jewels she is furnish'd with;
What page's suit she hath in readiness.
If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,

doth offer to swear that the owner shall have good fortune is a fair table to be proud of. (See Illustration.)

³ *Ostent*—display.

⁴ *In talk.* We prefer this reading of the quartos. That of the folio is, *see me talk with thee.*

⁵ We follow, for once, the reading of the second folio. The quartos, and the folio of 1623, read, "If a Christian do not play the knave and get thee, I am much deceived." The matter is hardly worth the fierce controversy which Steevens and Malone had upon the subject.

⁶ *To break up this.* It would scarcely require an explanation that to break up was to *open*, unless Steevens had explained that to break up is a term of carving. In the *Winter's Tale* we have, "*break up the seals, and read.*"

¹ *More guarded*—more ornamented, laced, fringed.

² This passage is ordinarily pointed thus :—"Well; if any man in Italy have a fairer table, which doth offer to swear upon a book.—I shall have good fortune." The punctuation which we have adopted was suggested by Tyrwhitt, and indeed it is borne out by the original punctuation. The table (palm) which doth offer to swear upon a book is not very different from other palms; but the palm which

It will be for his gentle daughter's sake :
And never dare misfortune cross her foot,
Unless she do it under this excuse,—
That she is issue to a faithless Jew.
Come, go with me ; peruse this as thou goest :
Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—Venice. *Before SHYLOCK'S House.**Enter SHYLOCK and LAUNCELOT.*

Shy. Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy judge,
The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio :
What, Jessica !—thou shalt not gormandize,^f
As thou hast done with me ;—What, Jessica !—
And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out ;—
Why, Jessica, I say !

Laun. Why, Jessica !

Shy. Who bids thee call ? I do not bid thee call.

Laun. Your worship was wont to tell me I could do nothing without bidding.

Enter JESSICA.

Jes. Call you ? What is your will ?

Shy. I am bid forth to supper, Jessica ;
There are my keys :—But wherefore should I go ?
I am not bid for love ; they flatter me :
But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon
The prodigal Christian.—Jessica, my girl,
Look to my house :—I am right loath to go ;
There is some ill a brewing towards my rest,
For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

Laun. I beseech you, sir, go ; my young master doth expect your reproach.

Shy. So do I his.

Laun. And they have conspired together,—I will not say, you shall see a masque ; but if you do, then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a bleeding on Black-Monday^g last, at six o'clock i' the morning, falling out that year on Ash-Wednesday was four year in the afternoon.

Shy. What ! are there masques ? Hear you me, Jessica :
Lock up my doors ; and when you hear the drum
And the vile squealing¹ of the wry-neck'd fife,^h
Clamber not you up to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the public street,
To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces :
But stop my house's ears, I mean my casements ;
Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter
My sober house.—By Jacob's staff I swear,
I have no mind of feasting forth to-night :
But I will go.—Go you before me, sirrah ;
Say, I will come.

Laun. I will go before, sir.—
Mistress, look out at window, for all this ;

There will come a Christian by,

Will be worth a Jewess' eye.ⁱ [Exit LAUN.]

Shy. What says that fool of Hagar's offspring, ha ?

Jes. His words were, Farewell, mistress ; nothing else.

Shy. The patch² is kind enough ; but a huge feeder,
Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day
More than the wild cat : drones hive not with me,
Therefore I part with him ; and part with him
To one that I would have him help to waste
His borrow'd purse.—Well, Jessica, go in ;
Perhaps, I will return immediately ;
Do as I bid you,
Shut doors after you : Fast bind, fast find ;
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind. [Exit.]

Jes. Farewell ; and if my fortune be not crost,
I have a father, you a daughter, lost. [Exit]

SCENE VI.—*The same.**Enter GRATIANO and SALARINO, masked.*

Gra. This is the pent-house, under which Lorenzo Desir'd us to make stand.

Salar. His hour is almost past.

Gra. And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,
For lovers ever run before the clock.

Salar. O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly
To seal love's bonds new made, than they are wont
To keep obliged faith unforfeited !

Gra. That ever holds : who riseth from a feast,
With that keen appetite that he sits down ?
Where is the horse that doth untread again
His tedious measures with the unbated fire
That he did pace them first ? All things that are,
Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.
How like a younger,³ or a prodigal,
The scarfed⁴ bark puts from her native bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind !
How like a prodigal doth she return ;
With over-weather'd ribs, and ragged sails,
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind !

Enter LORENZO.

Salar. Here comes Lorenzo ;—more of this hereafter.

Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode :
Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait :
When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,
I'll watch as long for you then.—Approach ;
Here dwells my father Jew :—Ho ! who's within ?

Enter JESSICA, above, in boy's clothes.

Jes. Who are you ? Tell me, for more certainty,
Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue.

Lor. Lorenzo, and thy love.

Jes. Lorenzo, certain ; and my love, indeed ;
For who love I so much ? and now who knows
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours ?

Lor. Heaven, and thy thoughts, are witness that thou art.

Jes. Here, catch this casket ; it is worth the pains.
I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on me,
For I am much asham'd of my exchange :
But love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit ;
For if they could, Cupid himself would blush
To see me thus transformed to a boy.

Lor. Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer.

Jes. What, must I hold a candle to my shames ?
They in themselves, good sooth, are too too light.
Why, 'tis an office of discovery, love ;
And I should be obscur'd.

Lor. So are you, sweet,
Even in the lovely garnish of a boy.
But come at once ;

For the close night doth play the runaway,
And we are stay'd for at Bassanio's feast.

Jes. I will make fast the doors, and gild myself
With some more ducats, and be with you straight.

[Exit, from above.]

is probable that in this way the word patch came to be an expression of contempt, as in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*—

“A crew of patches, rude mechanicals.”

Shylock here uses the word in this sense ; just as we say still, *cross-patch*.

³ *Younger*. So all the old copies. It is the same word as *younker* and *youngling*.

⁴ *Scarfed bark*—the vessel gay with streamers.

¹ *Squealing*. So the folio and one of the quartos ; the other quarto, which is usually followed, has *squeaking*.

² *Patch*. The domestic fool was sometimes called a patch ; and it is probable that this class was thus named from the patched dress of their vocation. The usurper in *Hamlet*, the “vice of kings,” was “a king of shreds and patches.” It

Gra. Now, by my hood, a Gentile and no Jew.

Lor. Beshrew me, but I love her heartily :

For she is wise, if I can judge of her ;

And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true ;

And true she is, as she hath prov'd herself ;

And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true,

Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

Enter JESSICA, below.

What, art thou come ?—On, gentlemen, away ;

Our masking mates by this time for us stay.

[*Exit, with JESSICA and SALARINO.*]

Enter ANTONIO.

Ant. Who's there ?

Gra. Signior Antonio ?

Ant. Fie, fie, Gratiano ! where are all the rest ?

'Tis nine o'clock : our friends all stay for you :

No masque to-night ; the wind is come about ;

Bassanio presently will go aboard :

I have sent twenty out to seek for you.

Gra. I am glad on't ; I desire no more delight

Than to be under sail and gone to-night. [*Excunt.*]

SCENE VII.—Belmont. *A Room in PORTIA'S House.*

Flourish of cornets. Enter PORTIA, with the PRINCE OF MOROCCO, and both their Trains.

Por. Go, draw aside the curtains, and discover

The several caskets to this noble prince :—

Now make your choice.

Mor. The first, of gold, who this inscription bears :

“ Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.”

The second, silver, which this promise carries :

“ Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.”

This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt :

“ Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.”

How shall I know if I do choose the right ?

Por. The one of them contains my picture, prince ;

If you choose that, then I am yours withal.

Mor. Some god direct my judgment ! Let me see.

I will survey the inscriptions back again :

What says this leaden casket ?

“ Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.”

Must give—For what ? for lead ? hazard for lead ?

This casket threatens : Men that hazard all

Do it in hope of fair advantages :

A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross ;

I'll then nor give, nor hazard, aught for lead.

What says the silver, with her virgin hue ?

“ Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.”

As much as he deserves ?—Pause there, Morocco,

And weigh thy value with an even hand :

If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,

Thou dost deserve enough ; and yet enough

May not extend so far as to the lady :

And yet to be afeard of my deserving

Were but a weak disabling of myself.

As much as I deserve !—Why, that's the lady .

I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,

In graces, and in qualities of breeding :

But more than these, in love I do deserve.

What if I stray'd no further, but chose here :—

Let's see once more this saying grav'd in gold :

“ Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.”

Why, that's the lady : all the world desires her :

From the four corners of the earth they come,

To kiss this shrine, this mortal breathing saint.

The Hyrcanian deserts, and the vasty wilds

Of wide Arabia, are as through-fares now,

For princes to come view fair Portia :

The watery kingdom, whose ambitious head

Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar

To stop the foreign spirits ; but they come,

As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia.

One of these three contains her heavenly picture.

Is't like that lead contains her ? 'Twere damnation

To think so base a thought : it were too gross

To rib her cerecloth in the obscure grave.

Or shall I think in silver she's immur'd,

Being ten times undervalued to tried gold ?

O sinful thought ! Never so rich a gem

Was set in worse than gold. They have in England

A coin that bears the figure of an angel^k

Stamped in gold ; but that's insculp'd upon ;

But here an angel in a golden bed

Lies all within.—Deliver me the key ;

Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may !

Por. There, take it, prince ; and if my form lie there,

Then I am yours. [*He unlocks the golden casket.*]

Mor. O hell ! what have we here ?

A carrion death, within whose empty eye

There is a written scroll ? I'll read the writing

“ All that glisters is not gold,
Often have you heard that told :
Many a man his life hath sold
But my outside to behold :
Gilded tombs^l do worms infold.
Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgment old,
Your answer had not been inscroll'd :
Fare you well ; your suit is cold.”

Cold, indeed ; and labour lost :

Then, farewell heat ; and welcome frost.—

Portia, adieu ! I have too griev'd a heart

To take a tedious leave : thus losers part. [*Exit.*]

Por. A gentle riddance :—Draw the curtains, go ;—

Let all of his complexion choose me so. [*Excunt.*]

SCENE VIII.—Venice. *A Street.*

Enter SALARINO and SOLANIO.

Salar. Why man, I saw Bassanio under sail ;

With him is Gratiano gone along ;

And in their ship, I am sure, Lorenzo is not.

Solan. The villain Jew with outcries rais'd the duke ;

Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.

Salar. He came too late, the ship was under sail :

But there the duke was given to understand,

That in a gondola were seen together¹

Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica ;

Besides, Antonio certified the duke,

They were not with Bassanio in his ship.

Solan. I never heard a passion so confus'd,

So strange, outrageous, and so variable,

As the dog Jew did utter in the streets :

“ My daughter !—O my ducats !—O my daughter !

¹ *Gilded tombs.* The reading of all the old editions is “gilded timber.” The critics of the Augustan age could not understand that *timber*, a word of common acceptance and in some uses technical, could belong to poetry. Rowe, therefore, turned *timber* into *wood*. Johnson converted the *timber* and the *wood* into *tombs*. We are disposed to agree with Douce that *timber* is possibly the right reading. But we think that Malone's interpretation of this reading may be questioned—“Worms do infold gilded timber.” To this Steevens replies, “How is it possible

for worms that have bred within timber to *infold* it ?” It is somewhat strange that neither Malone nor Steevens saw that, without any violation of grammatical propriety, *timber* might be used as a plural noun. Gilded timber—timbers—*coffins*—do infold worms, not worms the timber. In the same manner, the golden casket which Morocco unlocked contained “a carrion death.” Still, the original reading is harsh and startling ; and Johnson very justly observes that the old mode of writing *tombs* might be easily mistaken for *timber*.

Fled with a Christian?—O my christian ducats!
Justice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter!
A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,
Of double ducats, stol'n from me by my daughter!
And jewels; two stones, two rich and precious stones,
Stol'n by my daughter!—Justice! find the girl!
She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats!"

Salar. Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,
Crying,—his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.

Solan. Let good Antonio look he keep his day,
Or he shall pay for this.

Salar. Marry, well remember'd:
I reason'd¹ with a Frenchman yesterday,
Who told me,—in the narrow seas that part
The French and English, there miscarried
A vessel of our country, richly fraught:
I thought upon Antonio when he told me,
And wish'd in silence that it were not his.

Solan. You were best to tell Antonio what you hear;
Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.

Salar. A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.
I saw Bassanio and Antonio part:
Bassanio told him, he would make some speed
Of his return; he answer'd—"Do not so,
Slubber not business for my sake, Bassanio,
But stay the very riping of the time;
And for the Jew's bond, which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your mind of love:
Be merry; and employ your chiefest thoughts
To courtship, and such fair ostents of love
As shall conveniently become you there:"
And even there, his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affection wondrous sensible
He wrung Bassanio's hand, and so they parted.

Solan. I think he only loves the world for him.
I pray thee, let us go and find him out,
And quicken his embraced heaviness
With some delight or other.

Salar. Do we so. [Exeunt.

SCENE IX.—Belmont. *A Room in Portia's House.*

Enter NERISSA, with a Servant.

Ner. Quick, quick, I pray thee, draw the curtain
straight;
The prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath,
And comes to his election presently.

*Flourish of cornets. Enter the PRINCE OF ARRAGON,
PORTIA, and their Trains.*

Por. Behold, there stand the caskets, noble prince;
If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,
Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemniz'd;
But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.

Ar. I am enjoin'd by oath to observe three things:
First, never to unfold to any one
Which casket 'twas I chose; next, if I fail
Of the right casket, never in my life
To woo a maid in way of marriage; lastly,
If I do fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you and be gone.

Por. To these injunctions every one doth swear
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

Ar. And so have I address'd me: Fortune now
To my heart's hope!—Gold, silver, and base lead.

"Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath:"

You shall look fairer, ere I give, or hazard.
What says the golden chest? ha! let me see:

"Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire."

What many men desire.—That many may be meant
By the fool multitude, that choose by show,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach,
Which pries not to the interior, but, like the martlet,
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the force and road of casualty.
I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not jump with common spirits,
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.
Why, then to thee, thou silver treasure-house;
Tell me once more what title thou dost bear:

"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves:"

And well said too. For who shall go about
To cozen fortune, and be honourable
Without the stamp of merit! Let none presume
To wear an undeserved dignity.
O, that estates, degrees, and offices,
Were not deriv'd corruptly! and that clear honour
Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!
How many then should cover that stand bare!
How many be commanded that command!
How much low peasantry would then be glean'd
From the true seed of honour! and how much honour
Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,
To be new varnish'd! Well, but to my choice:

"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves:"

I will assume desert:—Give me a key for this,
And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

Por. Too long a pause for that which you find there.

Ar. What's here? the portrait of a blinking idiot,
Presenting me a schedule? I will read it.
How much unlike art thou to Portia?
How much unlike my hopes and my deservings?

"Who chooseth me shall have as much as he deserves."

Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?
Is that my prize? are my deserts no better?

Por. To offend, and judge, are distinct offices,
And of opposed natures.

Ar. What is here?

"The fire seven times tried this;
Seven times tried that judgment is
That did never choose amiss:
Some there be that shadows kiss;
Such have but a shadow's bliss:
There be fools alive, I wis,
Silver'd o'er; and so was this.
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will ever be your head:
So begone; you are sped."²

Still more fool I shall appear
By the time I linger here:
With one fool's head I came to woo,
But I go away with two.
Sweet, adieu! I'll keep my oath,
Patiently to bear my wroth.

[Exeunt ARRAGON and Train.

Por. Thus hath the candle sing'd the moth.
O these deliberate fools! when they do choose,
They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.

Ner. The ancient saying is no heresy;—
Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.

Por. Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

¹ Reason'd is here used for *discoursed*. We have the same employment of the word in Beaumont and Fletcher—

"There is no end of women's reasoning."

² This line is corrupted into—

"So begone, sir, you are sped"—
for the sake of the metre, as the syllable-counters say.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Where is my lady?

Por. Here; what would my lord?

Serv. Madam, there is alighted at your gate
A young Venetian, one that comes before
To signify the approaching of his lord:
From whom he bringeth sensible regrets;¹
To wit, besides commends and courteous breath,
Gifts of rich value; yet I have not seen
So likely an ambassador of love:
A day in April never came so sweet,
To show how costly summer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.

Por. No more, I pray thee; I am half afraid,
Thou wilt say anon he is some kin to thee,
Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising him.
Come, come, Nerissa; for I long to see
Quick Cupid's post that comes so mannerly.

Ner. Bassanio, lord love, if thy will it be! *[Exeunt.]*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Venice. *A Street.*

Enter SOLANIO and SALARINO.

Solan. Now, what news on the Rialto?

Salar. Why, yet it lives there uncheck'd, that Antonio
hath a ship of rich lading wrack'd on the narrow seas,—
the Goodwins, I think they call the place;^a a very dan-
gerous flat and fatal, where the carcasses of many a tall
ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip report be an
honest woman of her word.

Solan. I would she were as lying a gossip in that, as
ever knapp'd ginger, or made her neighbours believe she
wept for the death of a third husband: But it is true,—
without any slips of prolixity, or crossing the plain high-
way of talk,—that the good Antonio, the honest Antonio,
—O that I had a title good enough to keep his name
company!—

Salar. Come, the full stop.

Solan. Ha,—what say'st thou?—Why the end is, he hath
lost a ship.

Salar. I would it might prove the end of his losses!

Solan. Let me say amen betimes, lest the devil cross my
prayer; for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew.

Enter SHYLOCK.

How now, Shylock? what news among the merchants?

Shy. You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my
daughter's flight.

Salar. That's certain. I, for my part, knew the tailor
that made the wings she flew withal.

Solan. And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was
fledg'd; and then it is the complexion of them all to leave
the dam.

Shy. She is damn'd for it.

Salar. That's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

Shy. My own flesh and blood to rebel!

Solan. Out upon it, old carrion! rebels it at these years?

Shy. I say, my daughter is my flesh and blood.

Salar. There is more difference between thy flesh and
hers, than between jet and ivory; more between your
bloods, than there is between red wine and rhenish:—But
tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss at
sea or no?

Shy. There I have another bad match: a bankrout, a
prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto; a
beggar, that was used to come so smug upon the mart.—
Let him look to his bond: he was wont to call me usurer;
—let him look to his bond: he was wont to lend money for
a Christian courtesy;—let him look to his bond.

Salar. Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take
his flesh? What's that good for?

Shy. To bait fish withal: if it will feed nothing else it
will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hin-
dered me half a million; laughed at my losses, mocked at
my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains,
cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his
reason? I am a Jew: Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a
Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions?
fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, sub-
ject to the same diseases, healed by the same means,
warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a
Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you
tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not
die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we
are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If
a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? revenge:
If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be
by Christian example? why, revenge. The villainy you
teach me I will execute; and it shall go hard but I will
better the instruction.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his house,
and desires to speak with you both.

Salar. We have been up and down to seek him.

Enter TUBAL.

Solan. Here comes another of the tribe; a third cannot
be matched, unless the devil himself turn Jew.

[Exeunt SOLAN., SALAR., and Servant.]

Shy. How now, Tubal, what news from Genoa? hast
thou found my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot
find her.

Shy. Why there, there, there, there! a diamond gone,
cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort! The curse
never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till
now:—two thousand ducats in that; and other precious,
precious jewels.—I would my daughter were dead at my
foot, and the jewels in her ear! 'would she were hears'd
at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of
them?—Why, so:—and I know not how much is² spent in
the search: Why, thou loss upon loss! the thief gone with
so much, and so much to find the thief; and no satisfaction,
no revenge: nor no ill luck stirring but what lights o' my
shoulders; no sighs but o' my breathing; no tears but o'
my shedding.

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too. Antonio, as I
heard in Genoa,—

Shy. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

Tub.—hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tri-
polis.

Shy. I thank God, I thank God:—Is it true? is it true?

Tub. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the
wrack.

Shy. I thank thee, good Tubal;—Good news, good
news: ha! ha!—Where? in Genoa?

Tub. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, one
night, fourscore ducats!

Shy. Thou stick'st a dagger in me:—I shall never see
my gold again: Fourscore ducats at a sitting! fourscore
ducats!

Tub. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break.

Shy. I am very glad of it: I'll plague him; I'll torture him; I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them showed me a ring, that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Shy. Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal: it was my turquoise;^b I had it of Leah, when I was a bachelor: I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

Tub. But Antonio is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true: Go, Tubal, fee me an officer, bespeak him a fortnight before: I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandise I will: Go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue; go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Belmont. *A Room in Portia's House.*

Enter BASSANIO, PORTIA, GRATIANO, NERISSA, and Attendants. The caskets are set out.

Por. I pray you, tarry; pause a day or two, Before you hazard; for, in choosing wrong I lose your company; therefore, forbear awhile: There's something tells me, (but it is not love), I would not lose you; and you know yourself, Hate counsels not in such a quality: But lest you should not understand me well, (And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought,) I would detain you here some month or two, Before you venture for me. I could teach you How to choose right, but then I am forsworn; So will I never be: so may you miss me; But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin, That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes, They have o'er-look'd¹ me, and divided me; One half of me is yours, the other half yours,— Mine own, I would say; but if mine, then yours, And so all yours: O! these naughty times Put bars between the owners and their rights; And so, though yours, not yours.—Prove it so, Let fortune go to hell for it,—not I. I speak too long; but 'tis to peize² the time; To eke it, and to draw it out in length, To stay you from election.

Bass. Let me choose; For, as I am, I live upon the rack.

Por. Upon the rack, Bassanio? then confess What treason there is mingled with your love.

Bass. None, but that ugly treason of mistrust, Which makes me fear the enjoying of my love: There may as well be amity and life 'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.

Por. Ay, but I fear you speak upon the rack, Where men enforced do speak anything.

Bass. Promise me life, and I'll confess the truth.

Por. Well, then, confess and live.

O'er-look'd. In The Merry Wives of Windsor we have—

"Vild worm, thou wast o'erlook'd even in thy birth."

The word is here used in the same sense, which is derived from the popular superstition of the influence of fairies and witches. The eyes of Bassanio have o'erlook'd Portia, and she yields to the enchantment.

² *Peize.* *Poise* and *Peize* are the same words. To *weigh* the time is to keep it in suspense—upon the balance.

³ These words, "*Reply, reply,*" which are unquestionably part of the song, were considered by Johnson to stand in the old copies as a marginal direction; and thus, from Johnson's time, in many editions in which his authority is admitted, the line has been suppressed. In all the old copies the passage is printed thus, in Italic type:—

"How begot, how nourished. *Replie, replie.*"

The reply is then made; and, probably, by a second voice. The mutilation of the song, in the belief that the words were a stage direction, is certainly one of the most tasteless corruptions of the many for which the editors of Shakspeare are answerable.

⁴ The old stage direction for the conduct of this scene has been retained in the

Bass.

Confess, and love,

Had been the very sum of my confession:

O happy torment, when my torturer

Doth teach me answers for deliverance!

But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

Por. Away then: I am lock'd in one of them;

If you do love me, you will find me out.

Nerissa, and the rest, stand all aloof.

Let music sound, while he doth make his choice;

Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,

Fading in music: that the comparison

May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream,

And watery death-bed for him: He may win;

And what is music then? then music is

Even as the flourish when true subjects bow

To a new-crowned monarch: such it is,

As are those dulcet sounds in break of day,

That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,

And summon him to marriage. Now he goes,

With no less presence, but with much more love,

Than young Alcides, when he did redeem

The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy

To the sea-monster: I stand for sacrifice,

The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,

With bleared visages, come forth to view

The issue of the exploit. Go, Hercules!

Live thou, I live —With much much more dismay

I view the fight, than thou that mak'st the fray.

Music, whilst BASSANIO comments on the caskets to himself

SONG.

- i. Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?
Reply, reply.³

It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies:
Let us all ring fancy's knell;
I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell.
All. Ding, dong, bell.

Bass. So may the outward shows be least themselves;
The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
There is no vice so simple, but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stayers of sand,⁵ wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars,
Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk
And these assume but valour's excrement,
To render them redoubt'd! Look on beauty,
And you shall see 'tis purchas'd by the weight;
Which therein works a miracle in nature,

modern editions:—"Music, whilst Bassanio comments on the caskets to himself." He has made up his mind whilst the music has proceeded, and then follows out the course of his thoughts in words.

⁵ *Stayers of sand.* This is ordinarily printed *stairs of sand*; and no explanation is given by the commentators. In the first folio the word is printed, as we print it—*stayers*. In the same edition we have, in *As You Like It*, "In these degrees have they made a *paire of staires* to marriage." We have no great reliance upon the orthography of any of the old editions; but the distinction between *stayers* and *staires* is here remarkable. Further, the propriety of the image appears to us to justify the restoration of the original word in this passage. Cowards in their false-ness—their assumption of appearances without realities—may be compared to *stairs of sand*, which betray the feet of those who trust to them; but we have here cowards appearing ready to face an enemy with—

"The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars:"

they are false as *stayers of sand*—banks, bulwarks of sand,—that the least opposition will throw down—vain defences—feeble ramparts. We derive the word *stair* from the Anglo-Saxon *stigan*, to ascend; *stay*—and thence *stayer*—from the Teutonic *staen* or *stehen*, to stand.

Making them lightest that wear most of it :
So are those crisped snaky golden locks,
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,
Upon supposed fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head,
The skull that bred them in the sepulchre.^c
Thus ornament is but the guiled¹ shore
To a most dangerous sea ; the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty ; in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee :
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
'Tween man and man. But thou, thou meagre lead,
Which rather threat'nest than dost promise aught,
Thy paleness² moves me more than eloquence,
And here choose I. Joy be the consequence !

Por. How all the other passions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embrac'd despair,
And shudd'ring fear, and green-ey'd jealousy.
O love, be moderate, allay thy ecstasy,
In measure rain thy joy,³ scant this excess ;
I feel too much thy blessing, make it less,
For fear I surfeit !

Bass. What find I here ?

[*Opening the leaden casket.*

Fair Portia's counterfeit ? What demi-god
Hath come so near creation ? Move these eyes ?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion ? Here are sever'd lips,
Parted with sugar breath ; so sweet a bar
Should sunder such sweet friends : Here in her hairs
The painter plays the spider ; and hath woven
A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men,
Faster than gnats in cobwebs : But her eyes,—
How could he see to do them ? having made one,
Methinks it should have power to steal both his,
And leave itself unfurnish'd :⁴ Yet look, how far
The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow
In underprizing it, so far this shadow
Doth limp behind the substance.—Here's the scroll,
The continent and summary of my fortune.

" You that choose not by the view,
Chance as fair, and choose as true !
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content, and seek no new.
If you be well pleas'd with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliss,
Turn you where your lady is,
And claim her with a loving kiss."

A gentle scroll.—Fair lady, by your leave : [*Kissing her.*
I come by note, to give and to receive.
Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,
Hearing applause and universal shout,
Giddy in spirit, still gazing in a doubt
Whether those peals of praise be his or no ;
So, thrice fair lady, stand I, even so ;
As doubtful whether what I see be true,
Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.

Por. You see me, lord Bassanio, where I stand,⁵
Such as I am : though, for myself alone,
I would not be ambitious in my wish,

To wish myself much better ; yet, for you,
I would be trebled twenty times myself ;
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times
More rich ;
That only to stand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account : but the full sum of me
Is sum of nothing ;⁶ which, to term in gross,
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd :
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn ; happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn ;
Happiest of all, is, that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myself, and what is mine, to you and yours
Is now converted : but now I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er myself ; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants, and this same myself,
Are yours, my lord,—I give them with this ring ;
Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
Let it presage the ruin of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

Bass. Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins :
And there is such confusion in my powers,
As, after some oration fairly spoke
By a beloved prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleased multitude ;
Where every something, being blent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,
Express'd, and not express'd : But when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence ;
O, then be bold to say, Bassanio's dead.

Ner. My lord and lady, it is now our time,
That have stood by and seen our wishes prosper,
To cry, good joy ; Good joy, my lord and lady !

Gra. My lord Bassanio, and my gentle lady,
I wish you all the joy that you can wish ;
For I am sure you can wish none from me :
And, when your honours mean to solemnize
The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you,
Even at that time I may be married too.

Bass. With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.

Gra. I thank your lordship ; you have got me one
My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours :
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid ;
You lov'd, I lov'd ; for intermission
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
Your fortune stood upon the caskets there ;
And so did mine too, as the matter falls :
For wooing here, until I sweat again,
And swearing, till my very roof was dry
With oaths of love, at last,—if promise last,—
I got a promise of this fair one here,
To have her love, provided that your fortune
Achiev'd her mistress.

Por. Is this true, Nerissa ?

Ner. Madam, it is, so you stand pleas'd withal.

Bass. And do you, Gratiano mean good faith ?

Gra. Yes, faith, my lord.

¹ *Guiled*—deceiving. The active and passive participles are often substituted each for the other by Shakspeare and the other Elizabethan poets.

² *Paleness*. So all the old copies. But it is ordinarily printed *plainness*, upon a suggestion of Warburton. It appeared to him that, because silver was called "thou pale and common drudge," lead ought to be distinguished by some other quality. Malone has justly observed that if the emphasis is placed on *thy*, Warburton's objection is obviated.

³ *Rain thy joy*. Some would read *rein* thy joy. To *rain* is here to pour down. Lord Lansdowne, who in 1701 had the temerity to produce an improved version of *The Merchant of Venice*, modernizes the passage into—

"In measure *pour* thy joy."

⁴ *Unfurnish'd*—unsurrounded by the other features. The pretty conceit of this
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passage is supposed by Steevens to have been founded upon a description in Greene's "History of fair Bellora." But it is by no means certain that the tract was written by Greene, or that it was published before *The Merchant of Venice*. The passage, however, illustrates the text :—"If Apelles had been tasked to have drawn her *counterfeit*, her two bright burning lamps would have so dazzled his quick-seeing senses, that, quite despairing to express with his cunning pencil so admirable a work of nature, he had been inforced to have stayed his hand, and left this earthly Venus *unfinished*."

⁵ This is Mr. White's reading, instead of *You see, my lord*, &c.

⁶ *Sum of nothing*. So the folio, and one of the quartos. The quarto printed by Roberts reads *sum of something*, which is the ordinary text. We agree with Monck Mason in preferring the reading of the folio, "as it is Portia's intention in this speech to undervalue herself."

Bass. Our feast shall be much honour'd in your marriage.

Gra. We'll play with them, the first boy for a thousand ducats.

Ner. What, and stake down?

Gra. No; we shall ne'er win at that sport, and stake down.

But who comes here? Lorenzo, and his infidel?
What, and my old Venetian friend, Solanio?

Enter LORENZO, JESSICA, and SOLANIO.

Bass. Lorenzo, and Solanio, welcome hither;
If that the youth of my new interest here
Have power to bid you welcome:—By your leave,
I bid my very friends and countrymen,
Sweet Portia, welcome.

Por. So do I, my lord;
They are entirely welcome.

Lor. I thank your honour:—For my part, my lord,
My purpose was not to have seen you here;
But meeting with Solanio by the way,
He did entreat me, past all saying nay,
To come with him along.

Solan. I did, my lord,
And I have reason for it. Signior Antonio
Commends him to you. [*Gives BASSANIO a letter.*]

Bass. Ere I ope this letter,
I pray you tell me how my good friend doth.

Solan. Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind;
Nor well, unless in mind: his letter there
Will show you his estate.

Gra. Nerissa, cheer yon stranger; bid her welcome.
Your hand, Solanio. What's the news from Venice?
How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio?
I know he will be glad of our success;
We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece.

Solan. I would you had won the fleece that he hath lost!

Por. There are some shrewd contents in yon same paper,
That steal the colour from Bassanio's cheek;
Some dear friend dead; else nothing in the world
Could turn so much the constitution
Of any constant man. What, worse and worse?—
With leave, Bassanio; I am half yourself,
And I must freely have the half of anything
That this same paper brings you.

Bass. O sweet Portia,
Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words
That ever blotted paper! Gentle lady,
When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins,—I was a gentleman;
And then I told you true: and yet, dear lady,
Rating myself at nothing, you shall see
How much I was a braggart: When I told you
My state was nothing, I should then have told you
That I was worse than nothing; for, indeed,
I have engag'd myself to a dear friend,
Engag'd my friend to his mere enemy,
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady;
The paper as the body of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound,
Issuing life-blood. But is it true, Solanio?
Have all his ventures fail'd? What, not one hit?
From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England,
From Lisbon, Barbary, and India?

Solanio. For the reasons assigned in the first note to this play, we have dispensed with the character of *Salerio*, and have substituted *Solanio* in the present scene. It appears to us not only that there is no necessity for introducing a new character, *Salerio*, in addition to *Solanio* and *Salarino*, but that the dramatic propriety is violated by this introduction. In the first scene of this act the servant of Antonio thus addresses *Solanio* and *Salarino*:—"Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his house, and desires to speak with you both." To the unfortunate Antonio,

And not one vessel 'scape the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks?

Solan. Not one, my lord.

Besides, it should appear, that if he had
The present money to discharge the Jew,
He would not take it: Never did I know
A creature that did bear the shape of man,
So keen and greedy to confound a man:
He plies the duke at morning, and at night;
And doth impeach the freedom of the state
If they deny him justice: twenty merchants,
The duke himself, and the magnificoes
Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him;
But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.

Jes. When I was with him, I have heard him swear
To Tubal, and to Chus, his countrymen,
That he would rather have Antonio's flesh
Than twenty times the value of the sum
That he did owe him; and I know, my lord,
If law, authority, and power deny not,
It will go hard with poor Antonio.

Por. Is it your dear friend that is thus in trouble?

Bass. The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best condition'd and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies; and one in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appears,
Than any that draws breath in Italy.

Por. What sum owes he the Jew?

Bass. For me, three thousand ducats.

Por. What, no more?
Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond;
Double six thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Shall lose a hair through Bassanio's fault.
First, go with me to church, and call me wife;
And then away to Venice to your friend;
For never shall you lie by Portia's side
With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over;
When it is paid, bring your true friend along:
My maid Nerissa, and myself, mean time,
Will live as maids and widows. Come, away;
For you shall hence upon your wedding-day:
Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheer:
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.
But let me hear the letter of your friend.

Bass. [*reads.*]

"Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit; and since, in paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are cleared between you and I, if I might but see you at my death: notwithstanding, use your pleasure: if your love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter."

Por. O love, despatch all business, and be gone.

Bass. Since I have your good leave to go away,
I will make haste: but till I come again,
No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay,
Nor rest be interposer 'twixt us twain.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Venice. *A Street.*

Enter SHYLOCK, SALARINO, ANTONIO, and Gaoler.

Shy. Gaoler, look to him. Tell not me of mercy;—
This is the fool that lends out money gratis;—
Gaoler, look to him.

then, these friends repair. What can be more natural than that, after the conference, the one should be despatched to Bassanio, and the other remain with him whose "creditors grow cruel?" We accordingly find in the third scene of this act, that one of them accompanies Antonio when he is in custody of the gaoler. In the confusion in which the names are printed, it is difficult to say which goes to Belmont, and which remains at Venice. We have determined the matter by the metre of this line, and of the subsequent lines in which the name is mentioned.

Ant. Hear me yet, good Shylock.

Shy. I'll have my bond; speak not against my bond;
I have sworn an oath that I will have my bond:
Thou call'dst me dog, before thou hadst a cause:
But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs:
The duke shall grant me justice.—I do wonder,
Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so fond¹
To come abroad with him at his request.

Ant. I pray thee, hear me speak.

Shy. I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak:
I'll have my bond; and therefore speak no more.
I'll not be made a soft and dull-ey'd fool,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
To Christian intercessors. Follow not;
I'll have no speaking; I will have my bond.

[Exit SHYLOCK.]

Salar. It is the most impenetrable cur
That ever kept with men.

Ant. Let him alone;
I'll follow him no more with bootless prayers.
He seeks my life; his reason well I know;
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures
Many that have at times made moan to me;
Therefore he hates me.

Salar. I am sure the duke
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.

Ant. The duke cannot deny the course of law,
For the commodity that strangers have
With us in Venice; if it be denied,
'Twill much impeach the justice of the state;²
Since that the trade and profit of the city
Consisteth of all nations. Therefore, go:
These griefs and losses have so 'bated me,
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
To-morrow to my bloody creditor.
Well, gaoler, on:—Pray God, Bassanio come
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not! [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—Belmont. *A Room in Portia's House.*

*Enter PORTIA, NERISSA, LORENZO, JESSICA, and
BALHAZAR.*

Lor. Madam, although I speak it in your presence,
You have a noble and a true conceit
Of god-like amity; which appears most strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your lord.
But, if you knew to whom you show this honour,
How true a gentleman you send relief,
How dear a lover of my lord your husband,
I know you would be prouder of the work,
Than customary bounty can enforce you.

Por. I never did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now: for in companions
That do converse and waste the time together,
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit;
Which makes me think, that this Antonio,
Being the bosom lover of my lord,
Must needs be like my lord: If it be so,

¹ *Fond.* This is generally explained as *foolish*—one of the senses in which Shakspeare very often uses the word. We are inclined to think that it here means *indulgent*, tender, weakly compassionate.

² The construction of this passage, as it stands in all the old copies, is exceedingly difficult; and the paraphrases of Warburton and Malone do not remove the difficulty. Their reading, which is ordinarily followed, is:—

“The Duke cannot deny the course of law;
For the commodity that strangers have
With us in Venice, if it be denied,
Will much impeach the justice of the state.”

Here *commodity* governs *impeach*. But *commodity* is used in the sense of traffic—commercial intercourse; and although the traffickers might impeach the justice of the state, the traffic cannot. Capell, neglected and despised by all the commentators, has, with the very slightest change of the original, supplied a text which

How little is the cost I have bestow'd,
In purchasing the semblance of my soul
From out the state of hellish cruelty!
This comes too near the praising of myself;
Therefore, no more of it: hear other things.
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
The husbandry and manage of my house,
Until my lord's return: for mine own part,
I have toward heaven breath'd a secret vow,
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Only attended by Nerissa here,
Until her husband and my lord's return:
There is a monastery two miles off,
And there we will abide. I do desire you
Not to deny this imposition;
To which my love, and some necessity,
Now lays upon you.

Lor. Madam, with all my heart,
I shall obey you in all fair commands.

Por. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and Jessica
In place of lord Bassanio and myself.
So fare you well, till we shall meet again.

Lor. Fair thoughts and happy hours attend on you!

Jes. I wish your ladyship all heart's content.

Por. I thank you for your wish, and am well pleas'd
To wish it back on you: fare you well, Jessica.

[Exeunt JESSICA and LORENZO.]

Now, Balthazar,
As I have ever found thee honest, true,
So let me find thee still: Take this same letter,
And use thou all the endeavour of a man
In speed to Padua;³ see thou render this
Into my cousin's hand, doctor Bellario;
And, look, what notes and garments he doth give thee
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd speed
Unto the tranect,⁴ to the common ferry
Which trades to Venice:⁵—waste no time in words,
But get thee gone; I shall be there before thee.

Balth. Madam, I go with all convenient speed. [Exit.]

Por. Come on, Nerissa; I have work in hand,
That you yet know not of: we'll see our husbands
Before they think of us.

Ner. Shall they see us?

Por. They shall, Nerissa; but in such a habit,
That they shall think we are accomplished
With that we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both accoutred like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with the braver grace;
And speak, between the change of man and boy,
With a reed voice; and turn two mincing steps
Into a manly stride; and speak of frays,
Like a fine bragging youth: and tell quaint lies,
How honourable ladies sought my love,
Which I denying they fell sick and died;
I could not do withal:⁵ then I'll repent,
And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd them
And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell,
That men shall swear I have discontinued school
Above a twelvemonth:—I have within my mind

has a clear and precise meaning; and this we have followed:—The Duke cannot deny the course of law *on account* of the interchange which strangers have with us in Venice; if it be denied, “'twill much impeach the justice of the state.”

³ *Padua.* The old copies read Mantua—evidently a mistake, as we have in the fourth act:—

“Came you from Padua, from Bellario?”

⁴ *Tranect.* No other example is found of the use of this word in English, and yet there is little doubt that the word is correct. *Tranare* and *trainare* are interpreted by Florio not only as *to draw*, which is the common acceptance, but as *to pass or swim over*. Thus the *tranect* was most probably the *tow-boat* of the ferry.

⁵ *I could not do withal.* Gifford is very properly indignant at the mode in which a corruption of this reading—*I could not do with all*—has been commented upon by Steevens, under the name of Collins. He says: “The phrase, so shamelessly misinterpreted, is in itself perfectly innocent, and means neither more nor less than, *I could not help it.*”—Notes on “*The Silent Woman.*”

A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,
Which I will practise.

Ner. Why, shall we turn to men?

Por. Fie! what a question's that,
If thou wert near a lewd interpreter!
But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device
When I am in my coach, which stays for us
At the park gate; and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twenty miles to-day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The same. A Garden.*

Enter LAUNCELOT and JESSICA.

Laun. Yes, truly;—for, look you, the sins of the father are to be laid upon the children; therefore, I promise you I fear you. I was always plain with you, and so now I speak my agitation of the matter: Therefore, be of good cheer; for, truly, I think, you are damn'd. There is but one hope in it that can do you any good; and that is but a kind of bastard hope neither.

Jes. And what hope is that, I pray thee?

Laun. Marry, you may partly hope that your father got you not, that you are not the Jew's daughter.

Jes. That were a kind of bastard hope, indeed; so the sins of my mother should be visited upon me.

Laun. Truly then I fear you are damned both by father and mother: thus when I shun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother; well, you are gone both ways.

Jes. I shall be saved by my husband; he hath made me a Christian.

Laun. Truly, the more to blame he: we were Christians enough before; e'en as many as could well live, one by another: This making of Christians will raise the price of hogs; if we grow all to be pork-eaters we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for money.

Enter LORENZO.

Jes. I'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you say; here he comes.

Lor. I shall grow jealous of you shortly, Launcelot, if you thus get my wife into corners.

Jes. Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo. Launcelot and I are out: he tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in heaven, because I am a Jew's daughter: and he says, you are no good member of the commonwealth; for, in converting Jews to Christians, you raise the price of pork.

Lor. I shall answer that better to the commonwealth, than you can the getting up of the negro's belly; the Moor is with child by you, Launcelot.

Laun. It is much, that the Moor should be more than reason: but if she be less than an honest woman, she is, indeed, more than I took her for.

Lor. How every fool can play upon the word! I think, the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence; and discourse grow commendable in none only but parrots.—Go in, sirrah; bid them prepare for dinner.

Laun. That is done, sir; they have all stomachs.

Lor. Goodly lord, what a wit-snapper are you! then bid them prepare dinner.

Laun. That is done, too, sir: only, cover is the word.

Lor. Will you cover then, sir?

Laun. Not so, sir, neither; I know my duty.

Lor. Yet more quarrelling with occasion! Wilt thou show the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant? I pray thee, understand a plain man in his plain meaning; go to

thy fellows; bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

Laun. For the table, sir, it shall be served in; for the meat, sir, it shall be covered; for your coming in to dinner, sir, why let it be as humours and conceits shall govern. [*Exit* LAUNCELOT.]

Lor. O dear discretion, how his words are suited! The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words; and I do know
A many fools, that stand in better place,
Garnish'd like him, that for a tricky word
Defy the matter. How cheer'st thou, Jessica?
And now, good sweet, say thy opinion;—
How dost thou like the lord Bassanio's wife?

Jes. Past all expressing: It is very meet,
The lord Bassanio live an upright life;
For, having such a blessing in his lady,
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth;
And, if on earth he do not mean it, it
Is reason he should never come to heaven.
Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And Portia one, there must be something else
Pawn'd with the other; for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow.

Lor. Even such a husband
Hast thou of me, as she is for a wife.

Jes. Nay, but ask my opinion too of that.

Lor. I will anon; first, let us go to dinner.

Jes. Nay, let me praise you, while I have a stomach.

Lor. No, pray thee, let it serve for table-talk;
Then, howsoe'er thou speak'st, 'mong other things
I shall digest it.

Jes. Well, I'll set you forth. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Venice. *A Court of Justice.*

Enter the DUKE, the Magnificoes;¹ ANTONIO, BASSANIO, GRATIANO, SALARINO, SOLANIO, and others.

Duke. What, is Antonio here?

Ant. Ready, so please your grace.

Duke. I am sorry for thee; thou art come to answer
A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.

Ant. I have heard
Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate,
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach,² I do oppose
My patience to his fury; and am arm'd
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.

Duke. Go one, and call the Jew into the court.

Solan. He's ready at the door: he comes, my lord.

Enter SHYLOCK.

Duke. Make room, and let him stand before our face
Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act; and then, 'tis thought
Thou'lt show thy mercy and remorse, more strange
Than is thy strange apparent cruelty:
And where thou now exact'st the penalty,

¹ *Magnificoes.* So the old copies. Coryat calls the nobles of Venice *Clarissimos*.

² *Envy's reach.* Envy is here used in the sense of *malice hatred*; as in the

translation of the Bible (Mark xv. 10), "For he knew that the chief priests had delivered him for envy."

(Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,) Thou wilt not only lose the forfeiture,¹ But touch'd with human gentleness and love, Forgive a moiety of the principal; Glancing an eye of pity on his losses, That have of late so huddled on his back, Enough to press a royal merchant² down, And pluck commiseration of his state From brassy bosoms, and rough hearts of flint, From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never train'd To offices of tender courtesy. We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

Shy. I have possess'd your grace of what I purpose; And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn, To have the due and forfeit of my bond: If you deny it, let the danger light Upon your charter, and your city's freedom. You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive Three thousand ducats: I'll not answer that: But, say, it is my humour: Is it answer'd What if my house be troubled with a rat, And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats To have it ban'd? What, are you answer'd yet? Some men there are love not a gaping pig;³ Some, that are mad if they behold a cat; And others, when the bagpipe sings i' the nose, Cannot contain their urine: for affection, Master of passion, sways it to the mood⁴ Of what it likes, or loathes:⁵ Now, for your answer. As there is no firm reason to be render'd, Why he cannot abide a gaping pig; Why he, a harmless necessary cat; Why he, a woollen⁶ bagpipe,^b—but of force Must yield to such inevitable shame, As to offend, himself being offended; So can I give no reason, nor I will not, More than a lodg'd hate, and a certain loathing, I bear Antonio, that I follow thus A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd?

Bass. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man, To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

Shy. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

Bass. Do all men kill the things they do not love?

Shy. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

Bass. Every offence is not a hate at first.

Fhy. What, wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice?

Ant. I pray you, think you question with the Jew.⁶ You may as well go stand upon the beach, And bid the main flood bate his usual height; You may as well use question with the wolf, Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb; You may as well forbid the mountain pines

To wag their high tops, and to make no noise, When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven; You may as well do any thing most hard, As seek to soften that (than which what's harder?) His Jewish heart:—Therefore, I do beseech you, Make no more offers, use no further means, But, with all brief and plain conveniency, Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.

Bass. For thy three thousand ducats here is six.

Shy. If every ducat in six thousand ducats Were in six parts, and every part a ducat, I would not draw them,—I would have my bond.

Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rend'ring none?

Shy. What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?

You have among you many a purchas'd slave, Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and mules, You use in abject and in slavish parts, Because you bought them:—Shall I say to you, Let them be free, marry them to your heirs? Why sweat they under burthens? let their beds Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates Be season'd with such viands? You will answer, The slaves are ours:—So do I answer you.

The pound of flesh, which I demand of him, Is dearly bought; 'tis mine, and I will have it: If you deny me, fie upon your law!

There is no force in the decrees of Venice: I stand for judgment: answer; shall I have it?

Duke. Upon my power, I may dismiss this court.

Unless Bellario, a learned doctor, Whom I have sent for to determine this, Come here to-day.

Solan. My lord, here stays without A messenger with letters from the doctor, New come from Padua.

Duke. Bring us the letters; Call the messenger.

Bass. Good cheer, Antonio! What, man! courage yet! The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all, Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

Ant. I am a tainted wether of the flock, Meetest for death; the weakest kind of fruit Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me: You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio, Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

Enter NERISSA, dressed like a lawyer's clerk.

Duke. Came you from Padua, from Bellario?

Ner. From both, my lord: Bellario greets your grace.

[Presents a letter.]

Bass. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?

Shy. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrout there.

Gra. Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew, Thou mak'st thy knife keen;⁷ but no metal can,

of passion;" supposing that *mistress* was originally written *maistress*, and thence corrupted into *masters*. But it appears to us a less violent change to read *master*. The meaning then is, that *affection*, either for love or dislike—sympathy or antipathy—being the *master of passion*—sways it (*passion*) to the mood of what it (*affection*) likes or loathes. If we were to adopt the reading which Malone prefers—

"Masters of passion sway it to the mood
Of what it likes or loathes"—

the second *it* would be inconsistent with the sense. The *masters* (if masters should be the word) govern the passion, not allowing it to judge of what it likes or loathes; and we ought in that case to read—of what *they* like or loathe.

⁵ *Woollen*. So the old copies. It is ordinarily written *swollen bagpipe*, upon the suggestion of Sir John Hawkins. Dr. Johnson would read *wooden*. Douce very properly desires to adhere to the old reading, having the testimony of Dr. Leyden in his edition of "The Complaynt of Scotland," who informs us that the Lowland bagpipe commonly had the bag or sack covered with *woollen cloth*, of a green colour, a practice which, he adds, prevailed in the northern counties or England.

⁶ We believe that this line should be understood thus:—

"I pray you think [consider that] you question with the Jew."

The sentence ends, and Antonio goes on to show the hardness of the Jewish heart.

⁷ A passage in Henry IV., Part II., will explain this:—

"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."

¹ Mr. White prints *loose*, understanding by it the release of the forfeiture.

² *Royal merchant*. Warburton says that *royal* is not a mere sounding epithet, but was peculiarly applicable to the old Venetian merchants, who were rulers of principalities in the Archipelago. He adds that the title was given them generally throughout Europe.

³ *A gaping pig*. In Henry VIII. (Act V. Sc. III.) the porter at the Palace Yard thus addresses the mob:—"You'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals, ye rude slaves: leave your gaping." Here *to gape* is *to bawl*—a sense in which Littleton gives the word in his Dictionary. But in Webster we have "*a pig's head gaping*;" and in Fletcher, "*gaping like a roasted pig*." We are inclined to think that Shylock alludes to the squeaking of the living animal. He is particularizing the objects of offence to other men; and he would scarcely repeat his own dislike to pork, so strongly expressed in the first act.

⁴ Shylock himself, in a previous scene, has distinguished between *affection* and *passion*:—"Hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, *affections*, *passions*?" The distinction, indeed, is a very marked one, in the original use of the words. *Affection* is that state of the mind, whether pleasant or disagreeable, which is produced by some *external* object or quality. *Passion* is something higher and stronger—the *suggestive* state of the mind—going to a point by the force of its own will. The distinction is very happily preserved in an old play, 'Never too Late':—"His heart was fuller of *passions* than his eyes of *affections*." Keeping in view this distinction, we have a key to this very difficult passage. In the original the period is closed at *affection*; and the line which follows, after a full point, is—

"Masters of passion sways it to the mood," &c.

Steevens would read, upon an ingenious suggestion of Mr. Waldron, "*Mistress*

No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keenness
Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?

Shy. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

Gra. O, be thou damn'd, inexecrable¹ dog!

And for thy life let justice be accus'd.
Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men: thy currish spirit
Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human slaughter,
Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,
Infus'd itself in thee; for thy desires
Are wolfish, bloody, sterv'd,² and ravenous.

Shy. Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond,
Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud:
Repair thy wit, good youth; or it will fall
To cureless ruin.—I stand here for law.

Duke. This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learned doctor to our court:—
Where is he?

Ner. He attendeth here hard by,
To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.

Duke. With all my heart:—some three or four of you
Go give him courteous conduct to this place.—
Meantime, the court shall hear Bellario's letter.

[*Clerk reads.*] "Your grace shall understand, that, at the receipt of your letter, I am very sick: but in the instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation was with me a young doctor of Rome; his name is Balthasar: I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Antonio the merchant: we turned o'er many books together: he is furnish'd with my opinion; which, better'd with his own learning, (the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend,) comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation; for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation."

Duke. You hear the learned Bellario, what he writes:
And here, I take it, is the doctor come.—

Enter PORTIA, dressed like a Doctor of Laws.

Give me your hand: Came you from old Bellario?

Por. I did, my lord.

Duke. You are welcome: take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question in the court?

Por. I am informed throughly of the cause.

Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

Duke. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

Por. Is your name Shylock?

Shy. Shylock is my name.

Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;
Yet in such rule that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you, as you do proceed.—
You stand within his danger,³ do you not? [*To ANTONIO.*]

Ant. Ay, so he says.

Por. Do you confess the bond?

Ant. I do.

Por. Then must the Jew be merciful.

Shy. On what compulsion must I? tell me that.

Por. The quality of mercy is not strain'd;⁴
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,

Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this—
That in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much,
To mitigate the justice of thy plea;
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

Shy. My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

Por. Is he not able to discharge the money?

Bass. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;
Yea, twice the sum: if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart
If this will not suffice, it must appear
That malice bears down truth.⁴ And I beseech you
Wrest once the law to your authority:
To do a great right do a little wrong;
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

Por. It must not be; there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established:

'Twill be recorded for a precedent;

And many an error, by the same example,
Will rush into the state: it cannot be.

Shy. A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!
O wise young judge, how do I honour thee!

Por. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

Shy. Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is.

Por. Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.

Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven:
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
No, not for Venice.

Por. Why, this bond is forfeit;
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart:—Be merciful;
Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.

Shy. When it is paid according to the tenour.
It doth appear you are a worthy judge;
You know the law, your exposition
Hath been most sound: I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgment: by my soul I swear,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me: I stay here on my bond.

Ant. Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgment.

Por. Why, then, thus it is:
You must prepare your bosom for his knife.

Shy. O noble judge! O excellent young man!

Por. For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

Shy. 'Tis very true: O wise and upright judge!
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!

Por. Therefore, lay bare your bosom.

Shy. Ay, his breast:
So says the bond;—Doth it not, noble judge?—
Nearest his heart, those are the very words.

"Two detters some tyme there were
Oughten money to an usurere,
The one was in his daungere,
Fyve hundred poundes tolde."

But the phrase is not used by Portia in the limited and secondary sense of being in debt.

⁴ Truth is here used in the sense of honesty.

¹ *Inexecrable*. So the old copies. The ordinary reading is *inexorable*. Malone thinks that *in* is used as an augmentative particle, the sense being *most execrable*.

² *Sterv'd*—synonymous with *starved*, and used by Spenser and the elder poets.

³ Dr. Jamieson says, "*In his daunger, under his daunger*, in his power as a captive. The old French *danger* frequently occurs as signifying *power*, dominion." Steevens quotes from Harl. MS. (1013):—

Por. It is so. Are there balance here, to weigh
The flesh?

Shy. I have them ready.

Por. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
To stop his wounds, lest he should bleed to death.

Shy. Is it so nominated in the bond?

Por. It is not so express'd; But what of that?
'Twere good you do so much for charity.

Shy. I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.

Por. Come, merchant, have you anything to say?

Ant. But little; I am arm'd, and well prepar'd.—
Give me your hand, Bassanio; fare you well!

Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;
For herein fortune shows herself more kind
Than is her custom: it is still her use,
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,
An age of poverty; from which lingering penance
Of such a misery doth she cut me off.

Commend me to your honourable wife:

Tell her the process of Antonio's end,
Say, how I lov'd you, speak me fair in death;

And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge

Whether Bassanio had not once a love.

Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,

And he repents not that he pays your debt;

For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,

I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.

Bass. Antonio, I am married to a wife,
Which is as dear to me as life itself;
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me esteem'd above thy life;
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all
Here to this devil, to deliver you.

Por. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
If she were by, to hear you make the offer.

Gra. I have a wife, whom I protest I love;
I would she were in heaven, so she could
Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.

Ner. 'Tis well you offer it behind her back;
The wish would make else an unquiet house.

Shy. These be the Christian husbands I have a
daughter;

Would any of the stock of Barrabas
Had been her husband, rather than a Christian! [*Aside.*]
We trifle time; I pray thee pursue sentence.

Por. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

Shy. Most rightful judge!

Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast;
The law allows it, and the court awards it.

Shy. Most learned judge!—A sentence; come, prepare.

Por. Tarry a little;—there is something else.—
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expressly are a pound of flesh:
Then take thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;¹
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate
Unto the state of Venice.

Gra. O upright judge!—Mark, Jew!—O learned judge!

Shy. Is that the law?

Por. Thyself shall see the act:
For, as thou urgest justice, be assur'd
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest.

Gra. O learned judge!—Mark, Jew;—a learned judge!

Shy. I take this offer then,—pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.

Bass. Here is the money.

Por. Soft.

The Jew shall have all justice;—soft;—no haste;—
He shall have nothing but the penalty.

Gra. O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge

Por. Therefore, prepare thee to cut off the flesh.
Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou less, nor more,
But just a pound of flesh: if thou tak'st more,
Or less, than a just pound,—be it but so much
As makes it light, or heavy, in the substance,
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple,—nay, if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hair,—
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

Gra. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

Por. Why doth the Jew pause? take thy forfeiture.

Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.

Bass. I have it ready for thee; here it is.

Por. He hath refus'd it in the open court;
He shall have merely-justice, and his bond.

Gra. A Daniel, still say I; a second Daniel!—
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

Shy. Shall I not have barely my principal?

Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

Shy. Why then the devil give him good of it!
I'll stay no longer question.

Por. Tarry, Jew;

The law hath yet another hold on you.

It is enacted in the laws of Venice,—

If it be proved against an alien,
That by direct or indirect attempts

He seek the life of any citizen,

The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive

Shall seize one half his goods; the other half

Comes to the privy coffer of the state;

And the offender's life lies in the mercy

Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.

In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st:

For it appears by manifest proceeding,

That, indirectly, and directly too,

Thou hast contriv'd against the very life

Of the defendant; and thou hast incurr'd

The danger formerly by me rehears'd.

Down therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.

Gra. Beg that thou may'st have leave to hang thy-
self:

And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,

Thou hast not left the value of a cord;

Therefore, thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.

Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit,

I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it:

For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's;

The other half comes to the general state,

Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

Por. Ay, for the state; not for Antonio.

Shy. Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that:

You take my house, when you do take the prop

That doth sustain my house; you take my life,

When you do take the means whereby I live.

Por. What mercy can you render him, Antonio

Gra. A halter gratis; nothing else, for God's sake.

Ant. So please my lord the duke, and all the court,

To quit the fine for one half of his goods;

I am content, so he will let me have

The other half in use,² to render it,

Upon his death, unto the gentleman

That lately stole his daughter;

Two things provided more,—That for this favour,

He presently become a Christian;

The other, that he do record a gift,

¹ The quartos have *take then*, instead of *then take*.

² *In use*. Mr. Staunton says *in use* here is *in trust* for Shylock; that "this is

a conveyance to uses," and that here Shakspeare has "the strictness of a technical conveyancer."





Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd,
Unto his son Lorenzo and his daughter.

Duke. He shall do this; or else I do recant
The pardon that I late pronounced here.

Por. Art thou contented, Jew; what dost thou say?

Shy. I am content.

Por. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

Shy. I pray you give me leave to go from hence:
I am not well; send the deed after me,
And I will sign it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.

Gra. In christening, thou shalt have two godfathers;
Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten more,¹
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font. [*Exit SHYLOCK.*]

Duke. Sir, I entreat you with me home to dinner.

Por. I humbly do desire your grace of pardon.
I must away this night toward Padua;
And it is meet I presently set forth.

Duke. I am sorry that your leisure serves you not.
Antonio, gratify this gentleman;
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.

[*Exeunt DUKE, Magnificoes, and Train.*]

Bass. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend,
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof,
Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.

Ant. And stand indebted, over and above,
In love and service to you evermore.

Por. He is well paid that is well satisfied:
And I, delivering you, am satisfied,
And therein do account myself well paid;
My mind was never yet more mercenary.
I pray you know me, when we meet again;
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.

Bass. Dear sir, of force I must attempt you further;
Take some remembrance of us, as a tribute,
Not as a fee: grant me two things, I pray you,
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

Por. You press me far, and therefore I will yield.
Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for your sake;
And, for your love, I'll take this ring from you:—
Do not draw back your hand; I'll take no more;
And you in love shall not deny me this.

Bass. This ring, good sir,—alas, it is a trifle;
I will not shame myself to give you this.

Por. I will have nothing else but only this;
And now, methinks, I have a mind to it.

Bass. There's more depends on this than on the value.
The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,
And find it out by proclamation;
Only for this I pray you pardon me.

Por. I see, sir, you are liberal in offers:
You taught me first to beg; and now, methinks,
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.

Bass. Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife;
And, when she put it on, she made me vow
That I should neither sell, nor give, nor lose it.

Por. That 'scuse serves many men to save their gifts.
An if your wife be not a mad woman,
And know how well I have deserv'd this ring,
She would not hold out enemy for ever,
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you!

[*Exeunt PORTIA and NERISSA.*]

Ant. My lord Bassanio, let him have the ring;
Let his deservings, and my love withal,
Be valued 'gainst your wife's commandment.

Bass. Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him;
Give him the ring; and bring him, if thou canst,

Unto Antonio's house:—away, make haste.

[*Exit GRATIANO.*]

Come, you and I will thither presently;
And in the morning early will we both
Fly toward Belmont: Come, Antonio.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Venice. A Street.

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA.

Por. Inquire the Jew's house out, give him this deed,
And let him sign it; we'll away to-night,
And be a day before our husbands home:
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

Enter GRATIANO.

Gra. Fair sir, you are well o'erta'en:
My lord Bassanio, upon more advice,
Hath sent you here this ring; and doth entreat
Your company at dinner.

Por. That cannot be:
His ring I do accept most thankfully,
And so, I pray you, tell him: Furthermore,
I pray you, show my youth old Shylock's house.

Gra. That will I do.

Ner. Sir, I would speak with you:—
I'll see if I can get my husband's ring, [To PORTIA.
Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.

Por. Thou may'st, I warrant. We shall have old
swearing,

That they did give the rings away to men;
But we'll outface them, and outswear them too.
Away, make haste; thou know'st where I will tarry.

Ner. Come, good sir, will you show me to this house?

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Belmont. Avenue to Portia's House.

Enter LORENZO and JESSICA.

Lor. The moon shines bright:—In such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise,—in such a night,
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls,^a
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.

Jes. In such a night,
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew;
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismay'd away.

Lor. In such a night,
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand^b
Upon the wild sea-banks, and waft her love
To come again to Carthage.

Jes. In such a night,
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs^c
That did renew old Æson.

Lor. In such a night,
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew;
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice,
As far as Belmont.

Jes. In such a night,
Did young Lorenzo swear he lov'd her well;
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.

Lor. In such a night,
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

¹ Ten more. Jurymen were jestingly called godfathers—"Godfathers in law," as Ben Jonson has it.

Jes. I would out-night you, did no body come:
But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Enter STEPHANO.

Lor. Who comes so fast in silence of the night?

Steph. A friend.

Lor. A friend? what friend? your name, I pray you, friend.

Steph. Stephano is my name; and I bring word,
My mistress will before the break of day
Be here at Belmont; she doth stray about
By holy crosses,^a where she kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours.

Lor. Who comes with her?

Steph. None, but a holy hermit, and her maid.

I pray you, is my master yet return'd?

Lor. He is not, nor we have not heard from him.—

But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

Enter LAUNCELOT.

Laun. Sola, sola, wo ha, ho, sola, sola!

Lor. Who calls?

Laun. Sola! Did you see master Lorenzo, and mistress
Lorenzo? sola, sola!

Lor. Leave hollaing, man; here.

Laun. Sola! where? where?

Lor. Here.

Laun. Tell him, there's a post come from my master,
with his horn full of good news; my master will be here
ere morning. *[Exit.]*

Lor. Sweet soul, let's in, and there expect their coming.
And yet no matter;—Why should we go in?
My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,
Within the house, your mistress is at hand:
And bring your music forth into the air.

[Exit STEPHANO.]

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!^e
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears; soft stillness, and the night,
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica.^f Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines¹ of bright gold.
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins:²
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in,³ we cannot hear it.—

Enter Musicians.

Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn;
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with music.

Jes. I am never merry when I hear sweet music. *[Music.]*

Lor. The reason is your spirits are attentive:
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood;
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,

You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,
By the sweet power of music: Therefore, the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods;
Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature:
The man that hath no music in himself,^g
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted.—Mark the music.

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA, at a distance.

Por. That light we see is burning in my hall.
How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Ner. When the moon shone we did not see the candle.

Por. So doth the greater glory dim the less:
A substitute shines brightly as a king,
Until a king be by; and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters. Music! hark!

Ner. It is your music, madam, of the house.

Por. Nothing is good, I see, without respect;
Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.

Ner. Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.

Por. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,^h
When neither is attended; and, I think,
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.
How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise, and true perfection!—
Peace! How the moon⁴ sleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awak'd!

[Music ceases.]

Lor. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceiv'd, of Portia.

Por. He knows me, as the blind man knows the cuckoo,
By the bad voice.

Lor. Dear lady, welcome home.

Por. We have been praying for our husbands' welfare,
Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.
Are they return'd?

Lor. Madam, they are not yet;
But there is come a messenger before,
To signify their coming.

Por. Go in, Nerissa;
Give order to my servants, that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence;
Nor you, Lorenzo;—Jessica, nor you. *[A tucket sounds.]*

Lor. Your husband is at hand; I hear his trumpet:
We are no tell-tales, madam; fear you not.

Por. This night, methinks, is but the daylight sick.ⁱ
It looks a little paler; 'tis a day
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

Enter BASSANIO, ANTONIO, GRATIANO, and their Followers.

Bass. We should hold day with the Antipodes,
If you would walk in absence of the sun.

Por. Let me give light, but let me not be light;
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband,

¹ *Patines*. The word in the folio is spelt *patens*. A *patine* is the small flat dish or plate used in the service of the altar. Archbishop Laud bequeaths to the Duke of Buckingham his "chalice and *patin* of gold."

² *Cherubins*. We follow the orthography of the old editions, though cherubim may be more correct. Spenser uses *cherubins* as the plural of cherubin; Milton, more learnedly, *cherubim*.

³ *Close it in*. In one of the quartos, and the folio, this is printed *close in it*; the verb in this case being probably compound—*close-in*. *Close us in* has crept into some texts, for which there is no authority.

⁴ *Peace! How the moon, &c.* So all the old copies. Malone substituted *Peace! How! The moon*. There are certainly examples in Shakspeare of the union of these interjectional words, as in *Romeo and Juliet*—*Peace! How! For*

shame! In this, and in other instances, they express a violent interposition. Malone thinks that Portia uses the words as commanding the music to cease. This would be a singularly unlady-like act of Portia, in reality, as well as in expression. We apprehend that, having been talking somewhat loudly to Nerissa as she approached the house, she checks herself as she comes close to it, with the interjection—*Peace!*—equivalent to *hush!*—and then gives the poetical reason for being silent:—

"How the moon sleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awak'd!"

The stage direction, *Music ceases*, is a coincidence with Portia's *Peace!* but not a consequence of it.

And never be Bassanio so for me ;
But God sort all !—You are welcome home, my lord.

Bass. I thank you, madam : give welcome to my friend.—
This is the man, this is Antonio,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.

Por. You should in all sense be much bound to him,
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.

Ant. No more than I am well acquitted of.

Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our house :
It must appear in other ways than words,
Therefore, I scant this breathing courtesy.

[GRATIANO and NERISSA seem to talk apart.]

Gra. By yonder moon, I swear you do me wrong ;
In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk :
Would he were gelt that had it, for my part,
Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.

Por. A quarrel, ho, already ? what's the matter ?

Gra. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring
That she did give me ; whose poesy was
For all the world, like cutler's poetry
Upon a knife, "Love me, and leave me not."

Ner. What talk you of the poesy, or the value ?
You swore to me, when I did give it you,
That you would wear it till the hour of death ;
And that it should lie with you in your grave :
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You should have been respective,¹ and have kept it.
Gave it a judge's clerk !—but well I know,
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on's face that had it.

Gra. He will, an if he live to be a man.

Ner. Ay, if a woman live to be a man.

Gra. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,—
A kind of boy ; a little scrubbed² boy,
No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk ;
A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee ;
I could not for my heart deny it him.

Por. You were to blame, I must be plain with you,
To part so slightly with your wife's first gift ;
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger,
And so riveted with faith unto your flesh.
I gave my love a ring, and made him swear
Never to part with it ; and here he stands,—
I dare be sworn for him, he would not leave it,
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,
You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief ;
An 'twere to me, I should be mad at it.

Bass. Why, I were best to cut my left hand off,
And swear, I lost the ring defending it. [Aside.]

Gra. My lord Bassanio gave his ring away
Unto the judge that begg'd it, and, indeed,
Deserv'd it too ; and then the boy, his clerk,
That took some pains in writing, he begg'd mine :
And neither man, nor master, would take aught
But the two rings.

Por. What ring gave you, my lord
Not that, I hope, which you receiv'd of me.

Bass. If I could add a lie unto a fault,
I would deny it ; but you see, my finger
Hath not the ring upon it, it is gone.

Por. Even so void is your false heart of truth.
By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed
Until I see the ring.

Ner. Nor I in yours,
Till I again see mine.

Bass. Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I left the ring,

When nought would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.

Por. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
Or your own honour to contain³ the ring,
You would not then have parted with the ring.
What man is there so much unreasonable,
If you had pleas'd to have defended it
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony ?
Nerissa teaches me what to believe ;
I'll die for't, but some woman had the ring.

Bass. No, by mine honour, madam, by my soul,
No woman had it, but a civil doctor,
Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me,
And begg'd the ring ; the which I did deny him,
And suffer'd him to go displeas'd away ;
Even he that had held up the very life
Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady ?
I was enforc'd to send it after him ;
I was beset with shame and courtesy ;
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much besmear it : Pardon me, good lady ;
For, by these blessed candles of the night,
Had you been there, I think, you would have begg'd
The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.

Por. Let not that doctor e'er come near my house :
Since he hath got the jewel that I lov'd,
And that which you did swear to keep for me,
I will become as liberal as you ;
I'll not deny him anything I have,
No, not my body, nor my husband's bed :
Know him I shall, I am well sure of it :
Lie not a night from home ; watch me, like Argus,
If you do not, if I be left alone,
Now, by mine honour, which is yet mine own,
I'll have that doctor for my bedfellow.

Ner. And I his clerk ; therefore be well advis'd,
How you do leave me to mine own protection.

Gra. Well, do you so : let not me take him then ;
For, if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.

Ant. I am the unhappy subject of these quarrels.

Por. Sir, grieve not you ; you are welcome notwithstanding.

Bass. Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong ;
And, in the hearing of these many friends,
I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,
Wherein I see myself,—

Por. Mark you but that !
In both my eyes he doubly sees himself :
In each eye one :—swear by your double self,
And there's an oath of credit.

Bass. Nay, but hear me ;
Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear,
I never more will break an oath with thee.

Ant. I once did lend my body for his wealth ;
Which, but for him that had your husband's ring,

[To PORTIA.]

Had quite miscarried ; I dare be bound again,
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break faith advisedly.

Por. Then you shall be his surety : Give him this ;
And bid him keep it better than the other.

Ant. Here, lord Bassanio ; swear to keep this ring.

Bass. By heaven, it is the same I gave the doctor !

Por. I had it of him : pardon me, Bassanio ;
For by this ring the doctor lay with me.

Ner. And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano ;
For that same scrubbed boy, the doctor's clerk,
In lieu of this last night did lie with me.

¹ *Respective*—regardful.

² *Scrubbed*. Warton would read *stubb'd*, in the sense of *stunted*.

³ *Contain* and *retain* are here synonymous.

Gra. Why, this is like the mending of highways
In summer, where the ways are fair enough :
What! are we cuckolds, ere we have deserv'd it?

Por. Speak not so grossly.—You are all amaz'd
Here is a letter, read it at your leisure ;
It comes from Padua, from Bellario :
There you shall find, that Portia was the doctor ;
Nerissa there, her clerk : Lorenzo here
Shall witness, I set forth as soon as you,
And but e'en now return'd ; I have not yet
Enter'd my house.—Antonio, you are welcome ;
And I have better news in store for you
Than you expect : unseal this letter soon ;
There you shall find, three of your argosies
Are richly come to harbour suddenly :
You shall not know by what strange accident
I chanced on this letter.

Ant. I am dumb.

Bass. Were you the doctor, and I knew you not?

Gra. Were you the clerk, that is to make me cuckold?

Ner. Ay ; but the clerk that never means to do it,
Unless he live until he be a man.

Bass. Sweet doctor, you shall be my bedfellow ;
When I am absent then lie with my wife.

¹ *Inter'gatories.* Ben Jonson several times uses this elision.

Ant. Sweet lady, you have given me life, and living ;
For here I read for certain, that my ships
Are safely come to road.

Por. How now, Lorenzo ?
My clerk hath some good comforts too for you.

Ner. Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee.—
There do I give to you and Jessica,
From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,
After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.

Lor. Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of starved people.

Por. It is almost morning,
And yet, I am sure, you are not satisfied
Of these events at full : Let us go in ;
And charge us there upon inter'gatories,¹
And we will answer all things faithfully.

Gra. Let it be so ; The first inter'gatory,
That my Nerissa shall be sworn on, is,
Whether till the next night she had rather stay,
Or go to bed now, being two hours to day :
But were the day come, I should wish it dark,
Till I were couching with the doctor's clerk.
Well, while I live, I'll fear no other thing
So sore,² as keeping safe Nerissa's ring.

[*Exeunt.*]

Sore—excessively, extremely, much.

ILLUSTRATIONS TO THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

ACT I.

^a SCENE I.—“*Argosies with portly sail.*”

THE largest vessels now used, and supposed to have been ever employed in Venetian commerce, are of two hundred tons. Fleets of such made up the ancient “argosies with portly sail.” The smallest trading vessels—coasters, “petty traffickers”—are brigs and brigantines, which may be seen daily hovering, “with their woven wings,” around the Island City.

The most splendid “pageants of the sea” ever beheld were perhaps some that put forth from Venice in the days of her glory. Cleopatra's barge itself could not surpass the Bucintoro, with its exterior of scarlet and gold, its burnished oars, its inlaid deck and seats, its canopy and throne. The galleys of many of the wealthier citizens almost equalled this state vessel in splendour, to judge by the keels and other remains of ancient vessels which are preserved at the arsenal.—(M.)

^b SCENE I.—“*Plucking the grass, to know where sits the wind.*”

Though seaweed is much more common than grass in Venice, there is enough land-vegetation in the gardens belonging to some of the palazzi to furnish the means of Solanio's experiment.—(M.)

^c SCENE I.—“*Now, by two-headed Janus,*” &c.

Warburton, upon this passage, justly and sensibly says, “Here Shakspeare shows his knowledge in the antique. By *two-headed Janus* is meant those antique bifrontine heads, which generally represent a young and smiling face, together with an old and wrinkled one, being of Pan and Bacchus, of Saturn and Apollo, &c. These are not uncommon in collections of antiques, and in the books of the antiquaries, as Montfaucon, Spanheim,” &c. Farmer upon this displays his unfairness and impertinence very strikingly :—“In The Merchant of Venice we have an oath, ‘By two-headed Janus ;’ and here, says Dr. Warburton, Shakspeare shows his knowledge in the antique : and so again does the Water-poet, who describes Fortune—

‘Like a Janus with a double face.’”

Farmer had just told us that “honest John Taylor, the Water-poet, declares that he never learned his *Accidence*, and that Latin and French were to him *Heathen Greek*.” Now, Warburton's remark does not apply to the simple use by Shakspeare of the term “two-headed Janus,” but to the propriety of its use in association with the image which was passing in Salarino's mind, of one set of heads that would “laugh, like parrots,”—and others of “vinegar aspect”—the open-mouth'd and clos'd-mouth'd—“strange fellows,”—as different as the Janus looking to the east and the Janus looking to the west.

^d SCENE I.—“*Let me play the Fool.*”

The part of the Fool, running over with “mirth and laughter,” was opposed to the “sad” part which Antonio played. The Fool which Shakspeare found in possession of the “stage” was a rude copy of the domestic fool—licentious, if not witty. Our great poet, in clothing him with wit, hid half his grossness. In the time of Middleton (Charles I.), when the domestic Fool was extinct, and the Fool of the stage nearly so, he is thus described retrospectively :—

“Oh, the clowns that I have seen in my time !
The very passing out of one of them would have
Made a young heir laugh though his father lay a-dying ;
A man undone in law the day before
(The saddest case that can be) might for his second
Have burst himself with laughing, and ended all
His miseries. Here was a merry world, my masters.”

Mayor of Quinborough.

^e SCENE II.—“*He hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian.*”

“A satire,” says Warburton, “on the ignorance of the young English travellers in our author's time.” Authors are not much in the habit of satirizing themselves ; and yet, according to Farmer and his school, Shakspeare knew “neither Latin, French, nor Italian.”

^f SCENE III.—“*Venice. A public Place.*”

Though there are three hundred and six canals in Venice, serving for thoroughfares, there is no lack also of streets and public places.

The streets are probably the narrowest in Europe, from the value of ground in this City of the Sea. The public places (excepting the great squares before St. Mark's and the Ducal Palace) are small open spaces in front of the churches, or formed by the intersection of streets, or by four ways meeting, or a bridge. These resound with a hubbub of voices, from the multitude of conferences perpetually going on; thus forming a remarkable contrast with the neighbouring canals, where the splash of the oar, and its echo from the high walls of the houses, is usually all that is heard. As conferences cannot well take place on these watery ways, and the inhabitants had, a few years ago, nowhere else to meet, all out-door conversation must take place in the alleys and on the bridges; and it is probable that a greater amount of discourse goes up from the streets of Venice than from any other equal space of ground in Europe. There must, however, be less now than there was, since Napoleon conferred on the Venetians the inestimable boon of the public gardens, where thousands of the inhabitants can now converse while pacing the grass, (that rare luxury to a Venetian,) under the shade of a grove of acacias.—(M.)

^g SCENE III.—“*Shylock.*”

Farmer asserts that Shakspeare took the name of his Jew from a pamphlet entitled “Caleb *Shillocke* his prophesie, or the Jew's prediction.” Boswell, who had seen a copy of this pamphlet, says its date was 1607. Farmer's theory is, therefore, worthless. *Scialac* was the name of “a Marionite of Mount Libanus,” as we learn from “An Account of Manuscripts in the Library of the King of France,” 1789.

^h SCENE III.—“*What news on the Rialto?*”

The Rialto spoken of throughout this play is, in all probability, not the bridge to which belong our English associations with the name. The bridge was built in 1591, by A. da Ponte, under the Doge Pascal Cicogna.

The Rialto of ancient commerce is an island—one of the largest of those on which Venice is built. Its name is derived from *riva alta*,—*high shore*,—and its being larger and somewhat more elevated than the others accounts for its being the first inhabited. The most ancient church of the city is there; and there were erected the buildings for the magistracy and commerce of the infant settlement. The arcades used for these purposes were burned down in the great fire of 1513, and rebuilt on the same spot in 1555, as they now stand. Rialto Island is situated at the bend of the Grand Canal, by which it is bounded on two sides, while the Rio delle Beccarie and another small canal bound it on the other two. There is a vegetable market there daily; and, though the great squares by St. Mark's are now the places “where merchants most do congregate,” the old rendezvous is still so thronged, and has yet so much the character of a “mart,” as to justify now, as formerly, the question, “What news on the Rialto?”—(M.)

SCENE III.—“*He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.*”

When the commerce of Venice extended over the whole civilized world, and Cyprus, Candia, and the Morea were her dependencies (which was the case during a part of Shakspeare's century), the city was not only the resort of strangers from all lands, but the place of residence of merchants of every nation, to whom it was the policy of the state to afford every encouragement and “commodity.” Much of this convenience consisted in the lending of capital, which was done by the Jews, to the satisfaction of the government. These Jews were naturally feared and disliked by their merchant debtors; but while they were essential to these very parties, and countenanced by the ruling powers, they thrived, to the degree declared by Thomas, in his “History of Italy,” published in 1561, ten years before the republic lost Cyprus.

“It is almost incredible what gains the Venetians receive by the usury of the Jewes, both privately and in common. For in everie citie the Jewes kepe open shops of usury, taking gaiges of ordinarie for xv in the hundred by the yere; and if, at the yere's end, the gaige be not redeemed, it is forfeite, or at least dooen away to a great disadvantage, by reason whereof the Jewes are out of measure wealthie in those parts.”—(M.)

^k SCENE III.—“*You have rated me
About my monies, and my usances.*”

Upon this passage Douce observes: “Mr. Steevens asserts that *use* and *usance* anciently signified *usury*, but both his quotations show the contrary.” Ritson and Malone both state that *usance* signifies *interest of money*. And so *usury* formerly did. When *interest* was legalized, *usury* came to signify *excessive interest*. It is evident, from Bacon's masterly “Essay on Usury,” in which he has anticipated all that modern political economy has given us on the subject, that *usury* meant *interest at any rate*. One of the objections, he says, which is urged against usury is, “that it is against nature for money to beget money.”

ACT II.

“SCENE I.

The stage direction of the quartos is curious, as exhibiting a proof that some attention to costume prevailed in the ancient theatres:—“Enter Morochus, a tawny Moore all in white, and three or foure followers accordingly, with Portia, Nerissa, and their trains.”

^b SCENE II.—“*Which is the way to master Jew's?*”

It does not appear that the Jews (hardly used everywhere) had more need of patience in Venice than in other states. The same traditional reports against them exist there as elsewhere, testifying to the popular hatred and prejudice; but they were too valuable a part of a commercial population not to be more or less considered and taken care of. An island was appropriated to them; but they long ago overflowed into other parts of the city. Many who have grown extremely rich by money-lending have their fine palaces in various quarters; and of these, some are among the most respectable and enlightened of the citizens. The Jews who people their quarter are such as are unable to rise out of it. Its buildings are ancient and lofty, but ugly and sordid. “Our synagogue” is, of course, there. Judging by the commotion among its inhabitants when the writer traversed it, it would seem that strangers rarely enter the quarter. It is situated on the canal that leads to Mestre. There are houses old enough to have been Shylock's, with balconies from which Jessica might have talked; and ground enough beneath, between the house and the water, for her lover to stand, hidden in the shadow, or under a “pent-house.” Hence, too, her gondola might at once start for the mainland, without having to traverse any part of the city.—(M.)

^c SCENE II.—“*I will run as far as God has any ground.*”

A characteristic speech in the mouth of a Venetian. Ground to run upon being a scarce convenience in Venice, its lower orders of inhabitants regard the great expanse of the mainland with feelings of admiration which can be little entered into by those who have been able, all their days, to walk where they would.—(M.)

^d SCENE II.—“*I have here a dish of doves.*”

Mr. Brown, as we have noticed in *The Taming of the Shrew*, has expressed his decided conviction that some of the dramas of Shakspeare exhibit the most striking proofs that our poet had visited Italy. The passage before us is cited by Mr. Brown as one of these proofs:—“Where did he obtain his numerous graphic touches of national manners? where did he learn of an old villager's coming into the city with ‘a dish of doves’ as a present to his son's master? A present thus given, and in our days too, and of doves, is not uncommon in Italy. I myself have partaken there, with due relish, in memory of poor old Gobbo, of a dish of doves, presented by the father of a servant.”—*Autobiographical Poems*.

^e SCENE II.—“*Go to, here's a simple line of life!*”

Palmistry, or chiromancy, had once its learned professors as well as astrology. The printing-press consigned the delusion to the gypsies. Chiromancy and physiognomy were once kindred sciences. The one has passed away amongst other credulities belonging to ages which we call ignorant and superstitious. The other, although fashionable half a century ago, is professed by none, but, more or

less, has its influence upon all. Launcelot, as well as his betters, was a diligent student of the mysteries of chiromancy; and a simple or a complex line of life was an indication that made even some of the wise exult or tremble. Launcelot's "small trifle of wives" was, however, hardly compatible with the *simple* line of life. There must have been too many *crosses* in such a destiny.

^f SCENE V.—"Thou shalt not gormandize."

The word gormandize, which is equivalent to the French *gourmander*, is generally considered to be of uncertain origin. Zachary Grey, however, in his "Notes on Shakspeare," quotes a curious story from Webb's "Vindication of Stone-Heng restored" (1665), which at any rate will amuse, if it does not convince, our readers:—"During the stay of the Danes in Wiltshire they consumed their time in profuseness and belly cheer, in idleness and sloth. Insomuch that, as from their laziness in general, we even to this day call them Lur-Danes; so, from the licentiousness of *Gurmond* and his army in particular, we brand all luxurious and profuse people by the name of *Gurmandizers*. And this luxury and this laziness are the sole monuments, the only memorials, by which the Danes have made themselves notorious to posterity, by lying encamped in Wiltshire."

^g SCENE V.—"Black-Monday."

Stow, the Chronicler, thus describes the origin of this name:—"Black-Monday is Easter-Monday, and was so called on this occasion: in the 34th of Edward III. (1360), the 14th of April, and the morrow after Easter-day, King Edward, with his host, lay before the city of Paris: which day was full 'dark of mist and hail, and so bitter cold, that many men died on their horses' backs with the cold. Wherefore unto this day it hath been called Black-Monday."

^h SCENE V.—"The wry-neck'd fife."

There is some doubt whether *the fife* is here the instrument or the musician. Boswell has given a quotation from Barnaby Riche's "Aphorisms" (1618), which is very much in point:—"A *fife* is a *wry-neckt musician*, for he always looks away from his instrument." And yet we are inclined to think that Shakspeare intended the instrument. We are of this opinion principally from the circumstance that the passage is an imitation of Horace, in which the instrument is decidedly meant:—

"Primâ nocte domum claude; neque in vias,
Sub cantu querulæ despice tibix."—*Carm.* l. iii. 7.

(By the way, Farmer has not told us from what source, except the original, Shakspeare derived this idea; nor could Farmer, for there was no English translation of any of the Odes of Horace in Shakspeare's time.) But, independent of the internal evidence derived from the imitation, the form of the old English flute—the fife being a small flute—justifies, we think, the epithet *wry-neck'd*. This flute was called the *flute à bec*, the upper part or mouth-piece resembling the beak of a bird. And this form was as old as the Pan of antiquity. The terminal figure of Pan in the Townley Gallery exhibits it.

ⁱ SCENE V.—"Will be worth a Jewess' eye."

The play upon the word alludes to the common proverbial expression, "worth a Jew's eye." That worth was the price which the persecuted Jews paid for the immunity from mutilation and death. When our rapacious King John extorted an enormous sum from the Jew of Bristol by drawing his teeth, the threat of putting out an eye would have the like effect upon other Jews. The former prevalence of the saying is proved from the fact that we still retain it, although its meaning is now little known.

^k SCENE VII.—"A coin that bears the figure of an angel."

Verstegan, in his "Restitution of Decayed Intelligence," gives the following account of the origin of the practice amongst the English monarchs of insculping an angel upon their coin:—

"To come now unto the cause of the general calling of our ancestors by the name of Englishmen, and our country consequently by the name of England, it is to be noted, that the seven petty kingdoms aforenamed, of Kent, South-Saxons, East-English, West-Saxons, East-Saxons, Northumbers, and Mercians, came in fine one

after another by means of the West-Saxons, who subdued and got the sovereignty of all the rest, to be all brought into one monarchy under King Egbert, King of the said West-Saxons. This king then considering that so many different names as the distinct kingdoms before had caused, was now no more necessary, and that as the people were all originally of one nation, so was it fit they should again be brought under one name; and although they had had the general name of Saxons, as unto this day they are of the Welch and Irish called, yet did he rather choose and ordain that they should be all called English-men, as but a part of them before were called; and that the country should be called England. To the affectation of which name of English-men, it should seem he was chiefly moved in respect of Pope Gregory, his alluding the name of *Engelisce* unto Angel-like. The name of *Engel* is yet at this present in all the Teutonic tongues, to wit, the high and low Dutch, &c., as much to say, as Angel, and if a Dutch-man be asked how he would in his language call an Angel-like-man, he would answer, *ein English-man*; and being asked how in his own language he would or doth call an English-man, he can give no other name for him, but even the very same that he gave before for an Angel-like-man, that is, as before is said, *ein English-man*, *Engel* being in their tongue an Angel, and English, which they write *Engelsche*, Angel-like. And such reason and consideration may have moved our former kings, upon their best coin of pure and fine gold, to set the image of an angel, which, may be supposed, hath as well been used before the Norman conquest, as since."

^l SCENE VIII.—"That in a gondola were seen together."

The only way of reaching the mainland was in a gondola. But to be "seen" was altogether a matter of choice—the gondola being the most private mode of conveyance in the world (not excepting the Turkish palanquin), and the fittest for an elopement.

ACT III.

^a SCENE I.—"The Goodwins, I think they call the place."

The popular notion of the Goodwin Sand was, not only that it was "a very dangerous flat and fatal," but that it possessed a "voracious and ingurgitating property; so that should a ship of the largest size strike on it, in a few days it would be so wholly swallowed up by these quicksands, that no part of it would be left to be seen." It is to this belief that Shakspeare most probably alludes when he describes the place as one "where the carcasses of many a tall ship lie buried." It has, however, been ascertained that the sands of the opposite shore are of the same quality as that which tradition reports to have once formed the island property of Goodwin, Earl of Kent.

^b SCENE I.—"It was my turquoise."

The turquoise, turkise, or Turkey-stone, was supposed to have a marvellous property, thus described in Fenton's "Secret Wonders of Nature" (1569):—"The turkeys doth move when there is any peril prepared to him that weareth it." Ben Jonson and Drayton refer to the same superstition. But the Jew, who had "affections, senses, passions," values his turquoise for something more than its commercial worth or its imaginary virtue. "I had it of Leah, when I was a bachelor: I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys,"

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin;"

and Shakspeare here, with marvellous art, shows us the betrayed and persecuted Shylock, at the moment when he is raving at the desertion of his daughter, and panting for a wild revenge, as looking back upon the days when the fierce passions had probably no place in his heart—"I had it of Leah, when I was a bachelor."

^c SCENE II.—"The skull that bred them in the sepulchre."

Shakspeare appears to have had as great an antipathy to false hair as old Stubbes himself; from whose "Anatomy of Abuses" we gave a quotation upon this subject in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (Illustrations of Act IV.). Timon of Athens says:—

—"thatch your poor thin roofs
With burdens of the dead."

In the passage before us the idea is more elaborated, and so it is also in the 68th Sonnet:—

“ Thus in his cheek the map of days outworn,
When beauty liv'd and died as flowers do now,
Before these bastard signs of fair were borne,
Or durst inhabit on a living brow,
Before the golden tresses of the dead,
The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,
To live a second life on second head,
Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay:
In him those holy antique hours are seen,
Without all ornament, itself, and true,
Making no summer of another's green,
Robbing no old to dress his beauty new.”

The “holy antique hours” appear to allude to a state of society in which the fashion, thus placed under its most revolting aspect, did not exist. Stow says: “Women's periwigs were first brought into England about the time of the massacre of Paris” (1572). Barnaby Rich, in 1615, speaking of the perwig-sellers, tells us—“These attire-makers within these forty years were not known by that name.” And he adds: “But now they are not ashamed to set them forth upon their stalls—such monstrous mopoles of hair—so proportioned and deformed that but within these twenty or thirty years would have drawn the passers by to stand and gaze, and to wonder at them.”

^a SCENE IV.—“*Unto the tranect, to the common ferry
Which trades to Venice.*”

If Shakspeare had been in Venice (which, from the extraordinary keeping of the play, appears the most natural supposition), he must surely have had some situation in his eye for Belmont. There is “a common ferry” at two places,—Fusina and Mestre. The Fusina ferry would be the one if Portia lived in perhaps the most striking situation, under the Euganean Hills. But the Mestre ferry is the most convenient medium between Padua and Venice. There is a large collection of canal-craft there. It is eighteen English miles from Padua, and five from Venice. Supposing Belmont to lie in the plain N.W. from Venice, Balthazar might cut across the country to Padua, and meet Portia at Mestre, while she travelled thither at a lady's speed.—(M.)

ACT IV.

^a SCENE I.—“*Some men there are,*” &c.

There is a passage in Donne's “Devotions” (1626), in which the doctrine of antipathies is put in a somewhat similar manner:—“A man that is not afraid of a lion is afraid of a cat; not afraid of starving, and yet is afraid of some joint of meat at the table, presented to feed him; not afraid of the sound of drums and trumpets and shot, and those which they seek to drown, the last cries of men, and is afraid of some particular harmonious instrument; so much afraid, as that with any of these the enemy might drive this man, otherwise valiant enough, out of the field.”

SCENE I.—“*Bagpipe.*”

We extract the following notice of this instrument (which we apprehend is not the “particular *harmonious* instrument” alluded to by Donne) from the “English Cyclopædia.”—“The bagpipe, or something nearly similar to it, was in use among the ancients. Blanchinus gives a figure of it under the name of *tibia utricularis*, though this is not precisely the same as the modern instrument. Luscinius, in his “Musurgia” (1536), has a woodcut of it, whence it appears that the bagpipe in his time was in all respects the same as ours. Indeed, it is mentioned, though not described, by Chaucer, who says of his miller—

‘A baggepipe wel coude he blowe and soun;’

and this, we are told in the same prologue, was the music to which the Canterbury pilgrims performed their journey.”

^c SCENE I.—“*The quality of mercy is not strain'd,*” &c.

Douce has pointed to the following verse in Ecclesiasticus (xxxv. 20) as having suggested the beautiful image of the rain from

heaven:—“Mercy is seasonable in the time of affliction, as clouds of rain in the time of drought.” The subsequent passage, when Portia says, “We do pray for mercy,” is considered by Sir William Blackstone to be out of character as addressed to a Jew. Shakspeare had probably the Lord's Prayer immediately in his mind; but the sentiment is also found in Ecclesiasticus, ch. xxviii.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—“*Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls.*”

Our poet had Chaucer in his mind:—

“The daie goth fast, and after that came eve,
And yet came not to Troilus Cresseide.
He lookith forth, by hedge, by tre, by greve,
And ferre his heade ovir the walle he leide.”

^b SCENE I.—“*In such a night,
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand.*”

“This passage,” says Steevens, “contains a small instance out of many that might be brought to prove that Shakspeare was no reader of the classics.” And why?—because the Dido of the classics is never represented with a willow! Shakspeare was not, like many of Steevens's day who had made great reputations with slender means, a mere transcriber of the thoughts of other men. He has here given us a *picture* of the forsaken Dido, which was perfectly intelligible to the popular mind. Those who remember Desdemona's willow-song in Othello need no laboured comment to show them that the willow was emblematic of the misery that Dido had to bear.

^c SCENE I.—“*In such a night,
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs,*” &c.

The picture of the similar scene in Gower (“*Confessio Amantis*”) is exceedingly beautiful:—

“Thus it befell upon a night
Whann there was nought but sterre light,
She was vanished right as hir list,
That no wight but herself wist:
And that was at midnight tide,
The world was still on every side.”

^d SCENE I.—“*She doth stray about
By holy crosses.*”

These holy crosses still, as of old, bristle the land in Italy, and sanctify the sea. Besides those contained in churches, they mark the spots where heroes were born, where saints rested, where travellers died. They rise on the summits of hills, and at the intersection of roads; and there is now a shrine of the Madonna del Mare in the midst of the sea between Mestre and Venice, and another between Venice and Palestrina, where the gondolier and the mariner cross themselves in passing, and whose lamp nightly gleams over the waters, in moonlight or storm. The days are past when pilgrims of all ranks, from the queen to the beggar-maid, might be seen kneeling and praying “for happy wedlock hours,” or for whatever else lay nearest their hearts; and the reverence of the passing traveller is now nearly all the homage that is paid at these shrines.—(M.)

^e SCENE I.—“*How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!*”

One characteristic of an Italian garden is that its trees and shrubs are grown in avenues and gathered into thickets, while the grass-plots, and turfy banks are studded with parterres of roses and other flowers, which lie open to the sunshine and the dews. The moonlight thus *sleeps* upon such lawns and banks, instead of being disturbed by the flickering of overshadowing trees.—(M.)

^f SCENE I.—“*Sit, Jessica,*” &c.

Mr. Hallam, in his very interesting account of the philosophy of Campanella, thus paraphrases one of the most imaginative passages of the Dominican friar:—“The sky and stars are endowed with the keenest sensibility; nor is it unreasonable to suppose that they signify their mutual thoughts to each other by the transference of light, and that their sensibility is full of pleasure. The blessed

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spirits, that inform such living and bright mansions, behold all things in nature, and in the divine ideas ; they have also a more glorious light than their own, through which they are elevated to a supernatural beatific vision." Mr. Hallam adds "We can hardly read this, without recollecting the most sublime passage perhaps in Shakspeare;" and he then quotes the following lines, which our readers will thank us for offering to them apart from the general text :—

" Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold.
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins
Such harmony is in immortal souls ;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it." *

Campanella was of a later period than Shakspeare, who probably found the idea in some of the Platonic works of which his writings unquestionably show that he was a student. In his hands it has reached its utmost perfection of beauty. After these glorious lines, the parallel passage in Milton's "Arcades," fine as it is, appears to us less perfect in sentiment and harmony :—

" In deep of night when drowsiness
Hath lock'd up mortal sense, then listen I
To the celestial Sirens' harmony,
That sit upon the nine infolded spheres,
And sing to those that hold the vital shears,
And turn the adamantine spindle round,
On which the fate of gods and men is wound.
Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie,
To lull the daughter of Necessity,
And keep unsteady Nature to her law,
And the low world in measur'd motion draw
After the heavenly tune, which none can hear
Of human mould, with gross unpurged ear."

Coleridge has approached the subject in lines which are worthy to stand by the side of those of Shakspeare and Milton :—

" Soul of Alvar !
Hear our soft suit, and heed my milder spell :—
So may the gates of Paradise, unbar'd,
Cease thy swift toils ! Since haply thou art one
Of that innumerable company
Who in broad circle, lovelier than the rainbow,

Girdle this round earth in a dizzy motion.
With noise too vast and constant to be heard ;—
Fitliest unheard ! For oh, ye numberless
And rapid travellers ! what ear unstunn'd,
What sense unmadden'd, might bear up against
The rushing of your congregated wings ?"

Remorse, Act III. Sc. I.

§ SCENE I.—" *The man that hath no music in himself.*"

There is a great controversy amongst the commentators upon the moral fitness of this passage ; and those who are curious in such matters may turn to the variorum edition, for a long and perilous attack upon Shakspeare's opinions by Steevens, and to a defence of them, in their separate works, by Douce and Monck Mason. The interest of the dispute wholly consists in the solemn stupidity with which it is conducted. The summing-up of Steevens is unequalled :—
" Let not this capricious sentiment of Shakspeare descend to posterity unattended by the opinion of the late Lord Chesterfield upon the same subject ;" and then he quotes one of his Lordship's letters, containing an insolent attack upon "fiddlers."

h SCENE I.—" *The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,*" &c.

The animals mentioned in this play are all proper to the country, and to that part of it to which the play relates. The wren is uncommon ; but its note is occasionally heard. The crow, lark, jay, cuckoo, nightingale, goose, and eel, are all common in Lombardy.—(M.)

i SCENE I.—" *This night, methinks, is but the daylight sick.*"

The light of moon and stars in Italy is almost as yellow as sunlight in England. The planets burn like golden lamps above the pinnacles and pillared statues of the city and the tree-tops of the plain, with a brilliancy which cannot be imagined by those who have dwelt only in a northern climate. The infant may there hold out its hands, not only for the full moon, but for "the old moon sitting in the young moon's lap,"—an appearance there as obvious to the eye as any constellation. Two hours after sunset, on the night of new moon, we have seen so far over the lagunes, that the night seemed indeed only a paler day,—"a little paler."—(M.)

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTICE.

MRS. INCHBALD, in her edition of the Acted Drama, thus describes Lord Lansdown's *arrangement, with variations*, of *The Merchant of Venice* :—"The Jew of Venice, by Lord Lansdown, is an alteration of this play, and was acted in 1701. The noble author made some *emendations* in the work ; but having made *the Jew a comic character*, as such he caused *more laughter than detestation*, which wholly *destroyed the moral* designed by the original author." A comic Shylock is certainly the masterpiece of the improvements upon Shakspeare. We have reached a period when it is scarcely necessary to discuss whether this *emendation* of Shakspeare were right or wrong ; nor, indeed, whether Mrs. Inchbald herself be perfectly correct in assuming that, if the trial scene were now brought upon the stage for the first time, "the company in the side-boxes would faint or withdraw." The Merchant of Venice of the stage is, in many respects, the play of Shakspeare. Macklin put down Lord Lansdown. But it is, with green-room propriety, accommodated to the taste of "the company in the side-boxes," by the omission of a great deal of what is highest in its poetry, and by the substitution, in some cases, of the actor's verses for Shakspeare's. We will furnish our readers with a specimen of a lyric which has been cast out of the prompt-book, compared with

one which has found its way into it. We may add that all the editions of this Acted Drama contain several other specimens of composition, equally worthy of being compared with the "old and antique song" of Voltaire's "barbarian."

A DUET BY SHAKSPEARE, *not found in the Prompt-Book.*

" Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head ?
How begot, how nourished ?
Reply, reply.

It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed ; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies :
Let us all ring fancy's knell ;
I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell,
All. Ding, dong, bell."

(Act III., Edit. of 1623.)

A DUET FROM THE PROMPT-BOOK, *not found in Shakspeare.*

Lorenzo.

" For thee, my gentle Jessy,
What labour would seem hard

Jessica.

For thee, each task how easy,
Thy love the sweet reward.

* Literature of Europe, vol. iii. p. 147. Mr. Hallam has quoted from memory ; having put "vault" for "floor," with two or three minor variations.

Lorenzo and Jessica.

The bee thus, uncomplaining,
Esteems no toil severe,
The sweet reward obtaining,
Of honey all the year."

(Act V. of the Acted Drama.)

Passing from such truly insignificant matters (but which, insignificant as they are, occasionally demand a slight observation), we come to an opinion in which Mrs. Inchbald is by no means singular—that *detestation* of the Jew is "*the moral designed* by the original author." It is probable that, even in Shakspeare's time, this was the popular notion. The question whether Shakspeare intended the Jew to move the audience to unmitigated odium may be better understood as we proceed in an analysis of the characters and incidents of this drama.

A contemporary German critic, Dr. Ulrici,* has presented to us the entire plot of *The Merchant of Venice* under a very original aspect. His object has been to discover—what he maintains had not been previously discovered—the fundamental idea of the drama—the link which holds together all its apparently heterogeneous parts. We of England are scarcely yet accustomed to the profound views which the philosophical critics of Germany are disposed to take of the higher works of art, and of the creations of Shakspeare especially. We are more familiar with the common opinion that genius works upon no very settled principles, and produces the finest combinations by some happy accident. We, however—strong as our determination may be to cling to what we call the common-sense view of a subject—are learning to receive with respect, at least for their ingenuity, those criticisms which look beyond the external forms of poetry; and for this reason we do not hesitate to offer to our readers a rapid notice of Dr. Ulrici's judgment upon the drama before us. The critic first passes the several characters in review. Antonio is the noble and great-hearted, yielding to a passive melancholy, produced by the weight of a too agitating life of action; Bassanio, somewhat inconsiderate, but generous and sensible, is the genuine Italian gentleman, in the best sense of the word; Portia is most amiable, and intellectually rich (*geistreich*); Jessica is a child of nature, lost in an Oriental love enthusiasm. The critic presents these characteristics in a very few words; but his portrait of Shylock is more elaborate. He is the well-struck image of the Jewish character in general—of the fallen member of a race dispersed over the whole earth, and enduring long centuries of persecution. Their firmness had become obstinacy; their quickness of intellect, craft; their love of possessions, a revolting avarice. "Nothing," says Dr. Ulrici, "had kept its rank in their universal decay, but the unconquerable constancy, the dry, mummy-like tenacity of the Jewish nature. So appears Shylock—a pitiable ruin of a great and magnificent by-past time—the glimmering ash-spark of a faded splendour which can no longer warm or preserve, but can yet burn or destroy. We are as little able to deny him our compassion, as we can withhold our disgust against his modes of thinking and acting."

Dr. Ulrici next proceeds to notice Shakspeare's mastership in the composition, uniting, and unfolding of the intricate plot. "We have three curious, and in themselves very complicated, knots wound into each other:—first, the process between Antonio and Shylock; next, the marriages of Bassanio and Portia, of Gratiano and Nerissa; and, lastly, the elopement of Jessica, and her love's history with Lorenzo. These various interests, actions, and adventures are disposed with such a clearness and fixedness—one so develops itself out of and with the others,—that we never lose the thread that everywhere reveals an animated and harmoniously-framed principle." The critic then proceeds to say, that, although an *external* union of the chief elements is clearly enough supported, the whole seems in truth to be inevitably falling asunder; and that "we have now to inquire where lies the *internal* spiritual unity which will justify the combination of such heterogeneous elements in one drama."

Throughout many of Shakspeare's plays, according to Dr. Ulrici, the leading fundamental idea, concentrated in itself, is so intentionally hidden—the *single* makes itself so decidedly important, and comes before us so free, and self-sustained, and complete—that the entire work is occasionally exposed to the ungrounded reproach of looseness of plan and want of coherency. On the other hand, there are sufficient intimations of the meaning of the whole scattered throughout; so that whoever has in some degree penetrated into the depths of the Shaksperian art cannot well go wrong. The sense and significancy of the process between Antonio and the Jew rest clearly upon the old juridical precept, *Summum jus, summa injuria* ("the highest law, the highest injustice"). Shylock has, clearly, all that is material, except justice, on his side; but while he seizes and follows his right to the letter, he falls through it into the deepest and most criminal injustice; and the same injustice, through the internal necessity which belongs to the nature of sin, falls back destructively on his own head. The same aspect in which this principle is presented to us in its extremest harshness, in the case of Shylock, shows itself in various outbursts of light and shadow throughout all the remaining elements of this drama. The arbitrary will of her father, which fetters Portia's inclination, and robs her of all participation in the choice of a husband, rests certainly upon paternal right; but even this right, when carried to an extreme, becomes the highest injustice. The injustice which lies in the enforcement of this paternal right would have fallen with tragical weight, if *chance* had not conducted it to a fortunate issue. The flight and marriage of Jessica against her father's will comprehend a manifest injustice. Nevertheless, who will condemn her for having withdrawn herself from the power of such a father? In the sentence laid upon the Jew, by which he is compelled to recognise the marriage of his daughter, is again reflected the precept *Summum jus, summa injuria*; right and unright are here so closely driven up into the same limit, that they are no longer separated, but immediately pass over one to the other. Thus we see that the different, and apparently heterogeneous, events unite themselves in the whole into one point. They are only variations of the same theme. All human life is a great lawsuit, where right is received as the centre and basis of our being. From this point of view proceeds the drama. But the more this basis is built upon, the more insecure does it exhibit itself. Unquestionably, right and law ought to uphold and strengthen human life. But they are not its basis and true centre. In them the whole truth of human existence does not lie enclosed. In their one-sidedness right becomes unright, and unright becomes right. Law and right have their legality and truth, not through and in themselves; but they rest upon the higher principles of the true morality, from which they issue only as single rays. Man has in and for himself no rights, but only duties. But, at the same time, against others his duties are rights; and there is no true living right that does not include, and may be itself indeed, a duty. Not upon right, then, but upon the heavenly grace rest the human being and life. The union of the human with the Divine will is the true animating morality of mankind—through which right and unright first receive their value and significancy. Shakspeare indicates this in the following beautiful verses:—

"The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown:
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this—
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy."

* Ueber Shakspeare's dramatische Kunst und sein Verhältniss zu Calderon und Göthe.

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We have thus very briefly, and therefore somewhat imperfectly, exhibited the views of Dr. Ulrici, with reference to the idea in which this drama is conceived. We are of opinion that, although Shakspeare might not have proposed to himself so *systematic* a display of the contest that is unremittingly going forward in the world between our conventional and our natural being, he did intend to represent the anomalies that have always existed between the circumstances by which human agents are surrounded, and the higher motives by which they should act. And this idea, as it appears to us, is the basis of the large toleration which belongs to this drama, amidst its seeming intolerance. Men are to be judged upon a higher principle than belongs to mere edicts—by and through all the associations amidst which they have been nurtured, and by which they have been impelled. We will take a case or two in point.

Antonio is one of the most beautiful of Shakspeare's characters. He does not take a very prominent part in the drama: he is a sufferer rather than an actor. We view him, in the outset, rich, liberal, surrounded with friends; yet he is unhappy. He has higher aspirations than those which ordinarily belong to one dependent upon the chances of commerce; and this uncertainty, as we think, produces his unhappiness. He will not acknowledge the forebodings of evil which come across his mind. He may say—

“In sooth, I know not why I am so sad;”

but his reasoning denial of the cause of his sadness is a proof to us that the foreboding of losses—

“Enough to press a royal merchant down,”—

is at the bottom of his sadness. It appears to us as a self-delusion, which his secret nature rejects, that he says—

“My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
Upon the fortune of this present year:
Therefore, my merchandise makes me not sad.”

When he has given the fatal bond, he has a sort of desperate confidence, which to us looks very unlike assured belief:—

“Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it;
Within these two months, that's a month before
This bond expires, *I do expect* return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.”

And, finally, when his calamity has become a real thing, and not a shadowy notion, his deportment shows that his mind has been long familiar with images of ruin:—

“Give me your hand, Bassanio; fare you well!
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;
For herein fortune shows herself more kind
Than is her custom: it is still her use,
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
To view, with hollow eye and wrinkled brow,
An age of poverty; from which lingering penance
Of such a misery doth she cut me off.”

The generosity of Antonio's nature unfitted him for a contest with the circumstances amid which his lot was cast. The Jew says—

“In low simplicity,
He lends out money gratis.”

He himself says—

“I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures
Many that have at times made moan to me.”

Bassanio describes him as—

“The kindest man,
The best condition'd and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies.”

To such a spirit, whose “means are in supposition”—whose ventures are “squander'd abroad”—the curse of the Jew must have sometimes presented itself to his own prophetic mind:—

“This is the fool that lends out money gratis.”

Antonio and his position are not in harmony. But there is something else discordant in Antonio's mind. This kind friend—this generous benefactor—this gentle spirit—this man “unwearied in

doing courtesies”—can outrage and insult a fellow-creature, because he is of another creed:—

Shy. “Fair sir, you spet on me on Wednesday last;
You spurn'd me such a day; another time
You call'd me dog; and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much monies.

Ant. I am as like to call thee so again,
To spet on thee again, to spurn thee too.”

Was it without an object that Shakspeare made this man, so entitled to command our affections and our sympathy, act so unworthy a part, and not be ashamed of the act? Most assuredly the poet did not intend to justify the indignities which were heaped upon Shylock; for in the very strongest way he has made the Jew remember the insult in the progress of his wild revenge:—

“Thou call'dst me dog, before thou hadst a cause:
But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs.”

Here, to our minds, is the first of the lessons of charity which this play teaches. Antonio is as much to be pitied for his prejudices as the Jew for his. They had both been nurtured in evil opinions. They had both been surrounded by influences which more or less held in subjection their better natures. The honoured Christian is as intolerant as the despised Jew. The one habitually pursues with injustice the subjected man whom he has been taught to loathe; the other, in the depths of his subtle obstinacy, seizes upon the occasion to destroy the powerful man whom he has been compelled to fear. The companions of Antonio exhibit, more or less, the same reflection of the prejudices which have become to them a second nature. We can understand the reproaches that are heaped upon Shylock in the trial scene, as something that might come out of the depths of any passion-stirred nature; but the habitual contempt with which he is treated by men who in every other respect are gentle and good-humoured and benevolent, is a proof to us that Shakspeare meant to represent the struggle that must inevitably ensue, in a condition of society where the innate sense of justice is deadened in the powerful by those hereditary prejudices which make cruelty virtue; and where the powerless, invested by accident with the means of revenge, say with Shylock, “The villainy you teach me I will execute; and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.” The climax of this subjection of our higher and better natures to conventional circumstances is to be found in the character of the Jew's daughter. Young, agreeable, intelligent, formed for happiness, she is shut up by her father in a dreary solitude. One opposed to her in creed gains her affections, and the ties which bind the father and the child are broken for ever. But they are not broken without compunction:—

“Alack, what heinous sin is it in me,
To be asham'd to be my father's child!”

This is nature. But when she has fled from him—robbed him—spent fourscore ducats in one night—given his turquoise for a monkey—and, finally, revealed his secrets, with an evasion of the ties that bound them, which makes one's flesh creep,—

“When I was *with him*,”—

we see the poor girl plunged into the most wretched contest between her duties and her pleasures by the force of external circumstances. We grant, then, to all these our compassion; for they commit injustice ignorantly, and through a force which they cannot withstand. Is the Jew himself not to be measured by the same rule? We believe that it was Shakspeare's intention so to measure him.

When Pope exclaimed of Macklin's performance of Shylock—

“This is the Jew
That Shakspeare drew!”—

the higher philosophy of Shakspeare was little appreciated. Macklin was, no doubt, from all traditionary report of him, perfectly capable of representing the subtlety of the Jew's malice and the energy of his revenge. But it is a question with us whether he perceived, or indeed if any actor ever efficiently represented, the more delicate traits of character that lie beneath these two great passions of the Jew's heart. Look, for example, at the extraordinary mixture of the

personal and the national in his dislike of Antonio. He hates him for his gentle manners :—

“How like a fawning publican he looks!”

He hates him, “for he is a Christian;”—he hates him, for that “he lends out money gratis;”—but he hates him more than all because

“He hates our sacred nation.”

It is this national feeling which, when carried in a right direction, makes a patriot and a hero, that assumes in Shylock the aspect of a grovelling and fierce personal revenge. He has borne insult and injury “with a patient shrug;” but ever in small matters he has been seeking retribution :—

“I am not bid for love, they flatter me :
But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon
The prodigal Christian.”

The mask is at length thrown off—he has the Christian in his power; and his desire of revenge, mean and ferocious as it is, rises into sublimity, through the unconquerable energy of the oppressed man's wilfulness. “I am a Jew! Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands; organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that.” It is impossible, after this exposition of his feelings, that we should not feel that he has properly cast the greater portion of the odium which belongs to his actions upon the social circumstances by which he has been hunted into madness. He has been made the thing he is by society. In the extreme wildness of his anger, when he utters the harrowing imprecation, “I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! 'would she were hearsed at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin;” the tenderness that belongs to our common humanity, even in its most passionate forgetfulness of the dearest ties, comes across him in the remembrance of the mother of that execrated child :—“Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal: it was my turquoise; I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor.”

It is in the conduct of the trial scene that, as it appears to us, is to be sought the concentration of Shakspeare's leading idea in the composition of this drama. The merchant stands before the Jew a better and a wiser man than when he called him “dog :”—

“I do oppose
My patience to his fury, and am arm'd
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.”

Misfortune has corrected the influences which, in happier moments, allowed him to forget the gentleness of his nature, and to heap unmerited abuse upon him whose badge was sufferance. The Jew is unchanged. But if Shakspeare in the early scenes made us entertain some compassion for his wrongs, he has now left him to bear all the indignation which we ought to feel against one “incapable of pity.” But we cannot despise the Jew. His intellectual vigour rises supreme over the mere reasonings by which he is opposed. He defends his own injustice by the example of as great an injustice of every-day occurrence—and no one ventures to answer him :—

“You have among you many a purchas'd slave,
Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them :—Shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?
Why sweat they under burdens? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
Be season'd with such viands? You will answer,
The slaves are ours :—So do I answer you,
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought; 'tis mine, and I will have it :
If you deny me, fie upon your law!”

It would have been exceedingly difficult for the merchant to have escaped from the power of the obdurate man, so strong in the letter of the law, and so resolute to carry it out by the example of his

judges in other matters, had not the law been found here, as in most other cases, capable of being bent to the will of its administrators. Had it been the inflexible thing which Shylock required it to be, a greater injustice would have been committed than the Jew had finally himself to suffer. Mrs. Jameson has very justly and ingeniously described the struggle which Portia had, in abandoning the high ground which she took in her great address to the Jew :—“She maintains at first a calm self-command, as one sure of carrying her point in the end : yet the painful heart-thrilling uncertainty in which she keeps the whole court, until suspense verges upon agony, is not contrived for effect merely; it is necessary and inevitable. She has two objects in view : to deliver her husband's friend, and to maintain her husband's honour by the discharge of his just debt, though paid out of her own wealth ten times over. It is evident that she would rather owe the safety of Antonio to anything rather than the legal quibble with which her cousin Bellario has armed her, and which she reserves as a last resource. Thus all the speeches addressed to Shylock, in the first instance, are either direct or indirect experiments on his temper and feelings. She must be understood, from the beginning to the end, as examining with intense anxiety the effect of her own words on his mind and countenance; as watching for that relenting spirit which she hopes to awaken either by reason or persuasion.”*

Had Shylock relented after that most beautiful appeal to his mercy, which Shakspeare has here placed as the exponent of the higher principle upon which all law and right are essentially dependent, the real moral of the drama would have been destroyed. The weight of injuries transmitted to Shylock from his forefathers, and still heaped upon him even by the best of those by whom he was surrounded, was not so easily to become light, and to cease to exasperate his nature. Nor would it have been a true picture of society in the sixteenth century had the poet shown the judges of the Jew wholly magnanimous in granting him the mercy which he denied to the Christian. We certainly do not agree with the Duke, in his address to Shylock, that the conditions upon which his life is spared are imposed—

“That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit.”

Nor do we think that Shakspeare meant to hold up these conditions as anything better than examples of the mode in which the strong are accustomed to deal with the weak. There is still something discordant in this, the real catastrophe of the drama. It could not be otherwise, and yet be true to nature.

But how artistically has the poet restored the balance of pleasurable sensations! Throughout the whole conduct of the play, what may be called its tragic portion has been relieved by the romance which belongs to the personal fate of Portia. But after the great business of the drama is wound up, we fall back upon a repose which is truly refreshing and harmonious. From the lips of Lorenzo and Jessica, as they sit in the “paler day” of an Italian moon, are breathed the lighter strains of the most playful poetry, mingled with the highest flights of the most elevated. Music and the odours of sweet flowers are around them. Happiness is in their hearts. Their thoughts are lifted by the beauties of the earth above the earth. This delicious scene belongs to what is universal and eternal, and takes us far away from those bitter strifes of our social state which are essentially narrow and temporary. And then come the affectionate welcomes, the pretty, pouting contests, and the happy explanations of Portia and Nerissa with Bassanio and Gratiano. Here again we are removed into a sphere where the calamities of fortune, and the injustice of man warring against man, may be forgotten. The poor Merchant is once more happy. The “gentle spirit” of Portia is perhaps the happiest, for she has triumphantly concluded a work as religious as her pretended pilgrimage “by holy crosses.” To use the words of Dr. Ulrici, “the sharp contrarieties of right and unright are played out.”

* Characteristics of Women, vol. i. p. 75.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

STATE OF THE TEXT, AND CHRONOLOGY, OF ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

THIS comedy was first printed in the folio collection of 1623; and it was entered at Stationers' Hall by Blount and Jaggard, on the 8th November, 1623, as being one of those "not formerly entered to other men." In the original copy the play is divided into acts, but not into scenes. There are several examples of corruption in the text; but, upon the whole, it is very accurately printed, both with regard to the metrical arrangement and to punctuation.

In our first Edition we expressed the following opinion as to the date of this comedy:—"Meres has also mentioned, amongst the instances of Shakspeare's excellence for comedy, *Love's Labour Won*. This is generally believed to be *All's Well that Ends Well*; and probably, in some form or other, this was an early play." After this opinion was expressed by us, Mr. Hunter published his "*Disquisition on the Tempest*," in which he repudiates the notion that *Love's Labour Won* and *All's Well that Ends Well* are identical. Mr. Hunter states that a passing remark of Dr. Farmer, in the "*Essay on the Learning of Shakspeare*," first pointed out this supposed identity; and he adds, "The remark has since been caught up and repeated by a thousand voices. Yet it was made in the most casual, random, and hasty manner imaginable. It was supported by no kind of argument or evidence; and I cannot find that any persons who have repeated it after him have shown any probable grounds for the opinion." It is not in the spirit of controversy that we are now about to show "some probable grounds for the opinion." In supporting our view of this question, we must necessarily dissent from Mr. Hunter's theory; but we shall endeavour to enforce our own "argument" without being betrayed into the spirit which too often has degraded Shaksperian criticism, and which we described in our original Prospectus as "doubly disagreeable in connection with the works of the most tolerant and expansive mind that ever lifted us out of the region of petty hostilities and prejudices."

The remark in Farmer's "*Essay*" to which Mr. Hunter alludes was certainly made in a "casual" manner, because Farmer's object was not to establish the identity of *Love's Labour Won* and *All's Well that Ends Well*, but to show that Shakspeare did not go to the Italian source for the plot of the latter play. The passage is as follows:—"The story of *All's Well that Ends Well*, or, as I suppose it to have been sometimes called, *Love's Labour Wonne*" (and here Farmer inserts a reference to Meres's "*Wits' Treasury*," 1598), "is originally indeed the property of Boccace, but it came immediately to Shakspeare from Painter's '*Giletta of Narbon*.'" Now this remark, although passing and casual, is not of necessity "random and hasty." Farmer might have well considered this question of identity without entering upon it in his "*Essay*." Malone, in the *first* edition of his "*Chronological Order of Shakspeare's Plays*," assigns the date of this comedy to 1598, upon the authority of the passage in Meres. He says, "No other of our author's plays could have borne that title (*Love's Labour Won*) with so much propriety as that before us; yet it must be acknowledged that the present title is inserted in the body of the play:—

'All's well that ends well: still the fine's the crown.'

This line, however, might certainly have suggested the alteration of what has been thought the first title, and affords no decisive proof

that this piece was originally called *All's Well that Ends Well*." We shall presently recur to Malone's different opinion in the posthumous edition of his "*Chronological Order*." He certainly, in the first edition, adopted the title of *Love's Labour Won* as identical with this comedy, and not without showing "probable grounds for the opinion." "*No other of our author's plays could have borne that title with so much propriety.*" This is, in truth, the real argument in the matter; and when Coleridge, therefore, describes this play as "originally intended as the *counterpart* of *Love's Labour's Lost*,"—when Mrs. Jameson, with reference to the nature of the plot and the suitableness of the title found in Meres, states complainingly, "Why the title was altered, or by whom, I cannot discover,"—and when Tieck says, "The *poet* probably first called this play *Love's Labour Won*,"—we may add the opinions of these eminent writers on Shakspeare to the original opinion of Malone, in opposition to the assertion of Mr. Hunter (which is also unsupported by "argument"), that "the leading features of the story in *All's Well* cannot be said to be aptly represented by the title in Meres's list."

When Coleridge described this play as the *counterpart* of *Love's Labour's Lost*, we do not think he spoke in a "casual, random, and hasty manner." Shakspeare's titles, in the judgment of our philosophical critic, always exhibit "great significancy." The *Labour* of *Love* which is *Lost* is not a very earnest labour. The king and his courtiers are fantastical lovers. They would win their mistresses by "bootless rhymes" and "speeches penn'd," and their most sincere declarations are thus only received as "mocking merriment." The concluding speeches of the ladies to their lovers show clearly that Shakspeare meant to mark the cause why their labour was lost—it was labour hastily taken up, pursued in a light temper, assuming the character of "pleasant jest and courtesy." The princess and her ladies would not accept it as "labour," without a year's probation. It was offered, they thought, "in heat of blood;"—theirs was a love which only bore "gaudy blossoms." What would naturally be the counterpart of such a story? One of passionate, enduring, all-pervading love—of a love that shrinks from no difficulty, resents no unkindness, fears no disgrace, but perseveres, under the most adverse circumstances, to vindicate its own claims by its own energy, and to achieve success by the strength of its own will. This is the *Labour* of *Love* which is *Won*. Is not this the story of *All's Well that Ends Well*?

When Helena, in the first scene, so beautifully describes the hopelessness of her love—

"It were all one
That I should love a bright particular star,
And think to wed it, he is so above me"—

could she propose to come within "his sphere" without some extraordinary effect? "*Hic labor, hoc opus est.*" She does resolve to make the effort; it is within the bounds of possibility that her labour may be successful, and therefore her "intents are fix'd:—"

"The mightiest space in fortune nature brings
To join like likes, and kiss like native things.
Impossible be strange attempts to those
That weigh their pains in sense, and do suppose
What hath been cannot be."

Inferior natures that estimate their labours by a common standard—"that weigh their pains in sense"—that are not supported in their labours by a spirit which rejects all fear and embraces all hope—

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confound the difficult with the impossible; they know that courage has triumphed over difficulty, but they still think "what hath been cannot be" again. Helena is not of their mind:—

"My project may deceive me,
But my intents are fix'd, and will not leave me."

This is the purpose avowed from the commencement of the dramatic action; which marks every stage of its progress; which is essentially "Love's Labour," whether it be won or be lost. How beautifully does Shakspeare relieve us from the feeling that it is unsexual for the labour to be undertaken by Helena, through the compassion which she inspires in the good old Countess:—

"It is the show and seal of nature's truth,
Where love's strong passion is impress'd in youth."

How delicately, too, does he make Helena hold to her determination, even whilst she confesses to the Countess the secret of her ambitious love:—

"My friends were poor, but honest; so's my love.
Be not offended; for it hurts not him
That he is lov'd of me: I follow him not
By any token of presumptuous suit;
Nor would I have him, *till I do deserve him.*"

Again:—

"There's something hints,
More than my father's skill, which was the greatest
Of his profession, that his good receipt
Shall, *for my legacy*, be sanctified
By the luckiest stars in heaven"—

not for the cure of the King only, but for the winning of her labour. To obtain the full advantage of her legacy no common qualities were required in Helena. "Wisdom and constancy" are her characteristics, as Lafeu truly describes. The "constancy" with which she enforces her power upon the mind of the incredulous King is prominently exhibited by the poet. Her modesty never overcomes the ruling purpose of her soul. She indeed says—

"I will no more enforce mine office on you;"

but she immediately after presses her "fix'd intents":—

"What I can do can do no hurt to try."

She succeeds:—

"Methinks in thee some blessed spirit doth speak."

The reward, however, which she seeks is avowed without hesitation. Her will was too strong to admit of that timidity which might have clung to a feebler mind:—

"Then shalt thou give me, with thy kingly hand,
What husband in thy power I will command."

Up to this point all has been "labour"—the conception of a high and dangerous purpose—the carrying it through without shrinking. When the cure is effected, and she has to avow her choice, comes a still greater labour. The struggle within herself is most intense:—

"Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly;"

and—

"The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me,—
'We blush, that *thou* shouldst choose,'"

these expressions sufficiently give the key to what passes within her. Her feelings amount almost to agony when Bertram refuses her, and for a moment she abandons her fix'd intent:—

"That you are well restor'd, my lord, I'm glad;
Let the rest go."

"But shall she weakly relinquish the golden opportunity, and dash the cup from her lips at the moment it is presented? Shall she cast away the treasure for which she has ventured both life and honour, when it is just within her grasp? Shall she, after compromising her feminine delicacy by the public disclosure of her preference, be thrust back into shame, 'to blush out the remainder of her life,' and die a poor, lost, scorned thing? This would be very pretty and interesting and characteristic in Viola or Ophelia, but not at all

consistent with that high determined spirit, that moral energy, with which Helena is portrayed." * Helena suffers Bertram to be forced upon her; and this is the greatest "labour" of all.

After the marriage and the desertion, "Love's labour" is still most untiringly tasked. Love next assumes the sweet and smiling aspect of duty:—"What's his will else?"—"what more commands he?"—

"In everything I wait upon his will"—

are all the replies she makes to the harsh commands of her lord, conveyed by a frivolous messenger. In her parting interview with Bertram, in which his coldness and dislike are scarcely attempted to be concealed, the same spirit alone exists. She has still a harder trial. Her lord avows his final abandonment of her, except upon apparently impossible conditions. She has only one complaint—

"This is a dreadful sentence;"

but her intense love has destroyed in her all the feeling of self through which she was enabled to accomplish the triumph of her own will:—

"Poor lord! is't I
That chase thee from thy country, and expose
Those tender limbs of thine to the event
Of the none-sparing war?"

When she says, "I will be gone," she probably had no purpose of seeking Bertram, and of endeavouring to reverse his "dreadful sentence" by her own management. But "Love's labours" were not yet ended. Her mind was not framed to shrink from difficulty; and we soon meet her at Florence. The plot, after this, is such a one as Shakspeare could only have found in the legendary history of an unrefined age, preserved from oblivion by one who was imbued with the kindred genius of unveiling the brightness of the poetical, even when it was concealed from ordinary vision by the clouds of a prosaic atmosphere. Mrs. Jameson has truly observed, "All the circumstances and details with which Helena is surrounded are shocking to our feelings, and wounding to our delicacy; and yet the beauty of the character is made to triumph over all." The beauty of the character is in its intensity. By that is Helena enabled to pass through all the slough of her last "labours" without contamination; her purpose sanctifies her acts. From the first scene to the last her life is one continued struggle. But the hopeful quality of her soul never forsakes her:—

"The time will bring on summer,
When briers shall have leaves as well as thorns,
And be as sweet as sharp."

She repines at no exertion—she shrinks from no fatigue:—

"But this exceeding posting, day and night,
Must wear *your* spirits low,"

has no reference to herself. When she finds the King has left Marseilles she has no regrets:—

"All's well that ends well, yet;
Though time seem so adverse, and means unfit."

Her final triumph at last arrives; but it is a happiness that cannot be spoken of. Her feelings find vent in—

"O, my dear *mother*, do I see you living?"

She can now indeed call the Countess mother. In the early scenes she dared only to name her as "mine honourable mistress." By her energy and perseverance she has conquered. Is this, or is it not, *Love's Labour Won*?

Malone, as we have already expressed our belief, has applied the true test to the application of Meres's title of *Love's Labour Won*: "*No other* of our author's plays could have borne that title with so much propriety as that before us." The application, be it understood, is limited to the comedies. The title cannot be applied to *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *The Comedy of Errors*, *Love's Labour's Lost*, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *The Merchant of Venice*, for those are also mentioned in Meres's list as existing in 1598. Can it have

* Mrs. Jameson's *Characteristics*, vol. i. p. 212.

reference to *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, than which no title can be more definite;—to *The Taming of the Shrew*, equally defined;—to *Twelfth Night*, or *Measure for Measure*, or *Much Ado about Nothing*, or *As You Like It*, or the *Winter's Tale*? We think not;—we are sure that none of our readers who are familiar with the plots of these plays can believe that either of them was so named. We, of course, here put the question of chronology out of view. Mr. Hunter, to support his opinion that *The Tempest* was written in 1596, boldly maintains the following opinion:—"But, if not to the *All's Well*, to what play of Shakspeare was this title once attached? I answer that, of the existing plays, there is only *The Tempest* to which it can be supposed to belong: and, so long as it suits so well with what is a main incident of this piece, we shall not be driven to the gratuitous and improbable supposition that a play once so called is lost." The "main incident" relied upon by Mr. Hunter for the support of this theory is the following speech of Ferdinand, in the third act:—

"There be some sports are painful, and their labour
Delight in them sets off; some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone; and most poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean task
Would be as heavy to me as odious, but
The mistress which I serve quickens what's dead,
And makes my labours pleasures. O, she is
Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed;
And he's compos'd of harshness. I must remove
Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up,
Upon a sore injunction: my sweet mistress
Weeps when she sees me work; and says, such baseness
Had never like executor. I forget:
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours."

"Here, then," says Mr. Hunter, "are the *Love labours*. In the end they *won* the lady." We venture to say that our belief in the significance of Shakspeare's titles would be at an end if even a "main incident" was to suggest a name, instead of the general course of the thought or action. In this case there are really no *Love Labours* at all. The lady is *not* won by the piling of the logs; the audience know that both Ferdinand and Miranda are under the influence of Prospero's spells, and the magician has explained to them why he enforces these harsh "labours." In the first act, when Ferdinand and Miranda are thrown together, Prospero says—

"It goes on, I see,
As my soul prompts it. Spirit, fine spirit, I'll free thee
Within two days for this."

Again:—

"At the first sight
They have chang'd eyes: Delicate Ariel,
I'll set thee free for this."

Yet he adds—

"They are both in either's powers: *But this swift business
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning
Make the prize light.*"

Would Shakspeare have chosen this incident—not a "main incident," for we all along know Prospero's real intentions—as that which would furnish a title to his play? The pain which Ferdinand endures is very transient; and Prospero, when he removes the infliction, says—

"All thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test."

We know that the *Love's Labours* of Ferdinand are not severe trials, and that at their worst they were refreshed with "sweet thoughts." Can they be compared with the *Love's Labour* of Helena?

Mr. Hunter rejects the claim of *All's Well that Ends Well* to be named *Love's Labour Won* most decisively, but upon one ground only: "If ever there was a play," he says, "which itself bespoke its own title from the beginning, it is this:—

"We must away;
Our waggon is prepar'd, and time revives us:
All's Well that ends Well: still the fine's the crown
Whate'er the course, the end is the renown."

Again:—

"*All's Well that ends Well*, yet;
Though time seem so adverse, and means unfit."

And, as if this were not sufficient, in the epilogue:—

"The king's a beggar, now the play is done.
All is well ended, if this suit is won."

We venture to think that the use of the word *won* in the last line might have suggested to Mr. Hunter the possibility of the play having a double title—the one derived from the one great incident of the piece, the other from the application of its dramatic action. Mr. Hunter, however, rejects the claim of *All's Well that Ends Well* to the title of Meres, upon the assumption that it could only have had a single title; whilst he seeks to establish the claim of *The Tempest* to the title of Meres, upon the assumption that it had a double title: "I suspect that the play originally had a double title, *The Tempest*, or *Love's Labour Won*; just as another of the plays had a double title, *Twelfth Night*, or *What You Will*." This reasoning is, to say the least of it, illogical. If the argument is good for *The Tempest*, it is good for *All's Well that Ends Well*.

But "something too much of this." Whether or no *The Tempest*, looking at the internal evidence of its date, could have been included in Meres's list, there can be no doubt that *All's Well that Ends Well* has many evidences of having been an early composition—unquestionably so in parts. When Malone changed his theory with regard to the date, and assigned it to 1606, in the posthumous edition of his "*Chronological Order*," he relied principally upon the tone of a particular passage: "The beautiful speech of the sick King in this play has much the air of that moral and judicious reflection that accompanies an advanced period of life, and bears no resemblance to Shakspeare's manner in his earlier plays." The mind of Shakspeare was so essentially dramatic, that when he puts serious and moral words into the mouth of a sick King, who is growing old, we should be no more disposed to believe that the sentiment has reference to the individual feelings of the poet than we should believe that all the exuberant gaiety of some of his comic characters could only have been produced by the reflection of his own spirit of youth. "Shakspeare's *manner* in his earlier plays" has, however, much more to assist us in approximating to a date. The manner—by which we mean the metrical arrangement and the peculiarities of construction—in *All's Well that Ends Well*, certainly places it, for the most part, in the class of his earlier plays. Where, except in the class of the earlier plays, shall we find one in which the rhyming couplet so constantly occurs? But then, again, we occasionally encounter all the music and force of thought of his most perfect blank-verse. Tieck is of opinion that the play, as we have it, contains an engrafting of the poet's later style upon his earlier labours. He says, "Rich subject-matter, variety of situation, marvellous development, and striking catastrophe, allured the young poet, who, probably, later in life, would not have chosen a subject so unsuited to dramatic treatment. Some passages, not merely difficult but almost impossible to be understood, remain out of the first attempt; and here the poet combats with language and thought—the verse is artificial, the expressions forced. Much of what I consider later alterations reminds us of the *Sonnets*, and of *Venus and Adonis*. The prose, particularly in the last acts, is so pure and clear—the scenes with *Parolles* are so excellently written—that in all that concerns the language we must reckon them amongst Shakspeare's best efforts. The first act is the most obscure; and here are probably the most extensive remains of the older work. The last half of the delineation of *Parolles* must belong to Shakspeare's later period."

Malone assigns his second conjectural date of this play to 1606 upon other ground than that of Shakspeare's manner: "Another circumstance which induces me to believe that this is a later play than I had formerly supposed is the satirical mention made of the Puritans, who were the objects of King James's aversion." Surely the poet might allude to the famous contention about wearing the

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surplice, without being led to it by the aversions of King James. A friend has given us a valuable note (see Illustrations of Act I.), showing that the contest had been going on for many years, and that Hooker, in his fifth book of "Ecclesiastical Polity," published in 1597, refutes the Puritanical opinions upon this matter at great length. Upon the subject of the surplice he distinctly says that the hostility of the Puritans was much modified when he wrote. The controversy had raged with the greatest violence at the period when Shakspeare, according to our belief, was most likely to have produced *All's Well that Ends Well*—perhaps not as it has been handed down to us, but in an imperfect form. That period was probably not very widely separated from the period when *Love's Labour's Lost* was produced, to which, as we do not hesitate to think with Coleridge, this play was the counterpart.

SUPPOSED SOURCE OF THE PLOT.

Farmer, as we have seen, says that the story of this play "came immediately to Shakspeare from Painter's *Giletta of Narbon*." The "*Palace of Pleasure*" was printed in 1575, and no doubt Shakspeare was familiar with the book. But we have yet to learn that Shakspeare was not familiar with the Italian writers, who were as commonly read by the educated classes in England at the end of the sixteenth century as the French writers are read now. Whether received by him directly or indirectly, the story came from Boccaccio. Shakspeare has made the character of Helena more interesting, in some respects, by representing her solely dependent on the bounty of the good Countess, whose character is a creation of his own; in the novel she is rich, and is surrounded with suitors. After her marriage and desertion by her husband, Giletta returns to the country of her lord, and governs it in his absence with all wisdom and goodness; Helena is still a dependant upon her kind friend and mother. The main incidents of the story are the same; the management, by the intervention of the comic characters, belongs to Shakspeare.

Instead of wearying our readers by tracing the minute differences between the great Italian novelist and the greater English dramatist, we subjoin Hazlitt's spirited character of Boccaccio as a writer:—

"The story of *All's Well that Ends Well*, and of several others of Shakspeare's plays, is taken from Boccaccio. The poet has dramatised the original novel with great skill and comic spirit, and has preserved all the beauty of character and sentiment without *improving upon* it, which was impossible. There is, indeed, in Boccaccio's serious pieces a truth, a pathos, and an exquisite refinement of sentiment, which is hardly to be met with in any other prose-writer whatever. Justice has not been done him by the world. He has in general passed for a mere narrator of lascivious tales or idle jests. This character probably originated in his obnoxious attacks on the monks, and has been kept up by the grossness of mankind, who revenged their own want of refinement on Boccaccio, and only saw in his writings what suited the coarseness of their own tastes. But the truth is, that he has carried sentiment of every kind to its very highest purity and perfection. By sentiment we would here understand the habitual workings of some one powerful feeling, where the heart reposes almost entirely upon itself, without the violent excitement of opposing duties or untoward circumstances. In the way, nothing ever came up to the story of 'Frederigo Alberigi and his Falcon.' The perseverance in attachment, the spirit of gallantry

and generosity displayed in it, has no parallel in the history of heroical sacrifices. The feeling is so unconscious, too, and involuntary, is brought out in such small, unlooked-for, and unostentatious circumstances, as to show it to have been woven into the very nature and soul of the author. The story of 'Isabella' is scarcely less fine, and is more affecting in the circumstances and in the catastrophe. Dryden has done justice to the impassioned eloquence of the 'Tancred and Sigismunda,' but has not given an adequate idea of the wild preternatural interest of the story of 'Honorio.' 'Cimon and Iphigene' is by no means one of the best, notwithstanding the popularity of the subject. The proof of unalterable affection given in the story of 'Jeronymo,' and the simple touches of nature and picturesque beauty in the story of the two holiday lovers who were poisoned by tasting of a leaf in the garden of Florence, are perfect masterpieces. The epithet of divine was well bestowed on this great painter of the human heart. The invention implied in his different tales is immense: but we are not to infer that it is all his own. He probably availed himself of all the common traditions which were floating in his time, and which he was the first to appropriate. Homer appears the most original of all authors—probably for no other reason than that we can trace the plagiarism no farther. Boccaccio has furnished subjects to numberless writers since his time, both dramatic and narrative. The story of 'Griselda' is borrowed from his 'Decameron' by Chaucer; as is the 'Knight's Tale' ('Palamon and Arcite') from his poem of the 'Theseid.'"

COSTUME.

The costume of this play, for anything that appears to the contrary, might be either of the age of Boccaccio or of Shakspeare. The Florentines and the Siennois were continually at strife during the middle ages, and the mention of a "Duke of Austria" would, strictly, place its date anterior to 1457, Ladislaus, the last Duke of Austria, having died King of Hungary and Bohemia in that year; whilst the allusion to Austria as a power *per se* would drive the period of action still further back amongst the dukes and margraves of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. It is our opinion, however, that in all cases where there is no positive violence committed against history—where the foundation of the plot is either fanciful or legendary—the nearest possible period to that of the writing of the play should be fixed upon as that of its action, as by so doing the best illustration is obtained of the author's ideas and the manners of the age which he depicted. With this view we should place the date of *All's Well that Ends Well* just previous to 1557, in which year, on the 3rd of July, Sienna was given to Cosmo de Medicis, Grand Duke of Tuscany, by Philip of Spain, who had been invested with its sovereignty by his father, Charles V. The last war between the Florentines and the Siennois, and in which the former were supported by the troops of the emperor, and the latter by those of France, broke out in 1552 and ended in 1555, the King of France at that period being Henry II., and the Duke of Florence Cosmo de Medicis aforesaid.

The hair was worn very short by gentlemen in France at this time, a fashion which arose from an accident that happened to Henry's father, Francis I., who, in a twelfth-night frolic, was hurt by the fall of a lighted firebrand on his head, and was compelled in consequence to have his hair shaved off.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING OF FRANCE.
DUKE OF FLORENCE.
BERTRAM, *Count of Rousillon.*
LAFEU, *an old lord.*
PAROLLES, *a follower of Bertram.*
Several young French Lords that serve with Bertram in the Florentine war.
Steward, Clown, servants to the Countess of Rousillon.
A gentle Astringer.
A Page.

COUNTRESS OF ROUSILLON, *mother to Bertram.*
HELENA, *a gentlewoman, protected by the Countess.*
An old Widow of Florence.
DIANA, *daughter to the Widow.*
VIOLENTA, } *neighbours and friends to the Widow.*
MARIANA, }

Lords attending on the King; Officers, Soldiers, &c., French and Florentine.

SCENE,—Partly in FRANCE and partly in TUSCANY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rousillon. *A Room in the Countess's Palace.*

Enter BERTRAM, the COUNTESS OF ROUSILLON, HELENA, and LAFEU, in mourning.

Count. In delivering my son from me, I bury a second husband.

Ber. And I, in going, madam, weep o'er my father's death anew: but I must attend his majesty's command, to whom I am now in ward,^a evermore in subjection.

Laf. You shall find of the king a husband,¹ madam;—you, sir, a father: He that so generally is at all times good must of necessity hold his virtue to you; whose worthiness would stir it up where it wanted, rather than lack² it where there is such abundance.

Count. What hope is there of his majesty's amendment?

Laf. He hath abandoned his physicians, madam; under whose practices he hath persecuted time with hope, and finds no other advantage in the process but only the losing of hope by time.

Count. This young gentlewoman had a father, (O, that *had!* how sad a passage³ 'tis!) whose skill was almost as great as his honesty; had it stretched so far, would⁴ have made nature immortal, and death should have play for lack of work. 'Would, for the king's sake, he were living! I think it would be the death of the king's disease.

Laf. How called you the man you speak of, madam?

Count. He was famous, sir, in his profession, and it was his great right to be so: Gerard de Narbon.

¹ Mr. White observes that this purely French construction is noteworthy:—*"Vous trouverez de le Roi un mari."*

² *Lack it.* This is the reading of the old copies; but Theobald, Hanmer, and others have *slack it.*

³ *Passage.* This use of the word is now little known; but it is highly expressive. Modern writers have substituted *event* and *circumstance*—words that do not convey the meaning of *passage*—what passes. Henry IV., in his reproof of his son, says, "My *passages of life* make me believe," &c.

⁴ *Would*—it would.

⁵ To understand this passage we must define the meaning of "virtuous qualities." The Countess has distinguished between "dispositions" and "fair gifts." By the one is meant the natural temper and affections—by the other the results of education. In like manner "virtuous qualities" mean the same as "fair gifts;" they are the acquirements which might find a place in "an unclean mind," as well as in one of honest "dispositions." Then "they are virtues and traitors too"—they are good in themselves, but they betray to evil, by giving the "unclean mind" the power to deceive. The "virtuous qualities" in Helena are unmixed with any natural defect—"they are the better for their simpleness." The concluding expression, "She derives her honesty, and achieves her goodness," is one of the many examples of Shakspeare's beautiful discrimination as a moralist. How many that are honest by nature can scarcely be called good! "Goodness," in the high sense in which our poet uses it, can only be "achieved."

⁶ "To *season*," says Malone, "has here a culinary sense: to preserve by salting." Upon this, Pye, in his "Comments upon the Commentators," says, "Surely, this coarse and vulgar metaphor neither wanted nor merited a note." But why "coarse and vulgar?" The "culinary sense" of Malone may raise up associations of the kitchen which are not perfectly genteel; but suppose he had said "chemical sense"—would the metaphor have been itself different? We would rather make our estimate of what is "coarse and vulgar" upon the authority of Shakspeare himself than upon that of Mr. Pye. With our poet this was a favourite metaphor, repeated almost as often as "the canker" of the rose. In the Rape of Lucrece we have—

Laf. He was excellent, indeed, madam; the king very lately spoke of him admiringly and mourningly: he was skilful enough to have lived still, if knowledge could be set up against mortality.

Ber. What is it, my good lord, the king languishes of?

Laf. A fistula, my lord.

Ber. I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would it were not notorious.—Was this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de Narbon?

Count. His sole child, my lord; and bequeathed to my overlooking. I have those hopes of her good that her education promises: her dispositions she inherits, which make fair gifts fairer; for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities, there commendations go with pity,—they are virtues and traitors too: in her they are the better for their simpleness; she derives her honesty, and achieves her goodness.⁵

Laf. Your commendations, madam, get from her tears.

Count. 'Tis the best brine a maiden can season her praise in.⁶ The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart but the tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelihood from her cheek. No more of this, Helena—go to, no more; lest it be rather thought you affect a sorrow, than to have.⁷

Hel. I do affect a sorrow, indeed, but I have it too.

Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead; excessive grief the enemy to the living.

Hel. If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.⁸

"But I alone, alone must sit and pine,
Seasoning the earth with showers of silver brine."

In Romeo and Juliet—

"Jesu Maria! What a deal of *brine*
Hath wash'd thy sallow cheek for Rosaline!
How much salt water thrown away in waste,
To *season* love, that of it doth not taste!"

In Twelfth Night—

"And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending *brine*: all this to *season*
A brother's dead love, which she would keep *fresh*
And *lasting*, in her sad remembrance."

The metaphor which these critics call "coarse and vulgar" and "culinary" has the sanction of the very highest authority, in whose mouth the most familiar allusions are employed in connection with the most sacred things: "Ye are the salt of the earth."

⁷ Malone here points out an inaccuracy of construction, and says the meaning is—lest *you* be rather thought to affect a sorrow than to have. This construction can scarcely be called inaccurate. It belongs not only to Shakspeare's phraseology, but to the freer system upon which the English language was written by the most correct writers in his time. We have lost something in the attainment of our present precision.

⁸ Tieck assigns this speech, and we think correctly, to Helena, in the belief that she means it as a half-obscure expression, which has reference to her love for Bertram. Such are her first words: "I do affect a sorrow, indeed, but I have it too." In the original copies, and in most modern editions, the passage before us is given to the Countess. In her mouth it is not very intelligible; in Helena's, though purposely obscure, it is easily comprehensible. The living enemy to grief for the dead is Bertram; and the grief of her unrequited love for him destroys the other grief—makes it mortal. To this mysterious expression of Helena, Lafau addresses himself when he says, "How understand we that?"

Ber. Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

Laf. How understand we that?

Count. Be thou blest, Bertram! and succeed thy father
In manners, as in shape! thy blood, and virtue,
Contend for empire in thee; and thy goodness
Share with thy birth-right! Love all, trust a few,
Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy
Rather in power than use; and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key: be check'd for silence,
But never tax'd for speech. What heaven more will,
That thee may furnish, and my prayers pluck down,
Fall on thy head! Farewell.—My lord,
'Tis an unseason'd courtier; good my lord,
Advise him.

Laf. He cannot want the best
That shall attend his love.

Count. Heaven bless him!—Farewell, Bertram. [*Exit.*]

Ber. The best wishes that can be forged in your thoughts
[*to HELENA*] be servants to you! Be comfortable to my
mother, your mistress, and make much of her.

Laf. Farewell, pretty lady: You must hold the credit of
your father. [*Excunt BERTRAM and LAFEU.*]

Hel. O, were that all!—I think not on my father;
And these great tears grace his remembrance more
Than those I shed for him.¹ What was he like?
I have forgot him: my imagination
Carries no favour in 't but Bertram's.
I am undone; there is no living, none,
If Bertram be away. It were all one
That I should love a bright particular star,
And think to wed it, he is so above me:
In his bright radiance and collateral light
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.
The ambition in my love thus plagues itself:
The hind that would be mated by the lion
Must die for love. 'Twas pretty, though a plague,
To see him every hour; to sit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's table;² heart too capable
Of every line and trick³ of his sweet favour:⁴
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Must sanctify his relics. Who comes here?

Enter PAROLLES.

One that goes with him: I love him for his sake;
And yet I know him a notorious liar,
Think him a great way fool, solely a coward;
Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him,
That they take place, when virtue's steely bones
Look bleak i' the cold wind: withal, full oft we see
Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.

Par. Save you, fair queen.

Hel. And you, monarch.⁵

Par. No.

Hel. And no.

Par. Are you meditating on virginity?

Hel. Ay. You have some stain⁶ of soldier in you; let
me ask you a question: Man is enemy to virginity; how
may we barricado it against him?

Par. Keep him out.

Hel. But he assails; and our virginity, though valiant

in the defence, yet is weak: unfold to us some warlike
resistance.

Par. There is none: man, sitting down before you, will
undermine you, and blow you up.

Hel. Bless our poor virginity from underminers and
blowers up!—Is there no military policy how virgins
might blow up men?

Par. Virginity, being blown down, man will quicklier
be blown up: marry, in blowing him down again, with
the breach yourselves made, you lose your city. It is not
politic in the commonwealth of nature to preserve virginity.
Loss of virginity is rational increase; and there was never
virgin got till virginity was first lost. That you were
made of is metal to make virgins. Virginity, by being
once lost, may be ten times found; by being ever kept, it
is ever lost: 'tis too cold a companion; away with it.

Hel. I will stand for't a little, though therefore I die a
virgin.

Par. There's little can be said in 't; 'tis against the rule
of nature. To speak on the part of virginity is to accuse
your mothers; which is most infallible disobedience. He
that hangs himself is a virgin: virginity murders itself;
and should be buried in highways, out of all sanctified
limit, as a desperate offendress against nature. Virginity
breeds mites, much like a cheese; consumes itself to the
very paring, and so dies with feeding his own stomach.
Besides, virginity is peevish, proud, idle, made of self-love,
which is the most inhibited sin in the canon. Keep it
not; you cannot choose but lose by't: Out with't: within
ten year it will make itself two,⁷ which is a goodly increase:
and the principal itself not much the worse: Away with't.

Hel. How might one do, sir, to lose it to her own liking?

Par. Let me see: Marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it
likes. 'Tis a commodity will lose the gloss with lying;
the longer kept the less worth: off with't, while 'tis vendi-
ble: answer the time of request. Virginity, like an old
courtier, wears her cap out of fashion; richly suited, but
unsuitable: just like the brooch and the toothpick, which
wear not now: Your date is better in your pie and your
porridge than in your cheek: And your virginity, your old
virginity, is like one of our French withered pears; it
looks ill, it eats drily; marry, 'tis a withered pear; it was
formerly better; marry, yet,⁸ 'tis a withered pear: Will
you anything with it?⁹

Hel. Not my virginity yet.

There, shall your master have a thousand loves,
A mother, and a mistress, and a friend,
A phoenix, captain, and an enemy,
A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign,
A counsellor, a traitress, and a dear;
His humble ambition, proud humility,
His jarring concord, and his discord dulcet,
His faith, his sweet disaster: with a world
Of pretty, fond, adoptious christendoms,
That blinking Cupid gossips. Now shall he—
I know not what he shall:—God send him well!—
The court's a learning-place;—and he is one—

Par. What one, i' faith?

Hel. That I wish well.—'Tis pity—

Par. What's pity?

Hel. That wishing well had not a body in't,
Which might be felt: that we, the poorer born,

¹ The "great tears" which the departure of Bertram causes her to shed, being imputed to her grief for her father, grace his remembrance more than those which she really shed for him.

² *Table*—the tabular surface, tablet, upon which a picture is painted, and thence used for the picture itself.

³ *Trick*—peculiarity.

⁴ *Favour*—countenance.

⁵ *Monarch*. When Parolles calls Helena "queen," she answers by a sarcastic allusion to the *Monarcho*—an Italian who figured in London about 1580, possessed with the notion that he was sovereign of the world. (See *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act IV. Sc. I.)

⁶ *Stain*—tincture; you have some slight mark of the soldier about you.

⁷ We print the text as in the folio. It is commonly read *ten*, which the Cambridge editors adopt. Mr. White proposes "within one year."

⁸ *Yet*—an instance of the use of *yet* for *now*.—*Stanton*.

⁹ There is evidently something wanting here, and it is possible that "will you anything with it?" is a misprint for "will you anything wi' the court?" or "to the court." Hanmer makes Helena say, "You're for the court," before she goes on, "There, shall your master," &c. Her meaning, however obscure the connection with the speech of Parolles, is, that Bertram will find at the court (which she afterwards describes as "the court's a learning-place") some love, which will have all the opposite qualities united which belong to "a thousand loves." The

"Pretty, fond, adoptious christendoms,
That blinking Cupid gossips,"

of which we have here an example, are taken from the fashionable love-phrases of the day, which were adopted from the Italian poets.

Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends,
And show what we alone must think ; which never
Returns us thanks.

Enter a Page.

Page. Monsieur Parolles, my lord calls for you. [*Exit.*

Par. Little Helen, farewell : if I can remember thee, I
will think of thee at court.

Hel. Monsieur Parolles, you were born under a cha-
ritable star.

Par. Under Mars, I.

Hel. I especially think, under Mars.

Par. Why under Mars ?

Hel. The wars have so kept you under, that you must
needs be born under Mars.

Par. When he was predominant.

Hel. When he was retrograde, I think, rather.

Par. Why think you so ?

Hel. You go so much backward when you fight.

Par. That's for advantage.

Hel. So is running away, when fear proposes the safety :
But the composition that your valour and fear makes in
you is a virtue of a good wing, and I like the wear well.

Par. I am so full of businesses I cannot answer thee
acutely : I will return perfect courtier ; in the which, my
instruction shall serve to naturalise thee, so thou wilt be
capable of a courtier's counsel, and understand what
advice shall thrust upon thee ; else thou diest in thine un-
thankfulness, and thine ignorance makes thee away : fare-
well. When thou hast leisure, say thy prayers ; when
thou hast none, remember thy friends : get thee a good
husband, and use him as he uses thee : so farewell. [*Exit.*

Hel. Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to heaven : the fated sky
Gives us free scope ; only, doth backward pull
Our slow designs, when we ourselves are dull.
What power is it which mounts my love so high ;
That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eye ?
The mightiest space in fortune nature brings
To join like likes, and kiss like native things.
Impossible be strange attempts to those
That weigh their pains in sense ; and do suppose
What hath been cannot be :¹ Who ever strove
To show her merit that did miss her love ?
The king's disease—my project may deceive me,
But my intents are fix'd, and will not leave me. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—Paris. *A Room in the King's Palace.*

*Flourish of cornets. Enter the KING OF FRANCE, with
letters ; Lords and others attending.*

King. The Florentines and Senoys are by the ears ;
Have fought with equal fortune, and continue
A braving war.

¹ *Lord.* So 'tis reported, sir.

King. Nay, 'tis most credible ; we here receive it
A certainty, vouch'd from our cousin Austria,
With caution, that the Florentine will move us
For speedy aid ; wherein our dearest friend
Prejudicates the business, and would seem
To have us make denial.

¹ *Lord.* His love and wisdom,
Approv'd so to your majesty, may plead
For amplest credence.

King. He hath arm'd our answer,

And Florence is denied before he comes :
Yet, for our gentlemen that mean to see
The Tuscan service, freely have they leave
To stand on either part.

² *Lord.*

It well may serve
A nursery to our gentry, who are sick
For breathing and exploit.

King.

What's he comes here ?

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, and PAROLLES.

¹ *Lord.* It is the count Rousillon, my good lord,
Young Bertram.

King. Youth, thou bear'st thy father's face ;
Frank nature, rather curious than in haste,
Hath well compos'd thee. Thy father's moral parts
May'st thou inherit too ! Welcome to Paris.

Ber. My thanks and duty are your majesty's.

King. I would I had that corporal soundness now,
As when thy father and myself, in friendship,
First tried our soldiership ! He did look far
Into the service of the time, and was
Disciplin'd of the bravest : he lasted long ;
But on us both did haggish age steal on,
And wore us out of act. It much repairs me
To talk of your good father : In his youth
He had the wit, which I can well observe
To-day in our young lords ; but they may jest
Till their own scorn return to them unnoted,
Ere they can hide their levity in honour,
So like a courtier ; contempt nor bitterness
Were in his pride or sharpness ; if they were,
His equal had awak'd them ; and his honour,
Clock to itself, knew the true minute when
Exception bid him speak, and, at this time,
His tongue obey'd his hand ;² who were below him
He us'd as creatures of another place ;
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,
Making them proud of his humility,
In their poor praise he humbled :³ Such a man
Might be a copy to these younger times ;
Which, follow'd well, would demonstrate them now
But goers backward.

Ber. His good remembrance, sir,
Lies richer in your thoughts than on his tomb ;
So in approof lives not his epitaph,
As in your royal speech.

King. 'Would I were with him ! He would always say,
(Methinks I hear him now : his plausible words
He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them,
To grow there, and to bear,^b)—"Let me not live,"—
Thus his good melancholy oft began,
On the catastrophe and heel of pastime,
When it was out,—“Let me not live,” quoth he,
“After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff
Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses
All but new things disdain ; whose judgments are
Mere fathers of their garments ; whose constancies
Expire before their fashions :”—This he wish'd :
I, after him, do after him wish too,
Since I nor wax nor honey can bring home,
I quickly were dissolved from my hive
To give some labourers room.

² *Lord.* You're lov'd, sir
They that least lend it you shall lack you first.

King. I fill a place, I know't.—How long is't, count,
Since the physician at your father's died ?
He was much fam'd.

¹ Walker suggests that *not* has been omitted, and would read, “What hath not
been can't be.”

² The metaphor of a “clock” is continued ; his tongue, in speaking what

“exception” bade him, obey'd the hand of honour's clock—his hand being put
for its hand.

³ Malone deems the construction to be, “in their poor praise he *being* humbled.”

Ber. Some six months since, my lord.

King. If he were living I would try him yet;—
Lend me an arm;—the rest have worn me out
With several applications;—nature and sickness
Debate it at their leisure. Welcome, count;
My son's no dearer.

Ber. Thank your majesty.

[*Exeunt. Flourish.*]

SCENE III.—Rousillon. *A Room in the Countess's Palace.*

Enter COUNTESS, Steward, and Clown.

Count. I will now hear: what say you of this gentlewoman?

Stew. Madam, the care I have had to even your content, I wish might be found in the calendar of my past endeavours: for then we wound our modesty, and make foul the clearness of our deservings, when of ourselves we publish them.

Count. What does this knave here? Get you gone, sirrah: The complaints I have heard of you I do not all believe; 'tis my slowness that I do not: for I know you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make such knaveries yours.¹

Clo. 'Tis not unknown to you, madam, I am a poor fellow.

Count. Well, sir.

Clo. No, madam, 'tis not so well that I am poor; though many of the rich are damned: But, if I may have your ladyship's good-will to go to the world,¹ Isbel the woman and I will do as we may.

Count. Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

Clo. I do beg your good-will in this case.

Count. In what case?

Clo. In Isbel's case and mine own. Service is no heritage; and I think I shall never have the blessing of God, till I have issue of my body; for, they say, barnes are blessings.

Count. Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marry.

Clo. My poor body, madam, requires it: I am driven on by the flesh; and he must needs go that the devil drives.

Count. Is this all your worship's reason?

Clo. Faith, madam, I have other holy reasons, such as they are.

Count. May the world know them?

Clo. I have been, madam, a wicked creature, as you and all flesh and blood are; and, indeed, I do marry that I may repent.

Count. Thy marriage, sooner than thy wickedness.

Clo. I am out o' friends, madam; and I hope to have friends for my wife's sake.

Count. Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

Clo. You're shallow, madam, in great friends;² for the knaves come to do that for me, which I am a-weary of. He that ears my land spares my team, and gives me leave to in the crop: If I be his cuckold, he's my drudge: He that comforts my wife is the cherisher of my flesh and blood; he that cherishes my flesh and blood loves my flesh and blood; he that loves my flesh and blood is my friend; *ergo*, he that kisses my wife is my friend. If men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in mar-

¹ In *Much Ado about Nothing* (Act II. Sc. I), Beatrice says, "Thus goes every one to the world but I." The commentators explain the phrase of Beatrice by the Clown's speech in the text, and say that "to go to the world" is *to be married*. It appears to us that the Clown asks his freedom when he begs her ladyship's "good-will to go to the world." The domestic fool was ordinarily in the condition of a slave, and was sold or given away. The Clown here adds, "Service is no heritage." And yet "to go to the world" may also mean to marry—as we still say, to settle in the world. A son or daughter, having the paternal leave to marry, goes to the world, in the sense of encountering its responsibilities.

² *In great friends*. So the original. The modern reading is "*e'en* great friends." Surely no alteration is necessary, the meaning clearly being—You are shallow in the matter of great friends.

riage: for young Charbon the puritan, and old Poysam the papist, howsome'er their hearts are severed in religion, their heads are both one,—they may jowl horns together, like any deer i' the herd.

Count. Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouth'd and calumnious knave?

Clo. A prophet I, madam; and I speak the truth the next way:³

For I the ballad will repeat,
Which men full true shall find;
Your marriage comes by destiny,
Your cuckoo sings by kind.

Count. Get you gone, sir; I'll talk with you more anon.

Stew. May it please you, madam, that he bid Helen come to you; of her I am to speak.

Count. Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman I would speak with her; Helen I mean.

Clo. Was this fair face the cause, quoth she,
Why the Grecians sacked Troy.⁴ [*Singing.*
Fond done, done fond,
Was this king Priam's joy?
With that she sighed as she stood,
With that she sighed as she stood,
And gave this sentence then;
Among nine bad if one be good,
Among nine bad if one be good,
There's yet one good in ten.

Count. What, one good in ten? you corrupt the song, sirrah.

Clo. One good woman in ten, madam, which is a purifying o' the song: 'Would God would serve the world so all the year! we'd find no fault with the tithe woman, if I were the parson: One in ten, quoth a'! an⁵ we might have a good woman born but for⁶ every blazing star, or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the lottery well; a man may draw his heart out, ere he pluck one.

Count. You'll be gone, sir knave, and do as I command you!

Clo. That man should be at woman's command, and yet no hurt done!—Though honesty be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart.⁷—I am going, forsooth; the business is for Helen to come hither. [*Exit.*

Count. Well, now.

Stew. I know, madam, you love your gentlewoman entirely.

Count. Faith, I do: her father bequeathed her to me; and she herself, without other advantage, may lawfully make title to as much love as she finds: there is more owing her than is paid; and more shall be paid her than she'll demand.

Stew. Madam, I was very late more near her than, I think, she wished me: alone she was, and did communicate to herself her own words to her own ears; she thought, I dare vow for her, they touched not any stranger sense. Her matter was, she loved your son: Fortune, she said, was no goddess, that had put such difference betwixt their two estates; Love, no god, that would not extend his might only where qualities were level; Diana, no queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight to be surprised, without rescue in the first assault, or ransom afterward:⁷ This she delivered in the most bitter touch of

³ *The next way*—the nearest way.

⁴ The mention of Helen is associated in the mind of the Clown with some popular ballad on the war of Troy.

⁵ *And*, of the original, we think should be *an*, and have altered accordingly.

⁶ *For*. The original reads *ore*. Steevens omits the word altogether. The slight correction of *for* appears to us to give a sense.

⁷ The passage in the original stands thus:—"Love, no god, that would not extend his might only where qualities were level; queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight surprised without rescue," &c. The introduction of "*Diana, no*," was made by Theobald, and "*to be*" by Rowe. As the text is corrupt, we prefer a reading that has been generally received to any new conjecture. It would certainly be a less violent alteration to let the description of Fortune and Love terminate without the introduction of Diana; and to suppose the Steward to be translating into narrative an apostrophe of Helena to the Queen of Virgins.

sorrow that e'er I heard virgin exclaim in : which I held my duty, speedily to acquaint you withal ; sithence, in the loss that may happen, it concerns you something to know it.

Count. You have discharged this honestly ; keep it to yourself : many likelihoods informed me of this before, which hung so tottering in the balance, that I could neither believe, nor misdoubt : Pray you, leave me : stall this in your bosom, and I thank you for your honest care : I will speak with you further anon. *[Exit Steward.]*

Enter HELENA.

Count. Even so it was with me when I was young :
If ever we are nature's, these are ours ; this thorn
Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong :

Our blood to us, this to our blood is born ;
It is the show and seal of nature's truth,
Where love's strong passion is impress'd in youth :
By our remembrances of days foregone,
Such were our faults ;—or then we thought them none.
Her eye is sick on't ; I observe her now.

Hel. What is your pleasure, madam ?

Count. You know, Helen,
I am a mother to you.

Hel. Mine honourable mistress.

Count. Nay, a mother ;
Why not a mother ? When I said, a mother,
Methought you saw a serpent : What's in mother
That you start at it ? I say, I am your mother ;
And put you in the catalogue of those
That were enwombed mine : 'Tis often seen,
Adoption strives with nature ; and choice breeds
A native slip to us from foreign seeds :
You ne'er oppress'd me with a mother's groan,
Yet I express to you a mother's care :—
God's mercy, maiden ! does it curd thy blood
To say, I am thy mother ? What's the matter,
That this distemper'd messenger of wet,
The many-colour'd Iris, rounds thine eye ?
Why ?—that you are my daughter ?

Hel. That I am not.

Count. I say, I am your mother.

Hel. Pardon, madam ;
The count Rousillon cannot be my brother :
I am from humble, he from honour'd name ;
No note upon my parents, his all noble :
My master, my dear lord he is : and I
His servant live, and will his vassal die :
He must not be my brother.

Count. Nor I your mother ?

Hel. You are my mother, madam. ('Would you were
So that my lord, your son, were not my brother.)
Indeed, my mother !—(Or were you both our mothers,
I care no more for than I do for heaven,
So I were not his sister.¹) Can't be other
But, I your daughter, he must be my brother ?

Count. Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-in-law :
God shield, you mean it not ! daughter, and mother,
So strive upon your pulse : What, pale again ?
My fear hath catch'd your fondness : Now I see
The mystery of your loneliness,² and find
Your salt tears' head. Now to all sense 'tis gross.
You love my son ; invention is asham'd,
Against the proclamation of thy passion,
To say thou dost not : therefore tell me true ;
But tell me, then, 'tis so :—for, look, thy cheeks
Confess it, th' one to th' other ; and thine eyes
See it so grossly shown in thy behaviours,

That in their kind they speak it : only sin
And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue,
That truth should be suspected : Speak, is't so ?
If it be so, you have wound a goodly clue ;
If it be not, forswear't : howe'er, I charge thee,
As heaven shall work in me for thine avail,
To tell me truly.

Hel. Good madam, pardon me.

Count. Do you love my son ?

Hel. Your pardon, noble mistress !

Count. Love you my son ?

Hel. Do not you love him, madam

Count. Go not about ; my love hath in't a bond,
Whereof the world takes note : come, come, disclose
The state of your affection ; for your passions
Have to the full appeach'd.

Helen. Then, I confess
Here on my knee, before high heaven and you,
That before you, and next unto high heaven,
I love your son :—
My friends were poor but honest ; so's my love :
Be not offended ; for it hurts not him
That he is lov'd of me : I follow him not
By any token of presumptuous suit ;
Nor would I have him, till I do deserve him ;
Yet never know how that desert should be.
I know I love in vain, strive against hope ;
Yet, in this captious and intenable³ sieve,
I still pour in the waters of my love,
And lack not to lose still : thus, Indian-like,
Religious in mine error, I adore
The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,
But knows of him no more. My dearest madam,
Let not your hate encounter with my love,
For loving where you do : but, if yourself,
Whose aged honour cites a virtuous youth,
Did ever, in so true a flame of liking,
Wish chastely, and love dearly, that your Dian
Was both herself and love ; O then, give pity
To her, whose state is such, that cannot choose
But lend and give, where she is sure to lose ;
That seeks not to find that her search implies,
But, riddle-like, lives sweetly where she dies.

Count. Had you not lately an intent, speak truly,
To go to Paris ?

Hel. Madam, I had.

Count. Wherefore ? tell true.

Hel. I will tell truth ; by grace itself, I swear.
You know my father left me some prescriptions
Of rare and prov'd effects, such as his reading,
And manifest experience, had collected
For general sovereignty ; and that he will'd me
In heedfullest reservation to bestow them
As notes, whose faculties inclusive were,
More than they were in note : amongst the rest,
There is a remedy, approv'd, set down,
To cure the desperate languishings whereof
The king is render'd lost.

Count. This was your motive
For Paris, was it ? speak.

Hel. My lord your son made me to think of this ;
Else Paris, and the medicine, and the king,
Had, from the conversation of my thoughts,
Haply, been absent then.

Count. But think you, Helen,
If you should tender your supposed aid,
He would receive it ? He and his physicians
Are of a mind ; he, that they cannot help him,
They, that they cannot help : How shall they credit

¹ We venture to point this very difficult passage differently from the received mode. It appears to us that the passages which we give between parentheses are spoken half aside. Farmer explains that "I care no more for" means "I care as much for."

² *Loneliness*. In the original, *loveliness*. There can be no doubt that *loneliness*, and not *loveliness*, is intended.

³ *Captious and intenable*—capable of receiving (taking), but not of retaining.

A poor unlearned virgin, when the schools,
Embowell'd of their doctrine, have left off
The danger to itself?

Hel. There's something hints,
More than my father's skill, which was the greatest
Of his profession, that his good receipt
Shall, for my legacy, be sanctified
By the luckiest stars in heaven: and, would your honour
But give me leave to try success, I'd venture
The well-lost life of mine on his grace's cure,
By such a day and hour.

Count. Dost thou believ't?

Hel. Ay, madam, knowingly.

Count. Why, Helen, thou shalt have my leave, and love,
Means, and attendants, and my loving greetings
To those of mine in court; I'll stay at home,
And pray God's blessing into thy attempt:
Be gone to-morrow; and be sure of this,
What I can help thee to thou shalt not miss. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Paris. *A Room in the King's Palace.*

Flourish. Enter KING, with young Lords, taking leave
for the Florentine war; BERTRAM, PAROLLES, and
Attendants.

King. Farewell, young lord,¹ these warlike principles
Do not throw from you:—and you, my lord, farewell:—
Share the advice betwixt you; if both gain all,
The gift doth stretch itself as 'tis receiv'd,
And is enough for both.

1 Lord. It is our hope, sir,
After well enter'd soldiers, to return
And find your grace in health.

King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart
Will not confess he owes the malady
That doth my life besiege. Farewell, young lords;
Whether I live or die, be you the sons
Of worthy Frenchmen: let higher Italy
(Those 'bated, that inherit but the fall
Of the last monarchy²) see, that you come
Not to woo honour, but to wed it; when
The bravest questant shrinks find what you seek,
That fame may cry you loud: I say, farewell.

2 Lord. Health, at your bidding, serve your majesty!

King. Those girls of Italy, take heed of them;
They say our French lack language to deny,
If they demand; beware of being captives,
Before you serve.

¹ *Young lord.* Here, and in the passage of the following line which we print "my lord," the original reads *lords*. The subsequent passage—

"Share the advice betwixt you; if both gain all"—

shows that the correction of the plural to the singular, made by Hanmer, was called for.

² Johnson explains the epithet *higher* to have reference to geographical situation—upper Italy, where the French lords were about to carry their service. Those 'bated, &c., he interprets as those abated or depressed by the wars, who have now lost their ancient military fame, and inherit but the fall of the last monarchy. The construction of the whole sentence in the original (in which the parenthetical punctuation is found) inclines us to think that the King applies the epithet *higher* to the general dignity of Italy, as the nation descended from ancient Rome—the last monarchy. Be you the sons of worthy Frenchmen; let higher Italy (the Italian nation or people) see that you come to wed honour; but I except those, as unfit judges of honour, who inherit, not the Roman virtues, but the humiliation of the Roman decay and fall.

³ The sword of fashion—the *dress-sword*, as we still call it. The rapier was worn in halls of peace as well as in fields of war; in the inaction of which Bertram complains his sword was only "one to dance with."

⁴ *See.* So the original. In modern editions, *see*. "I'll see thee to stand up," is, I'll notice you when you stand up.

⁵ Mr. Leigh Hunt, in the preface to his very beautiful drama of "The Legend of Florence," has the following observation on the rhythm of Shakspeare:—"That dramatist, high above all dramatists, has almost sanctified a ten-syllable regularity of structure, scarcely ever varied by a syllable, though rich with every other diversity of modulation. But, noble as the music is which he has accordingly left us, massy, yet easy, and never failing him, any more than his superhuman abundance

Both. Our hearts receive your warnings.

King. Farewell.—Come hither to me.

[The KING retires to a couch.]

1 Lord. O my sweet lord, that you will stay behind us!

Par. 'Tis not his fault; the spark—

2 Lord. O, 'tis brave wars!

Par. Most admirable; I have seen those wars.

Ber. I am commanded here, and kept a coil with,
"Too young," and "the next year," and "'tis too early."

Par. An thy mind stand to it, boy, steal away bravely.

Ber. I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock,
Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry,
Till honour be bought up, and no sword worn
But one to dance with!³ By heaven, I'll steal away.

1 Lord. There's honour in the theft.

Par. Commit it, count.

2 Lord. I am your accessory; and so farewell.

Ber. I grow to you, and our parting is a tortured body.

1 Lord. Farewell, captain.

2 Lord. Sweet monsieur Parolles!

Par. Noble heroes, my sword and yours are kin. Good sparks and lustrous, a word, good metals:—You shall find in the regiment of the Spinii one captain Spurio, with his cicatrice, an emblem of war, here on his sinister cheek; it was this very sword entrenched it: say to him, I live; and observe his reports for me.

2 Lord. We shall, noble captain.

Par. Mars dote on you for his novices! *[Exeunt Lords.]*
What will you do?

Ber. Stay; the king—

[Seeing him rise.]

Par. Use a more spacious ceremony to the noble lords; you have restrained yourself within the list of too cold an adieu; be more expressive to them: for they wear themselves in the cap of the time; there, do muster true gait, eat, speak, and move under the influence of the most received star; and though the devil lead the measure, such are to be followed: after them, and take a more dilated farewell.

Ber. And I will do so.

Par. Worthy fellows; and like to prove most sinewy sword-men. *[Exeunt BERTRAM and PAROLLES.]*

Enter LAFEU.

Laf. Pardon, my lord, *[kneeling]* for me and for my tidings.

King. I'll see⁴ thee to stand up.

Laf. Then here's a man stands that has brought his pardon.

I would you had kneel'd, my lord, to ask me mercy,
And that, at my bidding, you could so stand up.⁵

of thought and imagery—I dare venture to think, that, had he lived farther off from the times of the princely monotony of 'Marlowe's mighty line,' he would have carried still farther that rhythmical freedom, of which he was the first to set his own fashion, and have anticipated, and far surpassed, the sprightly licence of Beaumont and Fletcher."

Without entering into the general theory here involved, we may express an opinion that, in many instances, the freedom of Shakspeare's lighter dialogue has been impaired by his editors. We have an instance before us. The three lines spoken by Lafeu are printed by us as in the original copy. Nothing can be more buoyant than their metrical flow, and nothing, therefore, more characteristic of the speaker. To get rid of the short line spoken by the King, some of the "regulators" have transposed the lines after this fashion, and so they are often printed:—

"*Laf.* Then here's a man
Stands, that has brought his pardon. I would, you
Had kneel'd, my lord, to ask me mercy: and
That at my bidding you could so stand up."

In the same way the succeeding lines, which we also print as in the original, are changed by the syllable-counting process into the following:—

"*King.* I would I had, so I had broke thy pate,
And ask'd thee mercy for't.

"*Laf.* Good faith, across:
But, my good lord, 'tis thus; will you be cured
Of your infirmity?

"*King.* No.

"*Laf.* O, will you eat
No grapes, my royal fox? Yes, but you will
My noble grapes, an if my royal fox
Could reach them: I have seen a medicine," &c.

King. I would I had; so I had broke thy pate,
And ask'd thee mercy for't.

Laf. Good faith, across: But, my good lord, 'tis thus;
Will you be cured of your infirmity?

King. No.

Laf. O, will you eat no grapes, my royal fox?
Yes, but you will my noble grapes, an if
My royal fox could reach them: I have seen a medicine,
That's able to breathe life into a stone;
Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary,
With sprightly fire and motion; whose simple touch
Is powerful to araise king Pepin, nay,
To give Great Charlemain a pen in's hand
And write to her a love-line.

King. What her is this?

Laf. Why, doctor she; My lord, there's one arriv'd,
If you will see her:—Now, by my faith and honour,
If seriously I may convey my thoughts
In this my light deliverance, I have spoke
With one, that, in her sex, her years, profession,¹
Wisdom, and constancy, hath amaz'd me more
Than I dare blame my weakness: Will you see her
(For that is her demand) and know her business?
That done, laugh well at me.

King. Now, good Lafeu,
Bring in the admiration; that we with thee
May spend our wonder too, or take off thine,
By wondering how thou took'st it.

Laf. Nay, I'll fit you,
And not be all day neither. *[Exit.]*

King. Thus he his special nothing ever prologues.

Re-enter LAFEU, with HELENA.

Laf. Nay, come your ways.

King. This haste hath wings indeed.

Laf. Nay, come your ways;
This is his majesty, say your mind to him:
A traitor you do look like; but such traitors
His majesty seldom fears: I am Cressid's uncle,
That dare leave two together: fare you well. *[Exit.]*

King. Now, fair one, does your business follow us?

Hel. Ay, my good lord.
Gerard de Narbon was my father.
In what he did profess well found.

King. I knew him.

Hel. The rather will I spare my praises towards him;
Knowing him is enough. On his bed of death
Many receipts he gave me; chiefly one,
Which, as the dearest issue of his practice,
And of his old experience the only darling,
He bad me store up, as a triple eye,
Safer than mine own two, more dear; I have so:
And, hearing your high majesty is touch'd
With that malignant cause wherein the honour
Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power,
I come to tender it, and my appliance,
With all bound humbleness.

King. We thank you, maiden;
But may not be so credulous of cure,
When our most learned doctors leave us; and
The congregated college have concluded
That labouring art can never ransom nature
From her inaidable estate,—I say we must not
So stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,
To prostitute our past-cure malady
To empirics: or to dissever so

Our great self and our credit, to esteem
A senseless help, when help past sense we deem.

Hel. My duty then shall pay me for my pains:
I will no more enforce mine office on you;
Humbly entreating from your royal thoughts
A modest one, to bear me back again.

King. I cannot give thee less to be call'd grateful:
Thou thought'st to help me; and such thanks I give,
As one near death to those that wish him live:
But, what at full I know thou know'st no part;
I knowing all my peril, thou no art.

Hel. What I can do can do no hurt to try,
Since you set up your rest 'gainst remedy:
He that of greatest works is finisher
Oft does them by the weakest minister:
So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown,
When judges have been babes. Great floods have flown
From simple sources; and great seas have dried,
When miracles have by the greatest been denied.
Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises; and oft it hits,
Where hope is coldest, and despair most fits.²

King. I must not hear thee; fare thee well, kind maid;
Thy pains, not us'd, must by thyself be paid:
Proffers not took reap thanks for their reward.

Hel. Inspired merit so by breath is barr'd:
It is not so with him that all things knows,
As 'tis with us that square our guess by shows:
But most it is presumption in us, when
The help of heaven we count the act of men.
Dear sir, to my endeavours give consent:
Of heaven, not me, make an experiment.
I am not an impostor, that proclaim
Myself against the level of mine aim;
But know I think, and think I know most sure,
My art is not past power, nor you past cure.

King. Art thou so confident? Within what space
Hop'st thou my cure?

Hel. The greatest grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring;
Ere twice in murk and occidental damp
Moist Hesperus hath quench'd his sleepy lamp;
Or four and twenty times the pilot's glass
Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass;
What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly,
Health shall live free, and sickness freely die.

King. Upon thy certainty and confidence,
What dar'st thou venture?

Hel. Tax of impudence,—
A strumpet's boldness, a divulged shame,—
Traduc'd by odious ballads; my maiden's name
Sear'd otherwise; no³ worse of worst extended,
With vilest torture let my life be ended.

King. Methinks, in thee some blessed spirit doth speak;
His powerful sound within an organ weak:
And what impossibility would slay
In common sense, sense saves another way.
Thy life is dear; for all that life can rate
Worth name of life in thee hath estimate;
Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, all⁴
That happiness and prime can happy call:
Thou this to hazard, needs must intimate
Skill infinite, or monstrous desperate.
Sweet practiser, thy physic I will try,
That ministers thine own death, if I die.

Hel. If I break time, or flinch in property

⁴ The line is usually printed—

"Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, virtue, all."

¹ *Profession*—declaration of purpose.
² *Fits*—in the original, *shifts*—Pope altered to *sits*. Mr. Dyce and the Cambridge editors read *fits*, after Mr. Collier.

³ *No*. In the original *ne*, the old word for *nor*.

Virtue was added by Theobald, "to supply a defect in the measure." This mode of emendation is most unsatisfactory. The King enumerates all the qualities which are apparent in Helena, which she has displayed in her interview with him.

Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die ;
And well deserv'd : Not helping, death's my fee ;
But, if I help, what do you promise me ?

King. Make thy demand.

Hel. But will you make it even ?

King. Ay, by my sceptre, and my hopes of heaven.¹

Hel. Then shalt thou give me, with thy kingly hand,
What husband in thy power I will command :
Exempted be from me the arrogance
To choose from forth the royal blood of France ;
My low and humble name to propagate
With any branch or image of thy state :
But such a one, thy vassal, whom I know
Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow.

King. Here is my hand ; the premises observ'd,
Thy will by my performance shall be serv'd ;
So make the choice of thy own time, for I,
Thy resolv'd patient, on thee still rely.
More should I question thee, and more I must,
Though more to know could not be more to trust ;
From whence thou cam'st, how tended on,—But rest
Unquestion'd welcome, and undoubted blest.—
Give me some help here, hoa !—If thou proceed
As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Rousillon. *A Room in the Countess's Palace.*

Enter COUNTESS and CLOWN.

Count. Come on, sir ; I shall now put you to the height
of your breeding.

Clo. I will show myself highly fed, and lowly taught : I
know my business is but to the court.

Count. To the court ? why, what place make you
special, when you put off that with such contempt—But to
the court ?

Clo. Truly, madam, if God have lent a man any man-
ners, he may easily put it off at court : he that cannot make
a leg, put off's cap, kiss his hand, and say nothing, has
neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap ; and, indeed, such a fellow,
to say precisely, were not for the court : but for me, I
have an answer will serve all men.

Count. Marry, that's a bountiful answer that fits all
questions.

Clo. It is like a barber's chair,^a that fits all buttocks ;
the pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock, the brawn buttock, or
any buttock.

Count. Will your answer serve fit to all questions ?

Clo. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney,
as your French crown for your taffata punk, as Tib's rush
for Tom's fore finger, as a pancake for Shrove-Tuesday, a
morris for Mayday,^b as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to
his horn, as a scolding quean to a wrangling knave, as the
nun's lip to the friar's mouth ; nay, as the pudding to his
skin.

Count. Have you, I say, an answer of such fitness for
all questions ?

Clo. From below your duke to beneath your constable,
it will fit any question.

Count. It must be an answer of most monstrous size
that must fit all demands.

Clo. But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned
should speak truth of it : here it is, and all that belongs

to't : ask me if I am a courtier : it shall do you no harm to
learn.

Count. To be young again, if we could, I will be a fool
in question, hoping to be the wiser by your answer—I
pray you, sir, are you a courtier ?

Clo. O Lord, sir,—There's a simple putting off ;—more,
more, a hundred of them.

Count. Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.

Clo. O Lord, sir,—Thick, thick, spare not me.

Count. I think, sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

Clo. O Lord, sir,—Nay, put me to't, I warrant you.

Count. You were lately whipped, sir, as I think.

Clo. O Lord, sir,—spare not me.

Count. Do you cry, “O Lord, sir,” at your whipping,
and “spare not me ?” Indeed, your “O Lord, sir,” is
very sequent to your whipping ; you would answer very
well to a whipping, if you were but bound to't.^c

Clo. I ne'er had worse luck in my life in my—“O Lord,
sir :” I see things may serve long, but not serve ever.

Count. I play the noble housewife with the time,
To entertain it so merrily with a fool.²

Clo. O Lord, sir,—Why, there 't serves well again.

Count. An end, sir : To your business :³ Give Helen this,
And urge her to a present answer back :
Commend me to my kinsmen, and my son ;
This is not much.

Clo. Not much commendation to them.

Count. Not much employment for you : You understand
me ?

Clo. Most fruitfully ; I am there before my legs.

Count. Haste you again. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE III.—Paris. *A Room in the King's Palace.*

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, and PAROLLES.

Laf. They say, miracles are past ; and we have our
philosophical persons, to make modern and familiar things
supernatural and causeless.⁴ Hence is it that we make
trifles of terrors ; ensconcing ourselves into seeming know-
ledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown
fear.

Par. Why 'tis the rarest argument of wonder that hath
shot out in our latter times.

Ber. And so 'tis.

Laf. To be relinquish'd of the artists,—

Par. So I say ; both of Galen and Paracelsus.

Laf. Of all the learned and authentic fellows,—

Par. Right, so I say.

Laf. That gave him out incurable,—

Par. Why, there 'tis ; so say I too.

Laf. Not to be helped,—

Par. Right : as 'twere a man assured of a—

Laf. Uncertain life, and sure death.

Par. Just, you say well ; so would I have said.

Laf. I may truly say, it is a novelty to the world.

Par. It is indeed : if you will have it in showing, you
shall read it in,—What do you call there ?⁵

Laf. A showing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor.

Par. That's it : I would have said the very same.

Laf. Why, your dolphin is not lustier :⁶ fore me I speak
in respect—

Par. Nay, 'tis strange, 'tis very strange, that is the brief

¹ *Heaven.* In the original, *help*. The rhyme is lost without the correction.

² These lines are ordinarily printed as prose, as they stand in the original. But we have no doubt that they were written as verse, to mark the change in the tone of the Countess.

³ This is generally printed, “An end, sir, to your business.” The Countess means—an end to this trifling ; now to your business.

⁴ Coleridge has the following note on this passage (*Literary Remains*, vol. ii. p. 121) :—“Shakspeare, inspired, as it might seem, with all knowledge, here uses

the word ‘causeless’ in its strict philosophical sense ;—cause being truly predicable only of *phenomena*, that is, things natural, and not of *noumena*, or things supernatural.”

⁵ *What do you call there ?* Equivalent to “What d'ye call it ?”

⁶ Steevens and Malone have a controversy on this passage. Steevens maintains that *your dolphin* means the dauphin—the heir-apparent of France. Walker holds this opinion, saying that in the original the word is printed with a capital. Malone maintains that the allusion is to the gambols of the dolphin.

and the tedious of it; and he is of a most facinorous spirit that will not acknowledge it to be the—

Laf. Very hand of heaven.

Par. Ay, so I say.

Laf. In a most weak—

Par. And debile minister, great power, great transcendence: which should, indeed, give us a further use to be made, than alone the recovery of the king, as to be—

Laf. Generally thankful.

Enter KING, HELENA, and Attendants.

Par. I would have said it; you say well. Here comes the king.

Laf. Lustick, as the Dutchman says:¹ I'll like a maid the better whilst I have a tooth in my head: Why, he's able to lead her a coranto.

Par. *Mort du Vinaigre!* Is not this Helen?

Laf. 'Fore God, I think so.

King. Go, call before me all the lords in court.—

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

Sit, my preserver, by thy patient's side;
And with this healthful hand, whose banish'd sense
Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receive
The confirmation of my promis'd gift,
Which but attends thy naming.

Enter several Lords.

Fair maid, send forth thine eye: this youthful parcel
Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing,
O'er whom both sovereign power and father's voice
I have to use: thy frank election make;
Thou hast power to choose, and they none to forsake.

Hel. To each of you one fair and virtuous mistress
Fall, when love please—marry to each—but one.²

Laf. I'd give bay Curtal, and his furniture,
My mouth no more were broken than these boys',
And writ as little beard.

King. Peruse them well;
Not one of those but had a noble father.

Hel. Gentlemen,
Heaven hath, through me, restor'd the king to health.

All. We understand it, and thank heaven for you.

Hel. I am a simple maid; and therein wealthiest,
That, I protest, I simply am a maid:—
Please it your majesty, I have done already:
The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me,—
“We blush, that thou shouldst choose; but, be refus'd,
Let the white death³ sit on thy cheek for ever;
We'll ne'er come there again.”

King. Make choice; and, see,
Who shuns thy love shuns all his love in me.

Hel. Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly;
And to imperial Love, that god most high,
Do my sighs stream.—Sir, will you hear my suit

¹ *Lord.* And grant it.

Hel. Thanks, sir; all the rest is mute.

Laf. I had rather be in this choice than throw ames-ace
for my life.

Hel. The honour, sir, that flames in your fair eyes,
Before I speak, too threateningly replies:
Love make your fortunes twenty times above
Her that so wishes, and her humble love!

² *Lord.* No better, if you please.

Hel. My wish receive,
Which great love grant! and so I take my leave.

Laf. Do all they deny her? An they were sons of mine,
I'd have them whipped; or I would send them to the
Turk, to make eunuchs of.

Hel. Be not afraid [*to a Lord*] that I your hand should
take;

I'll never do you wrong for your own sake:
Blessing upon your vows! and in your bed
Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed!

Laf. These boys are boys of ice, they'll none have her;
sure they are bastards to the English; the French ne'er
got them.

Hel. You are too young, too happy, and too good,
To make yourself a son out of my blood.

⁴ *Lord.* Fair one, I think not so.

Laf. There's one grape yet,—I am sure thy father drank
wine.—But if thou be'st not an ass, I am a youth of
fourteen; I have known thee already.

Hel. I dare not say I take you; [*to BERTRAM*] but I give
Me and my service, ever whilst I live,
Into your guiding power.—This is the man.

King. Why, then, young Bertram, take her, she's thy
wife.

Ber. My wife, my liege? I shall beseech your highness,
In such a business give me leave to use
The help of mine own eyes.

King. Know'st thou not, Bertram,
What she has done for me?

Ber. Yes, my good lord;
But never hope to know why I should marry her.

King. Thou know'st she has rais'd me from my sickly
bed.

Ber. But follows it, my lord, to bring me down
Must answer for your raising? I know her well;
She had her breeding at my father's charge:
A poor physician's daughter my wife!—Disdain
Rather corrupt me ever!

King. 'Tis only title thou disdain'st in her, the which
I can build up. Strange is it, that our bloods,
Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,
Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off
In differences so mighty: If she be
All that is virtuous, (save what thou dislik'st,
A poor physician's daughter,) thou dislik'st
Of virtue for the name: but do not so:
From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by the doer's deed:
Where great additions swell, and virtue none,
It is a dropsied honour: good alone
Is good without a name; vileness is so;
The property by what it is should go,
Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair;
In these to nature she's immediate heir,
And these breed honour: that is honour's scorn
Which challenges itself as honour's born,
And is not like the sire: Honours thrive,
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our fore-goers: the mere word's a slave,
Debosh'd on every tomb, on every grave
A lying trophy; and as oft is dumb,
Where dust, and damn'd oblivion, is the tomb
Of honour'd bones indeed. What should be said?
If thou canst like this creature as a maid,
I can create the rest: virtue, and she,
Is her own dower; honour, and wealth, from me.

Ber. I cannot love her, nor will strive to do't.

King. Thou wrong'st thyself, if thou shouldst strive to
choose.

¹ *Lustick.* Capell has a valuable note on this passage, which is not found in any of the variorum editions:—"An old play, that has a great deal of merit, called 'The Weakest Goeth to the Wall' (printed in 1600, but how earlier written, or by whom written, we are nowhere informed), has in it a Dutchman, called Jacob van Smelt, who speaks a jargon of Dutch and our language, and upon several occasions uses this very word which in English is—lusty."

² *But one*—except one. She wishes each of the lords one fair and virtuous mistress, except one lord. She excepts Bertram, "whose mistress" (says M. Mason) "she hoped she herself should be: and she makes the exception out of modesty, for otherwise the description of a fair and virtuous mistress would have extended to herself."

³ *The white death*—the paleness of death.

Hel. That you are well restor'd, my lord, I'm glad;
Let the rest go.

King. My honour's at the stake; which to defeat,
I must produce my power: Here, take her hand,
Proud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift,
That dost in vile misprision shackle up
My love, and her desert; that canst not dream,
We, poisoning us in her defective scale,
Shall weigh thee to the beam; that wilt not know
It is in us to plant thine honour, where
We please to have it grow: Check thy contempt:
Obey our will, which travails in thy good:
Believe not thy disdain, but presently
Do thine own fortunes that obedient right
Which both thy duty owes and our power claims;
Or I will throw thee from my care for ever,
Into the staggers,¹ and the careless lapse
Of youth and ignorance; both my revenge and hate
Loosing upon thee, in the name of justice,
Without all terms of pity: Speak! thine answer!

Ber. Pardon, my gracious lord; for I submit
My fancy to your eyes: When I consider
What great creation, and what dole of honour,
Flies where you bid it, I find, that she, which late
Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now
The praised of the king; who, so ennobled,
Is, as 'twere, born so.

King. Take her by the hand,
And tell her she is thine: to whom I promise
A counterpoise; if not to thy estate,
A balance more replete.

Ber. I take her hand.

King. Good fortune, and the favour of the king,
Smile upon this contract; whose ceremony
Shall seem expedient on the now-born brief,
And be perform'd to-night: the solemn feast
Shall more attend upon the coming space,
Expecting absent friends. As thou lov'st her,
Thy love's to me religious; else, does err.

[*Exeunt KING, BERTRAM, HELENA, Lords,
and Attendants.*]²

Laf. Do you hear, monsieur? a word with you.

Par. Your pleasure, sir?

Laf. Your lord and master did well to make his recanta-
tion.

Par. Recantation?—My lord? my master?

Laf. Ay: Is it not a language I speak?

Par. A most harsh one; and not to be understood with-
out bloody succeeding. My master?

Laf. Are you companion to the count Rousillon?

Par. To any count; to all counts; to what is man.

Laf. To what is count's man; count's master is of
another style.

Par. You are too old, sir; let it satisfy you, you are too
old.

Laf. I must tell thee, sirrah, I write man; to which title
age cannot bring thee.

Par. What I dare too well do I dare not do.

Laf. I did think thee, for two ordinaries,³ to be a pretty
wise fellow; thou didst make tolerable vent of thy travel;
it might pass; yet the scarfs and the bannerets about thee
did manifoldly dissuade me from believing thee a vessel of
too great a burden.⁴ I have now found thee; when I lose
thee again I care not; yet art thou good for nothing but
taking up; and that thou art scarce worth.

¹ *The staggers.* Johnson supposes the allusion is to the disease so called in horses. Surely it is a metaphorical expression for uncertainty, insecurity. In *Cymbeline*, Posthumus says—

"Whence come these staggers on me?"

² In the original the following curious stage direction here occurs:—"Parolles
and Lafeu stay behind, commenting of this wedding."

³ For two ordinaries—during two ordinaries at the same table.

Par. Hadst thou not the privilege of antiquity upon
thee,—

Laf. Do not plunge thyself too far in anger, lest thou
hasten thy trial;—which if—Lord have mercy on thee for
a hen! So, my good window of lattice, fare thee well; thy
casement I need not open, for I look through thee. Give
me thy hand.

Par. My lord, you give me most egregious indignity.

Laf. Ay, with all my heart; and thou art worthy of it.

Par. I have not, my lord, deserved it.

Laf. Yes, good faith, every dram of it: and I will not
bate thee a scruple.

Par. Well, I shall be wiser.

Laf. Even as soon as thou canst, for thou hast to pull at
a smack o' the contrary. If ever thou be'st bound in thy
scarf, and beaten, thou shalt find what it is to be proud of
thy bondage. I have a desire to hold my acquaintance
with thee, or rather my knowledge, that I may say, in the
default, he is a man I know.

Par. My lord, you do me most insupportable vexation.

Laf. I would it were hell-pains for thy sake, and my
poor doing eternal: for doing I am past, as I will by thee,
in what motion age will give me leave. [*Exit.*]

Par. Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace off
me; scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy lord!—Well, I must be
patient; there is no fettering of authority. I'll beat him,
by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, an he
were double and double a lord. I'll have no more pity of
his age, than I would have of—I'll beat him, an if I could
but meet him again.

Re-enter LAFEU.

Laf. Sirrah, your lord and master's married; there's
news for you; you have a new mistress.

Par. I most unfeignedly beseech your lordship to make
some reservation of your wrongs: He is my good lord:
whom I serve above is my master.

Laf. Who? God?

Par. Ay, sir.

Laf. The devil it is that's thy master. Why dost thou
garter up thy arms o' this fashion? dost make hose of thy
sleeves? do other servants so? Thou wert best set thy
lower part where thy nose stands. By mine honour, if I
were but two hours younger, I'd beat thee: methinks, thou
art a general offence, and every man should beat thee. I
think thou wast created for men to breathe themselves
upon thee.⁵

Par. This is hard and undeserved measure, my lord.

Laf. Go to, sir; you were beaten in Italy for picking a
kernel out of a pomegranate; you are a vagabond, and no
true traveller: you are more saucy with lords and honour-
able personages, than the commission of your birth and
virtue gives you heraldry.⁶ You are not worth another
word, else I'd call you knave. I leave you. [*Exit.*]

Enter BERTRAM.

Par. Good, very good; it is so then.—Good, very good;
let it be concealed awhile.

⁴ Parolles, from this and several passages of a similar nature, appears to have
been intended for a great coxcomb in dress; and Lafeu here compares his trappings
to the gaudy decorations of a pleasure-vessel, not "of too great a burden." Hall,
in his *Satires* (b. iv. s. 6) has described a soldier so scarfed:—

"The sturdy ploughman doth the soldier see
All scarfed with pied colours to the knee,
Whom Indian pillage hath made fortunate;
And now he 'gins to loath his former state."

To breathe upon here is to take exercise, which is to be had by beating
Parolles. Hamlet says (Act V. Sc. II.), "It is the breathing time of day with
me."

⁶ The passage is ordinarily printed thus;—"Than the heraldry of your birth and
virtue gives you commission."

Ber. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!

Par. What is the matter, sweet heart?

Ber. Although before the solemn priest I have sworn,
I will not bed her.

Par. What? what, sweet heart?

Ber. O my Parolles, they have married me:—

I'll to the Tuscan wars, and never bed her.

Par. France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits
The tread of a man's foot: to the wars!

Ber. There's letters from my mother; what the import is,
I know not yet.

Par. Ay, that would be known: To the wars, my boy,
to the wars!

He wears his honour in a box unseen
That hugs his kickie-wickie here at home;
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,
Which should sustain the bound and high curvet
Of Mars's fiery steed: To other regions!
France is a stable; we, that dwell in't, jades;
Therefore, to the war!

Ber. It shall be so; I'll send her to my house;
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,
And wherefore I am fled; write to the king
That which I durst not speak: His present gift
Shall furnish me to those Italian fields
Where noble fellows strike: War is no strife
To the dark house, and the detested wife.¹

Par. Will this capricio hold in thee, art sure?

Ber. Go with me to my chamber, and advise me.
I'll send her straight away: To-morrow
I'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow.

Par. Why, these balls bound; there's noise in it. 'Tis
hard:

A young man married is a man that's marr'd:
Therefore away, and leave her bravely; go:
The king has done you wrong: but, hush! 'tis so. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The same. Another Room in the same.*

Enter HELENA and Clown.

Hel. My mother greets me kindly: Is she well?

Clow. She is not well; but yet she has her health: she's
very merry; but yet she is not well: but thanks be given,
she's very well, and wants nothing i' the world; but yet
she is not well.

Hel. If she be very well, what does she ail that she's
not very well?

Clow. Truly, she's very well, indeed, but for two things.

Hel. What two things?

Clow. One, that she's not in heaven, whither God send
her quickly! the other, that she's in earth, from whence
God send her quickly!

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Bless you, my fortunate lady!

Hel. I hope, sir, I have your good will to have mine own
good fortunes.

Par. You had my prayers to lead them on: and to keep
them on, have them still.—O, my knave! How does my
old lady?

Clow. So that you had her wrinkles, and I her money, I
would she did as you say.

Par. Why, I say nothing.

Clow. Marry, you are the wiser man; for many a man's
tongue shakes out his master's undoing: To say nothing,
to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is

to be a great part of your title; which is within a very
little of nothing.

Par. Away, thou'rt a knave.

Clow. You should have said, sir, before a knave thou art a
knave; that is, before me thou art a knave: this had been
truth, sir.

Par. Go to, thou art a witty fool; I have found thee.

Clow. Did you find me in yourself, sir? or were you taught
to find me? The search, sir, was profitable; and much
fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleasure, and
the increase of laughter.

Par. A good knave, i' faith, and well fed.—

Madam, my lord will go away to-night:

A very serious business calls on him.

The great prerogative and rite of love,

Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknowledge;

But puts it off to a compell'd restraint;

Whose want, and whose delay, is strew'd with sweets,

Which they distil now in the curbed time,

To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy,

And pleasure drown the brim.

Hel. What's his will else?

Par. That you will take your instant leave o' the king,
And make this haste as your own good proceeding,
Strengthen'd with what apology you think
May make it probable need.

Hel. What more commands he?

Par. That, having this obtain'd, you presently
Attend his further pleasure.

Hel. In everything I wait upon his will.

Par. I shall report it so.

Hel. I pray you.—Come, sirrah.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter LAFEU and BERTRAM.

Laf. But, I hope your lordship thinks not him a soldier.

Ber. Yes, my lord, and of very valiant approof.

Laf. You have it from his own deliverance.

Ber. And by other warranted testimony.

Laf. Then my dial goes not true: I took this lark for a
bunting.²

Ber. I do assure you, my lord, he is very great in know-
ledge, and accordingly valiant.

Laf. I have then sinned against his experience, and
transgressed against his valour; and my state that way is
dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent.
Here he comes; I pray you, make us friends; I will pursue
the amity.

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. These things shall be done, sir. [*To BERTRAM.*]

Laf. Pray you, sir, who's his tailor?

Par. Sir?

Laf. O, I know him well: Ay, sir; he, sir, is a good
workman, a very good tailor.

Ber. Is she gone to the king? [*Aside to PAROLLES.*]

Par. She is.

Ber. Will she away to-night?

Par. As you'll have her.

Ber. I have writ my letters, casketed my treasure,
Given order for our horses; and to-night,
When I should take possession of the bride,
End ere I do begin.³

Laf. A good traveller is something at the latter end of

¹ Bertram would say—the strife of war is nothing, compared to that of the dark house, &c. By the “dark house” we understand the house which is the seat of gloom and discontent.

² The lark and the common bunting greatly resemble each other, but the bunting has no song.

³ The reading of the original is—

“And, ere I do begin.”

This valuable correction is derived from a MS. alteration of a copy of the first folio, and is given in Mr. Collier's “Reasons for a New Edition of Shakespeare's Works.”

a dinner; but one that lies three-thirds, and uses a known truth to pass a thousand nothings with, should be once heard, and thrice beaten.—God save you, captain.

Ber. Is there any unkindness between my lord and you, monsieur?

Par. I know not how I have deserved to run into my lord's displeasure.

Laf. You have made shift to run into 't, boots and spurs and all, like him that leaped into the custard;^d and out of it you'll run again, rather than suffer question for your residence.

Ber. It may be you have mistaken him, my lord.

Laf. And shall do so ever, though I took him at his prayers. Fare you well, my lord; and believe this of me, there can be no kernel in this light nut; the soul of this man is his clothes: trust him not in matter of heavy consequence; I have kept of them tame, and know their natures.—Farewell, monsieur: I have spoken better of you than you have or will to deserve at my hand; but we must do good against evil. [Exit.]

Par. An idle lord, I swear.

Ber. I think so.

Par. Why, do you not know him?

Ber. Yes, I do know him well; and common speech Gives him a worthy pass. Here comes my clog.

Enter HELENA.

Hcl. I have, sir, as I was commanded from you, Spoke with the king, and have procur'd his leave For present parting; only, he desires Some private speech with you.

Ber. I shall obey his will.
You must not marvel, Helen, at my course,
Which holds not colour with the time, nor does
The ministration and required office
On my particular: prepar'd I was not
For such a business; therefore am I found
So much unsettled: This drives me to entreat you,
That presently you take your way for home;
And rather muse, than ask, why I entreat you:
For my respects are better than they seem;
And my appointments have in them a need
Greater than shows itself, at the first view,
To you that know them not. This to my mother:
[Giving a letter.]

'Twill be two days ere I shall see you; so
I leave you to your wisdom.

Hel. Sir, I can nothing say,
But that I am your most obedient servant.

Ber. Come, come, no more of that.

Hel. And ever shall
With true observance seek to eke out that,
Wherein toward me my homely stars have fail'd
To equal my great fortune.

Ber. Let that go:
My haste is very great: Farewell; hie home.

Hcl. Pray, sir, your pardon.

Ber. Well, what would you say?

Hel. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe;
Nor dare I say 'tis mine; and yet it is;
But, like a timorous thief, most fain would steal
What law does vouch mine own.

Ber. What would you have?

Hel. Something; and scarce so much:—nothing, indeed.—
I would not tell you what I would: my lord—'faith, yes;—
Strangers and foes do sunder, and not kiss.

Ber. I pray you, stay not, but in haste to horse.

Hel. I shall not break your bidding, good my lord.

Ber. Where are my other men, monsieur?—Farewell.

[Exit HELENA.]

Go thou toward home; where I will never come,
Whilst I can shake my sword, or hear the drum:—
Away, and for our flight.

Par. Bravely, coragio! [Exeunt.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Florence. *A Room in the Duke's Palace.*

Flourish. Enter the DUKE OF FLORENCE, attended; two French Lords, and others.

Duke. So that, from point to point, now have you heard
The fundamental reasons of this war;
Whose great decision hath much blood let forth,
And more thirsts after.

1 Lord. Holy seems the quarrel
Upon your grace's part; black and fearful
On the opposer.

Duke. Therefore we marvel much, our cousin France
Would, in so just a business, shut his bosom
Against our borrowing prayers.

2 Lord. Good my lord,
The reasons of our state I cannot yield
But like a common and an outward man,
That the great figure of a council frames
By self-unable motion: therefore dare not
Say what I think of it; since I have found
Myself in my uncertain grounds to fail
As often as I guess'd.

Duke. Be it his pleasure.

2 Lord. But I am sure, the younger of our nature,
That surfeit on their ease, will, day by day,
Come here for physic.

Duke. Welcome shall they be;
And all the honours that can fly from us
Shall on them settle. You know your places well;
When better fall, for your avails they fell:
To-morrow to the field. [Flourish. Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—Rousillon. *A Room in the Countess's Palace.*

Enter COUNTESS and Clown.

Count. It hath happened all as I would have had it, save
that he comes not along with her.

Clo. By my troth, I take my young lord to be a very
melancholy man.

Count. By what observance, I pray you?

Clo. Why, he will look upon his boot, and sing; mend
the ruff,¹ and sing; ask questions, and sing; pick his
teeth, and sing: I know a man that had this trick of
melancholy hold a goodly manor for a song.²

Count. Let me see what he writes, and when he means
to come. [Opening a letter.]

Clo. I have no mind to Isbel, since I was at court; our
old ling and our Isbels o' the country are nothing like your
old ling and your Isbels o' the court: the brains of my
Cupid's knocked out; and I begin to love, as an old man
loves money, with no stomach.

¹ The top of the loose boot, which turned over, was called the *ruff*, or *ruffle*. Ben Jonson has the latter word:—"Not having leisure to put off my silver spurs, one of the rowels catch'd hold of the *ruffle* of my boot." (Every Man out of his Humour, Act IV. Sc. VI.)

² The reading of the original, and of the second folio, is "*hold* a goodly manor," &c. In the third folio it was changed to *sold*, which has been the received reading in several editions. That a melancholy man should *sell* a manor for a song is no

illustration of the Clown's argument that singing is a symptom of melancholy; but, as manors were *held* under every sort of service, it is not improbable (though we find no example in "Blount's Tenures") that one originally granted to a minstrel for his song may have been held by a melancholy successor, and that he, by the musical effects of his melancholy, may have been as competent to discharge the service to the letter as his ancestor of the gay science.

Count. What have we here?

Clo. E'en that you have there.

[*Exit.*

Count. [*reads.*]

"I have sent you a daughter-in-law: she hath recovered the king, and undone me. I have wedded her, not bedded her; and sworn to make the *not* eternal. You shall hear I am run away; know it before the report come. If there be breadth enough in the world, I will hold a long distance. My duty to you.

"Your unfortunate son,

"BERTRAM."

This is not well, rash and unbridled boy,
To fly the favours of so good a king;
To pluck his indignation on thy head,
By the misprizing of a maid too virtuous
For the contempt of empire.

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O madam, yonder is heavy news within, between two soldiers and my young lady.

Count. What is the matter?

Clo. Nay, there is some comfort in the news, some comfort; your son will not be killed so soon as I thought he would.

Count. Why should he be killed?

Clo. So say I, madam, if he run away, as I hear he does: the danger is in standing to't; that's the loss of men, though it be the getting of children. Here they come will tell you more: for my part, I only hear your son was run away.

[*Exit.*

Enter HELENA and two Gentlemen.

1 *Gen.* Save you, good madam.

Hel. Madam, my lord is gone, for ever gone.

2 *Gen.* Do not say so.

Count. Think upon patience.—'Pray you, gentlemen,—I have felt so many quirks of joy and grief, That the first face of neither, on the start, Can woman me unto 't.—Where is my son, I pray you?

2 *Gen.* Madam, he's gone to serve the duke of Florence: We met him thitherward; for thence we came, And, after some despatch in hand at court, Thither we bend again.

Hel. Look on his letter, madam; here's my passport.

[*Reads.*

"When thou canst get the ring upon my finger, which never shall come off, and show me a child begotten of thy body that I am father to, then call me husband: but in such a *then* I write a *never*."

This is a dreadful sentence.

Count. Brought you this letter, gentlemen?

1 *Gen.*

Ay, madam;

And, for the contents' sake, are sorry for our pains.

Count. I prithee, lady, have a better cheer; If thou engrossest all the griefs are thine, Thou robb'st me of a moiety: He was my son; But I do wash his name out of my blood, And thou art all my child.—Towards Florence is he?

2 *Gen.* Ay, madam.

Count. And to be a soldier?

2 *Gen.* Such is his noble purpose: and, believe 't, The duke will lay upon him all the honour That good convenience claims.

Count. Return you thither?

1 *Gen.* Ay, madam, with the swiftest wing of speed.

Hel. "Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France." 'Tis bitter.

Count. Find you that there?

Hel. Ay, madam.

1 *Gen.* 'Tis but the boldness of his hand, haply, which his heart was not consenting to.

Count. Nothing in France, until he have no wife! There's nothing here, that is too good for him, But only she: and she deserves a lord That twenty such rude boys might tend upon, And call her hourly, mistress. Who was with him?

1 *Gen.* A servant only, and a gentleman Which I have some time known.

Count.

Parolles, was 't not.

1 *Gen.* Ay, my good lady, he.

Count. A very tainted fellow, and full of wickedness. My son corrupts a well-derived nature With his inducement.

1 *Gen.*

Indeed, good lady, The fellow has a deal of that, too much, Which holds him much to have.

Count. You are welcome, gentlemen.

I will entreat you, when you see my son, To tell him that his sword can never win The honour that he loses: more I'll entreat you Written to bear along.

2 *Gen.*

We serve you, madam, In that and all your worthiest affairs.

Count. Not so, but as we change our courtesies. Will you draw near?

[*Excunt COUNTESS and Gentlemen.*

Hel. "Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France." Nothing in France, until he has no wife! Thou shalt have none, Rousillon, none in France, Then hast thou all again. Poor lord! is 't I That chase thee from thy country, and expose Those tender limbs of thine to the event Of the none-sparing war? and is it I That drive thee from the sportive court, where thou Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark Of smoky muskets? O you leaden messengers, That ride upon the violent speed of fire, Fly with false aim; move the still-peering¹ air, That sings with piercing; do not touch my lord! Whoever shoots at him, I set him there; Whoever charges on his forward breast, I am the caitiff that do hold him to it; And, though I kill him not, I am the cause His death was so effected: better 'twere, I met the ravin lion when he roar'd With sharp constraint of hunger; better 'twere, That all the miseries which nature owes Were mine at once: No, come thou home, Rousillon, Whence honour but of danger wins a scar, As oft it loses all; I will be gone: My being here it is that holds thee hence: Shall I stay here to do 't? no, no, although The air of paradise did fan the house, And angels offic'd all: I will be gone; That pitiful rumour may report my flight, To console thine ear. Come, night; end, day! For, with the dark, poor thief, I'll steal away.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—Florence. *Before the Duke's Palace.*

Flourish. *Enter the DUKE OF FLORENCE, BERTRAM, Lords, Officers, Soldiers, and others.*

Duke. The general of our horse thou art; and we, Great in our hope, lay our best love and credence Upon thy promising fortune.

Ber.

Sir, it is

A charge too heavy for my strength: but yet We'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake, To the extreme edge of hazard.

¹ *Still-peering.* This is the reading of the original. It is usually printed *still-piercing*, which has no meaning. Malone adopts *still-piecing*—the air that closes

immediately. The sense of the original reading—*still-peering*—appearing still—seems quite as good.

Duke. Then go thou forth ;
And fortune play upon thy prosperous helm,
As thy auspicious mistress !
Ber. This very day,
Great Mars, I put myself into thy file :
Make me but like my thoughts ; and I shall prove
A lover of thy drum, hater of love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Rousillon. *A Room in the Countess's Palace.*

Enter COUNTESS and Steward.

Count. Alas ! and would you take the letter of her ?
Might you not know she would do as she has done,
By sending me a letter ? Read it again.

Stew. " I am St. Jaques' pilgrim, thither gone :
Ambitious love hath so in me offended,
That bare-foot plod I the cold ground upon,
With sainted vow my faults to have amended.
Write, write, that, from the bloody course of war,
My dearest master, your dear son, may hie ;
Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far
His name with zealous fervour sanctify :
His taken labours bid him me forgive ;
I, his despitel Juno, sent him forth
From courtly friends, with camping foes to live,
Where death and danger dog the heels of worth :
He is too good and fair for death and me ;
Whom I myself embrace, to set him free."

Count. Ah, what sharp stings are in her mildest words !—
Rinaldo, you did never lack advice so much
As letting her pass so ; had I spoke with her,
I could have well diverted her intents,
Which thus she hath prevented.

Stew. Pardon me, madam :
If I had given you this at over-night,
She might have been o'er-ta'en ; and yet she writes,
Pursuit would be but vain.

Count. What angel shall
Bless this unworthy husband ? he cannot thrive,
Unless her prayers, whom heaven delights to hear,
And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath
Of greatest justice.—Write, write, Rinaldo,
To this unworthy husband of his wife :
Let every word weigh heavy of her worth,
That he does weigh too light : my greatest grief,
Though little he do feel it, set down sharply.
Despatch the most convenient messenger :—
When, haply, he shall hear that she is gone,
He will return ; and hope I may that she,
Hearing so much, will speed her foot again,
Led hither by pure love. Which of them both
Is dearest to me, I have no skill in sense
To make distinction :—Provide this messenger :—
My heart is heavy, and mine age is weak ;
Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me speak. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Without the Walls of Florence.*

A tucket afar off. Enter an old Widow of Florence, DIANA, VIOLENTA, MARIANA, and other Citizens.

Wid. Nay, come ; for if they do approach the city, we
shall lose all the sight.

Dia. They say the French count has done most honour-
able service.

Wid. It is reported that he has taken their greatest com-
mander ; and that with his own hand he slew the duke's
brother. We have lost our labour : they are gone a con-
trary way : hark ! you may know by their trumpets.

Mar. Come, let's return again, and suffice ourselves with
the report of it. Well, Diana, take heed of this French
earl : the honour of a maid is her name ; and no legacy is
so rich as honesty.

Wid. I have told my neighbour how you have been
solicited by a gentleman his companion.

Mar. I know that knave ; hang him ! one Parolles : a
filthy officer he is in those suggestions¹ for the young earl.
Beware of them, Diana ; their promises, enticements,
oaths, tokens, and all these engines of lust, are not the
things they go under : many a maid hath been seduced by
them ; and the misery is, example that so terrible shows
in the wrack of maidenhood, cannot for all that dissuade
succession, but that they are limed with the twigs that
threaten them. I hope I need not to advise you further ; but
I hope your own grace will keep you where you are, though
there were no further danger known, but the modesty
which is so lost.

Dia. You shall not need to fear me.

Enter HELENA, in the dress of a pilgrim.

Wid. I hope so.—Look, here comes a pilgrim : I know
she will lie at my house : thither they send one another :
I'll question her.—God save you, pilgrim ! Whither are
you bound ?

Hel. To Saint Jaques le grand.

Where do the palmers lodge, I do beseech you ?

Wid. At the Saint Francis here, beside the port.

Hel. Is this the way ?

Wid. Ay, marry is it.—Hark you !

[*A march afar off.*

They come this way :—If you will tarry, holy pilgrim,
But till the troops come by,
I will conduct you where you shall be lodg'd ;
The rather, for I think I know your hostess
As ample as myself.

Hel. Is it yourself ?

Wid. If you shall please so, pilgrim.

Hel. I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.

Wid. You came, I think, from France ?

Hel. I did so.

Wid. Here you shall see a countryman of yours,
That has done worthy service.

Hel. His name, I pray you.

Dia. The count Rousillon : Know you such a one ?

Hel. But by the ear that hears most nobly of him :
His face I know not.

Dia. Whatsoe'er he is,
He's bravely taken here. He stole from France,
As 'tis reported, for² the king had married him
Against his liking : Think you it is so ?

Hel. Ay, surely, mere the truth ; I know his lady.

Dia. There is a gentleman that serves the count
Reports but coarsely of her.

Hel. What's his name ?

Dia. Monsieur Parolles.

Hel. O, I believe with him,
In argument of praise, or to the worth
Of the great count himself, she is too mean
To have her name repeated ; all her deserving
Is a reserved honesty, and that
I have not heard examin'd.

Dia. Alas, poor lady !
'Tis a hard bondage, to become the wife
Of a detesting lord.

Wid. Ay, right ;³ good creature, wheresoe'er she is,
Her heart weighs sadly : this young maid might do her
A shrewd turn if she pleas'd.

¹ *Suggestions*—temptations.

² *For*—because.

³ *Ay, right.* The original reads, *I write*, which Malone adopts. But *ay* is

so invariably printed *I*, that we doubt the propriety of retaining this forced
expression, when the simple assent of the Widow to Diana's reflection is
obvious.

Hel. How do you mean?
May be, the amorous count solicits her
In the unlawful purpose.

Wid. He does, indeed;
And brokes with all that can in such a suit¹
Corrupt the tender honour of a maid:
But she is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard
In honestest defence.

*Enter, with drum and colours, a party of the Florentine army,
BERTRAM, and PAROLLES.*

Mar. The gods forbid else!

Wid. So, now they come:—
That is Antonio, the duke's eldest son;
That, Escalus.

Hel. Which is the Frenchman?

Dia. He;
That with the plume: 'tis a most gallant fellow;
I would he lov'd his wife: if he were honest
He were much goodlier:—Is 't not a handsome gentleman?

Hel. I like him well.

Dia. 'Tis pity he is not honest: Yond's that same
knave,
That leads him to these places; were I his lady,
I would poison that vile rascal.

Hel. Which is he?

Dia. That jack-an-apes with scarfs: Why is he melan-
choly?

Hel. Perchance he's hurt i' the battle.

Par. Lose our drum! well.

Mar. He's shrewdly vexed at something: Look, he has
spied us.

Wid. Marry, hang you!

Mar. And your courtesy, for a ring-carrier!

[*Exeunt* BERTRAM, PAROLLES, Officers, and Soldiers.]

Wid. The troop is past: Come, pilgrim, I will bring you
Where you shall host: of enjoin'd penitents
There's four or five, to great Saint Jaques bound,
Already at my house.

Hel. I humbly thank you:
Please it this matron, and this gentle maid,
To eat with us to-night, the charge and thanking
Shall be for me; and to requite you further,
I will bestow some precepts on this virgin,
Worthy the note.

Both. We'll take your offer kindly.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*Camp before Florence.*

Enter BERTRAM, and the two French Lords.

¹ *Lord.* Nay, good my lord, put him to 't; let him have
his way.

² *Lord.* If your lordship find him not a hilding, hold me
no more in your respect.

¹ *Lord.* On my life, my lord, a bubble.

Ber. Do you think I am so far deceived in him?

¹ *Lord.* Believe it, my lord, in mine own direct know-
ledge, without any malice, but to speak of him as
my kinsman, he's a most notable coward, an infinite
and endless liar, an hourly promise-breaker, the owner
of no one good quality worthy your lordship's entertain-
ment.

² *Lord.* It were fit you knew him; lest, reposing too far
in his virtue, which he hath not, he might, at some great
and trusty business, in a main danger, fail you.

Ber. I would I knew in what particular action to try
him.

² *Lord.* None better than to let him fetch off his drum,
which you hear him so confidently undertake to do.

¹ *Lord.* I, with a troop of Florentines, will suddenly sur-
prise him; such I will have whom I am sure he knows not
from the enemy: we will bind and hood-wink him, so that
he shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the
leaguer² of the adversaries, when we bring him to our own
tents: Be but your lordship present at his examination: if
he do not, for the promise of his life, and in the highest
compulsion of base fear, offer to betray you, and deliver all
the intelligence in his power against you, and that with
the divine forfeit of his soul upon oath, never trust my
judgment in anything.

² *Lord.* O, for the love of laughter, let him fetch his
drum; he says, he has a stratagem for 't: when your lord-
ship sees the bottom of his success in 't, and to what metal
this counterfeit lump of ore will be melted, if you give him
not John Drum's entertainment,³ your inclining cannot be
removed. Here he comes.

Enter PAROLLES.

¹ *Lord.* O, for the love of laughter, hinder not the
humour³ of his design: let him fetch off his drum in any
hand.

Ber. How now, monsieur? this drum sticks sorely in
your disposition.

² *Lord.* A pox on 't, let it go; 'tis but a drum.

Par. But a drum! Is 't but a drum? A drum so lost!—
There was excellent command! to charge in with our
horse upon our own wings, and to rend our own soldiers!

² *Lord.* That was not to be blamed in the command of
the service; it was a disaster of war that Cæsar himself
could not have prevented, if he had been there to command.

Ber. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our success
some dishonour we had in the loss of that drum; but it is
not to be recovered.

Par. It might have been recovered.

Ber. It might, but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recovered: but that the merit of service
is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I
would have that drum or another, or *hic jacet*.

Ber. Why, if you have a stomach to 't, monsieur, if you
think your mystery in stratagem can bring this instrument
of honour again into his native quarter, be magnanimous
in the enterprise, and go on; I will grace the attempt for
a worthy exploit: if you speed well in it, the duke shall
both speak of it, and extend to you what further becomes
his greatness, even to the utmost syllable of your worthi-
ness.

Par. By the hand of a soldier, I will undertake it.

Ber. But you must not now slumber in it.

Par. I'll about it this evening: and I will presently pen
down my dilemmas, encourage myself in my certainty, put
myself into my mortal preparation, and, by midnight, look
to hear further from me.

Ber. May I be bold to acquaint his grace you are gone
about it?

Par. I know not what the success will be, my lord; but
the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know thou art valiant; and to the possibility of
thy soldiership will subscribe for thee. Farewell.

Par. I love not many words.

[*Exit.*]

¹ *Lord.* No more than a fish loves water.—Is not this a
strange fellow, my lord, that so confidently seems to under-
take this business, which he knows is not to be done;
damns himself to do, and dares better be damned than to
do 't?

² *Lord.* You do not know him, my lord, as we do:

¹ *Brokes.* To *broke* (an obsolete verb) is to transact business for others.

² *Leaguer* is from the German *lager*, a camp.

³ *Humour.* In the original, *honour*.

certain it is, that he will steal himself into a man's favour, and, for a week, escape a great deal of discoveries; but when you find him out, you have him ever after.

Ber. Why, do you think he will make no deed at all of this, that so seriously he does address himself unto?

1 Lord. None in the world; but return with an invention, and clap upon you two or three probable lies: but we have almost embossed¹ him; you shall see his fall to-night: for, indeed, he is not for your lordship's respect.

2 Lord. We'll make you some sport with the fox, ere we case him. He was first smoked by the old lord Lafeu: when his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall find him; which you shall see this very night.

1 Lord. I must go look my twigs; he shall be caught.

Ber. Your brother, he shall go along with me.

1 Lord. As't please your lordship: I'll leave you.

[*Exit.*]

Ber. Now will I lead you to the house, and show you The lass I spoke of.

2 Lord. But, you say she's honest.

Ber. That's all the fault: I spoke with her but once, And found her wondrous cold; but I sent to her, By this same coxcomb that we have i' the wind, Tokens and letters which she did re-send; And this is all I have done: She's a fair creature; Will you go see her?

2 Lord. With all my heart, my lord.

[*Excunt.*]

SCENE VII.—Florence. *A Room in the Widow's House.*

Enter HELENA and Widow.

Hel. If you misdoubt me that I am not she, I know not how I shall assure you further, But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.

Wid. Though my estate be fallen, I was well born, Nothing acquainted with these businesses; And would not put my reputation now In any staining act.

Hel. Nor would I wish you. First, give me trust, the count he is my husband; And, what to your sworn counsel I have spoken, Is so, from word to word; and then you cannot, By the good aid that I of you shall borrow, Err in bestowing it.

Wid. I should believe you; For you have show'd me that which well approves You are great in fortune.

Hel. Take this purse of gold, And let me buy your friendly help thus far, Which I will over-pay, and pay again, When I have found it. The count he woos your daughter, Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty, Resolves to carry her; let her, in fine, consent, As we'll direct her how 'tis best to bear it, Now his important blood will nought deny That she'll demand: A ring the county wears, That downward hath succeeded in his house, From son to son, some four or five descents Since the first father wore it: this ring he holds In most rich choice; yet, in his idle fire, To buy his will, it would not seem too dear, Howe'er repented after.

Wid. Now I see The bottom of your purpose.

Hel. You see it lawful then: It is no more, But that your daughter, ere she seems as won, Desires this ring; appoints him an encounter; In fine, delivers me to fill the time,

Herself most chastely absent; after this, To marry her, I'll add three thousand crowns To what is past already.

Wid. I have yielded:

Instruct my daughter how she shall persevere, That time and place, with this deceit so lawful, May prove coherent. Every night he comes With musics of all sorts, and songs compos'd To her unworthiness: It nothing steads us To chide him from our eaves; for he persists, As if his life lay on 't.

Hel.

Why then, to-night Let us assay our plot; which, if it speed, Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed, And lawful meaning in a lawful act; Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact: But let's about it.

[*Excunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Without the Florentine Camp.*

Enter first Lord, with five or six Soldiers in ambush.

1 Lord. He can come no other way but by this hedge-corner: When you sally upon him, speak what terrible language you will; though you understand it not yourselves, no matter; for we must not seem to understand him; unless some one among us, whom we must produce for an interpreter.

1 Sold. Good captain, let me be the interpreter.

1 Lord. Art not acquainted with him? knows he not thy voice?

1 Sold. No, sir, I warrant you.

1 Lord. But what linsy-woolsy hast thou to speak to us again?

1 Sold. E'en such as you speak to me.

1 Lord. He must think us some band of strangers i' the adversary's entertainment. Now he hath a smack of all neighbouring languages; therefore we must every one be a man of his own fancy, not to know what we speak one to another; so we seem to know is to know straight our purpose: chough's language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you, interpreter, you must seem very politic. But couch, hoa! here he comes; to beguile two hours in a sleep, and then to return and swear the lies he forges.

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Ten o'clock: within these three hours 'twill be time enough to go home. What shall I say I have done? It must be a very plausible invention that carries it: They begin to smoke me: and disgraces have of late knocked too often at my door. I find my tongue is too fool-hardy; but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it, and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

1 Lord. This is the first truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of.

[*Aside.*]

Par. What the devil should move me to undertake the recovery of this drum; being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I must give myself some hurts, and say I got them in exploit: Yet slight ones will not carry it: They will say, Came you off with so little? and great ones I dare not give. Wherefore? what's the instance? Tongue, I must put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy myself another of Bajazet's mule,² if you prattle me into these perils.

¹ *Embossed.* The word is probably here used in the sense of *exhausted*. In the Induction to *The Taming of the Shrew* "the poor cur is *emboss'd*"—swollen with hard running. In the old field language the *wearied* stag was *embossed*.

² *Mule.* So the original. It was proposed by Warburton, with great plausibility, to read "*Bajazet's mule*."

1 *Lord.* Is it possible he should know what he is, and be that he is? [*Aside.*]

Par. I would the cutting of my garments would serve the turn; or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

1 *Lord.* We cannot afford you so. [*Aside.*]

Par. Or the baring of my beard; and to say it was in stratagem.

1 *Lord.* 'Twould not do. [*Aside.*]

Par. Or to drown my clothes, and say I was stripped.

1 *Lord.* Hardly serve. [*Aside.*]

Par. Though I swore I leaped from the window of the citadel—

1 *Lord.* How deep? [*Aside.*]

Par. Thirty fathom.

1 *Lord.* Three great oaths would scarce make that be believed. [*Aside.*]

Par. I would I had any drum of the enemy's; I would swear I recovered it.

1 *Lord.* You shall hear one anon. [*Aside.*]

Par. A drum now of the enemy's!

[*Alarum within.*]

1 *Lord.* *Throca movousus, cargo, cargo, cargo.*

All. *Cargo, cargo, cargo, villianda par corbo, cargo.*

Par. O! ransom, ransom: do not hide mine eyes.

[*They seize him and blindfold him.*]

1 *Sold.* *Boskos thromuldo boskos.*

Par. I know you are the Muskos' regiment,
And I shall lose my life for want of language:
If there be here German, or Dane, low Dutch,
Italian, or French, let him speak to me,
I will discover that which shall undo
The Florentine.

1 *Sold.* *Boskos vauvado:—*

I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue:—
Kerelybonto:—Sir,
Betake thee to thy faith, for seventeen poniards
Are at thy bosom.

Par. Oh!

1 *Sold.* O, pray, pray, pray.—

Manka revania dulce.

1 *Lord.* *Oscorbi dulchos volivorco.*

1 *Sold.* The general is content to spare thee yet;
And, hood-wink'd as thou art, will lead thee on
To gather from thee: haply thou may'st inform
Something to save thy life.

Par. O, let me live,
And all the secrets of our camp I'll show,
Their force, their purposes: nay, I'll speak that
Which you will wonder at.

1 *Sold.* But wilt thou faithfully?

Par. If I do not, damn me.

1 *Sold.* *Acordo linta.—*

Come on, thou art granted space.

[*Exit, with PAROLLES guarded.*]

1 *Lord.* Go, tell the count Rousillon, and my brother,
We have caught the woodcock, and will keep him
muffled

Till we do hear from them.

2 *Sold.* Captain, I will.

1 *Lord.* He will betray us all unto ourselves;—
Inform on that.¹

2 *Sold.* So I will, sir.

1 *Lord.* Till then, I'll keep him dark, and safely lock'd.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Florence. *A Room in the Widow's House.*

Enter BERTRAM and DIANA.

Ber. They told me that your name was Fontibell.

Dia. No, my good lord, Diana.

Ber. Titled goddess;

And worth it, with addition! But, fair soul,

In your fine frame hath love no quality?

If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,

You are no maiden, but a monument:

When you are dead, you should be such a one

As you are now, for you are cold and stern;

And now you should be as your mother was,

When your sweet self was got.

Dia. She then was honest.

Ber. So should you be.

Dia. No:

My mother did but duty; such, my lord,

As you owe to your wife.

Ber. No more of that!

I prithee do not strive against my vows:

I was compell'd to her; but I love thee

By love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever

Do thee all rights of service.

Dia. Ay, so you serve us,

Till we serve you: but when you have our roses,

You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves,

And mock us with our bareness.

Ber. How have I sworn!

Dia. 'Tis not the many oaths that make the truth;

But the plain single vow, that is vow'd true.

What is not holy, that we swear not by,

But take the highest to witness: Then, pray you, tell me,

If I should swear by Jove's great attributes

I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths,

When I did love you ill? this has no holding,

To swear by him whom I protest to love,

That I will work against him: Therefore, your oaths

Are words, and poor conditions; but unseal'd;

At least, in my opinion.

Ber. Change it, change it;

Be not so holy-cruel: love is holy;

And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts

That you do charge men with: Stand no more off,

But give thyself unto my sick desires,

Who then recover: say, thou art mine, and ever

My love, as it begins, shall so persevere.

Dia. I see that men make ropes, in such a scarre,

That we'll forsake, ourselves.² Give me that ring.

Ber. I'll lend it thee, my dear, but have no power

To give it from me.

Dia. Will you not, my lord?

Ber. It is an honour 'longing to our house,

Bequeathed down from many ancestors;

Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world

In me to lose.

Dia. Mine honour's such a ring:

My chastity's the jewel of our house,

Bequeathed down from many ancestors;

Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world

In me to lose: Thus your own proper wisdom

Brings in the champion honour on my part,

Against your vain assault.

¹ *On.* So the original. The common reading is "inform 'em that." But the change is scarcely wanted. "Inform on that" is, give information on that point.

² The reading which we here give, that of the original, is startling and difficult. The common reading, that of Rowe, is—

"I see that men make hopes, in such affairs."

Malone reads—

"I see that men make hopes, in such a scene."

Mr. Collier's MS. Corrector would read—

"in such a suit."

But it is not likely that a printer or transcriber would mistake such a remarkable word as *scarre* for *scene* or *suit*. Phillips, in his "World of Words," says that *scar* "signifies a steep rock," and is the origin of the name of Scarborough; and *scaur* is still used for a precipitous rock in Scotland. Thus, figuratively, it may be used for a difficulty to be surmounted. Men, according to Diana, pretend to show how we can overpass the obstacle, by furnishing the ropes by which the rock is to be climbed. The alterations are all feeble. Mr. Dyce prints "*hopes* in such a case;" Mr. Staunton, "in such a *snare*." If *hopes* is substituted for *ropes*, and *scarre* retained, the sense then may be, that men hope, in such a position of difficulty, that we'll forsake ourselves—cease to rely upon ourselves.

Ber. Here, take my ring:
My house, mine honour, yea, my life, be thine,
And I'll be bid by thee.
Dia. When midnight comes, knock at my chamber window;
I'll order take my mother shall not hear.
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you have conquer'd my yet maiden bed,
Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me:
My reasons are most strong; and you shall know them,
When back again this ring shall be deliver'd:
And on your finger, in the night, I'll put
Another ring; that, what in time proceeds
May token to the future our past deeds.
Adieu, till then; then, fail not: You have won
A wife of me, though there my hope be done.
Ber. A heaven on earth I have won, by wooing thee.
[*Exit.*]
Dia. For which live long to thank both heaven and me!
You may so in the end.—
My mother told me just how he would woo,
As if she sat in his heart; she says, all men
Have the like oaths: he had sworn to marry me,
When his wife's dead; therefore I'll lie with him
When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so braid,¹
Marry that will, I'll live and die a maid:
Only, in this disguise, I think 't no sin
To cozen him that would unjustly win. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*The Florentine Camp.*

Enter the two French Lords, and two or three Soldiers.

¹ *Lord.* You have not given him his mother's letter?
² *Lord.* I have deliver'd it an hour since: there is something in 't that stings his nature; for, on the reading it, he changed almost into another man.
¹ *Lord.* He has much worthy blame laid upon him, for shaking off so good a wife, and so sweet a lady.
² *Lord.* Especially he hath incurred the everlasting displeasure of the king, who had even tuned his bounty to sing happiness to him. I will tell you a thing, but you shall let it dwell darkly with you.
¹ *Lord.* When you have spoken it 'tis dead, and I am the grave of it.
² *Lord.* He hath perverted a young gentlewoman here in Florence, of a most chaste renown; and this night he fleshes his will in the spoil of her honour: he hath given her his monumental ring, and thinks himself made in the unchaste composition.
¹ *Lord.* Now, God delay our rebellion; as we are ourselves what things are we!
² *Lord.* Merely our own traitors. And as in the common course of all treasons we still see them reveal themselves, till they attain to their abhorred ends; so he, that in this action contrives against his own nobility, in his proper stream o'erflows himself.
¹ *Lord.* Is it not meant damnable in us to be trumpeters of our unlawful intents? We shall not then have his company to-night?
¹ *Lord.* Not till after midnight; for he is dieted to his hour.
² *Lord.* That approaches apace: I would gladly have him see his company² anatomized; that he might take a measure of his own judgments, wherein so curiously he had set this counterfeit.
² *Lord.* We will not meddle with him till he come; for his presence must be the whip of the other.

¹ *Lord.* In the mean time, what hear you of these wars?
² *Lord.* I hear there is an overture of peace.
¹ *Lord.* Nay, I assure you a peace concluded.
² *Lord.* What will count Rousillon do then? will he travel higher, or return again into France?
¹ *Lord.* I perceive, by this demand, you are not altogether of his council.
² *Lord.* Let it be forbid, sir! so should I be a great deal of his act.
¹ *Lord.* Sir, his wife, some two months since, fled from his house: her pretence is a pilgrimage to Saint Jaques le grand; which holy undertaking, with most austere sanctimony, she accomplished: and, there residing, the tenderness of her nature became as a prey to her grief; in fine, made a groan of her last breath, and now she sings in heaven.
² *Lord.* How is this justified?
¹ *Lord.* The stronger part of it by her own letters; which makes her story true, even to the point of her death: her death itself, which could not be her office to say is come, was faithfully confirmed by the rector of the place.
² *Lord.* Hath the count all this intelligence?
¹ *Lord.* Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.
² *Lord.* I am heartily sorry that he'll be glad of this.
¹ *Lord.* How mightily, sometimes, we make us comforts of our losses!
² *Lord.* And how mightily, some other times, we drown our gain in tears! The great dignity that his valour hath here acquired for him, shall at home be encountered with a shame as ample.
¹ *Lord.* The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair if they were not cherished by our virtues.

Enter a Servant.

How now? where's your master?
Serv. He met the duke in the street, sir, of whom he hath taken a solemn leave; his lordship will next morning for France. The duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the king.
² *Lord.* They shall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

Enter BERTRAM.

¹ *Lord.* They cannot be too sweet for the king's tartness. Here's his lordship now. How now, my lord, is 't not after midnight?
Ber. I have to-night despatched sixteen businesses, a month's length a-piece, by an abstract of success: I have conge'd with the duke; done my adieu with his nearest; buried a wife; mourned for her; writ to my lady mother I am returning; entertained my convoy; and, between these main parcels of despatch, effected many nicer needs;³ the last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet.
² *Lord.* If the business be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haste of your lordship.
Ber. I mean the business is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter: But shall we have this dialogue between the fool and the soldier?—Come, bring forth this counterfeit module; he has deceived me, like a double-meaning prophesier.
² *Lord.* Bring him forth: [*Excunt Soldiers:*] he hath sat in the stocks all night, poor gallant knave.

¹ *Braid*—crafty, according to Steevens. Horne Tooke has a curious notion that the word here means *brayed*—as a fool is said to be in a mortar. Mr. Richardson, in his Dictionary, considers that in this passage it bears the sense of *violent*.

² *Company*—companion.
³ *Needs*. So the original. The common reading is *deeds*, which change is certainly not an improvement.

Ber. No matter; his heels have deserved it, in usurping his spurs so long. How does he carry himself?

1 Lord. I have told your lordship already; the stocks carry him. But to answer you as you would be understood,—he weeps like a wench that had shed her milk: he hath confessed himself to Morgan, whom he supposes to be a friar, from the time of his remembrance to this very instant disaster of his setting i' the stocks: And what think you he hath confessed?

Ber. Nothing of me, has he?

2 Lord. His confession is taken, and it shall be read to his face: if your lordship be in't, as I believe you are, you must have the patience to hear it.

Re-enter Soldiers, with PAROLLES.

Ber. A plague upon him! muffled! he can say nothing of me; hush! hush!

1 Lord. Hoodman comes!¹ *Porto tartarossa.*

1 Sold. He calls for the tortures: What will you say without 'em?

Par. I will confess what I know without constraint; if ye pinch me like a pasty I can say no more.

1 Sold. *Bosko chimurcho.*

2 Lord. *Boblibindo chicurmurcho.*

1 Sold. You are a merciful general:—Our general bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to live.

1 Sold. "First demand of him how many horse the duke is strong." What say you to that?

Par. Five or six thousand; but very weak and unserviceable: the troops are all scattered, and the commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

1 Sold. Shall I set down your answer so?

Par. Do; I'll take the sacrament on't, how and which way you will.

Ber. All's one to him. What a past-saving slave is this!

1 Lord. You are deceived, my lord; this is monsieur Parolles, the gallant militarist, (that was his own phrase,) that had the whole theorick of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the chape of his dagger.

2 Lord. I will never trust a man again, for keeping his sword clean; nor believe he can have everything in him, by wearing his apparel neatly.

1 Sold. Well, that's set down.

Par. Five or six thousand horse, I said,—I will say true, —or thereabouts, set down,—for I'll speak truth.

1 Lord. He's very near the truth in this.

Ber. But I con him no thanks for't, in the nature he delivers it.

Par. Poor rogues, I pray you, say.

1 Sold. Well, that's set down.

Par. I humbly thank you, sir; a truth's a truth, the rogues are marvellous poor.

1 Sold. "Demand of him, of what strength they are a-foot." What say you to that?

Par. By my troth, sir, if I were to live this present hour, I will tell true. Let me see: Spurio a hundred and fifty, Sebastian so many, Corambus so many, Jaques so many; Guiltian,² Cosmo, Lodowic, and Gratii, two hundred fifty each: mine own company, Chitopher, Vaumond, Bentii, two hundred fifty each: so that the muster-file, rotten and sound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thousand poll; half of the which dare not shake the snow from off their cassocks, lest they shake themselves to pieces.

Ber. What shall be done to him?

1 Lord. Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand of him my condition, and what credit I have with the duke.

1 Sold. Well, that's set down. "You shall demand of

him, whether one Captain Dumain be i' the camp, a Frenchman; what his reputation is with the duke, what his valour, honesty, and expertness in wars; or whether he thinks it were not possible, with well-weighing sums of gold, to corrupt him to a revolt." What say you to this? what do you know of it?

Par. I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of the intergatories: Demand them singly.

1 Sold. Do you know this captain Dumain?

Par. I know him: he was a botcher's 'prentice in Paris, from whence he was whipped for getting the shrieve's fool with child; a dumb innocent that could not say him nay.

[*First Lord lifts up his hand in anger*

Ber. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; though I know his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.

1 Sold. Well, is this captain in the duke of Florence's camp?

Par. Upon my knowledge he is, and lousy.

1 Lord. Nay, look not so upon me; we shall hear of your lordship anon.

1 Sold. What is his reputation with the duke?

Par. The duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine; and writ to me this other day to turn him out o' the band: I think I have his letter in my pocket.

1 Sold. Marry, we'll search.

Par. In good sadness, I do not know; either it is there, or it is upon a file, with the duke's other letters, in my tent.

1 Sold. Here 'tis; here's a paper. Shall I read it to you?

Par. I do not know if it be it, or no.

Ber. Our interpreter does it well.

1 Lord. Excellently.

1 Sold.

"Dian. The count's a fool, and full of gold,"—

Par. That is not the duke's letter, sir; that is an advertisement to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurements of one count Rousillon, a foolish idle boy, but, for all that, very ruttish; I pray you, sir, put it up again.

1 Sold. Nay, I'll read it first, by your favour.

Par. My meaning in't, I protest, was very honest in the behalf of the maid: for I knew the young count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy; who is a whale to virginity, and devours up all the fry it finds.

Ber. Damnable, both sides rogue!

1 Sold.

"When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it;

After he scores, he never pays the score:

Half won is match well made; match, and well make it;

He ne'er pays after debts, take it before;

And say a soldier, Dian, told thee this,

Men are to mell with, boys are not to kiss:

For count of this the count's a fool, I know it,

Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.

Thine, as he vow'd to thee in thine ear,

"PAROLLES."

Ber. He shall be whipped through the army, with this rhyme in his forehead.

2 Lord. This is your devoted friend, sir, the manifold linguist, and the armipotent soldier.

Ber. I could endure anything before but a cat, and now he's a cat to me.

1 Sold. I perceive, sir, by the general's looks, we shall be fain to hang you.

Par. My life, sir, in any case: not that I am afraid to die; but that, my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature: let me live, sir, in a dungeon, i' the stocks, or anywhere, so I may live.

1 Sold. We'll see what may be done, so you confess freely; therefore, once more to this captain Dumain: You

¹ An allusion to the game of blindman's buff, formerly called *hoodman blind*.

² Walker suggests *Julian*.

have answered to his reputation with the duke, and to his valour: What is his honesty?

Par. He will steal, sir, an egg out of a cloister; for rapes and ravishments he parallels Nessus. He professes not keeping of oaths; in breaking them he is stronger than Hercules. He will lie, sir, with such volubility, that you would think truth were a fool: drunkenness is his best virtue; for he will be swine-drunk, and in his sleep he does little harm, save to his bed-clothes about him; but they know his conditions, and lay him in straw. I have but little more to say, sir, of his honesty: he has everything that an honest man should not have; what an honest man should have, he has nothing.

1 Lord. I begin to love him for this.

Ber. For this description of thine honesty? A pox upon him for me, he is more and more a cat.

1 Sold. What say you to his expertness in war?

Par. Faith, sir, he has led the drum before the English tragedians,—to belie him I will not,—and more of his soldiership I know not; except, in that country, he had the honour to be the officer at a place there called Mile-end, to instruct for the doubling of files: I would do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain.

1 Lord. He hath out-villained villainy so far, that the rarity redeems him.

Ber. A pox on him! he's a cat still.

1 Sold. His qualities being at this poor price, I need not to ask you if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

Par. Sir, for a *quart d'ecu*¹ he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it; and cut the entail from all remainders and a perpetual succession for it perpetually.

1 Sold. What's his brother, the other captain Dumain?

2 Lord. Why does he ask him of me?

1 Sold. What's he?

Par. E'en a crow of the same nest; not altogether so great as the first in goodness, but greater a great deal in evil. He excels his brother for a coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is: In a retreat he outruns any lackey; marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

1 Sold. If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine?

Par. Ay, and the captain of his horse, count Rousillon.

1 Sold. I'll whisper with the general, and know his pleasure.

Par. I'll no more drumming; a plague of all drums! Only to seem to deserve well, and to beguile the supposition of that lascivious young boy the count, have I run into this danger: Yet who would have suspected an ambush where I was taken? [*Aside.*]

1 Sold. There is no remedy, sir, but you must die: the general says, you, that have so traitorously discovered the secrets of your army, and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no honest use; therefore you must die. Come, headsman, off with his head.

Par. O Lord, sir; let me live, or let me see my death!

1 Sold. That shall you, and take your leave of all your friends. [*Unmuffling him.*]

So, look about you; Know you any here?

Ber. Good morrow, noble captain.

2 Lord. God bless you, captain Parolles.

1 Lord. God save you, noble captain.

2 Lord. Captain, what greeting will you to my lord Lafew? I am for France.

1 Lord. Good captain, will you give me a copy of the sonnet you writ to Diana in behalf of the count Rousillon?

¹ *Quart d'ecu*—sometimes written *cardecue*—a French piece of money, being the fourth part of the gold crown.

² *Marseilles* is here pronounced as a trisyllable, as in *The Taming of the Shrew*:—

“That now is lying in *Marseilles'* road.”

Mr. Hunter says that this line, as we print it, is inharmonious; but that Shakspeare wrote—

an I were not a very coward I'd compel it of you; but fare you well. [*Exeunt* BERTRAM, Lords, &c.]

1 Sold. You are undone, captain: all but your scarf, that has a knot on't yet.

Par. Who cannot be crushed with a plot?

1 Sold. If you could find out a country where but women were that had received so much shame, you might begin an impudent nation. Fare you well, sir; I am for France, too; we shall speak of you there. [*Exit.*]

Par. Yet am I thankful: if my heart were great 'Twould burst at this: Captain I'll be no more; But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft As captain shall; simply the thing I am Shall make me live. Who knows himself a braggart Let him fear this; for it will come to pass, That every braggart shall be found an ass. Rust, sword! cool, blushes! and, Parolles, live Safest in shame! being fool'd, by foolery thrive! There's place and means for every man alive. I'll after them. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—Florence. *A Room in the Widow's House.*

Enter HELENA, Widow, and DIANA.

Hel. That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you, One of the greatest in the Christian world Shall be my surety; 'fore whose throne 'tis needful, Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel: Time was, I did him a desired office, Dear almost as his life; which gratitude Through flinty Tartar's bosom would peep forth, And answer, thanks: I duly am inform'd His grace is at Marseilles;² to which place We have convenient convoy. You must know I am supposed dead: the army breaking, My husband hies him home; where, heaven aiding, And by the leave of my good lord the king, We'll be before our welcome.

Wid. Gentle madam, You never had a servant to whose trust Your business was more welcome.

Hel. Nor you, mistress, Ever a friend whose thoughts more truly labour To recompense your love; doubt not, but heaven Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dower, As it hath fated her to be my motive And helper to a husband. But O strange men! That can such sweet use make of what they hate, When saucy trusting of the cozen'd thoughts Defiles the pitchy night! so lust doth play With what it loathes, for that which is away: But more of this hereafter:—You, Diana, Under my poor instructions yet must suffer Something in my behalf.

Dia. Let death and honesty Go with your impositions, I am yours Upon your will to suffer.

Hel. Yet, I pray you,— But with the word, the time will bring on summer, When briers shall have leaves as well as thorns, And be as sweet as sharp. We must away; Our waggon is prepar'd,³ and time revives us: All's well that ends well: still the fine's the crown;³ Whate'er the course, the end is the renown.

[*Exeunt.*]

“That now is lying in *Marsellis* road,”

which he adds was, no doubt, the approved pronunciation of the time. But we must venture to observe that orthography is a very fallacious guide in such matters. In the passage in the text the original has *Marcellae*; and in the last act we find *Marcellus*.

³ From the Latin, *finis coronat opus*.

SCENE V.—Rousillon. *A Room in the Countess's Palace.*

Enter COUNTESS, LAFEU, and Clown.

Laf. No, no, no, your son was misled with a snipt-taffata fellow there, whose villainous saffron would have made all the unbaked and doughy youth of a nation in his colour: your daughter-in-law had been alive at this hour, and your son here at home more advanced by the king, than by that red-tailed humble-bee I speak of.

Count. I would I had not known him! it was the death of the most virtuous gentlewoman that ever nature had praise for creating: if she had partaken of my flesh, and cost me the dearest groans of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

Laf. 'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady: we may pick a thousand sallets, ere we light on such another herb.

Clo. Indeed, sir, she was the sweet marjoram of the sallet, or, rather the herb of grace.

Laf. They are not sallet-herbs, you knave, they are nose-herbs.

Clo. I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, sir, I have not much skill in grass.¹

Laf. Whether dost thou profess thyself—a knave or a fool?

Clo. A fool, sir, at a woman's service, and a knave at a man's.

Laf. Your distinction?

Clo. I would cozen the man of his wife, and do his service.

Laf. So you were a knave at his service, indeed.

Clo. And I would give his wife my bauble, sir, to do her service.

Laf. I will subscribe for thee; thou art both knave and fool.

Clo. At your service.

Laf. No, no, no.

Clo. Why, sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a prince as you are.

Laf. Who's that? a Frenchman?

Clo. Faith, sir, 'a has an English name; but his physiology is more hotter in France than there.

Laf. What prince is that?

Clo. The black prince, sir, *alias*, the prince of darkness; *alias*, the devil.

Laf. Hold thee, there's my purse: I give thee not this to suggest thee from thy master thou talkest of; serve him still.

Clo. I am a woodland fellow, sir, that always loved a great fire; and the master I speak of ever keeps a good fire. But, sure, he is the prince of the world; let his nobility remain in his court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter: some that humble themselves may; but the many will be too chill and tender, and they'll be for the flowery way, that leads to the broad gate and the great fire.

Laf. Go thy ways, I begin to be a-weary of thee; and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways; let my horses be well looked to, without any tricks.

Clo. If I put any tricks upon 'em, sir, they shall be jades' tricks; which are their own right by the law of nature.

[*Exit.*]

Laf. A shrewd knave, and an unhappy.²

Count. So he is. My lord, that's gone, made himself much sport out of him: by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his sauciness; and, indeed, he has no pace, but runs where he will.

Laf. I like him well; 'tis not amiss: And I was about to tell you, since I heard of the good lady's death, and that

my lord your son was upon his return home, I moved the king my master to speak in the behalf of my daughter; which, in the minority of them both, his majesty, out of a self-gracious remembrance, did first propose: his highness hath promised me to do it: and, to stop up the displeasure he hath conceived against your son, there is no fitter matter. How does your ladyship like it?

Count. With very much content, my lord, and I wish it happily effected.

Laf. His highness comes post from Marseilles, of as able body as when he numbered thirty; he will be here to-morrow, or I am deceived by him that in such intelligence hath seldom failed.

Count. It rejoices me that I hope I shall see him ere I die. I have letters, that my son will be here to-night: I shall beseech your lordship to remain with me till they meet together.

Laf. Madam, I was thinking with what manners I might safely be admitted.

Count. You need but plead your honourable privilege.

Laf. Lady, of that I have made a bold charter; but, I thank my God, it holds yet.

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O madam, yonder's my lord your son with a patch of velvet on 's face; whether there be a scar under it, or no, the velvet knows; but 'tis a goodly patch of velvet: his left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

Laf. A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honour; so, belike, is that.

Clo. But it is your carbonadoed face.

Laf. Let us go see your son, I pray you; I long to talk with the young noble soldier.

Clo. 'Faith, there's a dozen of 'em, with delicate fine hats, and most courteous feathers, which bow the head, and nod at every man.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Marseilles. *A Street.*

Enter HELENA, Widow, and DIANA, with two Attendants.

Hel. But this exceeding posting, day and night, Must wear your spirits low: we cannot help it; But since you have made the days and nights as one, To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs, Be bold you do so grow in my requital, As nothing can unroot you. In happy time;—

Enter a gentle Astringer.^a

This man may help me to his majesty's ear, If he would spend his power.—God save you, sir.

Ast. And you.

Hel. Sir, I have seen you in the court of France.

Ast. I have been sometimes there.

Hel. I do presume, sir, that you are not fallen From the report that goes upon your goodness; And therefore, goaded with most sharp occasions, Which lay nice manners by, I put you to The use of your own virtues, for the which I shall continue thankful.

Ast. What's your will?

Hel. That it will please you To give this poor petition to the king; And aid me with that store of power you have, To come into his presence.

¹ Grass—in the original, *grace*—an evident misprint.

² *Unhappy*—unlucky, mischievous.

Ast. The king's not here.

Hel. Not here, sir?

Ast. Not, indeed:

He hence remov'd last night, and with more haste
Than is his use.

Wid. Lord, how we lose our pains!

Hel. All's well that ends well, yet;
Though time seem so adverse, and means unfit.—
I do beseech you, whither is he gone?

Ast. Marry, as I take it, to Rousillon;
Whither I am going.

Hel. I do beseech you, sir,
Since you are like to see the king before me,
Commend the paper to his gracious hand;
Which I presume shall render you no blame,
But rather make you thank your pains for it:
I will come after you, with what good speed
Our means will make us means.

Ast. This I'll do for you.

Hel. And you shall find yourself to be well thank'd,
Whate'er falls more.—We must to horse again;—
Go, go, provide. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—Rousillon. *The inner Court of the Countess's Palace.*

Enter Clown and PAROLLES.

Par. Good monsieur Lavatch, give my lord Lafeu this letter: I have ere now, sir, been better known to you, when I have held familiarity with fresher clothes; but I am now, sir, muddled in fortune's mood,¹ and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.

Clo. Truly, fortune's displeasure is but sluttish, if it smell so strongly as thou speakest of: I will henceforth eat no fish of fortune's buttering. Prithee allow the wind.

Par. Nay, you need not to stop your nose, sir; I spake but by a metaphor.

Clo. Indeed, sir, if your metaphor stink, I will stop my nose; or against any man's metaphor. Prithee get thee further.

Par. Pray you, sir, deliver me this paper.

Clo. Foh, prithee stand away; A paper from fortune's close-stool to give to a nobleman! Look, here he comes himself.

Enter LAFEU.

Here is a pur of fortune's, sir, or of fortune's cat, (but not a musk-cat,) that has fallen into the unclean fishpond of her displeasure, and, as he says, is muddled withal: Pray you, sir, use the carp as you may; for he looks like a poor, decayed, ingenious, foolish, rascally knave. I do pity his distress in my similes² of comfort, and leave him to your lordship. [Exit.]

Par. My lord, I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly scratched.

Laf. And what would you have me to do? 'tis too late to pare her nails now. Wherein have you played the knave with fortune, that she should scratch you, who of herself is a good lady, and would not have knaves thrive long under her? There's a *quart d'ecu* for you: Let the justices make you and fortune friends; I am for other business.

Par. I beseech your honour to hear me one single word.

Laf. You beg a single penny more: come, you shall ha't; save your word.

Par. My name, my good lord, is Parolles.

Laf. You beg more than word then.—Cox' my passion! give me your hand: How does your drum?

Par. O my good lord, you were the first that found me.

Laf. Was I, in sooth? and I was the first that lost thee.

Par. It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in some grace, for you did bring me out.

Laf. Out upon thee, knave! dost thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the devil? one brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. [Trumpets sound.] The king's coming, I know by his trumpets.—Sirrah, inquire further after me; I had talk of you last night: though you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat; go to, follow.

Par. I praise God for you. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*The same. A Room in the Countess's Palace.*

Flourish. Enter KING, COUNTESS, LAFEU, Lords, Gentlemen, Guards, &c.

King. We lost a jewel of her; and our esteem
Was made much poorer by it: but your son,
As mad in folly, lack'd the sense to know
Her estimation home.

Count. 'Tis past, my liege:
And I beseech your majesty to make it
Natural rebellion, done i' the blaze³ of youth;
When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force,
O'erbears it, and burns on.

King. My honour'd lady,
I have forgiven and forgotten all;
Though my revenges were high bent upon him,
And watch'd the time to shoot.

Laf. This I must say,—
But first I beg my pardon,—The young lord
Did to his majesty, his mother, and his lady,
Offence of mighty note; but to himself
The greatest wrong of all: he lost a wife
Whose beauty did astonish the survey
Of richest eyes; whose words all ears took captive;
Whose dear perfection hearts that scorn'd to serve
Humbly call'd mistress.

King. Praising what is lost,
Makes the remembrance dear.—Well, call him hither;—
We are reconcil'd, and the first view shall kill
All repetition:—Let him not ask our pardon;
The nature of his great offence is dead,
And deeper than oblivion we do bury
The incensing relics of it: let him approach,
A stranger, no offender; and inform him
So 'tis our will he should.

Gent. I shall, my liege. [Exit.]

King. What says he to your daughter? have you spoke?

Laf. All that he is hath reference to your highness.

King. Then shall we have a match. I have letters
sent me
That set him high in fame.

Enter BERTRAM.

Laf. He looks well on't.

King. I am not a day of season,⁴
For thou may'st see a sun-shine and a hail
In me at once: But to the brightest beams
Distracted clouds give way; so stand thou forth,
The time is fair again.

Ber. My high-repentent blames,
Dear sovereign, pardon to me.

King. All is whole;
Not one word more of the consumed time.

¹ Mood—caprice. Warburton changed the word to *moat*.

² Similes. In the original, *smiles*. Theobald's correction.

³ Blaze. The original has *blade*. Theobald made the emendation.

⁴ A day of season—a seasonable day. Sunshine and hail mark a day out of season.

Let's take the instant by the forward top;
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
The inaudible and noiseless foot of time
Steals ere we can effect them: You remember
The daughter of this lord?

Ber. Admiringly, my liege: at first
I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart
Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue:
Where the impression of mine eye infixing,
Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me,
Which warped the line of every other favour;
Scorn'd a fair colour, or express'd it stol'n;
Extended or contracted all proportions,
To a most hideous object: Thence it came,
That she, whom all men prais'd, and whom myself
Since I have lost have lov'd, was in mine eye
The dust that did offend it.

King. Well excus'd:
That thou didst love her strikes some scores away
From the great compt: But love that comes too late,
Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,
To the great sender turns a sour offence,
Crying, That's good that's gone: our rash faults
Make trivial price of serious things we have,
Not knowing them, until we know their grave:
Oft our displeasures, to ourselves unjust,
Destroy our friends, and after weep their dust:
Our own love waking cries to see what's done,
While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon.
Be this sweet Helen's knell, and now forget her.
Send forth your amorous token for fair Maudlin:
The main consents are had; and here we'll stay
To see our widower's second marriage-day.

Count. Which better than the first, O dear heaven,
bless!

Or, ere they meet in me, O nature cesse.¹

Laf. Come on, my son, in whom my house's name
Must be digested, give a favour from you,
To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,
That she may quickly come.—By my old beard,
And every hair that's on't, Helen, that's dead,
Was a sweet creature; such a ring as this,
The last that ere I took her leave at court,²
I saw upon her finger.

Ber. Hers it was not.

King. Now, pray you, let me see it; for mine eye,
While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd to it.—
This ring was mine; and, when I gave it Helen,
I bade her, if her fortunes ever stood
Necessitated to help, that by this token
I would relieve her: Had you that craft, to reave her
Of what should stead her most?

Ber. My gracious sovereign,
Howe'er it pleases you to take it so,
The ring was never hers.

Count. Son, on my life,
I have seen her wear it; and she reckon'd it
At her life's rate.

Laf. I am sure I saw her wear it.

Ber. You are deceiv'd, my lord, she never saw it:
In Florence was it from a casement thrown me,
Wrapp'd in a paper, which contain'd the name
Of her that threw it: noble she was, and thought
I stood ingag'd:³ but when I had subscrib'd

To mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully,
I could not answer in that course of honour
As she had made the overture, she ceas'd,
In heavy satisfaction, and would never
Receive the ring again.

King. Plutus himself,
That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,
Hath not in nature's mystery more science,
Than I have in this ring: 'twas mine, 'twas Helen's,
Whoever gave it you: Then, if you know
That you are well acquainted with yourself,
Confess 'twas hers, and by what rough enforcement
You got it from her: she call'd the saints to surety,
That she would never put it from her finger,
Unless she gave it to yourself in bed,
(Where you have never come,) or sent it us
Upon her great disaster.

Ber. She never saw it.

King. Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine honour;
And mak'st conjectural fears to come into me,
Which I would fain shut out: If it should prove
That thou art so inhuman,—'twill not prove so;—
And yet I know not:—thou didst hate her deadly,
And she is dead; which nothing, but to close
Her eyes myself, could win me to believe,
More than to see this ring.—Take him away.—

[Guards seize BERTRAM.]

My fore-past proofs, howe'er the matter fall,
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,
Having vainly fear'd too little.—Away with him;—
We'll sift this matter further.

Ber. If you shall prove
This ring was ever hers, you shall as easy
Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence,
Where yet she never was. [Exit BERTRAM guarded.]

Enter the Astringer.

King. I am wrapp'd in dismal thinkings.

Ast. Gracious sovereign.

Whether I have been to blame, or no, I know not;
Here's a petition from a Florentine,
Who hath, for four or five removes,⁴ come short
To tender it herself. I undertook it,
Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and speech
Of the poor suppliant, who by this, I know,
Is here attending: her business looks in her
With an importing visage; and she told me,
In a sweet verbal brief, it did concern
Your highness with herself.

King. [Reads.]

"Upon his many protestations to marry me, when his wife was dead, I blush to say it, he won me. Now is the count Rousillon a widower; his vows are forfeited to me, and my honour's paid to him. He stole from Florence, taking no leave, and I follow him to his country for justice: Grant it me, O king; in you it best lies; otherwise a seducer flourishes, and a poor maid is undone.

"DIANA CAPULET."

Laf. I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toll for this: I'll none of him.⁵

King. The heavens have thought well on thee, Lafeu,
To bring forth this discovery.—Seek these suitors:
Go speedily, and bring again the count.

[Exeunt the Astringer and some Attendants.]

I am afeard the life of Helen, lady,
Was foully snatch'd.

Count. Now, justice on the doers!

¹ *Cesse*. So the original. Some modern editors have substituted *cease*. The word is used by Chaucer in "Troilus and Cressida," Book II.:

"But *cesse* cause, and aie cessith maladie."

² This line is probably corrupt, though the meaning is obvious.

³ *Ingag'd*. Malone thinks this is used in the sense of *un-engaged*, as "inhabitable" is used for uninhabitable. We think that the lady is represented by Bertram to have considered him "ingag'd"—pledged—to herself.

⁴ *Removes*—stages.

⁵ This is usually printed, "I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toll him; for this, I'll none of him." We follow the original, which has an equally clear

meaning. The *tolling* in a fair was necessary to the validity of a bargain, and Lafeu will get rid of Bertram by toll and sale, according to one reading, or he will buy a son-in-law, and toll him, according to the other. The custom is described in "Hudibras":—

"How shall I answer hue and cry,
For a roan gelding, twelve hands high,
All spur'd, and switch'd, a lock on's hoof.
A sorrel mane? Can I bring proof
Where, when, by whom, and what y' were sold for,
And in the open market toll'd for?"

Enter BERTRAM, guarded.

King. I wonder, sir, since wives are monsters to you,
And that you fly them as you swear them lordship,
Yet you desire to marry.—What woman's that?

Re-enter the Astringer, with Widow, and DIANA.

Dia. I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine,
Derived from the ancient Capulet;
My suit, as I do understand, you know,
And therefore know how far I may be pitied.

Wid. I am her mother, sir, whose age and honour
Both suffer under this complaint we bring,
And both shall cease, without your remedy.

King. Come hither, count: Do you know these women?

Ber. My lord, I neither can nor will deny
But that I know them: Do they charge me further?

Dia. Why do you look so strange upon your wife?

Ber. She's none of mine, my lord.

Dia. If you shall marry,
You give away this hand, and that is mine;
You give away heaven's vows, and those are mine;
You give away myself, which is known mine;
For I by vow am so embodied yours,
That she which marries you must marry me,
Either both or none.

Laf. Your reputation [*to BERTRAM*] comes too short for
my daughter; you are no husband for her.

Ber. My lord, this is a fond and desperate creature,
Whom sometime I have laugh'd with: let your highness
Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour,
Than for to think that I would sink it here.

King. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to friend,
Till your deeds gain them: Fairer prove your honour,
Than in my thought it lies!

Dia. Good my lord,
Ask him upon his oath, if he does think
He had not my virginity.

King. What say'st thou to her?

Ber. She's impudent, my lord;
And was a common gamester to the camp.

Dia. He does me wrong, my lord; if I were so,
He might have bought me at a common price:
Do not believe him: O, behold this ring,
Whose high respect, and rich validity,
Did lack a parallel; yet, for all that,
He gave it to a commoner o' the camp,
If I be one.

Count. He blushes, and 'tis his:¹
Of six preceding ancestors, that gem
Conferr'd by testament to the sequent issue,
Hath it been ow'd and worn. This is his wife;
That ring's a thousand proofs.

King. Methought, you said,
You saw one here in court could witness it.

Dia. I did, my lord, but loath am to produce
So bad an instrument; his name's Parolles.

Laf. I saw the man to-day, if man he be.

King. Find him, and bring him hither.

Ber. What of him?
He's quoted for a most perfidious slave,
With all the spots o' the world tax'd and debosh'd;
Whose nature sickens but to speak a truth:
Am I or that, or this, for what he'll utter,
That will speak anything?

King. She hath that ring of yours.

Ber. I think she has: certain it is I lik'd her,
And boarded² her i' the wanton way of youth:

She knew her distance, and did angle for me,
Madding my eagerness with her restraint,
As all impediments in fancy's course
Are motives of more fancy; and, in fine,
Her insuit coming³ with her modern grace,
Subdued me to her rate: she got the ring;
And I had that which any inferior might
At market-price have bought.

Dia. I must be patient;
You, that have turn'd off a first so noble wife,
May justly diet me. I pray you yet,
(Since you lack virtue I will lose a husband,)
Send for your ring, I will return it home,
And give me mine again.

Ber. I have it not.

King. What ring was yours, I pray you?

Dia. Sir, much like the same upon your finger.

King. Know you this ring? this ring was his of late.

Dia. And this was it I gave him, being a-bed.

King. The story then goes false, you threw it him
Out of a casement.

Dia. I have spoke the truth.

Enter PAROLLES.

Ber. My lord, I do confess the ring was hers.

King. You boggle shrewdly, every feather starts you.—
Is this the man you speak of?

Dia. Ay, my lord.

King. Tell me, sirrah, but tell me true, I charge you,
Not fearing the displeasure of your master,
(Which, on your just proceeding, I'll keep off.)
By him, and by this woman here, what know you?

Par. So please your majesty, my master hath been an
honourable gentleman; tricks he hath had in him which
gentlemen have.

King. Come, come to the purpose: Did he love this
woman?

Par. 'Faith, sir, he did love her: But how?

King. How, I pray you?

Par. He did love her, sir, as a gentleman loves a woman.

King. How is that?

Par. He loved her, sir, and loved her not.

King. As thou art a knave, and no knave:—What an
equivocal companion is this!

Par. I am a poor man, and at your majesty's command.

Laf. He's a good drum, my lord, but a naughty orator.

Dia. Do you know he promised me marriage?

Par. 'Faith, I know more than I'll speak.

King. But wilt thou not speak all thou know'st?

Par. Yes, so please your majesty: I did go between
them, as I said; but more than that, he loved her,—for,
indeed, he was mad for her, and talked of Satan, and of
limbo, and of furies, and I know not what: yet I was in
that credit with them at that time, that I knew of their
going to bed; and of other motions, as promising her
marriage, and things which would derive me ill will to
speak of, therefore I will not speak what I know.

King. Thou hast spoken all already, unless thou canst
say they are married: But thou art too fine⁴ in thy evi-
dence; therefore stand aside.—This ring, you say, was
yours?

Dia. Ay, my good lord.

King. Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?

Dia. It was not given me, nor I did not buy it.

King. Who lent it you?

Dia. It was not lent me neither.

King. Where did you find it then?

³ Mr. Singer reads *infinite cunning*; and, although we do not reject the original, we believe he is right.

⁴ *Too fine*—too full of finesse. So, in Bacon's "Apophthegms," where the word is used in a complimentary sense:—"Your majesty was *too fine* for my Lord Burghley."

¹ *His*. The original has *hit*. We adopt Mr. Collier's reading of *his* instead of the usual *it*.

² *Boarded*—accosted.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Dia. I found it not.
King. If it were yours by none of all these ways,
How could you give it him?
Dia. I never gave it him.
Laf. This woman's an easy glove, my lord; she goes off
and on at pleasure.
King. This ring was mine, I gave it his first wife.
Dia. It might be yours, or hers, for aught I know.
King. Take her away, I do not like her now;
To prison with her: and away with him.—
Unless thou tell'st me where thou hadst this ring,
Thou diest within this hour.
Dia. I'll never tell you.
King. Take her away.
Dia. I'll put in bail, my liege.
King. I think thee now some common customer.
Dia. By Jove, if ever I knew man, 'twas you.
King. Wherefore hast thou accus'd him all this while?
Dia. Because he's guilty, and he is not guilty:
He knows I am no maid, and he'll swear to 't:
I'll swear I am a maid, and he knows not.
Great king, I am no strumpet, by my life;
I am either maid, or else this old man's wife.
[Pointing to LAFEU.]
King. She does abuse our ears; to prison with her.
Dia. Good mother, fetch my bail.—Stay, royal sir;
[Exit Widow.]

The jeweller that owes the ring is sent for,
And he shall surety me. But for this lord,
Who hath abus'd me, as he knows himself,
Though yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him:
He knows himself my bed he hath defil'd;
And at that time he got his wife with child:
Dead though she be, she feels her young one kick;
So there's my riddle, One, that's dead, is quick;
And now behold the meaning.

Re-enter Widow, with HELENA.

King. Is there no exorcist

Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes?
Is't real that I see?

Hel. No, my good lord;
'Tis but the shadow of a wife you see,
The name, and not the thing.

Ber. Both, both; O, pardon!

Hel. O, my good lord, when I was like this maid,
I found you wond'rous kind. There is your ring,
And, look you, here's your letter; This it says,
"When from my finger you can get this ring,
And are by me with child," &c.—This is done:
Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?

Ber. If she, my liege, can make me know this clearly,
I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.

Hel. If it appear not plain, and prove untrue,
Deadly divorce step between me and you!—
O, my dear mother, do I see you living?

Laf. Mine eyes smell onions, I shall weep anon:—
Good Tom Drum, [to PAROLLES] lend me a handkerchief:
So, I thank thee; wait on me home, I'll make sport with
thee: Let thy courtesies alone, they are scurvy ones.

King. Let us from point to point this story know,
To make the even truth in pleasure flow:—
If thou be'st yet a fresh uncropped flower, [To DIANA.]
Choose thou thy husband, and I'll pay thy dower;
For I can guess, that, by thy honest aid,
Thou kept'st a wife herself, thyself a maid.—
Of that and all the progress, more and less,
Resolv'dly more leisure shall express:
All yet seems well; and, if it end so meet,
The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet. [Flourish.]

(Advancing.)

The king's a beggar, now the play is done:
All is well ended, if this suit be won,
That you express content; which we will pay,
With strife to please you, day exceeding day:
Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts;
Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts.

[Exeunt.]

ILLUSTRATIONS TO ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

ACT I.

^a SCENE I.—"To whom I am now in ward."

"It is now almost forgotten in England," says Johnson, "that the heirs of great fortunes were the king's wards. Whether the same practice prevailed in France it is of no great use to inquire, for Shakspeare gives to all nations the manners of England." The particular expression here used by Shakspeare does not necessarily imply that the feudal rights of the sovereign over tenants in chief, during their minority, were assumed to be exercised in the case of Bertram. Those rights, certainly, did not extend to all France, but were confined to Normandy. Our poet seems to have followed, without much regard to the general question of wards, the story of Boccaccio, in which the Bertram of the novel is represented as being left by his father under the guardianship of the king. But in Shakspeare's day the rights of wardship were exercised by the crown very oppressively, and an English audience would quite understand how a sovereign could claim the privilege of disposing of his tenant in marriage. There is a very curious state paper addressed by Lord Cecil to Sir John Savile and others, in 1603, upon the accession of James, in which the king announces his desire to compromise his right of wardship for a pecuniary compensation. The Court of Wards was not abolished till 1656; but James, half a century before

the nation got rid of this badge of feudality, thought that the existence of this species of tyranny afforded him a capital opportunity of making a merit of being gracious to his subjects, and of putting a round sum into his pocket at the same time. The scheme, however, failed, although very cleverly set forth. The letter of Cecil is long; but a sentence will show its objects and tone:—"His Majesty observing, among other things, what power he hath by the ancient laws of the realm to dispose of the marriages of all such subjects as hold their lands of him by tenures in capite, or knights' service, and shall be under ages at the time of their ancestors' death from whom their estates are derived; and conceiving well in his own great judgment what a comfort it would be to give them assurance that those might now be compounded for in the life of such ancestors, upon reasonable conditions, I thought it my duty, being privy to his Majesty's gracious purpose of affording his subjects at this time some such condition of favour, to consider of and propound some convenient courses to his Majesty," &c.—*Lodge's Illustrations*, vol. iii. 4to. p. 189.

^b SCENE II.—"His plausible words
He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them,
To grow there, and to bear."

Of course from the collect in the Liturgy:—

"Grant, we beseech thee, Almighty God, that the words which

we have heard this day with our outward ears may through thy grace *be so grafted inwardly in our hearts, that they may bring forth the fruit of good living,*" &c.

But it is noticeable that Shakspeare's reverential mind very seldom adopted the phraseology of Scripture or prayer for the mere sake of ornamenting his diction, as moderns perpetually do. The passage noted is an exception; but such are very rare. Doubts have been entertained as to Shakspeare's religious belief, because few or no notices of it occur in his works. This ought to be attributed to a tender and delicate reserve about holy things, rather than to inattention or neglect. It is not he who talks most about Scripture, or who most frequently adopts its phraseology, who most deeply feels it.—(S.)

^c SCENE III.—“*What does this knave here?*” &c.

Douce classes the Clown of this comedy amongst the domestic fools. Of this genus the same writer gives us three species:—The mere natural, or idiot; the silly by nature, yet cunning and sarcastical; the artificial. Of this latter species, to which it appears to us the Clown before us belongs, Puttenham in his “*Art of English Poesie*,” has defined the characteristics:—“A buffoon, or counterfeited fool, to hear him speak wisely, which is like himself, it is no sport at all. But for such a counterfeit to talk and look foolishly it maketh us laugh, because it is no part of his natural.” Of the real domestic fools of the artificial class—that is, of the class of clever fellows who were content to be called fools for their hire—Gabriel Harvey has given us some minor distinctions:—“Scoggin, the jovial fool; or Skelton, the melancholy fool; or Elderton, the bibbing fool; or Will Sommer, the choleric fool.”—(*Pierce's Supererogation*, book ii.) Shakspeare's fools each united in his own person all the peculiar qualities that must have made the real domestic fool valuable. He infused into them his wit and his philosophy, without taking them out of the condition of realities. They are the interpreters, to the multitude, of many things that would otherwise “lie too deep” for words.

^d SCENE III.—“*Though honesty be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart.*”

This passage refers to the sour objection of the Puritans to the use of the surplice in divine service, for which they wished to substitute the black Geneva gown. At this time the controversy with the Puritans raged violently. Hooker's fifth book of “*Ecclesiastical Polity*,” which, in the twenty-ninth chapter, discusses this matter at length, was published in 1597. But the question itself is much older—as old as the Reformation, when it was agitated between the British and continental reformers. During the reign of Mary it troubled Frankfort, and on the accession of Elizabeth it was brought back to England, under the patronage of Archbishop Grindal, whose residence in Germany, during his exile in Mary's reign, had disposed him to Genevan theology. The dispute about ecclesiastical vestments may seem a trifle, but it was at this period made the ground upon which to try the first principles of church authority: a point in itself unimportant becomes vital when so large a question is made to turn upon it. Hence its prominence in the controversial writings of Shakspeare's time; and few among his audience would be likely to miss an allusion to a subject fiercely debated at Paul's Cross and elsewhere.—(S.)

ACT II.

^a SCENE II.—“*It is like a barber's chair.*”

“As common as a barber's chair” was a proverbial expression, which we find used by Burton (*Anatomy of Melancholy*, edit. 1652, p. 665). In a collection of epigrams, entitled “*More Fooles yet*,” 1610, we have these lines:—

“Moreover, satin suits he doth compare
Unto the service of a barber's chair;
As fit for every Jack and journeyman,
As for a knight or worthy gentleman.”

The barber's shop, in Shakspeare's time, was “a place where news of every kind circled and centered.” So Scott has described it in

“The Fortunes of Nigel.” The “knight or worthy gentleman” was nothing loath to exchange gossip with the artist who presided over the chair; and, while “the Jack or journeyman” took his turn, many a gay gallant has filled up the minutes by touching the glittern to some favourite roundelay.

^b SCENE II.—“*A morris for May-day.*”

In 1599 Will Kemp, the celebrated comic actor, undertook the extraordinary feat of dancing the morris from London to Norwich. This singular performance is recorded by himself in a rare tract, lately published by the Camden Society, entitled “*Kemp's Nine Daies Wonder; performed in a Dance from London to Norwich.*” The following extract is amusing in itself, and illustrates some of the peculiarities of the morris:—

“In this town of Sudbury there came a lusty, tall fellow, a butcher by his profession, that would in a morrice keep me company to Bury. I, being glad of his friendly offer, gave him thanks, and forward we did set; but, ere ever we had measured half a mile of our way, he gave me over in the plain field, protesting that, if he might get 100 pound, he would not hold out with me; for indeed my pace in dancing is not ordinary.

“As he and I were parting, a lusty country lass, being among the people, called him faint-hearted lout, saying, ‘If I had begun to dance, I would have held out one mile though it had cost my life.’ At which words many laughed. ‘Nay,’ saith she, ‘if the dancer will lend me a leash of his bells, I'll venture to tread one mile with him myself.’ I looked upon her, saw mirth in her eyes, heard boldness in her words, and beheld her ready to tuck up her russet petticoat; I fitted her with bells, which she merrily taking, garnished her thick short legs and with a smooth brow bade the tabrer begin. The drum struck; forward marched I with my merry Maid Marian, who shook her fat sides, and footed it merrily to Melford, being a long mile. There parting with her, I gave her (besides her skin full of drink) an English crown to buy more drink; for, good wench, she was in a piteous heat: my kindness she requited with dropping some dozen of short curtsies, and bidding God bless the dancer. I bade her adieu; and, to give her her due, she had a good ear, danced truly, and we parted friendly.”

Douce says there is good reason for believing that the bells, which were always attached to the ankles or knees of morris-dancers, “were borrowed from the genuine *Moorish dance*.”

^c SCENE II.—“*Do you cry, ‘O Lord, sir,’ at your whipping?*” &c.

The now vulgar expression, “O Lord, sir,” was for a long time the fashionable phrase, and has been ridiculed by other writers. The whipping of a domestic fool was not an uncommon occurrence. Sir Dudley Carleton writes to Mr. Winwood, in 1604:—“There was great execution done lately upon Stone, the fool, who was well whipped in Bridewell for a blasphemous speech, that there went sixty fools into Spain besides my lord admiral and his two sons. But he is now at liberty again, and for that unexpected release gives his lordship the praise of a very pitiful lord.”—*Memoirs of the Peers*, by Sir E. Brydges.

^d SCENE V.—“*Like him that leaped into the custard.*”

Ben Jonson has a passage which well illustrates this:—

“He may perchance, in tail of a sheriff's dinner,
Skip with a rhyme on the table, from New-nothing,
And take his Almain-leap into a custard,
Shall make my lady mayoress and her sisters
Laugh all their hoods over their shoulders.”

Devil is an Ass, Act I. Sc. I.

The leaper into the custard was the city fool. Gifford has a note on the above passage of Jonson, which we copy:—“Our old dramatists abound with pleasant allusions to the enormous size of their ‘quaking custards,’ which were served up at the city feasts, and with which such gross fooleries were played. Thus Glapthorne:—

“I'll write the city annals
In metre, which shall far surpass Sir Guy
Of Warwick's history, or John Stow's, upon
The custard, with the four-and-twenty nooks
At my lord mayor's feast.”—*Wit in a Constable*.

Indeed, no common supply was required; for, besides what the

corporation (great devourers of custard) consumed on the spot, it appears that it was thought no breach of city manners to send or take some of it home with them for the use of their ladies. In the excellent old play quoted above, Clara twits her uncle with this practice :—

'Nor shall you, sir, as 'tis a frequent custom,
'Cause you're a worthy alderman of a ward,
Feed me with custard and perpetual white broth,
Sent from the lord mayor's feast, and kept ten days,
Till a new dinner from the common-hall
Supply the large defect.'"

ACT III.

^a SCENE II.—"Smoky muskets."

Portable fire-arms, according to Sir Samuel Meyrick, were first used by the Lucquese in 1430. The *hand-cannon* and the *hand-gun* were little more than tubes of brass fitted on a piece of wood, and fired with a match held in the hand. The *arquebus* conveyed the match to the pan by a trigger. This was the first great improvement in portable fire-arms. The following description of the *musquet* is extracted from the "English Cyclopædia" (art. *Arms*) :—

"The *musquet* was a Spanish invention. It is said to have first made its appearance at the battle of Pavia, and to have contributed in an especial manner to decide the fortune of the day. Its use, however, seems for a while to have been confined. It appears not to have been generally adopted till the Duke of Alba took upon himself the government of the Netherlands in 1567. M. de Strozzi, colonel-general of the French infantry under Charles IX., introduced it into France. The first Spanish musquets had straight stocks; the French, curved ones. Their form was that of the haquebut, but so long and heavy, that something of support was required; and hence originated the *rest*, a staff the height of a man's shoulder, with a kind of fork of iron at the top to receive the musquet, and a ferule at bottom to steady it in the ground. On a march, when the piece was shouldered, the rest was at first carried in the right hand, and subsequently hung upon the wrist by means of a loop tied under its head. A similar rest had been first used by the mounted arquebusiers. In the time of Elizabeth, and long after, the English musqueteer was a most encumbered soldier. He had, besides the unwieldy weapon itself, his coarse powder for loading in a flask; his fine powder for priming in a touch-box; his bullets in a leathern bag, the strings of which he had to draw to get at them; while in his hand were his burning match and his musquet-rest; and, when he had discharged his piece, he had to draw his sword in order to defend himself. Hence it became a question for a long time, even among military men, whether the bow did not deserve a preference over the musquet."

^b SCENE VI.—"John Drum's entertainment."

There is an old interlude, printed in 1601, called "Jack Drum's Entertainment;" and it appears that this species of hospitality to which Jack Drum, or John Drum, or Tom Drum (for he is called by each name) was subjected, consisted in abuse and beating. Holinshed, speaking of the hospitality of the Mayor of Dublin in 1551, says :—"No guest had ever a cold or forbidding look from any part of his family: so that his jester or any other officer durst not, for both his ears, give the simplest man that resorted to his house *Tom Drum his entertainment*, which is, to hale a man in by the head, and thrust him out by both the shoulders."

ACT IV.

^a SCENE IV.—"Our waggon is prepar'd."

In Love's Labour's Lost, unquestionably an early play, Shakspeare has used the term *coach* :—

"No drop but as a coach doth carry thee."

In The Merry Wives of Windsor, Mrs. Quickly tells us that "there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches—coach after coach, I warrant you." The probability therefore is, that, in using the term *waggon* in the text, our poet meant a public vehicle. Certainly the early coaches were not much unlike waggons.

Stow, in his "Annals," speaks of *long waggons* for passengers and commodities in 1564; and these, he says, were similar to those which travelled in the beginning of the next century to London from Canterbury and other large towns. These, it seems then, in Shakspeare's time were called *waggons*, though they afterwards were occasionally named *caravans*. As late, however, as 1660, we find from Sir William Dugdale's "Diary" that his daughter "went towards London in Coventre waggon."

ACT V.

^a SCENE I.—"Enter a gentle Astringer."

An *astringer* is a falconer. "They be called ostringers," says Markham, the great authority on hawking, "which are the keepers of gosshawks or tercells." A "gentle astringer" probably meant the head of the king's hawking establishment—not a menial, but an officer of rank in his household. The grand falconer of England is a noble.

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTICE.

WE have already traced the principal dramatic action of All's Well that Ends Well in the endeavour to show that it is identical with "Love's Labour Won." We may therefore, as far as may be, limit this notice to a brief sketch of its characters.

Of Helena we have necessarily spoken at length. Mrs. Jameson quotes a passage from Foster's "Essays" to explain the general idea of her character :—"To be tremblingly alive to gentle impressions, and yet be able to preserve, when the prosecution of a design requires it, an immoveable heart amidst even the most imperious causes of subduing emotion, is perhaps not an impossible constitution of mind, but it is the utmost and rarest endowment of humanity." This "constitution of mind" has been created by Shakspeare in his Helena; and who can doubt the truth and nature of the conception?

Bertram, like all mixed characters, whether in the drama or in real life, is a great puzzle to those who look with tolerance on human motives and actions. In a one-sided view he has no redeeming qualities. Johnson says, "I cannot reconcile my heart to Bertram;

a man noble without generosity, and young without truth; who marries Helena as a coward, and leaves her as a profligate: when she is dead by his unkindness sneaks home to a second marriage: is accused by a woman whom he has wronged, defends himself by falsehood, and is dismissed to happiness." If the Bertram of the comedy were a real personage of flesh and blood, with whom the business of life associated us, and of whom the exercise of prudence demanded that we should form an accurate estimate, we should say—

"Too bad for a blessing, too good for a curse,
I wish from my soul thou wert better or worse."

But we are called upon for no such judgment when the poet presents to us a character of contradictory qualities. All that we have then to ask is, whether the character is natural, and consistent with the circumstances amidst which he moves? We have no desire to reconcile our hearts to Bertram; all that we demand is, that he should not move our indignation beyond the point in which his qualities shall consist with our sympathy for Helena in her love for

him. And in this view, the poet, as it appears to us, has drawn Bertram's character most skilfully. Without his defects the dramatic action could not have proceeded; without his merits the dramatic sentiment could not have been maintained. Shakspeare, from the first, makes us understand that the pride of birth in Bertram constrained him to regard Helena as greatly his inferior. If Bertram had seen Helena with the eyes of his mother, as

"A maid too virtuous
For the contempt of empire"—

or with those of the King and of Lafeu—he would not have rejected her, and the comedy would have been only a common love-tale. Johnson says he marries Helena "as a coward." This is unjust. Johnson overlooked the irresistible constraint to which his will was subjected. Nor does Bertram leave Helena as "a profligate." We, who know the intensity of her love, which he could not know, may think that he was unwise to fly from his own happiness; but he believed that he fled from constraint and misery; from

"The dark house, and the detested wife."

The Bertram of the Florentine wars has something to recommend him besides his ancestry: "he has done worthy service." But the young, proud, courageous Bertram is also a libertine. Schlegel asks, "Did Shakspeare ever attempt to mitigate the impression of his unfeeling pride and giddy dissipation? He intended merely to give us a military portrait." This is quite true. The libertines of the later comedy are the only generous, spirited, intellectual persons of the drama; the virtuous characters are as dull as they are discreet. Shakspeare goes out of his usual dramatic spirit in this play, to mark emphatically the impression which Bertram's actions produce upon his own associates. In the third scene of the fourth act they comment with indignation upon his desertion of Helena, and his practices towards Diana:—"As we are ourselves what things are we!" But then, all the Shaksperian tolerance is put forth to make us understand that Bertram is not isolated in his vices, and that even his vices, as those of all other men, are not alone to be regarded in our estimates of character:—"The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair if they were not cherished by our virtues." This is philosophy, and, what is more, it is religion—for it is charity. In this spirit the poet undoubtedly intended that we should judge Bertram. He is certainly not a hypocrite; and when he returns to Rousillon, we are bound to believe him when he speaks of Helena as

"She, whom all men prais'd, and whom myself
Since I have lost have lov'd."

For ourselves, we can see no poetical injustice that he is "dismissed to happiness;" for, unless he has become a "sadder and a wiser man," he will not be happy.

"In this piece," says Schlegel, "age is exhibited to singular advantage: the plain honesty of the King, the good-natured impetuosity of old Lafeu, the maternal indulgence of the Countess to Helena's love of her son, seem all, as it were, to vie with each other in endeavours to conquer the arrogance of the young Count." The general benevolence of these characters, and their particular kindness towards Helena, are the counterpoises to Bertram's pride of birth, and his disdain of virtue, unaccompanied by adventitious distinctions. The love of the Countess towards Helena is habit,—that of the King is gratitude: in Lafeu the admiration which he perseveringly holds towards her is the result of his honest sagacity. He admires what is direct and unpretending, and he therefore loves Helena: he hates what is evasive and boastful, and he therefore despises Parolles.

Parolles has been called by Ulrici "the little appendix of the great Falstaff." Schlegel says, "Falstaff has thrown Parolles into the shade." Johnson goes further, and declares, "Parolles has many of the lineaments of Falstaff." We think Parolles is literally what he is described by Helena:—

"I know him a notorious liar,
Think him a great way fool, solely a coward."

For the "fool," take the scene in the second act in which he pieces out the remarks of Lafeu upon the King's recovery with the most impertinent commonplaces—ending "Nay, 'tis strange, 'tis very strange, that is the brief and the tedious of it." To the insults of Lafeu the boaster has nothing to oppose,—neither wit nor courage. His very impudence is overborne. We thoroughly agree with Lafeu, that "there can be no kernel in this light nut." All this is but a preparation for the comic scenes in which he is to play so conspicuous a part—in which his folly, his falsehood, and his cowardice, conspire to make him odious and ridiculous. The disclosure which he makes of his own folly before he is seized, when the lords overhear him, is perfectly true to nature, and therefore in the highest degree true comedy:—

"Par. Ten o'clock: within these three hours 'twill be time enough to go home. What shall I say I have done? It must be a very plausible invention that carries it: They begin to smoke me: and disgraces have of late knocked too often at my door. I find my tongue is too fool-hardy; but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it, and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

1 Lord. This is the first truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of. [Aside. Par. What the devil should move me to undertake the recovery of this drum; being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I must give myself some hurts, and say I got them in exploit: Yet slight ones will not carry it: They will say, came you off with so little? and great ones I dare not give. Wherefore? what's the instance? Tongue, I must put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy myself another of Bajazet's mule, if you prattle me into these perils.

1 Lord. Is it possible he should know what he is, and be that he is? [Aside."

The last sentence is worth a folio of "Moral Essays." But Parolles certainly knows himself. There is nothing but plain knavery, mistaking its proper tools, in his lies and his treacheries. The meanness of his nature is his safeguard: after his detection the consolations of his philosophy are most characteristic:—

"Yet am I thankful: if my heart were great
'Twould burst at this: Captain I'll be no more;
But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft
As captain shall; simply the thing I am
Shall make me live. Who knows himself a braggart
Let him fear this; for it will come to pass,
That every braggart shall be found an ass.
Rust, sword! cool, blushes! and, Parolles, live
Safest in shame! being fool'd, by foolery thrive!
There's place and means for every man alive."

And he will "live." Lafeu understands him to the last, when he says, "Though you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat."

And is this crawling, empty, vapouring, cowardly representative of the offscourings of social life to be compared for a moment with the inimitable Falstaff?—to be said to have "many lineaments in common" with him—to be thrown into the shade by him—to be even "a little appendix" to his greatness? Parolles is drawn by Shakspeare as utterly contemptible, in intellect, in spirit, in morals. But Falstaff, witty beyond all other characters of wit—cautious, even to the point of being thought cowardly—swaying all men by his intellectual resources under the greatest difficulty—boastful and lying only in a spirit of hilarity which makes him the first to enjoy his own detection—and withal, though grossly selfish, so thoroughly genial that many love him and few can refuse to laugh with him—is Falstaff to be compared with Parolles, the notorious liar—great way fool—solely a coward? The comparison will not bear examining with patience, and much less with painstaking.

But Parolles in his own way is infinitely comic. "The scene of the drum," according to a French critic, "is worthy of Molière."* This is the highest praise which a French writer could bestow; and here it is just. The character belongs to the school of which Molière is the head, rather than to the school of Shakspeare.

And what shall we say of the Clown? He is "the artificial fool;" and we do not like him, therefore, quite so much as dear Launce and dearer Touchstone. To the Fool in Lear he can no more be compared than Parolles to Falstaff. But he is, nevertheless, great—something that no other artist but Shakspeare could have produced. Our poet has used him as a vehicle for some biting satire. There can be no doubt that he is "a witty fool," "a shrewd knave, and an unhappy."

* Letourneur, Traduction, tome ix. p. 329.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

STATE OF THE TEXT, AND CHRONOLOGY, OF MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING was first printed in 1600, under the following title:—"Much Adoe about Nothing. As it hath been sundrie times publikely acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his Servants. Written by William Shakespeare. Printed by V. J. for Andrew Wise and William Aspley, 1600." It had been entered at Stationers' Hall on the 23rd of August of the same year. There had probably been an attempt to pirate this play; for in a leaf of irregular entries prefixed to a volume of the Stationers' Register we find, under date of August 4th, but without a year,—

"As You Like It, a book.
"Henry the Fift, a book.
"Comedy of Much Ado about Nothing." } to be staied."

Wise and Aspley were, no doubt, the authorised publishers of this play, as they were of others of the original quartos. The first edition is not divided into acts; but in the folio of 1623 we find this division. There was no other separate edition. The variations between the text of the quarto and that of the folio are very few: we have pointed out any important difference. There is a remarkable peculiarity, however, in the text of the folio, which indicates very clearly that it was printed from the playhouse copy. In the second act (Scene III.) we find this stage direction:—"Enter Prince, Leonato, Claudio, and *Jack Wilson*." In the third act, when the two inimitable guardians of the night first descend upon the solid earth in Messina, to move mortals for ever after with unextinguishable laughter, they speak to us in their well-known names of Dogberry and Verges; but in the fourth act we find the names of mere human actors prefixed to what they say: Dogberry becomes *Kempe*, and Verges *Cowley*. Here, then, we have a piece of the prompter's book before us. Balthazar, with his "Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more," is identified with Jack Wilson; and Kempe and Cowley have come down to posterity in honourable association with the two illustrious "companions of the watch." We could almost believe that the player-editors of the folio in 1623 purposely left these anomalous entries as an historical tribute to the memory of their fellows. Kempe, we know, had been dead some years before the publication of the folio; and probably Cowley and Jack Wilson had also gone where the voice of their merriment and their minstrelsy was heard no more.

The chronology of this comedy is sufficiently fixed by the circumstance of its publication in 1600, coupled with the fact that it is not mentioned by Meres in 1598. Chalmers has a notion that the return of the prince and his companions from "the wars" conveys a temporary allusion to the Irish campaign of Essex in 1599. When Beatrice says "Yes; you had musty victuals, and he hath help to eat it," Chalmers detects a sarcasm upon the badness of the provisions furnished to Essex's army, which, according to Camden and other historical authorities, were not of the daintiest. We have little faith in this species of evidence.

SUPPOSED SOURCE OF THE PLOT.

"The story is taken from Ariosto," says Pope. To Ariosto then we turn; and we are repaid for our labour by the pleasure of reading

that long but by no means tedious story of *Genevra*, which occupies the whole of the fifth book, and part of the sixth, of the "*Orlando Furioso*." "The tale is a pretty comical matter," as Harrington quaintly pronounces it. The famous town of St. Andrew's forms its scene; and here was enacted something like that piece of villainy by which the Claudio of Shakspeare was deceived, and his Hero "done to death, by slanderous tongues." In Harrington's good old translation of the "*Orlando*" there are six-and-forty pictures, as there are six-and-forty books; and, says the translator, "they are all cut in brass, and most of them by the best workmen in that kind that have been in this land this many years; yet I will not praise them too much because I gave direction for their making." The witty godson of Queen Elizabeth—"that merry poet my godson"—adds, "The use of the picture is evident, which is that having read over the book you may read it as it were *again* in the very picture." He might have said, you may read it as it were *before*; and if we had copied this picture,—in which the whole action of the book is exhibited at once in a bird's-eye view, and where yet, as he who gave "direction for its making" truly says, "the personages of men, the shapes of horses, and such-like, are made large at the bottom and lesser upward,"—our readers would have seen at a glance how far "the story is taken from Ariosto." For here we have, "large at the bottom," a fair one at a window, looking lovingly upon a man who is ascending a ladder of ropes, whilst at the foot of the said ladder an unhappy wight is about to fall upon his sword, from which fate he is with difficulty arrested by one who is struggling with him. We here see at once the resemblance between the story in Ariosto and the incident in *Much Ado about Nothing* upon which both the tragic and comic interest of the play hinges. But here the resemblance ceases. As we ascend the picture, we see the King of Scotland seated upon a royal throne,—but no Dogberry; his disconsolate daughter is placed by his side,—but there is no veiled Hero; King, and Princess, and courtiers, and people, are looking upon a tilting-ground, where there is a fierce and deadly encounter of two mailed knights,—but there is no Beatrice and no Benedick. The truth is, that Ariosto found the incident of a lady betrayed to suspicion and danger by the personation of her own waiting-woman amongst the popular traditions of the south of Europe—this story has been traced to Spain; and he interwove it with the adventures of his Rinaldo as an integral part of his chivalrous romance. The lady *Genevra*, so falsely accused, was doomed to die unless a true knight came within a month to do battle for her honour. Her lover, *Ariodant*, had fled, and was reported to have perished. The wicked duke, *Polinesso*, who had betrayed *Genevra*, appears secure in his treachery. But the misguided woman, *Dalinda*, who had been the instrument of his crime, flying from her paramour, meets with *Rinaldo*, and declares the truth; and then comes the combat, in which the guilty duke is slain by the champion of innocence, and the lover reappears to be made happy with his spotless princess. We have selected from Harrington's translation such portions of the narrative of *Dalinda* as may show the resemblance which led Pope mistakingly to say "the story is taken from Ariosto:—"

"Intending by some vile and subtle train
To part *Genevra* from her faithful lover,
And plant so great mislike between them twain,
Yet with so cunning show the same to cover,

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

That her good name he will so foul distain,
Alive nor dead she never shall recover.

* * * * *

"To please my fond conceit this very night,
I pray thee, dear, to do as I direct:
When fair Geneva to her bed is gone,
Take thou the clothes she ware and put them on.

* * * * *

"And so went Ariodant into his place,
And undiscover'd closely there did lie,
Till having looked there a little space,
The crafty duke to come he might descry,
That meant the chaste Geneva to deface,
Who having made to me his wonted signs,
I let him down the ladder made of lines.

"The gown I ware was white, and richly set
With aglets, pearl, and lace of gold well garnish'd,
My stately tresses cover'd with a net
Of beaten gold most pure and brightly varnish'd;
Not thus content, the veil aloft I set,
Which only princes wear; thus stately harnish'd,
And under Cupid's banner bent to fight,
All unawares I stood in all their sight.

* * * * *

"But Ariodant that stood so far aloof
Was more deceiv'd by distance of the place,
And straight believ'd, against his own behoof,
Seeing her clothes, that he had seen her face."

The motive which influences the *Polinesso* of Ariosto is the hope that by vilifying the character of *Genevra* he may get rid of his rival in her love. Spenser has told a similar story in the "*Faerie Queene*" (Book II. Canto IV.), in which *Phedon* describes the like treachery of his false friend *Philemon*. The motive here was not very unlike that of Don John in *Much Ado about Nothing* :—

"He, either envying my toward good,
Or of himself to treason ill-dispos'd,
One day unto me came in friendly mood,
And told, for secret, how he understood
That lady, whom I had to me assign'd,
Had both distain'd her honourable blood,
And eke the faith which she to me did bind;
And therefore wish'd me stay till I more truth should find."

The story as told by Spenser is a purely tragical one, and its moral is the mischief of "intemperance :"—

"This graceless man, for furtherance of his guile,
Did court the handmaid of my lady dear,
Who, glad t' embosom his affection vile,
Did all she might more pleasing to appear.
One day, to work her to his will more near,
He woo'd her thus : Pryené (so she hight),
What great despite doth fortune to thee bear,
Thus lowly to abase thy beauty bright,
That it should not deface all others' lesser light ?

"But if she had her least help to thee lent,
T' adorn thy form according thy desert,
Their blaying pride thou wouldest soon have blent,
And stain'd their praises with thy least good part;
Ne should fair Claribell with all her art,
Though she thy lady be, approach thee near:
For proof thereof, this evening, as thou art,
Array thyself in her most gorgeous gear,
That I may more delight in thy embracement dear.

"The maiden, proud through praise and mad through love,
Him hearken'd to, and soon herself array'd;
The whiles to me the treachour did remove
His crafty engine; and, as he had said,
Me leading, in a secret corner laid,
The sad spectator of my tragedy:
Where left, he went, and his own false part play'd,
Disguised like that groom of base degree,
Whom he had feign'd th' abuser of my love to be.

"Eftsoons he came unto th' appointed place,
And with him brought Pryené, rich array'd

In Claribella's clothes : Her proper face
I not discerned in that darksome shade,
But ween'd it was my love with whom he play'd.
Ah, God ! what horror and tormenting grief
My heart, my hands, mine eyes, and all assay'd !
Me liefer were ten thousand death's prief,
Than wound of jealous worm, and shame of such reproof.

"I home returning, fraught with foul despite,
And chawing vengeance all the way I went,
Soon as my loathed love appear'd in sight,
With wrathful hand I slew her innocent;
That after soon I dearly did lament:
For, when the cause of that outrageous deed
Demanded I made plain and evident,
Her faulty handmaid, which that bale did breed,
Confess'd how Philemon her wrought to change her weed."

The European story, which Ariosto and Spenser have thus adopted, has formed also the groundwork of one of Bandello's Italian novels. And here the wronged lady has neither her honour vindicated in battle, as in Ariosto; nor is slain by her furious lover, as in Spenser; but she is rejected, believed to be dead, and finally married in disguise, as in *Much Ado about Nothing*. Mr. Skottowe has given a brief analysis of this novel, which we copy :—

"Fenicia, the daughter of Lionato, a gentleman of Messina, is betrothed to Timbreo de Cardona. Gironde, a disappointed lover of the young lady, resolves, if possible, to prevent the marriage. He insinuates to Timbreo that his mistress is disloyal, and offers to show him a stranger scaling her chamber-window. Timbreo accepts the invitation, and witnesses the hired servant of Gironde, in the dress of a gentleman, ascending a ladder and entering the house of Lionato. Stung with rage and jealousy, Timbreo the next morning accuses his innocent mistress to her father, and rejects the alliance. Fenicia sinks into a swoon; a dangerous illness succeeds; and to stifle all reports injurious to her fame, Lionato proclaims that she is dead. Her funeral rites are performed in Messina, while in truth she lies concealed in the obscurity of a country residence.

"The thought of having occasioned the death of an innocent and lovely female strikes Gironde with horror; in the agony of remorse he confesses his villainy to Timbreo, and they both throw themselves on the mercy, and ask forgiveness of the insulted family of Fenicia. On Timbreo is imposed only the penance of espousing a lady whose face he should not see previous to his marriage: instead of a new bride, whom he expected, he is presented, at the nuptial altar, with his injured and beloved Fenicia."

Ariosto made this story a tale of chivalry; Spenser a lesson of high and solemn morality; Bandello an interesting love-romance. It was for Shakspeare to surround the main incident with those accessories which he could nowhere borrow, and to make of it such a comedy as no other man has made—a comedy not of manners or of sentiment, but of *life* viewed under its profoundest aspects, whether of the grave or the ludicrous.

COSTUME.

We have already stated it to be our opinion that, in affixing by the costume a particular period to any of Shakspeare's plays which are not historical, care should be had to select one as near as possible to the time at which it was written. The comedy of *Much Ado about Nothing* commences with the return of certain Italian and Spanish noblemen to Sicily after the wars. Now the last war in which the Italians under Spanish dominion were concerned previous to the production of this comedy was terminated by the peace of Cambray, called "*La Paix des Dames*," in consequence of its being signed (August 3rd, 1529) by Margaret of Austria in the name of the Emperor Charles V., and the Duchess d'Angoulême in that of her son, Francis I. This peace secured to Charles the crown of Naples and Sicily; and, after vanquishing the Saracens at Tunis, he made triumphal entries into Palermo and Messina in the autumn of 1535. Of the costume of this period we have given a detailed description in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, to which we must refer the reader.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DON PEDRO, *Prince of Arragon.*
 DON JOHN, *his bastard brother.*
 CLAUDIO, *a young lord of Florence, favourite of Don Pedro.*
 BENEDICK, *a young lord of Padua, favourite likewise of Don Pedro.*
 LEONATO, *governor of Messina.*
 ANTONIO, *his brother.*
 BALTHAZAR, *servant to Don Pedro.*
 BORACHIO, }
 CONRADE, } *followers of Don John.*
 DOGBERRY, }
 VERGES, } *two city officers.*

A Sexton.
A Friar.
A Boy.

HERO, *daughter to Leonato.*
 BEATRICE, *niece to Leonato.*
 MARGARET, }
 URSULA, } *gentlewomen attending on Hero.*

Messengers, Watch, and Attendants.

SCENE,—MESSINA.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Street in Messina.*

Enter LEONATO, HERO, BEATRICE, and others, with a Messenger.¹

Leon. I learn in this letter, that Don Pedro of Arragon comes this night to Messina.

Mess. He is very near by this; he was not three leagues off when I left him.

Leon. How many gentlemen have you lost in this action?

Mess. But few of any sort,² and none of name.

Leon. A victory is twice itself when the achiever brings home full numbers. I find here, that Don Pedro hath bestowed much honour on a young Florentine, called Claudio.

Mess. Much deserved on his part, and equally remembered by Don Pedro: He hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age; doing, in the figure of a lamb, the feats of a lion: he hath, indeed, better bettered expectation than you must expect of me to tell you how.

Leon. He hath an uncle here in Messina will be very much glad of it.

Mess. I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him; even so much that joy could not show itself modest enough without a badge of bitterness.

Leon. Did he break out into tears?

Mess. In great measure.³

Leon. A kind overflow of kindness: There are no faces truer than those that are so washed. How much better is it to weep at joy, than to joy at weeping!

Beat. I pray you, is signior Montanto⁴ returned from the wars, or no?

Mess. I know none of that name, lady; there was none such in the army of any sort.⁵

Leon. What is he that you ask for, niece?

Hero. My cousin means signior Benedick of Padua.

Mess. O, he is returned, and as pleasant as ever he was.

Beat. He set up his bills^a here in Messina, and challenged Cupid at the flight: and my uncle's fool, reading the challenge, subscribed for Cupid, and challenged him at the bird-bolt.^b I pray you, how many hath he killed and eaten in these wars? But how many hath he killed? for, indeed, I promised to eat all of his killing.

Leon. Faith, niece, you tax signior Benedick too much; but he'll be meet with you,⁶ I doubt it not.

Mess. He hath done good service, lady, in these wars.

Beat. You had musty victual, and he hath help to eat it: he is a very valiant trencherman, he hath an excellent stomach.

Mess. And a good soldier too, lady.

Beat. And a good soldier to a lady:—But what is he to a lord?

Mess. A lord to a lord, a man to a man; stuffed⁷ with all honourable virtues.

Beat. It is so, indeed: he is no less than a stuffed man: but for the stuffing,—Well, we are all mortal.

Leon. You must not, sir, mistake my niece: there is a kind of merry war betwixt signior Benedick and her: they never meet but there is a skirmish of wit between them.

Beat. Alas! he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict, four of his five wits⁸ went halting off, and now is the whole man governed with one: so that if he have wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear it for a difference⁹ between himself and his horse; for it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be known a reasonable creature. Who is his companion now? He hath every month a new sworn brother.

Mess. Is it possible?

Beat. Very easily possible: he wears his faith¹⁰ but as the fashion of his hat; it ever changes with the next block.

Stuffed—stored, furnished.

⁸ *Five wits.* Shakspeare here uses the term *wits* in the sense of intellectual powers. In his 141st Sonnet he distinguishes between the *five wits* and the *five senses*:—

“But my five wits, nor my five senses, can
 Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee.”

By the early writers the *five wits* was used synonymously with the five senses, as in Chaucer (“The Persones Tale”), “Certes delites ben after the appetites of the *five wittis*; as, sight, hering, smelling, savouring, and touching.” Johnson says, “The *wits* seem to have been reckoned *five*, by analogy to the five *senses*, or the five inlets of ideas.”

⁹ *Bear it for a difference*—for a distinction—as in heraldry.

¹⁰ *His faith*—his belief generally; here, his confidence in a friend.

¹ In the stage direction of the early copies we have—“Enter Leonato, Governor of Messina, Imogen his wife,” &c. But the mother takes no part in the action or dialogue. She appears again in the stage direction of the last scene of Act II.

² *Any sort.* The obvious meaning here is, of any condition. There can be no doubt of this, for the Messenger adds, “and none of name.” The word occurs again, and is used by the same speaker: “There was none such in the army of any sort.”

³ *In great measure*—abundantly.

⁴ *Montanto.* Beatrice thus nicknames Benedick, after a term of the fencing-school.

⁵ See note 2.

⁶ *He'll be meet with you*—he'll be even with you. So in *The Tempest*:—

“We must prepare to *meet* with Caliban.”

Mess. I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your books.¹

Beat. No: an he were, I would burn my study. But, I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young squarer² now, that will make a voyage with him to the devil?

Mess. He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio.

Beat. O Lord! he will hang upon him like a disease: he is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. God help the noble Claudio! if he have caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pound ere he be cured.

Mess. I will hold friends with you, lady.

Beat. Do, good friend.

Leon. You'll ne'er run mad, niece.

Beat. No, not till a hot January.

Mess. Don Pedro is approached.

Enter Don PEDRO, attended by BALTHAZAR and others, Don JOHN, CLAUDIO, and BENEDICK.

D. Pedro. Good signior Leonato, you are come³ to meet your trouble: the fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.

Leon. Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of your grace; for trouble being gone, comfort should remain; but when you depart from me sorrow abides, and happiness takes his leave.

D. Pedro. You embrace your charge too willingly. I think this is your daughter.

Leon. Her mother hath many times told me so.

Bene. Were you in doubt that you asked her?

Leon. Signior Benedick, no; for then were you a child.

D. Pedro. You have it full, Benedick: we may guess by this what you are, being a man. Truly, the lady fathers herself:—Be happy, lady! for you are like an honourable father.

Bene. If signior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders for all Messina, as like him as she is.

Beat. I wonder that you will still be talking, signior Benedick; nobody marks you.

Bene. What, my dear lady Disdain! are you yet living?

Beat. Is it possible Disdain should die, while she hath such meet food to feed it as signior Benedick? Courtesy itself must convert to disdain if you come in her presence.

Bene. Then is courtesy a turncoat:—But it is certain I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted: and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart: for, truly, I love none.

Beat. A dear happiness to women; they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank God, and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that; I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow, than a man swear he loves me.

Bene. God keep your ladyship still in that mind! so some gentleman or other shall 'scape a predestinate scratched face.

Beat. Scratching could not make it worse, an 'twere such a face as yours were.

Bene. Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

Beat. A bird of my tongue is better than a beast of yours.

Bene. I would my horse had the speed of your tongue;

and so good a continuer: But keep your way o' God's name; I have done.

Beat. You always end with a jade's trick; I know you of old.

D. Pedro. This is the sum of all, Leonato.—Signior Claudio, and signior Benedick,—my dear friend Leonato hath invited you all.⁴ I tell him we shall stay here at the least a month; and he heartily prays some occasion may detain us longer: I dare swear he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

Leon. If you swear, my lord, you shall not be forsworn.—Let me bid you welcome, my lord: being reconciled to the prince your brother, I owe you all duty.

D. John. I thank you: I am not of many words, but I thank you.

Leon. Please it your grace lead on?

D. Pedro. Your hand, Leonato; we will go together.

[*Exeunt all but BENEDICK and CLAUDIO.*]

Claud. Benedick, didst thou note the daughter of signior Leonato?

Bene. I noted her not: but I looked on her.

Claud. Is she not a modest young lady?

Bene. Do you question me as an honest man should do, for my simple true judgment; or would you have me speak after my custom, as being a professed tyrant to their sex?

Claud. No, I pray thee, speak in sober judgment.

Bene. Why, i' faith, methinks she is too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too little for a great praise; only this commendation I can afford her: that were she other than she is, she were unhandsome; and being no other but as she is, I do not like her.

Claud. Thou thinkest I am in sport; I pray thee, tell me truly how thou likest her.

Bene. Would you buy her, that you inquire after her?

Claud. Can the world buy such a jewel?

Bene. Yea, and a case to put it into. But speak you this with a sad brow? or do you play the flouting Jack; to tell us Cupid is a good hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare carpenter?⁵ Come, in what key shall a man take you, to go in the song?⁵

Claud. In mine eye she is the sweetest lady that ever I looked on.

Bene. I can see yet without spectacles, and I see no such matter: there's her cousin, an she were not possessed with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty as the first of May doth the last of December. But I hope you have no intent to turn husband; have you?

Claud. I would scarce trust myself, though I had sworn the contrary, if Hero would be my wife.

Bene. Is't come to this, i' faith? Hath not the world one man but he will wear his cap with suspicion? Shall I never see a bachelor of three-score again? Go to, i' faith: an thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and sigh away Sundays. Look, Don Pedro is returned to seek you.

Re-enter Don PEDRO.

D. Pedro. What secret hath held you here, that you followed not to Leonato's?

Bene. I would your grace would constrain me to tell.

D. Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegiance.

Bene. You hear, count Claudio: I can be secret as a

Our view of the matter is more homely, and for that reason it appears to us more true.

² *Squarer*—quarreller. To *square* is to dispute—to confront hostilely. So in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* :—

“And now they never meet in grove, or green,
By fountain clear, or spangled star-light sheen,
But they do *square*.”

³ The quarto reads—“are you come?”

⁴ The punctuation here given is that of the Cambridge edition. Pedro and Leonato have been talking apart, and “the sum” is that Leonato gives the invitation.

⁵ To join in the song.

¹ *In your books.* The meaning of this expression, which we retain to the present day, is generally understood. He who is *in your books*—or, as we sometimes say, in your *good books*—is he whom you think well of—whom you trust. It appears tolerably obvious, then, that the phrase has a commercial origin; and that, as he who has obtained *credit*, buys upon *trust*, is in his creditor's *books*, so he who has obtained in any way the confidence of another is said to be in his books. None of the earlier commentators have suggested this explanation. Johnson says it means “to be in one's codicils or will;” Steevens, that it is to be in one's visiting-book, or in the books of a university, or in the books of the Herald's Office; Farmer and Douce, that it is to be in the list of a great man's retainers, because the names of such were entered in a book. This is the most received explanation.

dumb man, I would have you think so; but on my allegiance,—mark you this, on my allegiance:—He is in love. With who?—now that is your grace's part.—Mark how short his answer is:—With Hero, Leonato's short daughter.

Claud. If this were so, so were it uttered.

Bene. Like the old tale, my lord: "it is not so, nor 'twas not so; but, indeed, God forbid it should be so."¹

Claud. If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise.

D. Pedro. Amen, if you love her; for the lady is very well worthy.

Claud. You speak this to fetch me in, my lord.

D. Pedro. By my troth, I speak my thought.

Claud. And in faith, my lord, I spoke mine.

Bene. And by my two faiths and troths, my lord, I spoke mine.

Claud. That I love her, I feel.

D. Pedro. That she is worthy, I know.

Bene. That I neither feel how she should be loved, nor know how she should be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me: I will die in it at the stake.

D. Pedro. Thou wast ever an obstinate heretic in the despite of beauty.

Claud. And never could maintain his part but in the force of his will.

Bene. That a woman conceived me, I thank her; that she brought me up, I likewise give her most humble thanks: but that I will have a recheat¹ winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an invisible baldrick,² all women shall pardon me: Because, I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself the right to trust none; and the fine³ is, (for the which I may go the finer,) I will live a bachelor.

D. Pedro. I shall see thee, ere I die, look pale with love.

Bene. With anger, with sickness, or with hunger, my lord; not with love: prove that ever I lose more blood with love than I will get again with drinking, pick out mine eyes with a ballad-maker's pen, and hang me up at the door of a brothel house for the sign of blind Cupid.

D. Pedro. Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith thou wilt prove a notable argument.

Bene. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat, and shoot at me; and he that hits me let him be clapped on the shoulder and called Adam.⁴

D. Pedro. Well, as time shall try:

"In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke."⁴

Bene. The savage bull may; but if ever this sensible Benedick bear it, pluck off the bull's horns and set them in my forehead: and let me be vilely painted; and in such great letters as they write, "Here is good horse to hire," let them signify under my sign,—“Here you may see Benedick the married man.”

Claud. If this should ever happen thou wouldst be horn-mad.

D. Pedro. Nay, if Cupid have not spent all his quiver in Venice, thou wilt quake for this shortly.

Bene. I look for an earthquake too then.

D. Pedro. Well, you will temporize with the hours. In the mean time, good signior Benedick, repair to Leonato's: commend me to him, and tell him I will not fail him at supper; for indeed, he hath made great preparation.

Bene. I have almost matter enough in me for such an embassy; and so I commit you—

Claud. To the tuition of God: From my house (if I had it)—

D. Pedro. The sixth of July: Your loving friend, Benedick.

Bene. Nay, mock not, mock not: The body of your discourse is sometime guarded⁵ with fragments, and the guards are but slightly basted on neither: ere you flout old ends any further,¹ examine your conscience; and so I leave you. [Exit BENEDICK.]

Claud. My liege, your highness now may do me good.

D. Pedro. My love is thine to teach; teach it but how, And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn Any hard lesson that may do thee good.

Claud. Hath Leonato any son, my lord?

D. Pedro. No child but Hero, she's his only heir: Dost thou affect her, Claudio?

Claud. O my lord, When you went onward on this ended action, I look'd upon her with a soldier's eye, That lik'd, but had a rougher task in hand Than to drive liking to the name of love: But now I am return'd, and that war-thoughts Have left their places vacant, in their rooms Come thronging soft and delicate desires, All prompting me how fair young Hero is, Saying, I lik'd her ere I went to wars.

D. Pedro. Thou wilt be like a lover presently, And tire the hearer with a book of words: If thou dost love fair Hero, cherish it; And I will break with her; [and with her father, And thou shalt have her: ⁶] Was't not to this end, That thou began'st to twist so fine a story?

Claud. How sweetly do you minister to love, That know love's grief by his complexion! But lest my liking might too sudden seem, I would have salv'd it with a longer treatise.

D. Pedro. What need the bridge much broader than the flood?

The fairest grant is the necessity: Look, what will serve is fit: 'tis once,⁷ thou lovest; And I will fit thee with the remedy. I know we shall have revelling to-night; I will assume thy part in some disguise, And tell fair Hero I am Claudio; And in her bosom I'll unclasp my heart, And take her hearing prisoner with the force And strong encounter of my amorous tale: Then, after, to her father will I break; And, the conclusion is, she shall be thine: In practice let us put it presently. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—A Room in Leonato's House.

Enter LEONATO and ANTONIO.

Leon. How now, brother? Where is my cousin, your son? Hath he provided this music?

Ant. He is very busy about it. But, brother, I can tell you news⁸ that you yet dream not of.

Leon. Are they good?

Ant. As the event stamps them; but they have a good cover; they show well outward. The prince and count Claudio, walking in a thick-pleached alley in my orchard, were thus overheard⁹ by a man of mine: The prince discovered to Claudio that he loved my niece, your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance; and, if he found her accordant, he meant to take the present time by the top, and instantly break with you of it.

Leon. Hath the fellow any wit that told you this?

¹ *Recheat.* The huntsman's note to recall the hounds.

² *Baldrick*—a belt.

³ *The fine*—the conclusion.

⁴ This line is from Hieronymo.

⁵ *Guarded*—trimmed—as with *guards* on apparel.

⁶ The words in brackets are not in the folio.

⁷ *Once*—once for all. So in *Coriolanus*: "Once, if he do require our voices we ought not to deny him."

⁸ In the quarto, *strange news*.

⁹ In the quarto, *thus much overheard*.

Ant. A good sharp fellow; I will send for him, and question him yourself.

Leon. No, no; we will hold it as a dream, till it appear itself:—but I will acquaint my daughter withal, that she may be the better prepared for an answer, if peradventure this be true. Go you and tell her of it. [*Several persons cross the stage.*] Cousins, you know what you have to do.—O, I cry you mercy, friend: go you with me, and I will use your skill:—Good cousins, have a care this busy time. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Another Room in Leonato's House.*

Enter Don JOHN and CONRADE.

Con. What the good year, my lord! why are you thus out of measure sad?

D. John. There is no measure in the occasion that breeds, therefore the sadness is without limit.

Con. You should hear reason.

D. John. And when I have heard it, what blessing bringeth it?

Con. If not a present remedy, yet¹ a patient sufferance.

D. John. I wonder that thou, being (as thou say'st thou art), born under Saturn, goest about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief. I cannot hide what I am: I must be sad when I have cause, and smile at no man's jests; eat when I have stomach, and wait for no man's leisure; sleep when I am drowsy, and tend on no man's business; laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humour.

Con. Yea, but you must not make the full show of this, till you may do it without controlment. You have of late stood out against your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace; where it is impossible you should take root,² but by the fair weather that you make yourself: it is needful that you frame the season for your own harvest.

D. John. I had rather be a canker in a hedge than a rose in his grace;³ and it better fits my blood to be disdain'd of all than to fashion a carriage to rob love from any: in this, though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man, it must not be denied that I am a plain-dealing villain. I am trusted with a muzzle, and enfranchised with a clog; therefore I have decreed not to sing in my cage: If I had my mouth I would bite; if I had my liberty I would do my liking: in the mean time, let me be that I am, and seek not to alter me.

Con. Can you make no use of your discontent?

D. John. I make all use of it, for I use it only. Who comes here? What news, Borachio?

Enter BORACHIO.

Bora. I came yonder from a great supper; the prince, your brother, is royally entertained by Leonato; and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

D. John. Will it serve for any model to build mischief on? What is he for a fool that betroths himself to unquietness?

Bora. Marry, it is your brother's right hand.

D. John. Who? the most exquisite Claudio?

Bora. Even he.

D. John. A proper squire! And who, and who? which way looks he?

Bora. Marry, on Hero, the daughter and heir of Leonato.

D. John. A very forward March-chick! How came you to this?

Bora. Being entertained for a perfumer, as I was smoking a musty room,^h comes me the prince and Claudio, hand in hand, in sad³ conference; I whipt behind the arras; and there heard it agreed upon, that the prince should woo Hero for himself, and having obtained her give her to count Claudio.

D. John. Come, come, let us thither; this may prove food to my displeasure: that young start-up hath all the glory of my overthrow; if I can cross him any way I bless myself every way: You are both sure, and will assist me?

Con. To the death, my lord.

D. John. Let us to the great supper: their cheer is the greater that I am subdued: 'Would the cook were of my mind! Shall we go prove what's to be done?

Bora. We'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Hall in Leonato's House.*

Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, HERO, BEATRICE, and others.

Leon. Was not count John here at supper?

Ant. I saw him not.

Beat. How tartly that gentleman looks! I never can see him but I am heart-burned an hour after.

Hero. He is of a very melancholy disposition.

Beat. He were an excellent man that were made just in the mid-way between him and Benedick; the one is too like an image, and says nothing; and the other too like my lady's eldest son, evermore tattling.

Leon. Then half signior Benedick's tongue in count John's mouth, and half count John's melancholy in signior Benedick's face,—

Beat. With a good leg, and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in his purse, such a man would win any woman in the world,—if he could get her good-will.

Leon. By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.

Ant. In faith, she is too curst.

Beat. Too curst is more than curst: I shall lessen God's sending that way: for it is said, "God sends a curst cow short horns;" but to a cow too curst he sends none.

Leon. So, by being too curst God will send you no horns.

Beat. Just, if he send me no husband; for the which blessing I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening: Lord! I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face; I had rather lie in the woollen.

Leon. You may light upon a husband that hath no beard.

Beat. What should I do with him? dress him in my apparel, and make him my waiting gentlewoman? He that hath a beard is more than a youth; and he that hath no beard is less than a man: and he that is more than a youth is not for me; and he that is less than a man I am not for him: Therefore I will even take sixpence in earnest of the bearward,⁴ and lead his apes into hell.

Leon. Well then, go you into hell?

Beat. No; but to the gate; and there will the devil meet me, like an old cuckold, with horns on his head, and say, "Get you to heaven, Beatrice, get you to heaven; here's no place for you maids:" so deliver I up my apes, and away to Saint Peter: for the heavens, he shows me where the bachelors sit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.

Ant. Well, niece, [*to HERO*] I trust you will be ruled by your father.

¹ Yet. The quarto, at least.

² In the quarto, true root.

³ Sad—serious.

⁴ Bearward. In the original, *berrord*. The modern editions have *bear-herd*. In Henry VI., Part II., it is *bearard*. The pronunciation is indicated by both of the ancient modes of spelling; and *bearward* appears to be the word meant, when rapidly uttered.

Beat. Yes, faith; it is my cousin's duty to make courtesy, and say, "Father, as it please you:"—but yet for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another courtesy, and say, "Father, as it please me."

Leon. Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

Beat. Not till God make men of some other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be over-mastered with a piece of valiant dust? to make account of her life to a clod of wayward marl? No, uncle, I'll none: Adam's sons are my brethren; and truly I hold it a sin to match in my kindred.

Leon. Daughter, remember what I told you: if the prince do solicit you in that kind, you know your answer.

Beat. The fault will be in the music, cousin, if you be not wooed in good time: if the prince be too important,¹ tell him there is measure in everything, and so dance out the answer.² For hear me, Hero; Wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinque-pace: the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly-modest, as a measure full of state and ancients; and then comes repentance, and, with his bad legs, falls into the cinque-pace faster and faster, till he sink into his grave.

Leon. Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly.

Beat. I have a good eye, uncle; I can see a church by day-light.

Leon. The revellers are entering, brother, make good room.

Enter Don PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, BALTHAZAR; Don JOHN, BORACHIO, MARGARET, URSULA, and others, masked.

D. Pedro. Lady, will you walk about with your friend?

Hero. So you walk softly, and look sweetly, and say nothing, I am yours for the walk; and, especially, when I walk away.

D. Pedro. With me in your company?

Hero. I may say so when I please.

D. Pedro. And when please you to say so?

Hero. When I like your favour; for God defend³ the lute should be like the case!

D. Pedro. My visor is Philemon's roof; Within the house is Jove.⁴

Hero. Why, then your visor should be thatch'd.

D. Pedro. Speak low, if you speak love.

[*Takes her aside.*]

Balth. Well, I would you did like me.

Marg. So would not I, for your own sake, for I have many ill qualities.

Balth. Which is one?

Marg. I say my prayers aloud.

Balth. I love you the better; the hearers may cry, Amen.⁵

Marg. God match me with a good dancer!

Balth. Amen.

Marg. And God keep him out of my sight, when the dance is done!—Answer, clerk.

Balth. No more words; the clerk is answered.

Urs. I know you well enough; you are signior Antonio.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urs. I know you by the wagging of your head.

Ant. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

Urs. You could never do him so ill-well, unless you were the very man: Here's his dry hand up and down; you are he, you are he.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urs. Come, come; do you think I do not know you by your excellent wit? Can virtue hide itself? Go to, mum, you are he: graces will appear, and there's an end.

Beat. Will you not tell me who told you so?

Bene. No, you shall pardon me.

Beat. Nor will you not tell me who you are?

Bene. Not now.

Beat. That I was disdainful,—and that I had my good wit out of the "Hundred Merry Tales;"^a—Well, this was signior Benedick that said so.

Bene. What's he?

Beat. I am sure you know him well enough.

Bene. Not I, believe me.

Beat. Did he never make you laugh?

Bene. I pray you, what is he?

Beat. Why, he is the prince's jester: a very dull fool; only his gift is in devising impossible slanders;⁶ none but libertines delight in him; and the commendation is not in his wit but in his villainy; for he both pleases men and angers them, and then they laugh at him and beat him: I am sure he is in the fleet; I would he had boarded⁷ me.

Bene. When I know the gentleman, I'll tell him what you say.

Beat. Do, do: he'll but break a comparison or two on me; which, peradventure, not marked, or not laughed at, strikes him into melancholy; and then there's a partridge wing saved, for the fool will eat no supper that night. [*Music within.*] We must follow the leaders.

Bene. In every good thing.

Beat. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning.

[*Dance. Then exeunt all but Don JOHN, BORACHIO, and CLAUDIO.*]

D. John. Sure, my brother is amorous on Hero, and hath withdrawn her father to break with him about it: The ladies follow her, and but one visor remains.

Bora. And that is Claudio: I know him by his bearing.

D. John. Are not you signior Benedick?

Claud. You know me well; I am he.

D. John. Signior, you are very near my brother in his love: he is enamour'd on Hero; I pray you dissuade him from her, she is no equal for his birth: you may do the part of an honest man in it.

Claud. How know you he loves her?

D. John. I heard him swear his affection.

Bora. So did I too; and he swore he would marry her to-night.

D. John. Come, let us to the banquet.

[*Exeunt Don JOHN and BORACHIO.*]

Claud. Thus answer I in name of Benedick, But hear these ill news with the ears of Claudio.

'Tis certain so;—the prince wooes for himself.

Friendship is constant in all other things,

Save in the office and affairs of love:

Therefore, all hearts in love use their own tongues;

Let every eye negotiate for itself,

And trust no agent: for beauty is a witch,

Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.

This is an accident of hourly proof

Which I mistrusted not: Farewell, therefore, Hero!

Re-enter BENEDICK.

Bene. Count Claudio?

belong to *Balthazar*. There is a series of dialogues between four masked pairs—Hero and Don Pedro, Margaret and Balthazar, Ursula and Antonio, Beatrice and Benedick. Tieck conjectured this; but Mr. Dyce shows that Theobald had also made this correction.

⁶ In a subsequent passage of this scene we have "impossible conveyance." The commentators make difficulties of both these passages, and would change the adjective to *impassable* or *importable*. Mr. Dyce says that Shakspeare employs the word *impossible* with great license.

⁷ *Boarded*—accosted.

¹ *Important*—importunate.

² The technical meaning of *measure*, a particular sort of dance, is here played upon. Beatrice's own description of that dance, "full of state and ancients," is the most characteristic account we have of it.

³ *Defend*—forbid.

⁴ The line, which is in the rhythm of Chapman's Homer and Golding's Ovid, is an allusion to the story of Baucis and Philemon.

⁵ These three speeches, which are assigned to *Benedick* in the originals, really

Claud. Yea, the same.

Bene. Come, will you go with me?

Claud. Whither?

Bene. Even to the next willow, about your own business, count.¹ What fashion will you wear the garland of? About your neck, like an usurer's chain?² or under your arm, like a lieutenant's scarf? You must wear it one way, for the prince hath got your Hero.

Claud. I wish him joy of her.

Bene. Why, that's spoken like an honest drover; so they sell bullocks. But did you think the prince would have served you thus?

Claud. I pray you, leave me.

Bene. Ho! now you strike like the blind man; 'twas the boy that stole your meat and you'll beat the post.

Claud. If it will not be, I'll leave you. *[Exit.*

Bene. Alas! poor hurt fowl! Now will he creep into sedges. But that my lady Beatrice should know me, and not know me! The prince's fool!—Ha, it may be I go under that title, because I am merry.—Yea; but so; I am apt to do myself wrong: I am not so reputed: it is the base though bitter³ disposition of Beatrice, that puts the world into her person, and so gives me out. Well, I'll be revenged as I may.

Re-enter Don PEDRO.

D. Pedro. Now, signior, where's the count; Did you see him?

Bene. Troth, my lord, I have played the part of lady Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren; I told him, and I think told⁴ him true, that your grace had got the will⁵ of this young lady; and I offered him my company to a willow-tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to bind him⁶ a rod, as being worthy to be whipped.

D. Pedro. To be whipped! What's his fault?

Bene. The flat transgression of a schoolboy; who being overjoy'd with finding a bird's nest shows it his companion, and he steals it.

D. Pedro. Wilt thou make a trust a transgression? the transgression is in the stealer.

Bene. Yet it had not been amiss the rod had been made, and the garland too; for the garland he might have worn himself; and the rod he might have bestowed on you, who, as I take it, have stolen his bird's nest.

D. Pedro. I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner.

Bene. If their singing answer your saying, by my faith, you say honestly.

D. Pedro. The lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you; the gentleman that danced with her told her she is much wrong'd by you.

Bene. O, she misused me past the endurance of a block: an oak, but with one green leaf on it, would have answer'd her; my very visor began to assume life and scold with her: She told me, not thinking I had been myself, that I was the prince's jester, and⁷ that I was duller than a great thaw; huddling jest upon jest, with such impossible conveyance upon me, that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me: She speaks poniards, and every word stabs: if her breath were as terrible as her terminations,⁸ there were no living near her; she would infect to the north star. I would not marry her though she were endowed with all that Adam had left him before

he transgressed: she would have made Hercules have turned spit; yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her: you shall find her the infernal Até in good apparel. I would to God some scholar would conjure her; for, certainly, while she is here, a man may live as quiet in hell as in a sanctuary; and people sin upon purpose because they would go thither; so, indeed, all disquiet, horror, and perturbation follow her.

Re-enter CLAUDIO, BEATRICE, LEONATO, and HERO.

D. Pedro. Look, here she comes.

Bene. Will your grace command me any service to the world's end? I will go on the slightest errand now to the Antipodes, that you can devise to send me on; I will fetch you a toothpicker now from the farthest inch of Asia; bring you the length of Prester John's foot;^b fetch you a hair off the great Cham's beard; do you any embassy to the Pigmies,—rather than hold three words' conference with this harpy: You have no employment for me?

D. Pedro. None, but to desire your good company.

Bene. O God, sir, here's a dish I love not; I cannot endure my lady Tongue. *[Exit.*

D. Pedro. Come, lady, come; you have lost the heart of signior Benedick.

Beat. Indeed, my lord, he lent it me awhile; and I gave him use for it—a double heart for a single one: marry, once before he won it of me with false dice, therefore your grace may well say I have lost it.

D. Pedro. You have put him down, lady, you have put him down.

Beat. So I would not he should do me, my lord, lest I should prove the mother of fools. I have brought count Claudio, whom you sent me to seek.

D. Pedro. Why, how now, count? wherefore are you sad?

Claud. Not sad, my lord.

D. Pedro. How then? sick?

Claud. Neither, my lord.

Beat. The count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well: but civil, count; civil as an orange, and something of that jealous complexion.

D. Pedro. I' faith, lady, I think your blazon to be true; though, I'll be sworn, if he be so, his conceit is false. Here, Claudio, I have wooed in thy name, and fair Hero is won; I have broke with her father, and his good will obtained: name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy!

Leon. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes; his grace hath made the match, and all grace say Amen to it!

Beat. Speak, count, 'tis your cue.

Claud. Silence is the perfectest herald of joy: I were but little happy if I could say how much. Lady, as you are mine, I am yours: I give away myself for you, and dote upon the exchange.

Beat. Speak, cousin; or, if you cannot, stop his mouth with a kiss, and let not him speak neither.

D. Pedro. In faith, lady, you have a merry heart.

Beat. Yea, my lord, I thank it; poor fool, it keeps on the windy side of care:—My cousin tells him in his ear that he is in her heart.

Claud. And so she doth, cousin.

Beat. Good lord, for alliance!—Thus goes every one to

¹ Count. The original has the more ancient and more poetical, *county*.

² An usurer's chain—the ornament of a wealthy citizen or goldsmith. The Jews were not in Shakspeare's time the only class who took use for money.

³ Base though bitter. So the old copies. But the phrase has been changed into "the base, the bitter." Benedick means to say that the disposition of Beatrice, which pretends to speak the opinion of the world, is a grovelling disposition, although it is sharp and satirical.

⁴ In the quarto, *I told him*.

⁵ In the quarto, *good will*.

⁶ In the quarto, *bind him up*.

⁷ The quarto omits *and*.

⁸ Terminations. Mr. Walker suggests that Shakspeare wrote "her minations," one of his many coinings from the Latin. The editor of Mr. Walker's "Critical Examination" points out that *termination* never occurs elsewhere in Shakspeare (as he might gather from Mrs. Clarke's "Concordance"). But *determination* is used both in the singular and plural in the sense of *resolve*. *Termination*, used in a similar sense, is either a typographical error or a colloquial abbreviation.

the world but I, and I am sun-burned;¹ I may sit in a corner, and cry, heigh-ho for a husband!²

D. Pedro. Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

Beat. I would rather have one of your father's getting: Hath your grace ne'er a brother like you? Your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

D. Pedro. Will you have me, lady?

Beat. No, my lord, unless I might have another for working-days; your grace is too costly to wear every day: But, I beseech your grace, pardon me; I was born to speak all mirth, and no matter.

D. Pedro. Your silence most offends me, and to be merry best becomes you; for, out of question, you were born in a merry hour.

Beat. No, sure, my lord, my mother cried; but then there was a star danced, and under that was I born.—Cousins, God give you joy!

Leon. Niece, will you look to those things I told you of?

Beat. I cry you mercy, uncle.—By your grace's pardon.

[*Exit* BEATRICE.]

D. Pedro. By my troth, a pleasant-spirited lady.

Leon. There's little of the melancholy element in her, my lord: she is never sad, but when she sleeps; and not ever sad then; for I have heard my daughter say she hath often dreamt of unhappiness, and waked herself with laughing.

D. Pedro. She cannot endure to hear tell of a husband.

Leon. O, by no means; she mocks all her wooers out of suit.

D. Pedro. She were an excellent wife for Benedick.

Leon. O lord, my lord, if they were but a week married they would talk themselves mad.

D. Pedro. Count Claudio, when mean you to go to church?

Claud. To-morrow, my lord: Time goes on crutches till love have all his rites.

Leon. Not till Monday, my dear son, which is hence a just seven-night; and a time too brief too, to have all things answer my mind.

D. Pedro. Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing; but I warrant thee, Claudio, the time shall not go dully by us; I will, in the interim, undertake one of Hercules' labours; which is, to bring signior Benedick and the lady Beatrice into a mountain of affection, the one with the other. I would fain have it a match; and I doubt not but to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall give you direction.

Leon. My lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten nights' watchings.

Claud. And I, my lord.

D. Pedro. And you too, gentle Hero?

Hero. I will do any modest office, my lord, to help my cousin to a good husband.

D. Pedro. And Benedick is not the unhopefullest husband that I know: thus far can I praise him; he is of a noble strain,³ of approved valour, and confirmed honesty. I will teach you how to humour your cousin, that she shall fall in love with Benedick:—and I, with your two helps, will so practise on Benedick, that, in despite of his quick wit and his queasy stomach, he shall fall in love with Beatrice. If we can do this, Cupid is no longer an archer; his glory shall be ours, for we are the only love-gods. Go in with me, and I will tell you my drift. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Another Room in Leonato's House.

Enter Don JOHN and BORACHIO.

D. John. It is so; the count Claudio shall marry the daughter of Leonato.

Bora. Yea, my lord, but I can cross it.

D. John. Any bar, any cross, any impediment will be medicinable to me: I am sick in displeasure to him; and whatsoever comes athwart his affection, ranges evenly with mine. How canst thou cross this marriage?

Bora. Not honestly, my lord; but so covertly that no dishonesty shall appear in me.

D. John. Show me briefly how.

Bora. I think I told your lordship, a year since, how much I am in the favour of Margaret, the waiting-gentlewoman to Hero.

D. John. I remember.

Bora. I can, at any unseasonable instant of the night, appoint her to look out at her lady's chamber-window.

D. John. What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage?

Bora. The poison of that lies in you to temper. Go you to the prince your brother; spare not to tell him, that he hath wronged his honour in marrying the renowned Claudio (whose estimation do you mightily hold up) to a contaminated stale, such a one as Hero.

D. John. What proof shall I make of that?

Bora. Proof enough to misuse the prince, to vex Claudio, to undo Hero, and kill Leonato: Look you for any other issue?

D. John. Only to despise them, I will endeavour anything.

Bora. Go then, find me a meet hour to draw don Pedro and the count Claudio, alone: tell them that you know that Hero loves me; intend a kind of zeal both to the prince and Claudio, as—in a love of your brother's honour, who hath made this match; and his friend's reputation, who is thus like to be cozened with the semblance of a maid,—that you have discovered thus. They will scarcely believe this without trial: offer them instances; which shall bear no less likelihood than to see me at her chamber-window; hear me call Margaret, Hero; hear Margaret term me Claudio;⁴ and bring them to see this, the very night before the intended wedding: for, in the mean time, I will so fashion the matter, that Hero shall be absent; and there shall appear such seeming truth of Hero's disloyalty, that jealousy shall be called assurance, and all the preparation overthrown.

D. John. Grow this to what adverse issue it can, I will put it in practice: Be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducats.

Bora. Be thou constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me.

D. John. I will presently go learn their day of marriage.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Leonato's Garden.

Enter BENEDICK and a Boy.

Bene. Boy!

Boy. Signior.

Bene. In my chamber-window lies a book; bring it hither to me in the orchard.

Boy. I am here already, sir.

Bene. I know that;—but I would have thee hence, and here again. [*Exit* Boy.]—I do much wonder that one man seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn, by falling in love: And such a man is Claudio. I have known when there was no music with him but the drum and the fife; and now had he rather hear the tabor

¹ Shakspeare, in *All's Well that Ends Well*, has used the phrase *to go to the world* in the sense of being married.

² *Heigh-ho for a husband* was probably a popular exclamation in Shakspeare's time, as now. It has given a name to a modern comedy.

³ *Strain* is breed or lineage.

⁴ Theobald and other editors would here read *Borachio*. The very expression *term me* shows that the speaker assumes that Margaret, by connivance, would call him by the name of Claudio.

and the pipe: I have known when he would have walked ten mile afoot, to see a good armour: and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet. He was wont to speak plain, and to the purpose, like an honest man and a soldier; and now is he turned orthographer; his words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted, and see with these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not: I will not be sworn but love may transform me to an oyster; but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool. One woman is fair; yet I am well: another is wise; yet I am well: another virtuous; yet I am well: but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that's certain; wise, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what colour it please God. Ha! the prince and monsieur Love! I will hide me in the arbour.

[Withdraws.]

Enter Don PEDRO, LEONATO, and CLAUDIO.

D. Pedro. Come, shall we hear this music?

Claud. Yea, my good lord:—How still the evening is, As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony!

D. Pedro. See you where Benedick hath hid himself?

Claud. O, very well, my lord: the music ended, We'll fit the kid fox with a pennyworth.

Enter BALTHAZAR, with music.

D. Pedro. Come, Balthazar, we'll hear that song again.

Balth. O good my lord, tax not so bad a voice To slander music any more than once.

D. Pedro. It is the witness still of excellency, To put a strange face on his own perfection:— I pray thee, sing, and let me woo no more.

Balth. Because you talk of wooing, I will sing: Since many a wooer doth commence his suit To her he thinks not worthy; yet he woos; Yet will he swear, he loves.

D. Pedro. Nay, pray thee, come: Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument, Do it in notes.

Balth. Note this before my notes, There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting.

D. Pedro. Why these are very crotchets that he speaks; Note, notes, forsooth, and noting!¹ [Music.]

Bene. Now, "Divine air!" now is his soul ravished!—Is it not strange that sheep's guts should hale souls out of men's bodies?—Well, a horn for my money, when all's done.

BALTHAZAR sings.

I.

Balth. Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more;
Men were deceivers ever:
One foot in sea, and one on shore;
To one thing constant never:
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny;
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into, Hey nonny, nonny.

II.

Sing no more ditties, sing no mo
Of dumps so dull and heavy:
The fraud of men was ever so,
Since summer first was leavy.
Then sigh not so, &c.

D. Pedro. By my troth, a good song.

Balth. And an ill singer, my lord.

D. Pedro. Ha? no; no, faith; thou singest well enough for a shift.

Bene. [Aside.] An he had been a dog that should have howled thus they would have hanged him: and, I pray God, his bad voice bode no mischief! I had as lief have heard the night-raven, come what plague could have come after it.

D. Pedro. Yea, marry; [to CLAUDIO.]—Dost thou hear, Balthazar? I pray thee, get us some excellent music; for to-morrow night we would have it at the lady Hero's chamber-window.

Balth. The best I can, my lord.

D. Pedro. Do so: farewell. [Exit BALTHAZAR.] Come hither, Leonato: What was it you told me of to-day? that your niece Beatrice was in love with signior Benedick?

Claud. O, ay:—Stalk on, stalk on: the fowl sits.^c [Aside to PEDRO.] I did never think that lady would have loved any man.

Leon. No, nor I neither; but most wonderful that she should so dote on signior Benedick, whom she hath in all outward behaviours seemed ever to abhor.

Bene. Is't possible? Sits the wind in that corner?

[Aside.]

Leon. By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it; but that she loves him with an enraged affection,—it is past the infinite of thought.

D. Pedro. May be, she doth but counterfeit.

Claud. 'Faith, like enough.

Leon. O God! counterfeit! There was never counterfeit of passion came so near the life of passion, as she discovers it.

D. Pedro. Why, what effects of passion shows she?

Claud. Bait the hook well; this fish will bite. [Aside.]

Leon. What effects, my lord! She will sit you,—You heard my daughter tell you how.

Claud. She did, indeed.

D. Pedro. How, how, I pray you You amaze me: I would have thought her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection.

Leon. I would have sworn it had, my lord; especially against Benedick.

Bene. [Aside.] I should think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it: knavery cannot, sure, hide itself in such reverence.

Claud. He hath ta'en the infection; hold it up. [Aside.]

D. Pedro. Hath she made her affection known to Benedick?

Leon. No; and swears she never will: that's her torment.

Claud. 'Tis true, indeed; so your daughter says: "Shall I," says she, "that have so oft encountered him with scorn, write to him that I love him?"

Leon. This says she now when she is beginning to write to him: for she'll be up twenty times a night: and there will she sit in her smock, till she have writ a sheet of paper:—my daughter tells us all.

Claud. Now you talk of a sheet of paper, I remember a pretty jest your daughter told us of.

Leon. O!—When she had writ it, and was reading it over, she found Benedick and Beatrice between the sheet?

Claud. That.

Leon. O! she tore the letter into a thousand half-pence;² railed at herself, that she should be so immodest to write to one that she knew would flout her: "I measure him," says she, "by my own spirit; for I should flout him, if he writ to me; yea, though I love him, I should."

Claud. Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps, sobs,

¹ The original copies have *nothing*. Mr. White says, "One of the many proofs that *th* was pronounced like *z*."

² Steevens ingeniously suggests that a farthing, and perhaps a *halfpenny*, was

used to signify any small particle or division. Capell says that the allusion is to the cross of the old silver penny, which could be broken into halfpence or farthings, as Beatrice is said to have torn her letter.

beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, curses :¹—"O sweet Benedick! God give me patience!"

Leon. She doth indeed; my daughter says so: and the ecstasy hath so much overborne her, that my daughter is sometime afraid she will do a desperate outrage to herself. It is very true.

D. Pedro. It were good that Benedick knew of it by some other, if she will not discover it.

Claud. To what end? He would but make a sport of it, and torment the poor lady worse.

D. Pedro. An he should, it were an alms to hang him: She's an excellent sweet lady; and, out of all suspicion, she is virtuous.

Claud. And she is exceeding wise.

D. Pedro. In everything, but in loving Benedick.

Leon. O my lord, wisdom and blood combating in so tender a body, we have ten proofs to one that blood hath the victory. I am sorry for her, as I have just cause, being her uncle and her guardian.

D. Pedro. I would she had bestowed this dotage on me; I would have daff'd² all other respects, and made her half myself: I pray you tell Benedick of it, and hear what he will say.

Leon. Were it good, think you?

Claud. Hero thinks surely she will die; for she says she will die if he love her not; and she will die ere she make her love known: and she will die if he woo her, rather than she will 'bate one breath of her accustomed crossness.

D. Pedro. She doth well: if she should make tender of her love 'tis very possible he'll scorn it: for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible³ spirit.

Claud. He is a very proper man.

D. Pedro. He hath, indeed, a good outward happiness.

Claud. 'Fore God, and in my mind, very wise.

D. Pedro. He doth, indeed, show some sparks that are like wit.

Leon. And I take him to be valiant.

D. Pedro. As Hector, I assure you: and in the managing of quarrels you may see⁴ he is wise; for either he avoids them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a Christian-like⁵ fear.

Leon. If he do fear God he must necessarily keep peace; if he break the peace he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

D. Pedro. And so will he do; for the man doth fear God, howsoever it seems not in him, by some large jests he will make. Well, I am sorry for your niece: Shall we go seek Benedick, and tell him of her love?

Claud. Never tell him, my lord; let her wear it out with good counsel.

Leon. Nay, that's impossible; she may wear her heart out first.

D. Pedro. Well, we will hear further of it by your daughter. Let it cool the while. I love Benedick well: and I could wish he would modestly examine himself to see how much he is unworthy to have so good a lady.

Leon. My lord, will you walk? dinner is ready.

Claud. If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never trust my expectation. [Aside.

D. Pedro. Let there be the same net spread for her: and that must your daughter and her gentlewoman carry. The sport will be, when they hold one an opinion of another's dotage, and no such matter; that's the scene that I would see, which will be merely a dumb show. Let us send her to call him in to dinner. [Aside.

[Exeunt Don PEDRO, CLAUDIO, and LEONATO.

BENEDICK advances from the arbour.

Benc. This can be no trick: The conference was sadly borne.—They have the truth of this from Hero. They seem to pity the lady; it seems her affections have their full bent. Love me! why, it must be requited. I hear how I am censured: they say I will bear myself proudly, if I perceive the love come from her; they say too, that she will rather die than give any sign of affection.—I did never think to marry—I must not seem proud:—Happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put them to mending. They say the lady is fair; 'tis a truth, I can bear them witness: and virtuous—'tis so, I cannot reprove it; and wise, but for loving me:—By my troth, it is no addition to her wit;—nor no great argument of her folly, for I will be horribly in love with her.—I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have railed so long against marriage: But doth not the appetite alter? A man loves the meat in his youth that he cannot endure in his age: Shall quips, and sentences, and these paper bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of his humour? No: The world must be peopled. When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married.—Here comes Beatrice: By this day, she's a fair lady: I do spy some marks of love in her.

Enter BEATRICE.

Beat. Against my will, I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

Benc. Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.

Beat. I took no more pains for those thanks, than you take pains to thank me; if it had been painful I would not have come.

Benc. You take pleasure, then, in the message?

Beat. Yea, just so much as you may take upon a knife's point, and choke a daw withal:—You have no stomach, signior; fare you well. [Exit.

Benc. Ha! "Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner"—there's a double meaning in that. "I took no more pains for those thanks, than you took pains to thank me"—that's as much as to say, Any pains that I take for you is as easy as thanks:—If I do not take pity of her I am a villain; if I do not love her I am a Jew: I will go get her picture. [Exit.

RECENT NEW READING.

Sc. I. p. 266.—"Till he sink into his grave."

"Till he sink apace into his grave."

Mr. Collier's MS. Corrector has added *apace* after *sink*, and he may be right as far as supplying a pun which is very obvious. But the Cambridge editors say this had been suggested by Capell, and is supported by a passage in Marston's "Insatiate Countess," edited by Mr. Halliwell—

"Think of me as the man

Whose dancing days you see are not yet done.

Len. Yet you sinke a pace, sir."

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Leonato's Garden.

Enter HERO, MARGARET, and URSULA.

Hero. Good Margaret, run thee to the parlour; There shalt thou find my cousin Beatrice Proposing with the prince and Claudio: Whisper her ear, and tell her, I and Ursula Walk in the orchard, and our whole discourse Is all of her; say, that thou overheard'st us;

¹ Curses. Mr. Collier's MS. Corrector has *cries*.

² Daff'd—put aside; as in Othello, Act IV. Sc. II. :—"Every day thou daffs me with some new device;" and in Act V. Sc. I. of the present comedy, "Canst thou so daff me?"

³ Contemptible is here used in the sense of contemptuous.

⁴ In the quarto, *say*.

⁵ In the quarto, *most Christian like*.

And bid her steal into the pleached bower,
Where honeysuckles, ripen'd by the sun,
Forbid the sun to enter;—like favourites,
Made proud by princes, that advance their pride
Against that power that bred it:—there will she hide her,
To listen our propose:¹ This is thy office,
Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

Marg. I'll make her come, I warrant you, presently.
[Exit.]

Hero. Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth come,
As we do trace this alley up and down,
Our talk must only be of Benedick:
When I do name him, let it be thy part
To praise him more than ever man did merit:
My talk to thee must be, how Benedick
Is sick in love with Beatrice: Of this matter
Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made,
That only wounds by hearsay. Now begin;

Enter BEATRICE, behind.

For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs
Close by the ground, to hear our conference.

Urs. The pleasantest angling is to see the fish
Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,
And greedily devour the treacherous bait:
So angle we for Beatrice; who even now
Is couched in the woodbine coverture:
Fear you not my part of the dialogue.

Hero. Then go we near her, that her ear lose nothing
Of the false sweet bait that we lay for it.—

[They advance to the bower.]

No, truly, Ursula, she is too disdainful;
I know, her spirits are as coy and wild
As haggards of the rock.^a

Urs. But are you sure,
That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely?

Hero. So says the prince, and my new-trothed lord.

Urs. And did they bid you tell her of it, madam?

Hero. They did entreat me to acquaint her of it:
But I persuaded them, if they lov'd Benedick,
To wish him wrestle with affection,
And never to let Beatrice know of it.

Urs. Why did you so? Doth not the gentleman
Deserve as full, as fortunate a bed,
As ever Beatrice shall couch upon?

Hero. O God of love! I know he doth deserve
As much as may be yielded to a man:
But nature never fram'd a woman's heart
Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice:
Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
Misprising² what they look on; and her wit
Values itself so highly, that to her
All matter else seems weak: she cannot love,
Nor take no shape nor project of affection,
She is so self-endear'd.

Urs. Sure, I think so;
And therefore, certainly, it were not good
She knew his love, lest she make sport at it.

Hero. Why, you speak truth: I never yet saw man,
How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featur'd,
But she would spell him backward: if fair fac'd,
She would swear³ the gentleman should be her sister;
If black,⁴ why, nature, drawing of an antic,
Made a foul blot: if tall, a lance ill headed;

¹ *Propose.* So the quarto; the folio, *purpose*. The words have the same meaning—that of conversation—and were indifferently used by old writers. In the third line of this scene we have—

“Proposing with the prince and Claudio.”

In Spenser—

“For she in pleasant *purpose* did abound.”

² *Misprising*—undervaluing.

If low, an agate⁵ very vilely cut:
If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds;
If silent, why, a block moved with none.
So turns she every man the wrong side out;
And never gives to truth and virtue that
Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.

Urs. Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.

Hero. No; not to be so odd, and from all fashions,
As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable:
But who dare tell her so? If I should speak,
She would mock⁶ me into air; O, she would laugh me
Out of myself, press me to death with wit.
Therefore let Benedick, like cover'd fire,
Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly:
It were a better death than die with mocks;
Which is as bad as die with tickling.

Urs. Yet tell her of it; hear what she will say.

Hero. No; rather I will go to Benedick,
And counsel him to fight against his passion:
And, truly, I'll devise some honest slanders
To stain my cousin with: One doth not know
How much an ill word may empoison liking.

Urs. O, do not do your cousin such a wrong.
She cannot be so much without true judgment,
(Having so swift and excellent a wit
As she is priz'd to have,) as to refuse
So rare a gentleman as signior Benedick.

Hero. He is the only man of Italy,
Always excepted my dear Claudio.

Urs. I pray you, be not angry with me, madam,
Speaking my fancy; signior Benedick,
For shape, for bearing, argument,⁷ and valour,
Goes foremost in report through Italy.

Hero. Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.

Urs. His excellence did earn it, ere he had it.
When are you married, madam?

Hero. Why, every day;—to-morrow: Come, go in;
I'll show thee some attires; and have thy counsel,
Which is the best to furnish me to-morrow.

Urs. She's ta'en⁸ I warrant you; we have caught her,
madam.

Hero. If it prove so, then loving goes by haps:
Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.

[Exeunt HERO and URSULA.]

BEATRICE advances.

Beat. What fire is in mine ears?^b Can this be true?
Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn so much?
Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu!
No glory lives behind the back of such.
And, Benedick, love on, I will requite thee;
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand;
If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee
To bind our loves up in a holy band:
For others say thou dost deserve; and I
Believe it better than reportingly.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.—A Room in Leonato's House.

Enter Don PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, and LEONATO.

D. Pedro. I do but stay till your marriage be consummate, and then I go toward Arragon.

³ *She would swear.* This has been turned into *she'd swear*, to suit the mincing rhythm of the commentators.

⁴ *Black*—as opposed to fair—swarthy.

⁵ *Agate.* In Henry IV., Part II., Act I. Sc. II., Falstaff says of his page, “I was never manned with an agate till now.” Agates were cut into various forms, such as men's heads.

⁶ *She would mock*—changed also to *she'd mock* by modern editors.
Argument—conversation. So in Henry IV., Part I.:—“It would be *argument* for a week.”

⁸ *Ta'en.* So the folio; the quarto, *lined*.

Claud. I'll bring you thither, my lord, if you'll vouchsafe me.

P. Pedro. Nay, that would be as great a soil in the new gloss of your marriage, as to show a child his new coat, and forbid him to wear it. I will only be bold with Benedick for his company; for, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth; he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bowstring, and the little hangman dare not shoot at him: he hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper; for what his heart thinks his tongue speaks.

Benc. Gallants, I am not as I have been.

Leon. So say I; methinks you are sadder.

Claud. I hope he be in love.

D. Pedro. Hang him, truant; there's no true drop of blood in him, to be truly touch'd with love: if he be sad, he wants money.

Bene. I have the tooth-ache.

D. Pedro. Draw it.

Bene. Hang it!

Claud. You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.

D. Pedro. What? sigh for the tooth-ache?

Leon. Where is but a humour, or a worm!

Bene. Well, every one can master a grief, but he that has it.

Claud. Yet, say I, he is in love.

D. Pedro. There is no appearance of fancy in him, unless it be a fancy¹ that he hath to strange disguises; as, to be a Dutchman to-day; a Frenchman to-morrow; [or in the shape of two countries at once, as, a German from the waist downward, all slops; and a Spaniard from the hip upward, no doublet:²] Unless he have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have it to appear he is.

Claud. If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs: he brushes his hat o' mornings: What should that bode?

D. Pedro. Hath any man seen him at the barber's?

Claud. No, but the barber's man hath been seen with him; and the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuffed tennis-balls.³

Leon. Indeed, he looks younger than he did, by the loss of a beard.

D. Pedro. Nay, he rubs himself with civet: Can you smell him out by that?

Claud. That's as much as to say, The sweet youth's in love.

D. Pedro. The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

Claud. And when was he wont to wash his face?

D. Pedro. Yea, or to paint himself? for the which, I hear what they say of him.

Claud. Nay, but his jesting spirit; which is now crept into a lutestring,⁴ and now governed by stops.

D. Pedro. Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him: Conclude⁴ he is in love.

Claud. Nay, but I know who loves him.

D. Pedro. That would I know too; I warrant, one that knows him not.

Claud. Yes, and his ill conditions; and, in despite of all, dies for him.

D. Pedro. She shall be buried with her face upwards.

Bene. Yet is this no charm for the tooth-ache.—Old signior, walk aside with me; I have studied eight or nine wise words to speak to you, which these hobby-horses must not hear. [Exeunt BENEDICK and LEONATO.]

D. Pedro. For my life, to break with him about Beatrice.

Claud. 'Tis even so: Hero and Margaret have by this played their parts with Beatrice; and then the two bears will not bite one another when they meet.

Enter Don JOHN.

D. John. My lord and brother, God save you.

D. Pedro. Good den, brother.

D. John. If your leisure served, I would speak with you.

D. Pedro. In private?

D. John. If it please you;—yet count Claudio may hear; for what I would speak of concerns him.

D. Pedro. What's the matter?

D. John. Means your lordship to be married to-morrow?

[To CLAUDIO.]

D. Pedro. You know he does.

D. John. I know not that, when he knows what I know.

Claud. If there be any impediment, I pray you, discover it.

D. John. You may think I love you not; let that appear hereafter, and aim better at me by that I now will manifest. For my brother, I think, he holds you well; and in dearness of heart hath help to effect your ensuing marriage: surely, suit ill spent, and labour ill bestowed!

D. Pedro. Why, what's the matter?

D. John. I came hither to tell you: and, circumstances shortened, (for she hath been too long a talking of,) the lady is disloyal.

Claud. Who? Hero?

D. John. Even she; Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero.

Claud. Disloyal?

D. John. The word is too good to paint out her wickedness; I could say she were worse; think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it. Wonder not till further warrant: go but with me to-night, you shall see her chamber-window entered; even the night before her wedding-day: if you love her then, to-morrow wed her; but it would better fit your honour to change your mind.

Claud. May this be so?

D. Pedro. I will not think it.

D. John. If you dare not trust that you see, confess not that you know: if you will follow me, I will show you enough; and when you have seen more, and heard more, proceed accordingly.

Claud. If I see anything to-night why I should not marry her to-morrow, in the congregation, where I should wed, there will I shame her.

D. Pedro. And, as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her.

D. John. I will disparage her no farther, till you are my witnesses: bear it coldly but till night,⁵ and let the issue show itself.

D. Pedro. O day untowardly turned!

Claud. O mischief strangely thwarting!

D. John. O plague right well prevented!

So will you say when you have seen the sequel.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—A Street.

Enter DOGBERRY and VERGES, with the Watch.

Dogb. Are you good men and true?

Verg. Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

Dogb. Nay, that were a punishment too good for them,

¹ *Fancy* is here used in a different sense from the same word which immediately precedes it, although *fancy* in the sense of *love* is the same as *fancy* in the sense of the indulgence of a *humour*. The *fancy* which makes a lover, and the *fancy* which produces a bird-fancier, each express the same subjection of the will to the imagination.

² The passage in brackets is not found in the folio, but is supplied from the quarto.

³ In one of Nashe's pamphlets, 1591, we have, "They may sell their hair by the pound, to stuff tennis-balls." Several of the old comedies allude to the same employment of human hair.

⁴ The quarto has *conclude*, *conclude*.

⁵ *Night*. So the folio; in the quarto, *midnight*.

if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the prince's watch.

Verg. Well, give them their charge, neighbour Dogberry.

Dogb. First, who think you the most desartless man to be constable?

1 Watch. Hugh Oatcake, sir, or George Seacoal; for they can write and read.

Dogb. Come hither, neighbour Seacoal: God hath blessed you with a good name: to be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune; but to write and read comes by nature.

2 Watch. Both which, master constable,—

Dogb. You have; I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favour, sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch; therefore bear you the lantern. This is your charge: You shall comprehend all vagrom men; you are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name.

2 Watch. How if a¹ will not stand?

Dogb. Why then, take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

Verg. If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince's subjects.

Dogb. True, and they are to meddle with none but the prince's subjects:—You shall also make no noise in the streets; for, for the watch to babble and talk, is most tolerable and not to be endured.

2 Watch. We will rather sleep than talk; we know what belongs to a watch.

Dogb. Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman; for I cannot see how sleeping should offend: only, have a care that your bills be not stolen:—Well, you are to call at all the ale-houses, and bid them that are drunk get them to bed.

2 Watch. How if they will not?

Dogb. Why then, let them alone till they are sober; if they make you not then the better answer, you may say they are not the men you took them for.

2 Watch. Well, sir.

Dogb. If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man; and, for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.

2 Watch. If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?

Dogb. Truly, by your office, you may; but I think they that touch pitch will be defiled: the most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is to let him show himself what he is, and steal out of your company.

Verg. You have been always called a merciful man, partner.

Dogb. Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will; much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

Verg. If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse, and bid her still it.

2 Watch. How if the nurse be asleep, and will not hear us?

Dogb. Why then, depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying: for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes will never answer a calf when he bleats.

Verg. 'Tis very true.

Dogb. This is the end of the charge. You, constable, are to present the prince's own person; if you meet the prince in the night, you may stay him.

Verg. Nay by'r lady, that, I think, a cannot.

Dogb. Five shillings to one on't, with any man that knows the statutes, he may stay him: marry, not without

the prince be willing: for, indeed, the watch ought to offend no man; and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

Verg. By'r lady, I think it be so.

Dogb. Ha, ha, ha! Well, masters, good night: an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me: keep your fellows' counsels and your own, and good night.—Come, neighbour.

2 Watch. Well, masters, we hear our charge: let us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed.

Dogb. One word more, honest neighbours: I pray you, watch about signior Leonato's door; for the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil to-night: Adieu, be vigilant; I beseech you. [*Exeunt DOGBERRY and VERGES.*]

Enter BORACHIO and CONRADE.

Bora. What! Conrade,—

Watch. Peace, sir not.

[*Aside.*]

Bora. Conr¹ say!

Con. Here am, I am at thy elbow.

Bora. Mass, and my elbow itched; I thought there would a scab follow.

Con. I will owe thee an answer for that; and now forward with thy tale.

Bora. Stand thee close then under this penthouse, for it drizzles rain; and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

Watch. [*Aside.*] Some treason, masters; yet stand close.

Bora. Therefore know, I have earned of don John a thousand ducats.

Con. Is it possible that any villainy should be so dear?

Bora. Thou shouldst rather ask, if it were possible any villainy should be so rich; for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

Con. I wonder at it.

Bora. That shows thou art unconfirmed: Thou knowest, that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.

Con. Yes, it is apparel.

Bora. I mean, the fashion.

Con. Yes, the fashion is the fashion.

Bora. Tush! I may as well say, the fool's the fool. But seest thou not what a deformed thief this fashion is?

Watch. I know that Deformed; a has been a vile thief this seven year; a goes up and down like a gentleman: I remember his name.

Bora. Didst thou not hear somebody?

Con. No; 'twas the vane on the house.

Bora. Seest thou not, I say, what a deformed thief this fashion is? how giddily he turns about all the hot bloods, between fourteen and five-and-thirty? sometime, fashioning them like Pharaoh's soldiers in the reechy² painting; sometime, like god Bel's priests in the old church window; sometime, like the shaven Hercules in the smirched³ worm-eaten tapestry, where his cod-piece seems as massy as his club?

Con. All this I see; and see that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man: But art not thou thyself giddy with the fashion too, that thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion?

Bora. Not so neither: but know, that I have to-night wooed Margaret, the lady Hero's gentlewoman, by the name of Hero; she leans me out at her mistress' chamber-window, bids me a thousand times good night,—I tell this tale vilely:—I should first tell thee how the prince, Claudio, and my master, planted, and placed, and possessed by my master don John, saw afar off in the orchard this amiable encounter.

¹ *How if a.* We have retained the quaint vulgarism of the original, instead of the modern refinement, *how if he*. In many other passages of these inimitable scenes the same form is restored by us.

² *Reechy*—begrimed, smoky.

³ *Smirched*—smutched, smudged.

Con. And thought thy Margaret was Hero?¹

Borā. Two of them did, the prince and Claudio; but the devil my master knew she was Margaret; and partly by his oaths, which first possessed them, partly by the dark night, which did deceive them, but chiefly by my villainy, which did confirm any slander that don John had made, away went Claudio enraged; swore he would meet her as he was appointed, next morning at the temple, and there, before the whole congregation, shame her with what he saw o'er-night, and send her home again without a husband.

¹ *Watch.* We charge you in the prince's name, stand.

² *Watch.* Call up the right master constable: we have here recovered the most dangerous piece of lechery that ever was known in the commonwealth.

¹ *Watch.* And one Deformed is one of them; I know him, a wears a lock.

Con. Masters, masters.

² *Watch.* You'll be made bring Deformed forth, I warrant you.

Con. Masters,—

¹ *Watch.* Never speak; we charge you, let us obey you to go with us.

Bora. We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of these men's bills.²

Con. A commodity in question, I warrant you. Come, we'll obey you.

SCENE IV.—*A Room in Leonato's House.*

Enter HERO, MARGARET, and URSULA.

Hero. Good Ursula, wake my cousin Beatrice, and desire her to rise.

Urs. I will, lady.

Hero. And bid her come hither.

Urs. Well. [Exit URSULA.]

Marg. Troth, I think your other rabato^d were better.

Hero. No, pray thee, good Meg, I'll wear this.

Marg. By my troth, it's not so good; and I warrant your cousin will say so.

Hero. My cousin's a fool, and thou art another; I'll wear none but this.

Marg. I like the new tire within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner:³ and your gown's a most rare fashion, i' faith. I saw the duchess of Milan's gown, that they praise so.

Hero. O, that exceeds, they say.

Marg. By my troth it's but a night-gown in respect of yours: Cloth of gold, and cuts, and laced with silver; set with pearls down sleeves,⁴ side-sleeves,⁵ and skirts, round underborne with a bluish tinsel: but for a fine, quaint, graceful, and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on 't.

Hero. God give me joy to wear it, for my heart is exceeding heavy.

Marg. 'Twill be heavier soon, by the weight of a man.

Hero. Fie upon thee! art not ashamed?

Marg. Of what, lady? of speaking honourably? Is not marriage honourable in a beggar? Is not your lord honourable without marriage? I think, you would have me say,—saving your reverence,—“a husband:” an bad thinking do not wrest true speaking, I'll offend nobody:

¹ So the folio. In the quarto, “And thought *they*, Margaret was Hero?”

² Shakspeare has here repeated the conceit which we find in the Second Part of Henry VI.:—“My lord, when shall we go to Cheapside, and take up commodities upon our bills?”

³ The false hair.

⁴ This is usually pointed, “set with pearls, down sleeves.” The pearls are to be set down the sleeves.

⁵ *Side-sleeves*—long sleeves, or full sleeves—from the Anglo-Saxon, *sid*—ample, long. The “deep and broad sleeves” of the time of Henry IV. are thus ridiculed by Hoccleve:—

“Now hath this land little neede of broomes
To sweepe away the filth out of the streete,
Sen *side-sleeves* of pennillesse grooms
Will it up licke, be it drie or weete.”

Is there any harm in, “the heavier for a husband?” None, I think, an it be the right husband, and the right wife; otherwise 'tis light, and not heavy: Ask my lady Beatrice else, here she comes.

Enter BEATRICE.

Hero. Good morrow, coz.

Beat. Good morrow, sweet Hero.

Hero. Why, how now! do you speak in the sick tune?

Beat. I am out of all other tune, methinks.

Marg. Clap us into—“Light o' love,”^e that goes without a burden; do you sing it, and I'll dance it.

Beat. Yea, “Light o' love,” with your heels!—then if your husband have stables enough, you'll look he shall lack no barns.

Marg. O illegitimate construction! I scorn that with my heels.

Beat. 'Tis almost five o'clock, cousin; 'tis time you were ready. By my troth I am exceeding ill: hey ho!

Marg. For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?

Beat. For the letter that begins them all, H.⁶

Marg. Well, an you be not turned Turk, there's no more sailing by the star.

Beat. What means the fool, trow?⁷

Marg. Nothing I; but God send every one their heart's desire!

Hero. These gloves the count sent me, they are an excellent perfume.

Beat. I am stuffed, cousin, I cannot smell.

Marg. A maid, and stuffed! there's goodly catching of cold.

Beat. O, God help me! God help me! how long have you profess'd apprehension?

Marg. Ever since you left it: doth not my wit become me rarely?

Beat. It is not seen enough, you should wear it in your cap.—By my troth, I am sick.

Marg. Get you some of this distilled Carduus Benedictus,^f and lay it to your heart; it is the only thing for a qualm.

Hero. There thou prick'st her with a thistle.

Beat. Benedictus! why Benedictus? you have some moral in this Benedictus.

Marg. Moral? no, by my troth, I have no moral meaning; I meant, plain holy-thistle. You may think, perchance, that I think you are in love;: nay, by'r lady, I am not such a fool to think what I list; nor I list not to think what I can; nor, indeed, I cannot think, if I would think my heart out of thinking, that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love: yet Benedick was such another, and now is he become a man: he swore he would never marry; and yet now, in despite of his heart, he eats his meat without grudging: and how you may be converted, I know not; but, methinks, you look with your eyes as other women do.

Beat. What pace is this that thy tongue keeps?

Marg. Not a false gallop.

Re-enter URSULA.

Urs. Madam, withdraw; the prince, the count, signior Benedick, don John, and all the gallants of the town, are come to fetch you to church.

⁶ An epigram by Heywood, 1566, explains this jest, and gives us the old pronunciation of *ache*, to which John Kemble adhered in despite of “the groundlings:”—

“*H* is amongst worst letters in the cross-row;
For if thou find him either in thine elbow,
In thine arm or leg, in any degree;
In thine head, or teeth, or toe, or knee
Into what place soever *H* may pike him,
Wherever thou find *ache* thou shalt not like him.”

⁷ *Trow*—I trow. So in The Merry Wives of Windsor:—“Who's there, trow?”

Hero. Help to dress me, good coz, good Meg, good Ursula. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—*Another Room in Leonato's House.*

Enter LEONATO, *with* DOGBERRY and VERGES.

Leon. What would you with me, honest neighbour?

Dogb. Marry, sir, I would have some confidence with you that decerns you nearly.

Leon. Brief, I pray you; for, you see, 'tis a busy time with me.

Dogb. Marry, this it is, sir.

Verg. Yes, in truth it is, sir.

Leon. What is it, my good friends?

Dogb. Goodman Verges, sir, speaks a little off the matter: an old man, sir, and his wits are not so blunt, as, God help, I would desire they were; but, in faith, honest, as the skin between his brows.

Verg. Yes, I thank God, I am as honest as any man living, that is an old man, and no honester than I.

Dogb. Comparisons are odorous: *palabras*, neighbour Verges.

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious.

Dogb. It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poor duke's officers; but, truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a king I could find in my heart to bestow it all of your worship.

Leon. All thy tediousness on me! ah?

Dogb. Yea, an't were a thousand times¹ more than 'tis: for I hear as good exclamation on your worship, as of any man in the city; and though I be but a poor man I am glad to hear it.

Verg. And so am I.

Leon. I would fain know what you have to say.

Verg. Marry, sir, our watch to-night, excepting your worship's presence, have ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Messina.

Dogb. A good old man, sir; he will be talking; as they say, When the age is in, the wit is out; God help us! it is a world to see!—Well said, i' faith, neighbour Verges:—well, God's a good man; an two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind:—An honest soul, i' faith, sir; by my troth he is, as ever broke bread: but God is to be worshipped: All men are not alike; alas, good neighbour!

Leon. Indeed, neighbour, he comes too short of you.

Dogb. Gifts, that God gives.

Leon. I must leave you.

Dogb. One word, sir: our watch, sir, have, indeed, comprehended two aspicious persons, and we would have them this morning examined before your worship.

Leon. Take their examination yourself, and bring it to me; I am now in great haste, as may appear unto you.²

Dogb. It shall be suffigance.

Leon. Drink some wine ere you go: fare you well.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, they stay for you to give your daughter to her husband.

Leon. I will wait upon them; I am ready.

[Exeunt LEONATO and Messenger.]

Dogb. Go, good partner, go, get you to Francis Seacoal, bid him bring his pen and ink-horn to the gaol; we are now to examination these men.

Verg. And we must do it wisely.

Dogb. We will spare for no wit, I warrant you here's that [touching his forehead] shall drive some of them to a non

come:³ only get the learned writer to set down our excommunication, and meet me at the gaol. [Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The inside of a Church.*

Enter Don PEDRO, Don JOHN, LEONATO, Friar, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, HERO, and BEATRICE, &c.

Leon. Come, friar Francis, be brief; only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

Friar. You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady?

Claud. No.

Leon. To be married to her: friar, you come to marry her.⁴

Friar. Lady, you come hither to be married to this count?

Hero. I do.

Friar. If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be conjoined, I charge you, on your souls, to utter it.

Claud. Know you any, Hero?

Hero. None, my lord.

Friar. Know you any, count?

Leon. I dare make his answer, none.

Claud. O, what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do! [not knowing what they do!]⁵

Bene. How now! Interjections? Why, then some be of laughing,⁶ as, ha! ha! he!

Claud. Stand thee by, friar:—Father, by your leave; Will you with free and unconstrained soul Give me this maid, your daughter?

Leon. As freely, son, as God did give her me.

Claud. And what have I to give you back, whose worth May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?

D. Pedro. Nothing, unless you render her again.

Claud. Sweet prince, you learn me noble thankfulness. There, Leonato, take her back again; Give not this rotten orange to your friend; She's but the sign and semblance of her honour: Behold, how like a maid she blushes here:

O, what authority and show of truth Can cunning sin cover itself withal! Comes not that blood, as modest evidence, To witness simple virtue? Would you not swear, All you that see her, that she were a maid, By these exterior shows? But she is none: She knows the heat of a luxurious bed: Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

Leon. What do you mean, my lord?

Claud. Not to be married, Not to knit my soul to an approved wanton.

Leon. Dear my lord, if you, in your own proof Have vanquish'd the resistance of her youth, And made defeat of her virginity,—

Claud. I know what you would say; if I have known her, You'll say, she did embrace me as a husband, And so extenuate the 'forehand sin: No, Leonato, I never tempted her with word too large But, as a brother to his sister, show'd Bashful sincerity, and comely love.

Hero. And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?

⁴ We follow the punctuation of the original. The meaning is destroyed by the modern mode of pointing the passage,—

"To be married to her, friar; you come to marry her."

⁵ The words in brackets are not in the folio, but in the quarto.

⁶ Shakspeare had not forgotten his Accidence.

¹ Times in the folio: the quarto has *pound*.

² So the folio; in the quarto, "as it may appear unto you."

³ *Non come* in quarto and folio. The usual reading, *non com.*, aspires to a correctness which does not belong to Dogberry.

Claud. Out on the seeming!¹ I will write against it,
You seem to me as Dian in her orb;
As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown;
But you are more intemperate in your blood
Than Venus, or those pamper'd animals
That rage in savage sensuality.

Hero. Is my lord well, that he doth speak so wide?

Leon. Sweet prince, why speak not you?²

D. Pedro. What should I speak?
I stand dishonour'd, that have gone about
To link my dear friend to a common stale.

Leon. Are these things spoken? or do I but dream?

D. John. Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.

Bene. This looks not like a nuptial.

Hero. True? O God!

Claud. Leonato, stand I here?
Is this the prince? Is this the prince's brother?
Is this face Hero's? Are our eyes our own?

Leon. All this is so: But what of this, my lord?

Claud. Let me but move one question to your daughter;
And, by that fatherly and kindly power
That you have in her, bid her answer truly.

Leon. I charge thee do so, as thou art my child.

Hero. O God defend me! how am I beset!—
What kind of catechising call you this?

Claud. To make you answer truly to your name.

Hero. Is it not Hero? Who can blot that name
With any just reproach?

Claud. Marry, that can Hero;
Hero itself can blot out Hero's virtue.

What man was he talk'd with you yesternight
Out at your window, betwixt twelve and one?
Now, if you are a maid, answer to this.

Hero. I talk'd with no man at that hour, my lord.

D. Pedro. Why, then are you no maiden.—Leonato,
I am sorry you must hear: Upon mine honour,
Myself, my brother, and this griev'd count,
Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night,
Talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window;
Who hath, indeed, most like a liberal³ villain,
Confess'd the vile encounters they have had
A thousand times in secret.

D. John. Fie, fie! they are
Not to be nam'd, my lord, not to be spoken of;
There is not chastity enough in language,
Without offence, to utter them: Thus, pretty lady,
I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.

Claud. O Hero! what a Hero hadst thou been,
If half thy outward graces had been placed
About thy thoughts, and counsels of thy heart!
But, fare thee well, most foul, most fair! farewell,
Thou pure impiety, and impious purity!
For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,
And on my eyelids shall conjecture hang,
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,
And never shall it more be gracious.

Leon. Hath no man's dagger here a point for me?

[HERO swoons.]

Beat. Why, how now, cousin? wherefore sink you down?

D. John. Come, let us go: these things, come thus to
light,
Smother her spirits up.

[Exeunt DON PEDRO, DON JOHN, and CLAUDIO.]

Bene. How doth the lady?

Beat. Dead, I think;—help, uncle;—
Hero! why, Hero!—Uncle!—Signior Benedick!—friar!

Leon. O fate, take not away thy heavy hand!
Death is the fairest cover for her shame
That may be wish'd for.

Beat. How now, cousin Hero?

Friar. Have comfort, lady.

Leon. Dost thou look up?

Friar. Yea; Wherefore should she not?

Leon. Wherefore? Why, doth not every earthly thing
Cry shame upon her? Could she here deny
The story that is printed in her blood?
Do not live, Hero; do not ope thine eyes:
For did I think thou wouldst not quickly die,
Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy shames,
Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches,
Strike at thy life. Griev'd I, I had but one?
Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame?⁴
O, one too much by thee! Why had I one?
Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes?
Why had I not, with charitable hand,
Took up a beggar's issue at my gates;
Who, smirched thus, and mired with infamy,
I might have said, "No part of it is mine,
This shame derives itself from unknown loins?"
But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I prais'd,
And mine that I was proud on; mine so much,
That I myself was to myself not mine,
Valuing of her; why, she—O, she is fallen
Into a pit of ink, that the wide sea
Hath drops too few to wash her clean again;
And salt too little, which may season give
To her foul tainted flesh!

Bene. Sir, sir, be patient:
For my part I am so attir'd in wonder,
I know not what to say.

Beat. O, on my soul, my cousin is belied!

Bene. Lady, were you her bedfellow last night?

Beat. No, truly not; although until last night
I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.

Leon. Confirm'd, confirm'd! O, that is stronger made,
Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron!
Would the two princes lie? and Claudio lie?
Who lov'd her so, that, speaking of her foulness,
Wash'd it with tears? Hence from her; let her die.

Friar. Hear me a little;
For I have only silent been so long,
And given way unto this course of fortune,
By noting of the lady; I have mark'd
A thousand blushing apparitions start
Into her face; a thousand innocent shames
In angel whiteness bear away those blushes;
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,
To burn the errors that these princes hold
Against her maiden truth:—Call me a fool;
Trust not my reading, nor my observations,
Which with experimental seal doth warrant
The tenour of my book; trust not my age,
My reverence, calling, nor divinity,
If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here
Under some biting error.⁵

Leon. Friar, it cannot be:
Thou seest, that all the grace that she hath left,
Is, that she will not add to her damnation
A sin of perjury; she not denies it:
Why seek'st thou then to cover with excuse
That which appears in proper nakedness?

Friar. Lady, what man is he you are accus'd of?

¹ In the originals, both the quarto and folio, we have "Out on *thee* seeming." Pope changed this phrase into "Out on *thy* seeming." We believe that the poet used "Out on *the* seeming"—the specious resemblance—"I will write against it"—that is, against this false representation, along with this deceiving portrait:—

"You seem to me as Dian in her orb," &c.

The commentators separate "I will write against it" from what follows, as if Claudio were about to compose a treatise upon the subject of woman's deceitfulness.

² Tieck suggested that these words should be given to Claudio, a correction which Mr. Dyce had long before thought to be required.

³ *Liberal*—licentiously free. So in *Othello*:—"Is he not a most profane and liberal counsellor?"

⁴ *Frame*—ordinance, arrangement.

⁵ Mr. Collier's Corrector suggests *blighting*.

Hero. They know that do accuse me; I know none:
If I know more of any man alive
Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant,
Let all my sins lack mercy!—O my father,
Prove you that any man with me convers'd
At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight
Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,
Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death.

Friar. There is some strange misprision in the princes.

Bene. Two of them have the very bent of honour;
And if their wisdoms be misled in this,
The practice of it lives in John the bastard,
Whose spirits toil in frame of villainies.

Leon. I know not: If they speak but truth of her,
These hands shall tear her; if they wrong her honour,
The proudest of them shall well hear of it.
Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine,
Nor age so eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made such havoc of my means,
Nor my bad life reft me so much of friends,
But they shall find, awak'd in such a kind,
Both strength of limb, and policy of mind,
Ability in means, and choice of friends,
To quit me of them throughly.

Friar. Pause awhile,
And let my counsel sway you in this case.
Your daughter here the princes left for dead;
Let her awhile be secretly kept in,
And publish it that she is dead indeed:
Maintain a mourning ostentation;
And on your family's old monument,
Hang mournful epitaphs, and do all rites
That appertain unto a burial.

Leon. What shall become of this? What will this do?

Friar. Marry, this, well carried, shall on her behalf
Change slander to remorse; that is some good:
But not for that dream I on this strange course,
But on this travail look for greater birth.
She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,
Upon the instant that she was accus'd,
Shall be lamented, pitied, and excus'd,
Of every hearer: For it so falls out,
That what we have we prize not to the worth
Whiles we enjoy it; but being lack'd and lost,
Why then we rack¹ the value, then we find
The virtue that possession would not show us
Whiles it was ours: So will it fare with Claudio:
When he shall hear she died upon his words,
The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination;
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit,
More moving-delicate, and full of life,
Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
Than when she liv'd indeed:—then shall he mourn,
(If ever love had interest in his liver,)
And wish he had not so accused her;
No, though he thought his accusation true.
Let this be so, and doubt not but success
Will fashion the event in better shape
Than I can lay it down in likelihood.
But if all aim but this be levell'd false,
The supposition of the lady's death
Will quench the wonder of her infamy:
And, if it sort not well, you may conceal her
(As best befits her wounded reputation,)
In some reclusive and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.

Bene. Signior Leonato, let the friar advise you:
And though you know, my inwardness and love

Is very much unto the prince and Claudio,
Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this
As secretly and justly as your soul
Should with your body.

Leon. Being that I flow in grief,
The smallest twine may lead me.

Friar. 'Tis well consented; presently away;
For to strange sores strangely they strain the cure.—
Come, lady, die to live: this wedding-day,
Perhaps, is but prolong'd; have patience, and endure.

[*Exeunt* Friar, HERO, and LEONATO.]

Bene. Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while?

Beat. Yea, and I will weep awhile longer.

Bene. I will not desire that.

Beat. You have no reason, I do it freely.

Bene. Surely, I do believe your fair cousin is wronged.

Beat. Ah, how much might the man deserve of me that
would right her!

Bene. Is there any way to show such friendship?

Beat. A very even way, but no such friend.

Bene. May a man do it?

Beat. It is a man's office, but not yours.

Bene. I do love nothing in the world so well as you: Is
not that strange?

Beat. As strange as the thing I know not: It were as
possible for me to say I loved nothing so well as you: but
believe me not; and yet I lie not; I confess nothing, nor
I deny nothing:—I am sorry for my cousin.

Bene. By my sword, Beatrice, thou lovest me.

Beat. Do not swear by it, and eat it.

Bene. I will swear by it that you love me; and I will
make him eat it that says I love not you.

Beat. Will you not eat your word?

Bene. With no sauce that can be devised to it: I protest
I love thee.

Beat. Why then, God forgive me!

Bene. What offence, sweet Beatrice?

Beat. You have stay'd me in a happy hour; I was about
to protest I loved you.

Bene. And do it with all my heart.

Beat. I love you with so much of my heart, that none is
left to protest.

Bene. Come, bid me do anything for thee.

Beat. Kill Claudio.

Bene. Ha! not for the wide world.

Beat. You kill me to deny: Farewell.

Bene. Tarry, sweet Beatrice.

Beat. I am gone, though I am here:—There is no love in
you:—Nay, I pray you, let me go.

Bene. Beatrice,—

Beat. In faith, I will go.

Bene. We'll be friends first.

Beat. You dare easier be friends with me than fight with
mine enemy.

Bene. Is Claudio thine enemy?

Beat. Is he not approved in the height a villain, that
hath slandered, scorned, dishonoured my kinswoman?—O,
that I were a man!—What! bear her in hand until they
come to take hands; and then with public accusation, un-
covered slander, unmitigated rancour,—O God, that I were
a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

Bene. Hear me, Beatrice;—

Beat. Talk with a man out at a window?—a proper
saying.

Bene. Nay but, Beatrice;—

Beat. Sweet Hero!—she is wronged, she is slandered,
she is undone.

Bene. Beat—

Beat. Princes, and counties! Surely, a princely testi-
mony, a goodly count-confect; a sweet gallant, surely! O
that I were a man for his sake! or that I had any friend
would be a man for my sake! But manhood is melted into

¹ Rack—strain, stretch, exaggerate. Hence rack-rent.

courtesies, valour into compliment, and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too: he is now as valiant as Hercules that only tells a lie, and swears it:—I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

Bene. Tarry, good Beatrice: By this hand, I love thee.

Beat. Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it.

Bene. Think you in your soul the count Claudio hath wronged Hero?

Beat. Yea, as sure as I have a thought, or a soul.

Bene. Enough, I am engaged, I will challenge him; I will kiss your hand, and so leave you: By this hand, Claudio shall render me a dear account: As you hear of me, so think of me. Go, comfort your cousin: I must say she is dead; and so, farewell. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—A Prison.

Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, and Sexton, in gowns; and the Watch, with CONRADE and BORACHIO.

Dogb. Is our whole dissembly appeared?

Verg. O, a stool and a cushion for the sexton!

Sexton. Which be the malefactors?

Dogb. Marry, that am I and my partner.

Verg. Nay, that's certain; we have the exhibition to examine.

Sexton. But which are the offenders that are to be examined? let them come before master constable.

Dogb. Yea, marry, let them come before me.—What is your name, friend?

Bora. Borachio.

Dogb. Pray write down, Borachio.—Yours, sirrah?

Con. I am a gentleman, sir, and my name is Conrade.

Dogb. Write down, master gentleman Conrade.—Masters, do you serve God?

[Con. Bora.] Yea, sir, we hope.

Dogb. Write down that they hope they serve God:—and write God first; for God defend but God should go before such villains!¹—Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves; and it will go near to be thought so shortly. How answer you for yourselves?

Con. Marry, sir, we say we are none.

Dogb. A marvellous witty fellow, I assure you; but I will go about with him.—Come you hither, sirrah; a word in your ear, sir; I say to you, it is thought you are false knaves.

Bora. Sir, I say to you, we are none.

Dogb. Well, stand aside.—Fore God, they are both in a tale: Have you writ down, that they are none?

Sexton. Master constable, you go not the way to examine; you must call forth the watch that are their accusers.

Dogb. Yea, marry, that's the efiest² way:—Let the watch come forth:—Masters, I charge you, in the prince's name, accuse these men.

1 Watch. This man said, sir, that don John, the prince's brother, was a villain.

Dogb. Write down, prince John a villain: Why, this is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother villain.

Bora. Master constable,—

Dogb. Pray thee, fellow, peace; I do not like thy look, I promise thee.

Sexton. What heard you him say else?

2 Watch. Marry, that he had received a thousand ducats of don John, for accusing the lady Hero wrongfully.

Dogb. Flat burglary, as ever was committed.

Verg. Yea, by the mass, that it is.

Sexton. What else, fellow?

1 Watch. And that count Claudio did mean, upon his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and not marry her.

Dogb. O villain! thou wilt be condemned into everlasting redemption for this.

Sexton. What else?

2 Watch. This is all.

Sexton. And this is more, masters, than you can deny. Prince John is this morning secretly stolen away; Hero was in this manner accused, in this very manner refused, and upon the grief of this suddenly died.—Master constable, let these men be bound, and brought to Leonato; I will go before, and show him their examination. *[Exit.]*

Dogb. Come, let them be opinioned.

Verg. Let them be in the hands—

Con. Off, coxcomb!³

Dogb. God's my life! where's the sexton? let him write down the prince's officer, coxcomb. Come, bind them:—Thou naughty varlet!

Con. Away! you are an ass, you are an ass.

Dogb. Dost thou not suspect my place? Dost thou not suspect my years?—O that he were here to write me down, an ass! but, masters, remember, that I am an ass; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass:—No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as shall be proved upon thee by good witness. "I am a wise fellow; and, which is more, an officer; and, which is more, a householder; and, which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any is in Messina; and one that knows the law, go to; and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had losses; and one that hath two gowns and everything handsome about him:—Bring him away. O, that I had been writ down, an ass!" *[Exeunt.]*

RECENT NEW READING.

Sc. II. p. 278.—"And a fellow that hath had losses."

"And a fellow that hath had leases."—*Collier.*

On this substitution by the MS. Corrector, Mr. Collier remarks, "It has naturally puzzled some persons to see how his [Dogberry's] losses could tend to establish that he was rich. Here, in truth, we have another misprint; *leases* was often spelt of old *leasses*, and this is the origin of that blunder." The "misprint!" the "blunder!" What an impostor thou hast been, Dogberry, for two centuries and a half; for while all the world, except "some persons," was admiring the profound truth of your boast of having had *losses*, and hailed you as a great representative of human nature, you were only making an inventory of your wealth, which began with your "*leases*," and ended with your "two gowns."

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Before Leonato's House.

Enter LEONATO and ANTONIO.

Ant. If you go on thus, you will kill yourself; And 'tis not wisdom thus to second grief Against yourself.

Leon. I pray thee, cease thy counsel, Which falls into mine ears as profitless As water in a sieve: give not me counsel; Nor let no comforter delight mine ear, But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine. Bring me a father, that so lov'd his child, Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine, And bid him speak of patience; Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine And let it answer every strain for strain; As thus for thus, and such a grief for such, In every lineament, branch, shape, and form: If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard;

¹ The passage in brackets is omitted in the folio, but is given from the quarto. *Eftest*—quickest.

³ The folio makes Verges say, "Let them be in the hands of Coxcomb." Steevens reads, adopting Theobald's division of the speech, "Let them be in hand."

And, "sorrow wag" cry; hem, when he should groan;¹
Patch grief with proverbs; make misfortune drunk
With candle-wasters;² bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather patience.
But there is no such man: For, brother, men
Can counsel, and speak comfort to that grief
Which they themselves not feel; but tasting it
Their counsel turns to passion, which before
Would give preceptual medicine to rage,
Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,
Charm ache with air, and agony with words:
No, no; 'tis all men's office to speak patience
To those that wring under the load of sorrow;
But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency,
To be so moral, when he shall endure
The like himself: therefore give me no counsel:
My griefs cry louder than advertisement.

Ant. Therein do men from children nothing differ.

Leon. I pray thee, peace; I will be flesh and blood;
For there was never yet philosopher
That could endure the tooth-ache patiently;
However they have writ the style of gods,
And made a push³ at chance and sufferance.

Ant. Yet bend not all the harm upon yourself;
Make those that do offend you suffer too.

Leon. There thou speak'st reason: nay, I will do so:
My soul doth tell me Hero is belied;
And that shall Claudio know, so shall the prince,
And all of them, that thus dishonour her.

Enter Don PEDRO and CLAUDIO.

Ant. Here comes the prince, and Claudio, hastily

D. Pedro. Good den, good den.

Claud. Good day to both of you.

Leon. Hear you, my lords,—

D. Pedro. We have some haste, Leonato.

Leon. Some haste, my lord!—well, fare you well, my lord:—

Are you so hasty now?—well, all is one.

D. Pedro. Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man.

Ant. If he could right himself with quarrelling,
Some of us would lie low.

Claud. Who wrongs him?

Leon. Marry, thou dost wrong me; thou dissembler,
thou:—

Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword,
I fear thee not.

Claud. Marry, beshrew my hand,
If it should give your age such cause of fear:
In faith, my hand meant nothing to my sword.

Leon. Tush, tush, man, never flee and jest at me:
I speak not like a dotard, nor a fool;
As, under privilege of age, to brag
What I have done being young, or what would do
Were I not old: Know, Claudio, to thy head,
Thou hast so wrong'd my innocent child and me,
That I am forc'd to lay my reverence by;
And, with grey hairs, and bruise of many days,
Do challenge thee to trial of a man.
I say, thou hast belied mine innocent child;
Thy slander hath gone through and through her heart,

¹ This is a perplexing passage. In both the originals the line stands thus:—

"And sorrow, wagge, cry hem, when he should grone."

The editors have proposed all sorts of emendations, as—And *hallow*, wag—And sorrow *wage*—And sorrow *waive*—And sorrow *gag*—And *sorrowing* cry—And sorry wag—And sorrow *waggery*—In sorrow wag. The emendation of Dr. Johnson is the ordinary reading:—

"Cry, sorrow, wag! and hem, when he should groan."

We prefer the slight change in the punctuation which gives the same meaning.
² *Candle-wasters.* Ben Jonson calls a bookworm a *candle-waster*; and we think with Whalley that this is the meaning here. To make misfortune drunk with candle-wasters is to attempt to stupefy it with learned discourses on patience, that the preachers did not practise:—

And she lies buried with her ancestors:
O! in a tomb where never scandal slept,
Save this of hers, fram'd by thy villainy.

Claud. My villainy!

Leon. Thine, Claudio; thine I say.

D. Pedro. You say not right, old man.

Leon. My lord, my lord,

I'll prove it on his body, if he dare;
Despite his nice fence and his active practice,
His May of youth, and bloom of lustihood.

Claud. Away, I will not have to do with you.

Leon. Canst thou so daff me?⁴ Thou hast kill'd my child;
If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.

Ant. He shall kill two of us, and men indeed;
But that's no matter; let him kill one first;—

Win me and wear me,—let him answer me,—
Come follow me, boy; come sir boy, come follow me:⁵

Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foining⁶ fence;

Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

Leon. Brother,—

Ant. Content yourself: God knows, I lov'd my niece;

And she is dead, slander'd to death by villains;

That dare as well answer a man indeed,

As I dare take a serpent by the tongue:

Boys, apes, braggarts, Jacks, milksops!—

Leon. Brother Antony,—

Ant. Hold your content: What, man! I know them, yea,

And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple:

Scambling, out-facing, fashion-monging⁷ boys,

That lie, and cog, and flout, deprave, and slander,

Go anticly, and show outward hideousness,

And speak off half a dozen dangerous words,

How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst,

And this is all.

Leon. But, brother Antony,—

Ant. Come, 'tis no matter;

Do not you meddle, let me deal in this.

D. Pedro. Gentlemen both, we will not wake your
patience.

My heart is sorry for your daughter's death;

But, on my honour, she was charg'd with nothing

But what was true, and very full of proof.

Leon. My lord, my lord,—

D. Pedro. I will not hear you.

Leon. No?

Come, brother, away:—I will be heard;—

Ant. And shall,

Or some of us will smart for it.

[*Exeunt* LEONATO and ANTONIO.]

Enter BENEDICK.

D. Pedro. See, see; here comes the man we went to seek.

Claud. Now, signior! what news?

Bene. Good day, my lord.

D. Pedro. Welcome, signior: You are almost come to
part almost a fray.

Claud. We had like to have had our two noses snapped
off with two old men without teeth.

D. Pedro. Leonato and his brother: What think'st thou?
Had we fought, I doubt we should have been too young for
them.

"For there was never yet philosopher
That could endure the tooth-ache patiently,
However they have writ the style of gods."

³ *Push*—a thrust, a defiance. Pope changes the word to *push*. Possibly *push* may be a misprint for *push*; or the words might have been synonymous.

⁴ *Daff me*—put me aside.

⁵ Steevens destroys this most characteristic line—and his reading is that of all popular editions—by his old fashion of metre-mongering. He reads—

"Come follow me, boy; come boy, follow me."

⁶ *Foining*—thrusting.

⁷ *Fashion-monging.* So the original copies; but always altered to *fashion-mong'ring*. The participle of the Anglo-Saxon verb, meaning to trade, would give us *monging*, as the verb gives us the noun, signifying a trader, a *monger*.

Bene. In a false quarrel there is no true valour: I came to seek you both.

Claud. We have been up and down to seek thee; for we are high proof melancholy, and would fain have it beaten away: Wilt thou use thy wit?

Bene. It is in my scabbard: Shall I draw it?

D. Pedro. Dost thou wear thy wit by thy side?

Claud. Never any did so, though very many have been beside their wit.—I will bid thee draw, as we do the minstrels; draw, to pleasure us.

D. Pedro. As I am an honest man, he looks pale:—Art thou sick, or angry?

Claud. What! courage, man! What though care killed a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.

Bene. Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career, an you charge it against me:—I pray you, choose another subject.

Claud. Nay then, give him another staff; this last was broke cross.

D. Pedro. By this light, he changes more and more: I think he be angry indeed.

Claud. If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle.^a

Bene. Shall I speak a word in your ear?

Claud. God bless me from a challenge!

Bene. You are a villain;—I jest not—I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare:—Do me right, or I will protest your cowardice. You have killed a sweet lady, and her death shall fall heavy on you: Let me hear from you.

Claud. Well, I will meet you, so I may have good cheer.

D. Pedro. What, a feast? a feast?

Claud. I' faith, I thank him; he hath bid me to a calf's head and a capon, the which if I do not carve most curiously, say my knife's naught.—Shall I not find a woodcock too?

Bene. Sir, your wit ambles well; it goes easily.

D. Pedro. I'll tell thee how Beatrice praised thy wit the other day: I said, thou hadst a fine wit; "True," says she, "a fine little one:" "No," said I, "a great wit;" "Right," says she, "a great gross one:" "Nay," said I, "a good wit;" "Just," said she, "it hurts nobody:" "Nay," said I, "the gentleman is wise;" "Certain," said she, "a wise gentleman:" "Nay," said I, "he hath the tongues;" "That I believe," said she, "for he swore a thing to me on Monday night, which he forswore on Tuesday morning; there's a double tongue; there's two tongues." Thus did she, an hour together, trans-shape thy particular virtues; yet, at last, she concluded with a sigh, thou wast the properest man in Italy.

Claud. For the which she wept heartily, and said, she cared not.

D. Pedro. Yea, that she did; but yet, for all that, an if she did not hate him deadly, she would love him dearly: the old man's daughter told us all.

Claud. All, all; and moreover, "God saw him when he was hid in the garden."

D. Pedro. But when shall we set the savage bull's horns on the sensible Benedick's head?

Claud. Yea, and text underneath, "Here dwells Benedick the married man?"

Bene. Fare you well, boy! you know my mind; I will leave you now to your gossip-like humour: you break jests as braggarts do their blades, which, God be thanked, hurt not.—My lord, for your many courtesies I thank you: I must discontinue your company: your brother, the bastard, is fled from Messina: you have, among you, killed a sweet and innocent lady: For my lord Lack-beard there, he and I shall meet; and till then peace be with him.

[*Exit* BENEDICK.]

D. Pedro. He is in earnest.

Claud. In most profound earnest; and I'll warrant you for the love of Beatrice.

D. Pedro. And hath challenged thee?

Claud. Most sincerely.

D. Pedro. What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit!

Claud. He is then a giant to an ape: but then is an ape a doctor to such a man.

D. Pedro. But, soft you, let me be; pluck up, my heart, and be sad!¹ Did he not say my brother was fled?

Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, and the Watch, with CONRADE and BORACHIO.

Dogb. Come, you, sir; if justice cannot tame you, she shall ne'er weigh more reasons in her balance: nay, an you be a cursing hypocrite once, you must be looked to.

D. Pedro. How now, two of my brother's men bound! Borachio one!

Claud. Hearken after their offence, my lord!

D. Pedro. Officers, what offence have these men done?

Dogb. Marry, sir, they have committed false report; moreover, they have spoken untruths; secondarily, they are slanders; sixth and lastly, they have belied a lady; thirdly, they have verified unjust things; and, to conclude, they are lying knaves.

D. Pedro. First, I ask thee what they have done; thirdly, I ask thee what's their offence; sixth and lastly, why they are committed; and, to conclude, what you lay to their charge?

Claud. Rightly reasoned, and in his own division; and, by my troth, there's one meaning well suited.

D. Pedro. Whom have you offended, masters, that you are thus bound to your answer? this learned constable is too cunning to be understood: What's your offence?

Bora. Sweet prince, let me go no further to mine answer; do you hear me, and let this count kill me. I have deceived even your very eyes: what your wisdoms could not discover these shallow fools have brought to light; who, in the night, overheard me confessing to this man, how don John your brother incensed me to slander the lady Hero; how you were brought into the orchard, and saw me court Margaret in Hero's garments; how you disgraced her, when you should marry her: my villainy they have upon record; which I had rather seal with my death, than repeat over to my shame: the lady is dead upon mine and my master's false accusation; and, briefly, I desire nothing but the reward of a villain.

D. Pedro. Runs not this speech like iron through your blood?

Claud. I have drunk poison whiles he utter'd it.

D. Pedro. But did my brother set thee on to this?

Bora. Yea, and paid me richly for the practice of it.

D. Pedro. He is compos'd and fram'd of treachery:—And fled he is upon this villainy.

Claud. Sweet Hero! now thy image doth appear In the rare semblance that I lov'd it first.

Dogb. Come, bring away the plaintiffs; by this time our sexton hath reformed signior Leonato of the matter: And, masters, do not forget to specify, when time and place shall serve, that I am an ass.

Verg. Here, here comes master signior Leonato, and the sexton too.

Re-enter LEONATO and ANTONIO, with the Sexton.

Leon. Which is the villain? Let me see his eyes; That when I note another man like him I may avoid him: Which of these is he?

Bora. If you would know your wronger, look on me.

¹ *Sad*—serious; cease jesting.

Leon. Art thou—thou¹—the slave that with thy breath
hast kill'd
Mine innocent child?

Bora. Yea, even I alone.

Leon. No, not so, villain; thou beliest thyself;
Here stand a pair of honourable men,
A third is fled, that had a hand in it:
I thank you, princes, for my daughter's death;
Record it with your high and worthy deeds;
'Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it.

Claud. I know not how to pray your patience,
Yet I must speak: Choose your revenge yourself;
Impose me to what penance your invention
Can lay upon my sin: yet sinn'd I not,
But in mistaking.

D. Pedro. By my soul, nor I;
And yet, to satisfy this good old man,
I would bend under any heavy weight
That he'll enjoin me to.

Leon. I cannot bid you bid my daughter live,
That were impossible; but I pray you both,
Possess the people in Messina here
How innocent she died: and, if your love
Can labour aught in sad invention,
Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb,
And sing it to her bones; sing it to-night:—
To-morrow morning come you to my house;
And since you could not be my son-in-law,
Be yet my nephew: my brother hath a daughter,
Almost the copy of my child that's dead,
And she alone is heir to both of us;
Give her the right you should have given her cousin,
And so dies my revenge.

Claud. O, noble sir,
Your over kindness doth wring tears from me!
I do embrace your offer; and dispose
For henceforth of poor Claudio.

Leon. To-morrow then I will expect your coming;
To-night I take my leave.—This naughty man
Shall face to face be brought to Margaret,
Who, I believe, was pack'd in all this wrong,
Hir'd to it by your brother.

Bora. No, by my soul, she was not;
Nor knew not what she did, when she spoke to me;
But always hath been just and virtuous,
In anything that I do know by her.

Dogb. Moreover, sir, (which, indeed, is not under white
and black,) this plaintiff here, the offender, did call me ass:
I beseech you, let it be remembered in his punishment:
And also, the watch heard them talk of one Deformed:
they say, he wears a key in his ear, and a lock hanging by
it; and borrows money in God's name; the which he hath
used so long, and never paid, that now men grow hard-
hearted, and will lend nothing for God's sake: Pray you,
examine him upon that point.

Leon. I thank thee for thy care and honest pains.

Dogb. Your worship speaks like a most thankful and
reverend youth; and I praise God for you.

Leon. There's for thy pains.

Dogb. God save the foundation!

Leon. Go, I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and I thank
thee.

Dogb. I leave an arrant knave with your worship; which,
I beseech your worship, to correct yourself, for the example
of others. God keep your worship; I wish your worship
well; God restore you to health: I humbly give you leave
to depart; and if a merry meeting may be wished, God
prohibit it.—Come, neighbour.

[*Exeunt DOGBERRY, VERGES, and Watch.*]

Leon. Until to-morrow morning, lords, farewell.

Ant. Farewell, my lords; we look for you to-morrow.

D. Pedro. We will not fail.

Claud. To-night I'll mourn with Hero.

[*Exeunt Don PEDRO and CLAUDIO.*]

Leon. Bring you these fellows on; we'll talk with
Margaret,

How her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Leonato's Garden.

Enter BENEDICK and MARGARET, meeting.

Bene. Pray thee, sweet mistress Margaret, deserve well
at my hands, by helping me to the speech of Beatrice.

Marg. Will you then write me a sonnet in praise of my
beauty?

Bene. In so high a style, Margaret, that no man living
shall come over it; for, in most comely truth, thou de-
servest it.

Marg. To have no man come over me? why, shall I
always keep below stairs?

Bene. Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth, it
catches.

Marg. And yours as blunt as the fencer's foils, which
hit, but hurt not.

Bene. A most manly wit, Margaret, it will not hurt a
woman; and so, I pray thee, call Beatrice: I give thee the
bucklers.

Marg. Give us the swords, we have bucklers of our own.

Bene. If you use them, Margaret, you must put in the
pikes with a vice; and they are dangerous weapons for
maids.

Marg. Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who, I think,
hath legs. [*Exit MARGARET.*]

Bene. And therefore will come.

The god of love,^b
That sits above,
And knows me, and knows me,
How pitiful I deserve,—

[*Singing.*]

I mean, in singing; but in loving.—Leander the good
swimmer, Troilus the first employer of panders, and a whole
book full of these quondam carpet-mongers, whose names
yet run smoothly in the even road of a blank verse, why,
they were never so truly turned over and over as my poor
self, in love: Marry, I cannot show it in rhyme; I have
tried; I can find out no rhyme to "lady" but "baby," an
innocent rhyme; for "scorn," "horn," a hard rhyme: for
"school," "fool," a babbling rhyme; very ominous end-
ings: No, I was not born under a rhyming planet, nor I
cannot woo in festival terms.

Enter BEATRICE.

Sweet Beatrice, wouldst thou come when I called thee

Beat. Yea, signior, and depart when you bid me.

Bene. O, stay but till then!

Beat. Then, is spoken; fare you well now:—and yet, ere
I go, let me go with that I came for, which is, with knowing
what hath passed between you and Claudio.

Bene. Only foul words; and thereupon I will kiss thee.

Beat. Foul words is but foul wind, and foul wind is but
foul breath, and foul breath is noisome; therefore I will
depart unknissed.

Bene. Thou hast frightened the word out of his right
sense, so forcible is thy wit: But, I must tell thee plainly,
Claudio undergoes² my challenge; and either I must
shortly hear from him, or I will subscribe him a coward.
And, I pray thee now, tell me, for which of my bad parts
didst thou first fall in love with me?

¹ The exquisite repetition of *thou* is found in the folio. All the modern editions read "Art thou the slave?"

² *Undergoes*—passes under.
4 C

Beat. For them all together ; which maintained so politic a state of evil, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them. But for which of my good parts did you first suffer love for me ?

Bene. "Suffer love ;" a good epithet ! I do suffer love, indeed, for I love thee against my will.

Beat. In spite of your heart, I think ; alas ! poor heart ! If you spite it for my sake, I will spite it for yours ; for I will never love that which my friend hates.

Bene. Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably.

Beat. It appears not in this confession ; there's not one wise man among twenty that will praise himself.

Bene. An old, an old instance, Beatrice, that lived in the time of good neighbours : if a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument than the bells ring, and the widow weeps.

Beat. And how long is that, think you ?

Bene. Question ?—Why, an hour in clamour, and a quarter in rheum : Therefore it is most expedient for the wise, (if don Worm, his conscience, find no impediment to the contrary,) to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to myself : So much for praising myself, (who, I myself will bear witness, is praiseworthy,) and now tell me, How doth your cousin ?

Beat. Very ill.

Bene. And how do you ?

Beat. Very ill too.

Bene. Serve God, love me, and mend : there will I leave you too, for here comes one in haste.

Enter URSULA.

Urs. Madam, you must come to your uncle ; yonder's old coil¹ at home : it is proved, my lady Hero hath been falsely accused ; the prince and Claudio mightily abused ; and don John is the author of all, who is fled and gone : will you come presently ?

Beat. Will you go hear this news, signior ?

Bene. I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be buried in thy eyes ; and, moreover, I will go with thee to thy uncle's. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III.—*The inside of a Church.*

Enter Don PEDRO, CLAUDIO, and Attendants, with music and tapers.

Claud. Is this the monument of Leonato ?

Atten. It is, my lord.

Claud. *[Reads from a scroll.]*

"Done to death by slanderous tongues
Was the Hero that here lies :
Death, in guerdon of her wrongs,
Gives her fame which never dies :
So the life that died with shame
Lives in death with glorious fame.

Hang thou there upon the tomb,
Praising her when I am dumb."

Now, music sound, and sing your solemn hymn.

SONG.

"Pardon, Goddess of the night,
Those that slew thy virgin knight ;
For the which, with songs of woe,
Round about her tomb they go.
Midnight, assist our moan ;
Help us to sigh and groan,
Heavily, heavily :
Graves, yawn, and yield your dead,
Till death be uttered,
Heavenly, heavenly."²

¹ *Old coil*—great bustle. We have in Henry IV., Part II., Act II., "old utis."

² *Heavenly, heavenly.* In the quarto the reading is *heavily, heavily*. The editors appear to have mistaken the meaning of *uttered*, interpreting the passage

Claud. Now unto thy bones good night !

Yearly will I do this rite.

D. Pedro. Good morrow, masters ; put your torches out : The wolves have prey'd : and look, the gentle day, Before the wheels of Phœbus, round about

Dapples the drowsy east with spots of gray : Thanks to you all, and leave us ; fare you well.

Claud. Good morrow, masters ; each his several way.

D. Pedro. Come, let us hence, and put on other weeds ; And then to Leonato's we will go.

Claud. And, Hymen, now with luckier issue speeds Than this, for whom we render'd up this woe ! *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in Leonato's House.*

Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, BENEDICK, BEATRICE, URSULA, Friar, and HERO.

Friar. Did I not tell you she was innocent ?

Leon. So are the prince and Claudio, who accus'd her, Upon the error that you heard debated : But Margaret was in some fault for this ; Although against her will, as it appears In the true course of all the question.

Ant. Well, I am glad that all things sort so well.

Bene. And so am I, being else by faith enforc'd To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.

Leon. Well, daughter, and you gentlewomen all, Withdraw into a chamber by yourselves ; And, when I send for you, come hither mask'd : The prince and Claudio promis'd by this hour To visit me :—You know your office, brother ; You must be father to your brother's daughter, And give her to young Claudio. *[Exeunt Ladies.]*

Ant. Which I will do with confirm'd countenance.

Bene. Friar, I must entreat your pains, I think.

Friar. To do what, signior ?

Bene. To bind me, or undo me, one of them. Signior Leonato, truth it is, good signior, Your niece regards me with an eye of favour.

Leon. That eye my daughter lent her : 'Tis most true.

Bene. And I do with an eye of love requite her.

Leon. The sight whereof, I think, you had from me, From Claudio, and the prince. But what's your will ?

Bene. Your answer, sir, is enigmatical : But, for my will, my will is, your good will May stand with ours, this day to be conjoin'd In the estate of honourable marriage ; In which, good friar, I shall desire your help.

Leon. My heart is with your liking.

Friar. And my help. *[Here comes the prince, and Claudio.]*³

Enter Don PEDRO and CLAUDIO with Attendants.

D. Pedro. Good morrow to this fair assembly.

Leon. Good morrow, prince ; good morrow, Claudio ; We here attend you. Are you yet determin'd To-day to marry with my brother's daughter ?

Claud. I'll hold my mind, were she an Ethiop.

Leon. Call her forth, brother, here's the friar ready.

[Exit ANTONIO.]

D. Pedro. Good morrow, Benedick : Why, what's the matter,

That you have such a February face, So full of frost, of storm, and cloudiness ?

Claud. I think he thinks upon the savage bull :—Tush, fear not, man, we'll tip thy horns with gold,

to mean till *songs* of death be uttered heavily. To *utter* is here to put out—to expel. Death is expelled *heavily*—by the power of heaven. The passage has evidently reference to the sublime verse of Corinthians.

³ The passage in brackets is omitted in the folio.

And all Europa shall rejoice at thee ;
As once Europa did at lusty Jove,
When he would play the noble beast in love.

Bene. Bull Jove, sir, had an amiable low ;
And some such strange bull leap'd your father's cow,
And got a calf in that same noble feat,
Much like to you, for you have just his bleat.

Re-enter ANTONIO, with the Ladies masked.

Claud. For this I owe you : here come other reckonings.
Which is the lady I must seize upon ?

Ant. This same is she, and I do give you her.

Claud. Why, then she's mine : Sweet, let me see your face.

Leon. No, that you shall not, till you take her hand
Before this friar, and swear to marry her.

Claud. Give me your hand before this holy friar ;
I am your husband, if you like of me.

Hero. And when I liv'd, I was your other wife :
[*Unmasking.*

And when you lov'd, you were my other husband.

Claud. Another Hero ?

Hero. Nothing certainer ;
One Hero died [defil'd ;¹] but I do live,
And, surely as I live, I am a maid.

D. Pedro. The former Hero ! Hero that is dead !

Leon. She died, my lord, but whiles her slander liv'd.

Friar. All this amazement can I qualify ;
When, after that the holy rites are ended,
I'll tell you largely of fair Hero's death :
Meantime, let wonder seem familiar,
And to the chapel let us presently.

Bene. Soft and fair, friar.—Which is Beatrice ?

Beat. I answer to that name ; [*Unmasking*] what is your will ?

Bene. Do not you love me ?

Beat. Why no,² no more than reason.

Bene. Why then your uncle, and the prince, and Claudio,
Have been deceived ; for they swore you did.

Beat. Do not you love me ?

Bene. Troth no, no more than reason.

Beat. Why then my cousin, Margaret, and Ursula,
Are much deceiv'd ; for they did swear you did.

Bene. They swore that you were almost sick for me.

Beat. They swore that you were well-nigh dead for me.

Bene. 'Tis no such matter :—Then you do not love me ?

Beat. No, truly, but in friendly recompense.

Leon. Come, cousin, I am sure you love the gentleman.

Claud. And I'll be sworn upon 't, that he loves her ;
For here's a paper, written in his hand,
A halting sonnet of his own pure brain,
Fashion'd to Beatrice.

Hero. And here's another,
Writ in my cousin's hand, stolen from her pocket,
Containing her affection unto Benedick.

Bene. A miracle ; here's our own hands against our hearts !—Come, I will have thee ; but, by this light, I take thee for pity.

Beat. I would not deny you ;—but, by this good day, I yield upon great persuasion ; and, partly, to save your life, for I was told you were in a consumption.

Bene. Peace, I will stop your mouth. [*Kissing her.*

D. Pedro. How dost thou, Benedick the married man ?

Bene. I'll tell thee what, prince ; a college of wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour : Dost thou think I care for a satire, or an epigram ? No : if a man will be beaten with brains, he shall wear nothing handsome about him : In brief, since I do purpose to marry, I will think nothing to any purpose that the world can say against it ; and therefore never flout at me for what³ I have said against it ; for man is a giddy thing, and this is my conclusion.—For thy part, Claudio, I did think to have beaten thee ; but in that⁴ thou art like to be my kinsman, live unbruised, and love my cousin.

Claud. I had well hoped thou wouldst have denied Beatrice, that I might have cudgelled thee out of thy single life, to make thee a double dealer ; which, out of question, thou wilt be, if my cousin do not look exceeding narrowly to thee.

Bene. Come, come, we are friends :—let's have a dance ere we are married, that we may lighten our own hearts, and our wives' heels.

Leon. We'll have dancing afterwards.

Bene. First, o' my word ; therefore play music.—
Prince, thou art sad ; get thee a wife, get thee a wife : there is no staff more reverend than one tipped with horn.⁵

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, your brother John is ta'en in flight,
And brought with armed men back to Messina.

Bene. Think not on him till to-morrow ; I'll devise thee brave punishments for him.—Strike up, pipers. [*Dance.*
[*Exeunt.*

RECENT NEW READING.

Sc. III., p. 282.—“ Those that slew thy virgin knight.”

“ Those that slew thy virgin bright.”—*Collier.*

The MS. Corrector, who had manifestly little acquaintance with the peculiarities of poetical expression, strikes through *knight*, and substitutes the bald, prosaic epithet *bright*. Virgins were the *knights* of Diana, as in “ The Two Noble Kinsmen :”—

“ O sacred, shadowy, cold, and constant queen,
Who to thy female *knights*.”

ILLUSTRATIONS TO MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

ACT I.

^a SCENE I.—“ *He set up his bills.*”

THE history of advertising, if well worked out, would form one of the most curious chapters of any account of the progress of English civilisation. We are here in the rude stages of that history, and see

¹ The word *defil'd* is also wanting in the folio.

² *Why no.* Steevens rejects the *why*, upon the old principle of its being “injurious to metre.” When Benedick, in the same way, replies to the question of Beatrice—

“ Do not you love me ?”—

the poet throws a spirit and variety into the answer, by making it—

“ Troth no, no more than reason.”

the beginnings of the craving for publicity which was to produce that marvel of society, a *Times* newspaper of our day. In Shakspeare's day, the bear-wards, fencing-masters, mountebanks, and players, “set up their bills upon posts ;” masterless men “set up their bills in Paul's for services ;” schoolmasters “pasted up their papers on every post for arithmetic and writing ;” and it is recorded as a somewhat clever proceeding, that a man having lost his purse “set up bills in

Steevens cuts out the “*troth* ;” the metre, says he, is *overloaded*. It would matter little what Steevens did with his own edition, but he has furnished the text of many a popular edition of Shakspeare ; and for this reason we feel it a duty perpetually to protest against his corruptions of the real text.

³ *What* is omitted in the folio.

⁴ *In that*—because.

divers places, that if any man of the city had found the purse and would bring it again to him he should have well for his labour." These were very simple and straightforward operations. The mysteries of advertising were not then studied. Men had to make their plain announcements, and to be attended to. "The puff direct, and the puff collateral, and the puff oblique" were not then invented. We shall probably return in some degree to the simplicity of the old time, and once more be content to "set up our bills;" for puffery has destroyed itself. When everything has become alike superlative, there are no superlatives.

^b SCENE I.—"*Challenged Cupid at the flight: and my uncle's fool, reading the challenge, subscribed for Cupid, and challenged him at the bird-bolt.*"

In Ben Jonson's "Cynthia's Revels" Mercury says to Cupid, "I fear thou hast not arrows for the purpose;" to which Cupid replies, "O yes, here be of all sorts, *flights*, rovers, and butt-shafts." Gifford explains that "flights were long and light-feathered arrows which went level to the mark." These were the weapons for Cupid; and Benedick therefore is said to have "challenged Cupid at the flight," with arrows such as these. But "my uncle's fool" thought Benedick was better qualified to match with him in the skilful use of that blunt and heavy weapon whose employment by those of his vocation has passed into a proverb—"a fool's *bolt* is soon shot."

^c SCENE I.—"*Cupid is a good hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare carpenter.*"

The English commentators can give no explanation of this passage, except Steevens, who makes it the vehicle for one of his *Collins* notes. Tieck says that Ayrrer, of Nürnberg,—who has treated after his own manner the novel of *Bandello* upon which this comedy is founded,—introduces Venus complaining that Cupid has shot many arrows in vain at the Count Claudio of his story, and that Vulcan will make no more arrows.

We have received an explanation from two correspondents, to both of whom we beg to express our obligation:—

"Benedick is laughing at Claudio for his love of Hero, which indeed he still scarcely credits. He asks him,—'Speak you this with a sad brow?'—*i.e.* are you serious in your passion?—or are you flouting or mocking us,—as though you were to say that Cupid, the blind god, has the *keenest sight* to spy a hare, and that Vulcan, the smith, is a rare carpenter?"

^d SCENE I.—"*Like the old tale, my lord: 'it is not so, nor 'twas not so; but, indeed, God forbid it should be so.'*"

Mr. Blakeway, who has contributed a few valuable notes to Shakspeare which will be found in Boswell's edition of Malone, has given us an illustration of this passage, in his own recollections of an *old tale* to which he thinks our poet evidently alludes, "and which has often froze my young blood, when I was a child, as, I dare say, it had done his before me."

"Once upon a time there was a young lady (called Lady Mary in the story) who had two brothers. One summer they all three went to a country-seat of theirs, which they had not before visited. Among the other gentry of the neighbourhood who came to see them was a Mr. Fox, a bachelor, with whom they, particularly the young lady, were much pleased. He used often to dine with them, and frequently invited Lady Mary to come and see his house. One day that her brothers were absent elsewhere, and she had nothing better to do, she determined to go thither, and accordingly set out unattended. When she arrived at the house, and knocked at the door, no one answered. At length she opened it and went in. Over the portal of the hall was written, '*Be bold, be bold, but not too bold.*' She advanced: over the staircase, the same inscription. She went up: over the entrance of a gallery, the same. She proceeded: over the door of a chamber,—'*Be bold, be bold, but not too bold, lest that your heart's blood should run cold.*' She opened it—it was full of skeletons, tubs full of blood, &c. She retreated in haste. Coming down-stairs she saw, out of a window, Mr. Fox advancing towards the house, with a drawn sword in one hand, while with the other he dragged along a young lady by her hair. Lady Mary had just time to slip down and hide herself under the stairs before Mr. Fox and his victim arrived at the foot of them. As he pulled the young lady up-stairs she caught hold of one of the banisters with her hand, on which was

a rich bracelet. Mr. Fox cut it off with his sword: the hand and bracelet fell into Lady Mary's lap, who then contrived to escape unobserved, and got home safe to her brothers' house.

"After a few days Mr. Fox came to dine with them as usual (whether by invitation or of his own accord this deponent saith not). After dinner, when the guests began to amuse each other with extraordinary anecdotes, Lady Mary at length said she would relate to them a remarkable dream she had lately had. 'I dreamt,' said she, 'that as you, Mr. Fox, had often invited me to your house, I would go there one morning. When I came to the house, I knocked, &c., but no one answered. When I opened the door, over the hall was written, *Be bold, be bold, but not too bold.* But,' said she, turning to Mr. Fox, and smiling, '*It is not so, nor it was not so;*' then she pursues the rest of the story, concluding at every turn with '*It is not so, nor it was not so,*' till she comes to the room full of dead bodies, when Mr. Fox took up the burden of the tale, and said, '*It is not so, nor it was not so, and God forbid it should be so:*' which he continues to repeat at every subsequent turn of the dreadful story, till she came to the circumstance of his cutting off the young lady's hand, when, upon his saying as usual, '*It is not so, nor it was not so, and God forbid it should be so,*' Lady Mary retorts, '*But it is so, and it was so, and here the hand I have to show,*' at the same time producing the hand and bracelet from her lap: whereupon the guests drew their swords, and instantly cut Mr. Fox into a thousand pieces."

^e SCENE I.—"*Hang me in a bottle like a cat,*" &c.

This is very obvious. A cat was hung in a bottle and shot at;—as cocks were thrown at. Yet we have a story of a cat being closed up in a wooden bottle, containing also soot, and he that beat out the bottom of the bottle, and escaped the soot, running under it, was the winner. The cat *shot* at was probably a real cat on some occasions, and on others a stuffed cat; as the popinjay in "Old Mortality" had probably a fluttering predecessor. He that should be "clapped on the shoulder, and called Adam," was to be so honoured, in allusion to the famous old archer Adam Bell, who

"sat in Englyshe wood,
Under the green-wood tre."

^f SCENE I.—"*Ere you flout old ends any further.*"

The "old ends" flouted at were probably the formal conclusions of letters, such as we find in "The Paston Letters:"—"No more at this time, but the Trinity have you in protection, &c. Written on the feast of All Saints, between mass and matins, calamo festinante." (New edit. by A. Ramsay, vol. i. p. 3.)

^g SCENE III.—"*I had rather be a canker in a hedge than a rose in his grace.*"

In an illustration of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* (Act I. Sc. I.) we have shown how frequently Shakspeare uses the image of the *canker* in the rose-bud. In the passage before us, a peculiar rose—the common *dog-rose* of the hedges—is meant. Mr. Richardson says, in his Dictionary, that in *Devonshire* the dog-rose is called the canker-rose. The name had probably a more universal application; and as "the bud bit with an envious worm" was cankered, so the small uncultivated rose was compared to the rose of the garden whose beauty was impaired, by the name of *canker*.

^h SCENE III.—"*Smoking a musty room.*"

Burton, in his "Anatomy of Melancholy," says, "The smoke of juniper is in great request with us at Oxford, to sweeten our chambers." Where the "perfumer" had been, the real cleanliness of the house or the person was doubtful: as in Ben Jonson's song:—

"Still to be neat, still to be drest,
Still to be perfum'd as for a feast," &c.

ACT II.

^a SCENE I.—"*That I had my good wit out of the 'Hundred Merry Tales.'*"

The "good wit" of Beatrice consisted in sharp sayings and quaint allusions, and Benedick might naturally enough have twitted her with

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTICE.

what we now call a familiarity with "Joe Miller." The "Hundred Merry Tales" were known only by their title; and a great controversy therefore sprang up whether they were a translation of the "Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles" or of the "Decameron." We need not enter upon this question; for a fragment of the identical Tales has been discovered, since the days of Reed and Steevens, by Mr. Coneybeare, which shows that the work was literally a jest-book—most probably a chapman's penny book. A copy would now be above all price, if it could be recovered entire. But its loss has occasioned more printing, in the way of speculation upon its contents; and thus the world keeps up its stock of typographical curiosities.

^b SCENE I.—"*Bring you the length of Prester John's foot.*"

The inaccessibility of Prester John has been described by Butler:—

"While like the mighty *Prester John*,
Whose person none dares look upon,
But is preserv'd in close disguise
From being made cheap to vulgar eyes."

^c SCENE III.—"*Stalk on, stalk on: the fowl sits.*"

The stalking-horse is thus described in an ancient tract, "New Shreds of the Old Snare," by John Gee:—"Methinks I behold the cunning fowler, such as I have known in the fen-countries and elsewhere, that do shoot at woodcocks, snipes, and wild-fowl, by sneaking behind a painted cloth which they carry before them, having pictured on it the shape of a horse; which, while the silly fowl gazeth on it is knocked down with hail-shot, and so put in the fowler's budget." There were stalking-bulls as well as stalking-horses; and the process of decoying partridges in this way into a net is described in Willughby's "Ornithology."

ACT III.

^a SCENE I.—"*Haggards of the rock.*"

Simon Latham, in his "Book of Falconry," thus describes the wild and unsocial nature of this species of hawk:—"She keeps in subjection the most part of all the fowl that fly, insomuch that the tassel gentle, her natural and chiefest companion, dares not come near that coast where she useth, nor sit by the place where she standeth. Such is the greatness of her spirit, she will not admit of any society until such a time as nature worketh."

^b SCENE I.—"*What fire is in mine ears?*"

The popular opinion here alluded to is as old as Pliny:—"Moreover is not this an opinion generally received, that when our ears do glow and tingle, some there be that in our absence do talk of us?"—*Holland's Translation*, b. xxviii.

^c SCENE II.—"*His jesting spirit; which is now crept into a lute-string:*"—i.e. his jocular wit is now employed in the inditing of love-songs, which in Shakspeare's time were usually accompanied on the lute. The "stops" are the frets of the lute, and those points on the finger-board on which the string is pressed, or stopped, by the finger.

^d SCENE IV.—"*Troth, I think your other rabato were better.*"

The rabato was the ruff, or collar for the neck, such as we often see in the portraits of Queen Elizabeth. Dekker calls them "your stiff-necked rebatoes." Menage derives it from *rebattre*, to put back.

^e SCENE IV.—"*Clap us into—'Light o' love.'*"

The name of an old tune, mentioned also in The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act I. Sc. II. Subsequently to the publication of his History, Sir John Hawkins states that he "lately recovered it from an ancient MS." He gives the melody only.

^f SCENE IV.—"*Carduus Benedictus.*"

We look back with wonder upon the importance attached by our ancestors to old women's remedies. That they confided in such powers as those of the Blessed Thistle, and of

"Spermaceti for an inward bruise,"

was a part of the system of *belief* which belonged to their age, and which was in itself of more sovereign virtue than we are apt to imagine. Perhaps our *faith* in a fashionable physician—which after all is no abiding faith—would not stand a more severe examination. But at any rate no one now believes in calomel or quinine as a writer of Shakspeare's day believed in the *Carduus Benedictus*, "This herb may worthily be called *Benedictus* or *Omnimorbia*, that is, a salve for every sore, not known to physicians of old time, but lately revealed by the special providence of Almighty God."—*Cogan's Haven of Health*, 1595.

ACT V.

^a SCENE I.—"*If he be [angry], he knows how to turn his girdle.*"

This was a common form of expression, derived from the practice of wrestlers, and thus explained by Mr. Holt White:—"Large belts were worn with the buckle before; but for wrestling the buckle was turned behind, to give the adversary a fairer grasp at the girdle. To turn the buckle behind, therefore, was a challenge." Sir Ralph Winwood, in a letter to Cecil, says,—“I said, what I spake was not to make him angry. He replied, If I were angry, I might turn the buckle of my girdle behind me.”

^b SCENE II.—"*The god of love.*"

"The beginning of an old song by W. E. (William Elderton), a puritanical parody of which, by one W. Birch, under the title of 'The Complaint of a Sinner,' is still extant." We have not been able to find the tune itself, or any other notice of it.

^c SCENE IV.—"*There is no staff more reverend than one tipped with horn.*"

Steevens and Malone have long notes to prove that the staff here alluded to was the long baton appointed to be used in wager of battle. Surely the *reverend* staff is the old man's walking-stick. The "staff tipped with horn" was carried by one of Chaucer's friars.

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTICE.

We request thee, O gentle reader, to imagine—for as a lover of Shakspeare thou canst imagine—that thou wert extant in the year of grace 1600; and that on a fine summer's morning of that year, as thou wert painfully guiding thy palfry amongst the deep ruts and muddy channels of Cheapside, thou didst tarry in thy pilgrimage for a few minutes to peruse a small printed bill affixed upon a post, which bore something like the following announcement:—

BY THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LORD CHAMBERLAINE
HIS SERVANTS,

AT THE GLOBE THEATRE AT BANKSIDE,
This day, being Tuesday, July 11, 1600, will be acted,
MUCH ADOE ABOUT NOTHING,

WRITTEN BY WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

In reading this bill thou receivest especially into thy mind

three ideas which set thee thinking—the company of actors who perform the play, the name of the play to be performed, the name of the writer. Thou knowest that it is the best company, and the best writer, of the day; but the play—is the play a tragedy, or a history, or a comedy? Thou opinest that it is a comedy. If the title were *Much Ado* thou wouldst be puzzled; but *Much Ado about Nothing* lets thee into a secret. Thou knowest, assuredly, that the author of the play will take the spectators into his confidence; that he will show them the preparation, and the bustle, and the turmoil, and it may be the distress, of some domestic event, or chain of events,—the *Much Ado* to the actors of the events, who have not the thread of the labyrinth; but, to the spectators, who sit with the book of fate open before them,—who know how all this begins and expect how it will all end,—it is *Much Ado about Nothing*.

We have desired to show the significancy of the title of this play, by thus exhibiting it in slight connection with the circumstances under which it was published. For the title of this comedy, rightly considered, is the best expositor of the idea of this comedy. Dr. Ulrici, employing a dialect with which the English ear is not quite familiar, tells us that the fundamental idea lies in the antithesis which the play exhibits of the objective reality of human life to its subjective aspect. An able anonymous writer translates this for us into more intelligible language:—"He considers the play as a representation of the contrast and contradiction between life in its real essence and the aspect which it presents to those who are engaged in its struggle."* The "subjective aspect," then, is the *Much Ado*; the "objective reality" the *about Nothing*. The reviewer has given us clearly and concisely the results to which the inquiry, pursued upon this principle, has conducted the German critic. The contradiction between life and its aspects "is set forth in an acted commentary on the title of the drama;—a series of incidents which, in themselves neither real nor strange nor important, are regarded by the actors as being all these things. The war at the opening, it is said, begins without reason and ends without result; Don Pedro seems to woo Hero for himself, while he gains her for his friend; Benedick and Beatrice, after carrying on a merry campaign of words without real enmity, are entrapped into a marriage without real love; the leading story rests in a seeming faithlessness, and its results are a seeming death and funeral, a challenge which produces no fighting, and a marriage in which the bride is a pretender; and the weakness and shadowiness of human wishes and plans are exposed with yet more cutting irony in the means that bring about the fortunate catastrophe,—an incident in which the unwitting agents—headed by Dogberry, the very representative of the idea of the piece—are the lowest and most stupid characters of the whole group." The reviewer adds—"The poet's readers may hesitate in following his speculative critic the whole way in this journey to the temple of abstract truth." There are many of the poet's readers who will altogether reject this abstract mode of examining his works. To them the "abstract truth" appears but as a devious and uncertain glimmering—a taper in the sunshine. Have we not in Shakspeare, say they, high poetry, sparkling wit, the deepest pathos; are not the characters well defined, adroitly grouped; his plots interesting, his incidents skilfully evolved? True. And so, in nature, we have sky and water, and the forms and colours of leafy trees, and quiet dells, and fertile fields, and dewy lawns, and brilliant flowers; and we can understand the loveliness of separate objects, and we partly see how they form what the eye calls a picture. But there comes an artist, and he sets us to look at the same objects from another point of view; and he watches a moment when there is a sunny gleam upon this part of the landscape, and a softened shade upon the other part; and he tells us to look again with the eye of his technical knowledge,—and the scene has become altogether *picturesque*; and when we have habituated ourselves to this mode of viewing the works of nature, we have acquired almost a new sense. So it is with the works of the poet: he looks upon nature, and copies nature, not with a camera-lucida

fidelity, but with the higher truth of his own art; and till we have arrived at something like a comprehension of the principle of harmony in which he works, we are not qualified to judge of his work as a whole, however we may be pleased with many of its details. With regard to Shakspeare, a great deal of the false judgment upon his powers which has long passed current is to be traced to the utter blindness of the critics to the presence of any pervading idea running through a particular work which should illuminate all its parts. Had the Zoili of the last generation conceived that Shakspeare worked upon some principle which, like the agencies of nature, was to be seen more in its effects than in its manifestation of itself, could such a sentence as this have been written of the comedy before us?—"This fable, absurd and ridiculous as it is, was drawn from the foregoing story of Genevra in Ariosto's 'Orlando Furioso,' a fiction which, as it is managed by the epic poet, is neither improbable nor unnatural; but by Shakspeare mangled and defaced, full of inconsistencies, contradictions, and blunders."† We have done with this style of criticism, of course, now; but it has only been banished by the disposition of the world to look at Shakspeare's art, and at all art, a little more from the abstract point of view.

But Mrs. Lenox, who, in default of a sense of the poetical picturesque, has thus told us of "inconsistencies, contradictions, and blunders,"—and who is further pleased to say that Shakspeare, in this play, "borrowed just enough to show his poverty of invention, and added enough to prove his want of judgment"—this lady even is not insensible to the merits of *parts* of the composition:—"There is a great deal of true wit and humour in the comic scenes of this play; the characters of Benedick and Beatrice are properly marked." But there are critics, and those of a higher order, who do not quite agree with Mrs. Lenox in giving to Shakspeare this comparatively small merit. Mr. Campbell tells us—"During one half of the play we have a *disagreeable female character* in that of Beatrice. Her portrait, I may be told, is deeply drawn and minutely finished. It is; and so is that of Benedick, who is entirely her counterpart, except that he is less disagreeable. But the best drawn portraits, by the finest masters, may be admirable in execution though unpleasant to contemplate; and Beatrice's portrait is in this category. *She is an odious woman.*"‡ With every respect for a poet's opinion of a poet's work, we presume to think that Mr. Campbell has fallen into a mistake; and that his mistake arises from his contemplation of Beatrice as a single *portrait* cut out of a large picture, and not viewed in reference to its relative position with, and its dependence upon, the other parts of that picture. For, in truth, whether Beatrice be disagreeable and odious, or "*cette charmante et redoutable femme*," as a French critic has it, she could be no other than the identical Beatrice, in the place in which she is. For is she not one that *at first* presents to us the prosaic side of human nature—the jesting, gibing, sarcastic side; one who has no faith in valour, and is not to be subdued by courtesy; who prefers a "skirmish of wit" to making "account of her life to a clod of wayward marl?" But is not the *real* Beatrice at bottom a true woman,—a high-spirited, imaginative woman,—one who, with all her wit, has no slight portion of woman's sensibility about her; and is by no means very gay when she says "I may sit in a corner, and cry, heigh-ho for a husband?" Truly she is a woman that falls into the trap of affection with wonderful alacrity; who, while hidden in

"the pleached bower,
Where honeysuckles, ripen'd by the sun,
Forbid the sun to enter,"

hears it said of her, and hears it without any violence or burst of passion—

"Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
Misprising what they look on; and her wit
Values itself so highly, that to her
All matter else seems weak: she cannot love,
Nor take no shape nor project of affection,
She is so self-endear'd."

And why is she so calm under this bitter reproach, which she believes to be real? Why shows she no after resentment against her cousin for the representation which she has drawn of her? Simply because she knows she has been playfully wearing a mask to hide the real strength of her sympathies.

"Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu!"

She is not a thing of mere negations; a fashionable, brilliant, untrusting thing. It is she whom we next encounter, all heart, presenting to us the poetical side of human nature, when all around her is prosaic; who, when her cousin's wedding "looks not like a nuptial," and that poor innocent Hero is deserted by lover and father, has alone the courage to say—

"O, on my soul, my cousin is belied."

It is the injury done to Hero which wrings from Beatrice the avowal of her love for Benedick. Is it a reproach to her that she would have her lover peril his life against the false accuser of her cousin? She has thrown off her maidenly disguises, and the earnestness of her soul will have vent. She and Benedick are now bound for ever in their common pity for the unfortunate. The *conventional* Beatrice has become the *actual* Beatrice. The "subjective appearance" has become the "objective reality." The same process is repeated throughout the character of Benedick, for the original groundwork of the character is the same as that of Beatrice. "Would you have me speak *after my custom*, as being a professed tyrant to their sex?" presents the same key to his character as "I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow, than a man swear he loves me," does to that of Beatrice. They are each acting: and they have each a shrewd guess that the other is acting; and each is in the other's thoughts; and the stratagem by which they are each entrapped—not, as we think, into an *unreal* love, as Ulrici says,—is precisely in its symmetrical simplicity what was necessary to get rid of their reciprocal disguises, and to make them straightforward and in earnest. The conclusion of the affair is the playful echo of all that is past:—

"*Bene*. Come, I will have thee; but, by this light, I take thee for pity.

Beat. I would not deny you;—but, by this good day, I yield upon great persuasion."

The *Much Ado about Nothing* was acted under the name of "Benedick and Beatrice," even during the life of its author. These two characters absorb very much of the acting interest of the play. But they cannot be separated from the play without being liable to misconstruction. And they must be viewed, as well as the characters of all the other agents in the scene, with reference to the one leading idea, that there is a real aspect of things which is to be seen by the audience and not seen by the agents. The character of Don John, for example, and the characters of his loose confederates, are understood by the spectators; and their villainy is purposely transparent. Without Don John the plot could not move. He is not a rival in Claudio's love, as the "wicked duke" of Ariosto: he is simply a moody, ill-conditioned, spiteful rascal;—such a one as ordinarily takes to backbiting and hinting away character. Shakspeare gets rid of him as soon as he can; he fires the train and disappears. He would be out of harmony with the happiness which he has suspended, but not destroyed; and so he passes from the stage with—

"Think not on him till to-morrow."

But his instrumentality has been of the utmost importance. It has given us that beautiful altar-scene, that would be almost too tragical if we did not know that the "*Much Ado*" was "*about Nothing*." But that maiden's sorrows, and that father's passion, are real aspects of life, however unreal be the cause of them. The instrumentality, too, of the hateful Don John has given us Dogberry and Verges. Coleridge has said, somewhat hastily we think,—"*Any other less ingeniously absurd watchmen and night-constables would have answered the mere necessities of the action.*" Surely not. Make Dogberry in the slightest degree less self-satisfied, loquacious, full of the official stuff of which functionaries are still cut out, and the action breaks down before the rejection of Hero by her lover. For it is not the ingenious absurdity that prevents the detection of the plot

against Hero; it is the absurdity which prevents the prompt disclosure of it after the detection. Let us take a passage of this inimitable piece of comedy to read apart, that we may see how entirely the character of Dogberry is necessary to the continuance of the action. When Borachio and Conrade are overheard and arrested, the spectators have an amiable hope that the mischief of Don John's plot will be prevented; but when Dogberry and Verges approach Leonato, the end, as they think, is pretty sure. Let us see how the affair really works:—

"*Leon*. Neighbours, you are tedious.

Dogb. It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poor duke's officers; but, truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a king I could find in my heart to bestow it all of your worship.

Leon. All thy tediousness on me! ah?

Dogb. Yea, an 'twere a thousand times more than 'tis: for I hear as good exclamation on your worship, as of any man in the city; and though I be but a poor man I am glad to hear it.

Verg. And so am I.

Leon. I would fain know what you have to say.

Verg. Marry, sir, our watch to-night, excepting your worship's presence, have ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Messina.

Dogb. A good old man, sir; he will be talking; as they say, When the age is in, the wit is out; God help us! it is a world to see!—Well said, i' faith, neighbour Verges:—well, God's a good man; an two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind:—An honest soul, i' faith, sir; by my troth he is, as ever broke bread: but God is to be worshipped: All men are not alike; alas, good neighbour!

Leon. Indeed, neighbour, he comes too short of you.

Dogb. Gifts, that God gives.

Leon. I must leave you."

Truly did Don Pedro subsequently say, "This learned constable is too cunning to be understood," but he nevertheless holds his prisoners fast; and when he comes to the Prince, with "Marry, sir, they have committed false report; moreover, they have spoken untruths; secondarily, they are slanders; sixth and lastly, they have belied a lady; thirdly, they have verified unjust things; and, to conclude, they are lying knaves," though his method be not logical, his matter is all-sufficient. And so we agree with Ulrici, that it would be a palpable misunderstanding to ask what the noble constable Dogberry and his followers have to do with the play. Dogberry is as necessary as all the other personages;—to a certain degree more necessary. The passionate lover, the calm and sagacious Prince, the doting father, were the dupes of a treachery, not well compact, and carried through by dangerous instruments. They make no effort to detect what would not have been very difficult of detection: they are satisfied to quarrel and to lament. Accident discovers what intelligence could not penetrate; and the treacherous slander is manifest in all its blackness to the wise Dogberry:—

"Flat burglary as ever was committed."

Here is the crowning irony of the philosophical poet. The *players* of the game of life see nothing, or see minute parts only: but the dullest *bystander* has glimpses of something more.

In studying a play of Shakspeare with the assurance that we have possessed ourselves of the fundamental "idea" in which it was composed, it is remarkable how many incidents and expressions which have previously appeared to us at least difficult of comprehension are rendered clear and satisfactory. As *believers* in Shakspeare we know that he wrought in the spirit of the highest art, producing in every case a work of *unity*, out of the power of his own "multiformity." But, as we have before said, we have not always, as in the case of the natural landscape, got the right point of view, so as to have the perfect harmony of the composition made manifest to us. Let us be assured, however, that there is an entirety, and therefore a perfect accordance in all its parts, in every great production of a great poet,—and above all in every production of the world's greatest poet; and then, studying with this conviction, when the parts have become familiar to us—as in the case before us the sparkling raillery of Benedick and Beatrice, the patient gentleness of Hero, the most truthful absurdity of Dogberry—they gradually fuse themselves together in our minds, and the *whole* at last lies clear before us,

"A world
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite."

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

STATE OF THE TEXT, AND CHRONOLOGY, OF TWELFTH NIGHT.

THIS comedy was first printed in the folio edition of 1623, under the title of "Twelve Night, or What you Will." The text is divided into acts and scenes; and the order of these has been undisturbed in the modern editions. With the exception of a few manifest typographical errors, the original copy is remarkably correct. There is no entry of this play in the registers of the Stationers' Company.

It is scarcely necessary to enter into any detail of the conjectures of the commentators as to the chronology of Twelfth Night. Their guesses have been *proved* to be very wide of the mark. Tyrwhitt assigned it to 1614, because Sir Toby, in the third act, says, "Nay, if you be an *undertaker*, I am for you." In 1614 certain persons had *undertaken*, through their influence with the House of Commons, to carry affairs according to the wishes of the king; and the House was much troubled about the *undertakers*. Chalmers says the allusion was to the *undertakers* for colonising Ulster, in 1613. The probability is that the passage contains no allusion whatever; and that the literal meaning of *undertaker*—one who takes up the work of another, as Antonio does the quarrel of Viola—was the only meaning. Moreover, says Chalmers, the Sophy of Persia is mentioned; and in 1611 Sir Robert Shirley arrived in London as ambassador from the Sophy; and Sir Anthony Shirley published his "Travels" in 1613. Malone was originally for 1614, but in the last edition of his "Essay" he fixed the date as 1607, because in the third act we have the expression "westward-hoe;" and Dekker's comedy with that title was printed in 1607. This was to argue that a common expression was derived from the comedy, instead of the comedy having its title from the expression. Steevens traces, in the mutual fears of Sir Andrew Ague cheek and Viola, an imitation of Ben Jonson's "Silent Woman," printed in 1609. Theobald makes Sir Toby's expression—"If thou *thou'st* him some thrice it shall not be amiss"—a manifestation of respect for Sir Walter Raleigh, and a detestation of Coke's brutal *thouing* of him in 1603:—"All that he did was by thy instigation, thou viper, for I thou thee, thou traitor." Amidst these opposite opinions, all belonging to the class which we have so often had occasion to doubt and reject, there is found in the British Museum, in 1828, a little manuscript diary of a student of the Middle Temple, extending from 1601 to 1603,* in which the following decisive passage occurs:—

"Feb. 2, 1601 [2].

"At our feast we had a play called *Twelve night or what you will*, much like the comedy of errors, or Menechmis in Plautus, but most like & neere to that in Italian called Inganni. A good practise in it to make the steward believe his lady widdowe was in love with him, by counterfaying a letter, as from his lady, in generall termes telling him what shee liked best in him, & prescribing his gestures, inscribing his apparaile, &c. and then when he came to practise, making him beleve they tooke him to be mad."

Here is an end then of conjecture. The play was no doubt publicly acted before this performance at the Candlemas feast of the Middle Temple; and it belongs, therefore, to the first year of the

seventeenth century, or the last of the sixteenth; for it is not found in the list of Meres, in 1598.

SUPPOSED SOURCE OF THE PLOT.

The romance literature of Europe was a common property, from which the Elizabethan writers of every grade drew materials for their own performances, using them up with all possible variety of adaptation. Italy was the great fountain-head of these fictions, although they might have travelled thither from the East, and gradually assumed European shape and character. In the hands of real poets, such as Boccaccio and Shakspeare, the original material was little more than the canvas upon which the artist worked. The commentators upon our poet tell us, with regard to Twelfth Night, "There is great reason to believe that the serious part of this comedy is founded on some old translation of the seventh history in the fourth volume of Belleforest's 'Histoires Tragiques.' Belleforest took the story, as usual, from Bandello. *The comic scenes appear to have been entirely the production of Shakspeare.*" He did create, then, Sir Andrew, and Sir Toby, and Malvolio, and the Clown. But who created Viola, and Olivia, and the Duke? They were made, say the critics, according to the recipe of Bandello:—*Item*, a twin brother and sister; *item*, the sister in love, and becoming a page in the service of him she loved; *item*, the said page sent as a messenger to the lady whom her master loved; *item*, the lady falling in love with the page; *item*, the lady meeting with the twin brother; *item*, all parties happily matched. All this will be found at great length in Mrs. Lenox's "Shakspeare Illustrated," accompanied with many profound remarks upon the poet's stupidity in leaving the safe track of the novelist; which remarks, being somewhat antiquated, may be passed over. Nor is it necessary for us to republish the entire story of Apolonius and Silla, as told in a collection published by Barnaby Rich, "containing very pleasant discourses fit for a peaceable time, gathered together for the only delight of the courteous gentlewomen of England and Ireland." The *argument* of Rich's story does not infer any great resemblance in the plots of the novel and the drama:—"Apolonius, Duke, having spent a year's service in the wars against the Turk, returning homewards with his company by sea, was driven by force of weather to the isle of Cypres, where he was well received by Pontus, governor of the same isle, with whom Silla, daughter to Pontus, fell so strangely in love, that after Apolonius was departed to Constantinople, Silla, with one man, followed, and coming to Constantinople she served Apolonius in the habit of a man, and after many pretty accidents falling out, she was known to Apolonius, who in requital of her love married her." But in the "*many pretty accidents*" we find a clear resemblance between the poet and the novelist, with the exception that the poet has thrown his own exquisite purity of imagination over the conduct of the two heroines, and that the novelist is not at all solicitous about this matter.

The following somewhat long extract, which includes the main points of resemblance, will furnish a very adequate notion of the

* We derive our particulars from Mr. Collier's valuable "Annals of the Stage." He says—"I was fortunate enough to meet with it among the Harleian Manuscripts in the Museum." Mr. Hunter, in his "Disquisition on the Tempest," says:—"You may remember when, in 1828, I called your attention, at the

British Museum, to the discovery which I had then made in the Diary of *Manningham*, that Twelfth Night was performed in 1602, before the benchers of the Middle Temple." Mr. Hunter subsequently came to a belief that the "Diary" was that of John Manningham, who was entered at the Middle Temple in 1597.

difference between a dull and tedious narration and a drama running over with imagination, and humour, and wit;—in which the highest poetry is welded with the most intense fun; and we are made to feel that the loftiest and the most ludicrous aspect of human affairs can only be adequately presented by one who sees the whole from an eagle-height to which ordinary men cannot soar. But we do not complain that Barnaby Rich was not a Shakspeare.

“And now, to prevent a number of injuries that might be proffered to a woman that was left in her case, she determined to leave her own apparel, and to sort herself into some of those suits, that, being taken for a man, she might pass through the country in the better safety; and as she changed her apparel she thought it likewise convenient to change her name, wherefore, not readily happening of any other, she called herself Silvio, by the name of her own brother, whom you have heard spoken of before.

“In this manner she travelled to Constantinople, where she inquired out the palace of the Duke Apolonius, and thinking herself now to be both fit and able to play the servingman, she presented herself to the Duke, craving his service. The Duke, very willing to give succour unto strangers, perceiving him to be a proper smooth young man, gave him entertainment. Silla thought herself now more than satisfied for all the casualties that had happened unto her in her journey, that she might at her pleasure take but the view of the Duke Apolonius, and above the rest of his servants was very diligent and attendant upon him, the which the Duke perceiving, began likewise to grow into good liking with the diligence of his man, and therefore made him one of his chamber: who but Silvio, then, was most near about him, in helping of him to make him ready in a morning in the setting of his ruffs, in the keeping of his chamber? Silvio pleased his master so well, that above all the rest of his servants about him he had the greatest credit, and the Duke put him most in trust.

“At this very instant there was remaining in the city a noble dame, a widow, whose husband was but lately deceased, one of the noblest men that were in the parts of Grecia, who left his lady and wife large possessions and great livings. This lady's name was called Julina, who, besides the abundance of her wealth and the greatness of her revenues, had likewise the sovereignty of all the dames of Constantinople for her beauty. To this lady Julina, Apolonius became an earnest suitor, and, according to the manner of lovers, besides fair words, sorrowful sighs, and piteous countenances, there must be sending of loving letters, chains, bracelets, broaches, rings, tablets, gems, jewels, and presents I know not what: * * * * Thus Apolonius was so busied in his new study, that I warrant you there was no man that could challenge him for playing the truant, he followed his profession with so good a will: and who must be the messenger to carry the tokens and love-letters to the lady Julina but Silvio his man? in him the Duke reposed his only confidence, to go between him and his lady.

“Now, gentlewomen, do you think there could have been a greater torment devised, wherewith to afflict the heart of Silla, than herself to be made the instrument to work her own mishap, and to play the attorney in a cause that made so much against herself? But Silla, altogether desirous to please her master, cared nothing at all to offend herself, followed his business with so good a will as if it had been in her own preferment.

“Julina, now having many times taken the gaze of this young youth Silvio, perceiving him to be of such excellent perfect grace, was so entangled with the often sight of this sweet temptation, that she fell into as great a liking with the man as the master was with herself: and on a time, Silvio being sent from his master with a message to the lady Julina, as he began very earnestly to solicit in his master's behalf, Julina, interrupting him in his tale, said, Silvio, it is enough that you have said for your master; from henceforth either speak for yourself, or say nothing at all. * * * *

“And now for a time leaving matters depending as you have heard, it fell out that the right Silvio indeed (whom you have heard spoken of before, the brother of Silla) was come to his father's court, into the isle of Cypres, where, understanding that his sister was departed in manner as you have heard, conjectured that the very occasion did proceed of some liking had between Pedro, her man (that was missing with her), and herself; but Silvio, who loved his sister as dearly as his own life, and the rather for that she was his natural sister both by father and mother; so the one of them was so like the other in countenance and favour that there was no man able to discern the one from the other by their faces, saving by their apparel, the one being a man, the other a woman.

“Silvio therefore vowed to his father not only to seek out his sister Silla, but also to revenge the villany which he conceived in Pedro for the carrying away of his sister; and thus departing, having travelled through many cities and towns without hearing any manner of news of those he went to seek for, at the last he arrived at Constantinople, where, as he was walking in an evening for his own

recreation on a pleasant green parade without the walls of the city, he fortun'd to meet with the lady Julina, who likewise had been abroad to take the air; and as she suddenly cast her eyes upon Silvio, thinking him to be her old acquaintance, by reason they were so like one another, as you have heard before, said unto him, I pray you, let me have a little talk with you, seeing I have so luckily met you in this place.

“Silvio, wondering to hear himself so rightly named, being but a stranger not of above two days' continuance in the city, very courteously came towards her, desirous to hear what she would say.”

The rest may be imagined.

Mr. Collier informs us, in his “Farther Particulars,” that, after vainly searching for eight years, he in 1839 met with the Italian play of the *Inganni*, mentioned in the Barrister's Diary. This play, as Mr. Collier thinks, was known to Shakspeare; and certainly there is some resemblance between its plot and that of Twelfth Night. The differences, however, are so considerable, that the parallel would scarcely be worth following out. We have to add that Mr. Hunter mentions that he has traced, in an Italian play called the *Ingannati* (not the *Inganni* of Manningham), the foundation of the serious part of Twelfth Night.

COSTUME.

The comedy of Twelfth Night is amongst the most perplexing of Shakspeare's plays to the sticklers for accuracy of costume. The period of action is undefined. The scene is laid in Illyria, whilst the names of the *dramatis personæ* are a mixture of Spanish, Italian, and English. The best mode of reconciling the discrepancies arising from so many conflicting circumstances appears to us to be the assumption, first, that Duke or Count Orsino (for he is indifferently so entitled in the play) is a Venetian governor of that portion of Dalmatia which was all of the ancient Illyria remaining under the dominion of the republic at the commencement of the seventeenth century, and that his attendants, Valentine, Curio, &c., as well as Olivia, Malvolio, and Maria, are also Venetians; and, secondly, that Sir Toby Belch and Sir Andrew Ague-cheek are English residents; the former, a maternal uncle to Olivia—her father, a Venetian count, having married Sir Toby's sister. If this be allowed—and there is nothing that we can perceive in the play to prevent it—there is no impropriety in dressing the above-named characters in the Venetian and English costume of Shakspeare's own time, and the two sea-captains and Sebastian in the very picturesque habits of “Chimariot, Illyrian, and dark Suliot.” Viola, the twin-sister of Sebastian, might therefore, by assuming the *national* male dress, be more readily mistaken for her brother, as it is absurd to suppose that she could otherwise, by accident, light upon a fac-simile of the suit he appears in; and any manifest difference, either in form or colour, would tend to destroy the illusion, as we have already observed in the case of the two Dromios and their masters (Comedy of Errors). We leave the decision, however, to our readers, at the same time referring those who think with us to our numbers containing The Merchant of Venice, Othello, and The Taming of the Shrew, for the Venetian and English costume of the commencement of the seventeenth century. The embroidered jacket and greaves, “the snowy camisa and the shaggy capote,” of the Greek captains, have become almost as familiar to our sight as a frock-coat, Wellington boots, and trousers.

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ORSINO, *Duke of Illyria.*
SEBASTIAN, *a young gentleman, brother to Viola.*
ANTONIO, *a sea-captain, friend to Sebastian.*
A sea-captain, friend to Viola.
VALENTINE, } *gentlemen attending on the Duke.*
CURIO, }
SIR TOBY BELCH, *uncle of Olivia.*
SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

MALVOLIO, *steward to Olivia.*
FABIAN, } *servants to Olivia.*
Clown, }
OLIVIA, *a rich Countess.*
VIOLA, *in love with the Duke.*
MARIA, *Olivia's woman.*

Lords, Priests, Sailors, Officers, Musicians, and other Attendants.

SCENE,—*A City in ILLYRIA, and the Sea-coast near it.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the Duke's Palace.*

Enter DUKE, CURIO, Lords; Musicians attending.

Duke. If music be the food of love, play on.
Give me excess of it; that surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.
That strain again;—it had a dying fall:¹
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound¹
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving odour.—Enough; no more;
'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.
O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou!
That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch soe'er,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute! so full of shapes is fancy,
That it alone is high-fantastical.

Cur. Will you go hunt, my lord?

Duke.

What, Curio?

Cur.

The hart.

Duke. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have:

O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought she purg'd the air of pestilence!
That instant was I turn'd into a hart;
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me.^b—How now? what news from her?

Enter VALENTINE.

Val. So please my lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her handmaid do return this answer:
The element itself, till seven years' heat,
Shall not behold her face at ample view;
But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk,
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine: all this, to season²
A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh
And lasting, in her sad remembrance.

Duke. O, she that hath a heart of that fine frame,
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft³
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
That live in her! when liver, brain, and heart,
Those sovereign thrones, are all supplied, and fill'd,
(Her sweet perfections,⁴) with one self king!⁵—

¹ *Like the sweet sound.* To those who are familiar with the well-known text—

"O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south"—

the restoration of the word *sound*, which is the reading of all the early editions, will at first appear strange and startling. The change from *sound* to *south* was made by Pope. Steevens tells us that the thought might have been borrowed from Sidney's "Arcadia," Book I., and he quotes a part of the passage. We must look, however, at the context. Sidney writes, "Her breath is more sweet than a gentle south-west wind, which comes creeping over flowery fields and shadowed waters in the extreme heat of summer." The comparison is here direct. The sweet breath of Urania is more sweet than the gentle south-west wind. Sidney adds, "and yet is nothing, compared to the honey-flowing speech that breath doth carry." The music of the speech is not here compared with the music of the wind;—the notion of fragrance is alone conveyed. If in the passage of the text we read *south* instead of *sound*, the conclusion of the sentence, "Stealing and giving odour," rests upon the mind, and the comparison becomes an indirect one between the harmony of the dying fall, and the odour of the breeze that had passed over a bank of violets. This, we think, is not what the poet meant. He desired to compare one *sound* with another *sound*. Milton had probably the passage of the text in view when he wrote—

"Now gentle gales,
Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense
Native perfumes, and *whisper* whence they stole
Those balmy spoils."

The image in Milton, as well as in Shakspeare, combines the notion of sound as well as fragrance. In Shakspeare "the sound that breathes"—the soft murmur of the breeze playing amidst beds of flowers—is put first, because of its relation to the "dying fall" of the exquisite harmony; but in Milton the "perfumes" of the "gentle gales" are more prominent than "the whisper,"—because the image is complete in itself, unconnected with what precedes. Further, Shakspeare has nowhere else made the *south* an odour-breathing wind; his other representations are directly contrary. In *As You Like It*, Rosalind says—

"You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her
Like foggy south, puffing with wind and rain?"

In *Romeo and Juliet* we have the "*dew-dropping south*." In *Cymbeline*, "*The south-fog* rot him." Mr. White, giving in his text the original word, says that

the reading of Pope has been hitherto adopted by every editor except Mr. Knight. He adds—"Did Pope, or the editors who have followed him, ever lie musing on the sward at the edge of a wood, and hear the low sweet hum of the summer air, as it kissed the coyly-shrinking wild flowers upon the banks, and passed on, loaded with fragrance from the sweet salute? If they ever did, how could they make this change of 'sound' to 'south'? and if they never did, they are unable to entirely appreciate the passage, much less to improve it."

² *Season.* This metaphor is repeated several times by our poet: the *brine* seasons, preserves, a brother's dead love *fresh*. So in *Romeo and Juliet*:—

"Jesu Maria! What a deal of *brine*
Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline!
How much salt water thrown away in waste
To season love."

³ *The rich golden shaft.* The Cupid of the ancient mythology was armed (as Sidney notices) with

"But arrows two, and tipt with gold or lead."

The opposite effects of these weapons are described in Ovid (*Metamorph.*), and Shakspeare might have read the passage in Golding's translation:—

"That causeth love is all of gold with point full sharp and bright:
That chaseth love is blunt, whose steel with leaden head is dight."

⁴ *Her sweet perfections.* Steevens thus explains this passage:—"Liver, brain, and heart, are admitted in poetry as the residence of passions, judgment, and sentiments. These are what Shakspeare calls 'her sweet perfections.'" This is doubtless a mistaken interpretation. The phrase ought probably to be "her sweet perfection." The filling of the "sovereign thrones" with "one self king" is the *perfection* of Olivia's merits,—according to the ancient doctrine that a woman was not complete till her union with a "self king." In Lord Berners' translation of Froissart there is a sentence which glances at the same opinion. The rich Berthault of Malines is desirous to marry his daughter to the noble Earl of Guerles; and he thus communes with himself:—"Howbeit, I will answer these messengers that their coming pleaseth me greatly, and that my daughter should be happy if she might come to so great a perfection as to be conjoined in marriage with the Earl of Guerles."

Self king. So the first folio; the second, *self-same king*. Steevens adopts

Away before me to sweet beds of flowers;
Love-thoughts lie rich, when canopied with bowers.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Sea-coast.*

Enter VIOLA, Captain, and Sailors.

Vio. What country, friends, is this?

Cap. This is Illyria, lady.¹

Vio. And what should I do in Illyria?

My brother he is in Elysium.

Perchance he is not drown'd:—What think you, sailors?

Cap. It is perchance that you yourself were sav'd.

Vio. O my poor brother! and so, perchance, may he be.

Cap. True, madam; and, to comfort you with chance,

Assure yourself, after our ship did split,

When you, and those poor number² sav'd with you,

Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,

Most provident in peril, bind himself

(Courage and hope both teaching him the practice)

To a strong mast, that liv'd upon the sea;

Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,

I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves,

So long as I could see.

Vio. For saying so, there's gold:

Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,

Whereto thy speech serves for authority,

The like of him. Know'st thou this country?

Cap. Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and born,

Not three hours' travel from this very place.

Vio. Who governs here?

Cap. A noble duke, in nature as in name.

Vio. What is his name?

Cap. Orsino.

Vio. Orsino! I have heard my father name him:

He was a bachelor then.

Cap. And so is now, or was so very late:

For but a month ago I went from hence;

And then 'twas fresh in murmur, (as, you know,

What great ones do, the less will prattle of,)

That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.³

Vio. What's she?

Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count

That died some twelvemonth since; then leaving her

In the protection of his son, her brother,

Who shortly also died: for whose dear love,

They say, she hath abjur'd the company

And sight of men.⁴

Vio. O, that I serv'd that lady:

And might not be deliver'd to the world,

Till I had made mine own occasion mellow

What my estate is.

Cap. That were hard to compass;

this, because in his notion the metre is improved by the introduction of *same*; Malone, who rejects it, maintains, however, that *self-king* means *self-same king*. We doubt this, believing that the poet meant *king of herself*. As to Steevens's thousand and one corrections of Shakspeare's metre, it is only necessary to bear in mind a principle laid down by Coleridge. In quoting these lines of Beaumont and Fletcher—

"I'd have a state of wit convok'd, which hath
A power to take up on common faith"—

he says, "This is an instance of that *modifying of quantity by emphasis*, without which our elder poets cannot be scanned." And he adds, "Quantity, an almost iron law with the Greeks, is in English rather a subject for a peculiarly fine ear than any law or even rule; but then, instead of it, we have, first, accent; secondly, emphasis; and, lastly, *retardation*, and *acceleration*, of the times of syllables according to the meaning of the words, the passion that accompanies them, and even the character of the person that uses them."—*Literary Remains*, vol. p. 290.

¹ *This is Illyria, lady.* So the original. We ordinarily find the text without *this is*—the work of the metre-tinkers.

Those poor number. So the original. The ordinary reading is *that poor number*.

We request the reader to look particularly at this part of the dialogue, beginning "Who governs here?" Is it not strictly metrical, and do not the three or four short lines that are thrown in render the question and answer rapid

Because she will admit no kind of suit,
No, not the duke's.

Vio. There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain;
And though that nature with a beauteous wall

Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee

I will believe thou hast a mind that suits

With this thy fair and outward character.

I prithee, and I'll pay thee bounteously,

Conceal me what I am; and be my aid

For such disguise as, haply, shall become

The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke;

Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him,

It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing,

And speak to him in many sorts of music,

That will allow me very worth his service.

What else may hap, to time I will commit;

Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

Cap. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be;

When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see!

Vio. I thank thee: Lead me on.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A Room in Olivia's House.*

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH and MARIA.

Sir To. What a plague means my niece, to take the death of her brother thus? I am sure care's an enemy to life.

Mar. By my troth, sir Toby, you must come in earlier o' nights; your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir To. Why, let her except before excepted.

Mar. Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.

Sir To. Confine? I'll confine myself no finer than I am: these clothes are good enough to drink in, and so be these boots too; an they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo you: I heard my lady talk of it yesterday; and of a foolish knight, that you brought in one night here, to be her wooer.

Sir To. Who? Sir Andrew Ague-cheek?

Mar. Ay, he.

Sir To. He's as tall⁵ a man as any's in Illyria.

Mar. What's that to the purpose?

Sir To. Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

Mar. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats; he's a very fool, and a prodigal.

Sir To. Fie, that you'll say so! he plays o' the viol-de-gamboys,⁶ and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

Mar. He hath, indeed, almost natural: for besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling,

and spirited? It is printed here exactly as in the original. But the passage has been jammed into the Procrustean bed of Steevens, and in all editions before the "Pictorial" was turned out as follows:—

"*Cap.* A noble duke, in nature,
As in *his* name.

Vio. What is his name?

Cap. Orsino.

Vio. Orsino! I have heard my father name him:
He was a bachelor then.

Cap. And so is now,

Or was so very late: for but a month

Ago I went from hence; and then 'twas fresh

In murmur, (as, you know, what great ones do,

The less will prattle of,) that he did seek

The love of fair Olivia.

Vio. What's she?"

⁴ The original reads—

"They say, she hath abjured the sight
And company of men."

The words *sight* and *company* were transposed by Hanmer, which reading is generally received.

⁵ *Tall*—stout, bold.

'tis thought among the prudent he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

Sir To. By this hand, they are scoundrels and subtrac-tors that say so of him. Who are they?

Mar. They that add, moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

Sir To. With drinking healths to my niece: I'll drink to her as long as there is a passage in my throat, and drink in Illyria. He's a coward, and a coystil, that will not drink to my niece till his brains turn o' the toe like a parish-top.^d What, wench? Castiliano-vulgo;¹ for here comes sir Andrew Ague-face.

Enter Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir And. Sir Toby Belch! how now, sir Toby Belch!

Sir To. Sweet sir Andrew!

Sir And. Bless you, fair shrew.

Mar. And you too, sir.

Sir To. Accost, sir Andrew, accost.

Sir And. What's that?

Sir To. My niece's chamber-maid.

Sir And. Good mistress Accost, I desire better ac-quaintance.

Mar. My name is Mary, sir.

Sir And. Good mistress Mary Accost,—

Sir To. You mistake, knight; accost is, front her, board her,² woo her, assail her.

Sir And. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of accost?

Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen.

Sir To. An thou let part so, sir Andrew, 'would thou might'st never draw sword again.

Sir And. An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

Mar. Sir, I have not you by the hand.

Sir And. Marry, but you shall have; and here's my hand.

Mar. Now, sir, thought is free: I pray you, bring your hand to the buttery-bar, and let it drink.

Sir And. Wherefore, sweetheart? what's your metaphor?

Mar. It's dry, sir.

Sir And. Why, I think so; I am not such an ass but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest?

Mar. A dry jest, sir.

Sir And. Are you full of them?

Mar. Ay, sir; I have them at my fingers' ends: marry, now I let go your hand I am barren. [*Exit MARIA.*]

Sir To. O knight, thou lack'st a cup of canary: When did I see thee so put down?

Sir And. Never in your life, I think; unless you see canary put me down: Methinks sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian, or an ordinary man has: but I am a great eater of beef, and I believe that does harm to my wit.

Sir To. No question.

Sir And. An I thought that, I'd forswear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, sir Toby.

Sir To. *Pourquoy*, my dear knight?

Sir And. What is *pourquoy*? do or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting: O, had I but followed the arts!

Sir To. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

Sir And. Why, would that have mended my hair?

Sir To. Past question; for thou see'st it will not curl by nature.³

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, does't not?

Sir To. Excellent; it hangs like flax on a distaff; and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs, and spin it off.

Sir And. 'Faith, I'll home to-morrow, sir Toby; your niece will not be seen; or, if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me: the count himself, here hard by, woos her.

Sir To. She'll none o' the count; she'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear it. Tut, there's life in't, man.

Sir And. I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' the strangest mind i' the world; I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.

Sir To. Art thou good at these kickshaws, knight?

Sir And. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters; and yet I will not compare with an old man.

Sir To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

Sir And. 'Faith, I can cut a caper.

Sir To. And I can cut the mutton to't.

Sir And. And, I think, I have the back-trick, simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

Sir To. Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before them? are they like to take dust, like mistress Mall's picture?^e why dost thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig; I would not so much as make water but in a sink-a-pace.^f What dost thou mean? is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg it was formed under the star of a galliard.

Sir And. Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a damask-coloured stock.⁴ Shall we set about some revels?

Sir To. What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurus?

Sir And. Taurus? that's sides and heart.

Sir To. No, sir; it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper: ha! higher: ha, ha!—excellent! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—A Room in the Duke's Palace.

Enter VALENTINE, and VIOLA in man's attire.

Val. If the duke continue these favours towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanced; he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

Vio. You either fear his humour, or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love: Is he in-constant, sir, in his favours?

Val. No, believe me.

Enter DUKE, CURIO, and Attendants.

Vio. I thank you. Here comes the count.

Duke. Who saw Cesario, ho?

Vio. On your attendance, my lord; here.

Duke. Stand you awhile aloof.—Cesario, Thou know'st no less but all; I have unclasp'd To thee the book even of my secret soul: Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her; Be not denied access, stand at her doors, And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow, Till thou have audience.

Vio. Sure, my noble lord,

¹ Warburton refines upon this phrase of the knight, and would read *Castiliano volto*—"put on your Castilian countenance; that is, your grave, solemn looks."

² *Board her*—address her.

³ *Curl by nature.* This is a very happy correction by Theobald. The original reads, *cool my nature.*

⁴ *Damask-coloured stock.* *Stock* is stocking. In the original we find *dam'd* coloured. Pope changed this to *flame*-coloured. We have ventured to read *damask*-coloured; for it is evident that, if the word *damask* were written as pronounced rapidly, *dam'sk*, it might easily be misprinted *dam'd*. In Drayton we have "the *damask*-coloured dove." The name of the colour is derived from the damask rose.





If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow
As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

Duke. Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds,
Rather than make unprofited return.

Vio. Say, I do speak with her, my lord: What then?

Duke. O, then unfold the passion of my love;
Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith:
It shall become thee well to act my woes;
She will attend it better in thy youth,
Than in a nuncio of more grave aspect.

Vio. I think not so, my lord.

Duke. Dear lad, believe it;
For they shall yet belie thy happy years
That say, thou art a man: Diana's lip
Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound,
And all is semblative a woman's part.
I know thy constellation is right apt
For this affair;—Some four, or five, attend him;
All, if you will; for I myself am best
When least in company:—Prosper well in this,
And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,
To call his fortunes thine.

Vio. I'll do my best
To woo your lady: yet, [*aside*] a barful strife!
Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—A Room in Olivia's House.

Enter MARIA and Clown.

Mar. Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or I will
not open my lips so wide as a bristle may enter, in way of
thy excuse: my lady will hang thee for thy absence.

Clo. Let her hang me: he that is well hanged in this
world needs to fear no colours.¹

Mar. Make that good.

Clo. He shall see none to fear.

Mar. A good lenten answer: I can tell thee where that
saying was born, of, I fear no colours.

Clo. Where, good mistress Mary?

Mar. In the wars; and that may you be bold to say in
your foolery.

Clo. Well, God give them wisdom that have it; and
those that are fools let them use their talents.

Mar. Yet you will be hanged, for being so long absent;
or, to be turned away: is not that as good as a hanging to
you?

Clo. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage;
and, for turning away, let summer bear it out.²

Mar. You are resolute, then?

Clo. Not so, neither; but I am resolved on two points.

Mar. That if one break the other will hold; or, if both
break your gaskins fall.³

Clo. Apt, in good faith; very apt! Well, go thy way; if
sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece
of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.

Mar. Peace, you rogue, no more o' that: here comes my
lady: make your excuse wisely, you were best. [*Exit.*]

Enter OLIVIA and MALVOLIO.

Clo. Wit, an't be thy will, put me into good fooling!
Those wits that think they have thee do very oft prove
fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise

man: For what says Quinapalus? Better a witty fool,
than a foolish wit.—God bless thee, lady!

Oli. Take the fool away.

Clo. Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the lady.

Oli. Go to, you're a dry fool; I'll no more of you:
besides, you grow dishonest.

Clo. Two faults, madonna, that drink and good counsel
will amend: for give the dry fool drink,—then is the fool
not dry; bid the dishonest man mend himself,—if he mend,
he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the botcher
mend him: Anything that's mended is but patched: virtue
that transgresses is but patched with sin; and sin that
amends is but patched with virtue: If that this simple
syllogism will serve, so; if it will not, What remedy? As
there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower:
—the lady bade take away the fool; therefore, I say again,
take her away.

Oli. Sir, I bade them take away you.

Clo. Misprision in the highest degree!—Lady, *Cucullus
non facit monachum*; that's as much to say as, I wear not
motley in my brain. Good madonna, give me leave to
prove you a fool.

Oli. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexterously, good madonna.

Oli. Make your proof.

Clo. I must catechize you for it, madonna: Good my
mouse of virtue, answer me.

Oli. Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll 'bide your
proof.

Clo. Good madonna, why mourn'st thou?

Oli. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clo. I think his soul is in hell, madonna.

Oli. I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

Clo. The more fool, madonna, to mourn for your brother's
soul being in heaven.—Take away the fool, gentlemen.

Oli. What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not
mend?

Mal. Yes; and shall do, till the pangs of death shake
him: Infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the
better fool.

Clo. God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better
increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn that I am
no fox; but he will not pass his word for two-pence that
you are no fool.

Oli. How say you to that, Malvolio?

Mal. I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a
barren rascal: I saw him put down the other day with an
ordinary fool, that has no more brain than a stone. Look
you now, he's out of his guard already; unless you laugh
and minister occasion to him, he is gagged. I protest I
take these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of
fools, no better than the fools' zanies.

Oli. O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste
with a distempered appetite. To be generous, guiltless,
and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-
bolts that you deem cannon-bullets: There is no slander
in an allowed fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no
railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but
reprove.

Clo. Now Mercury endue thee with leasing,⁴ for thou
speakest well of fools!

Re-enter MARIA.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman
much desires to speak with you.

Oli. From the count Orsino, is it?

¹ *Fear no colours.* Maria explains the saying in one way—it was born in the wars—referring to the colours of an enemy. It probably meant, I fear no deceptions. Holofernes says, "I do fear colourable colours." (Love's Labour's Lost, Act IV. Sc. II.)

² One Dr. Letherland proposed to read, "for turning of whey." This is an amusing specimen of conjectural criticism.

³ *Points* were the laces with tags, with which the garments were adjusted to the

person. In Henry IV., Part I., we have—"Their *points* being broken, down fell their hose."

⁴ *Leasing*—falsehood. Johnson interprets the passage, "May Mercury teach thee to lie, since thou liest in favour of fools." Is it not rather,—since thou speakest the truth of fools (which is not profitable), may Mercury give thee the advantageous gift of lying?

Mar. I know not, madam; 'tis a fair young man, and well attended.

Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Mar. Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

Oli. Fetch him off, I pray you; he speaks nothing but madman: Fie on him! [*Exit MARIA.*] Go you, Malvolio: if it be à suit from the count, I am sick, or not at home; what you will, to dismiss it. [*Exit MALVOLIO.*] Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

Clo. Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool; whose skull Jove cram with brains! for here he comes, one of thy kin, has a most weak *pia mater*.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH.

Oli. By mine honour, half drunk.—What is he at the gate, cousin?

Sir To. A gentleman.

Oli. A gentleman? what gentleman?

Sir To. 'Tis a gentleman here—A plague o' these pickle-herrings!—How now, sot?

Clo. Good sir Toby,—

Oli. Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy?

Sir To. Lechery! I defy lechery: There's one at the gate.

Oli. Ay, marry; what is he?

Sir To. Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not: give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one. [*Exit.*]

Oli. What's a drunken man like, fool?

Clo. Like a drowned man, a fool, and a madman: one draught above heat makes him a fool; the second mads him; and a third drowns him.

Oli. Go thou and seek the crowner, and let him sit o' my coz; for he's in the third degree of drink, he's drowned: go, look after him.

Clo. He is but mad yet, madonna; and the fool shall look to the madman. [*Exit Clown.*]

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you: I told him you were asleep; he seems to have a foreknowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he's fortified against any denial.

Oli. Tell him he shall not speak with me.

Mal. He has been told so; and he says, he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post,^s and be the supporter of a bench, but he'll speak with you.

Oli. What kind of man is he?

Mal. Why, of mankind.

Oli. What manner of man?

Mal. Of very ill manner; he'll speak with you, will you, or no.

Oli. Of what personage, and years, is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a codling when 'tis almost an apple: 'tis with him in standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favoured, and he speaks very shrewishly; one would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

Oli. Let him approach: Call in my gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter MARIA.

Oli. Give me my veil: come, throw it o'er my face: We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Enter VIOLA.

Vio. The honourable lady of the house, which is she?

Oli. Speak to me, I shall answer for her: Your will?

Vio. Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty, I pray you tell me if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her: I would be loath to cast away my speech; for, besides that it is excellently well penn'd I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn; I am very comptible,¹ even to the least sinister usage.

Oli. Whence came you, sir?

Vio. I can say little more than I have studied, and that question's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

Oli. Are you a comedian?

Vio. No, my profound heart; and yet, by the very fangs of malice I swear I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house?

Oli. If I do not usurp myself, I am.

Vio. Most certain, if you are she you do usurp yourself; for what is yours to bestow is not yours to reserve. But this is from my commission: I will on with my speech in your praise, and then show you the heart of my message.

Oli. Come to what is important in't: I forgive you the praise.

Vio. Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.

Oli. It is the more like to be feigned; I pray you, keep it in. I heard you were saucy at my gates; and allowed your approach, rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad,² be gone; if you have reason, be brief: 'tis not that time of moon with me to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

Mar. Will you hoist sail, sir? here lies your way.

Vio. No, good swabber; I am to hull here a little longer.—Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady.

Oli. Tell me your mind.

Vio. I am a messenger.

Oli. Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

Vio. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage; I hold the olive in my hand: my words are as full of peace as matter.

Oli. Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

Vio. The rudeness that hath appeared in me, have I learned from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maidenhead: to your ears, divinity; to any other's, profanation.

Oli. Give us the place alone: we will hear this divinity. [*Exit MARIA.*] Now, sir, what is your text?

Vio. Most sweet lady,—

Oli. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text?

Vio. In Orsino's bosom.

Oli. In his bosom? In what chapter of his bosom?

Vio. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

Oli. O, I have read it; it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

Vio. Good madam, let me see your face.

Oli. Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? you are now out of your text: but we will draw the curtain, and show you the picture. [*Unveiling.*] Look you, sir, such a one I was this present:³ Is 't not well done?

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. 'Tis in grain, sir; 'twill endure wind and weather.

Vio. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white

¹ *Comptible*—is apt to take into account, susceptible.

² Some would read, "if you be mad."

³ This text appears clear enough. Olivia says, "We will draw the curtain,"

and show you the picture." She then unveils her face for an instant only, and adds, "Look you, sir, such a one I was this present,"—such I was this moment. The text has been confused by a slight change which has been overlooked; for we find in many modern editions, "such a one as I was this present."

Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on :
Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive,
If you will lead these graces to the grave,
And leave the world no copy.

Oli. O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted ; I will give out
divers schedules of my beauty : It shall be inventoried ;
and every particie, and utensil, labelled to my will : as,
item, two lips indifferent red ; item, two grey eyes, with lids
to them ; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were
you sent hither to praise me ?¹

Vio. I see you what you are : you are too proud ;
But, if you were the devil, you are fair.
My lord and master loves you ; O, such love
Could be but recompens'd, though you were crown'd
The nonpareil of beauty !

Oli. How does he love me ?

Vio. With adorations, fertile tears,²
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

Oli. Your lord does know my mind, I cannot love him :
Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth ;
In voices well divulg'd, free, learn'd and valiant,
And in dimension, and the shape of nature,
A gracious person ; but yet I cannot love him ;
He might have took his answer long ago.

Vio. If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suffering, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense,
I would not understand it.

Oli. Why, what would you ?

Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house ;
Write loyal cantons³ of contemned love,
And sing them loud even in the dead of night ;
Holla your name to the reverberate hills,
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out, Olivia ! O, you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me.

Oli. You might do much : What is your parentage ?

Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well :
I am a gentleman.

Oli. Get you to your lord ;
I cannot love him : let him send no more ;
Unless, perchance, you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well :
I thank you for your pains : spend this for me.

Vio. I am no fee'd post, lady ; keep your purse ;
My master, not myself, lacks recompense.
Love make his heart of flint, that you shall love ;
And let your fervour, like my master's, be
Plac'd in contempt ! Farewell, fair cruelty. [Exit.]

Oli. What is your parentage ?
"Above my fortunes, yet my state is well :
I am a gentleman."—I'll be sworn thou art ;
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon :—Not too fast :—soft ! soft !
Unless the master were the man.—How now ?
Even so quickly may one catch the plague ?
Methinks, I feel this youth's perfections,
With an invisible and subtle stealth,
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.—
What, ho, Malvolio !—

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Here, madam, at your service.

Oli. Run after that same peevish messenger,
The county's man : he left this ring behind him,
Would I, or not ; tell him, I'll none of it.
Desire him not to flatter with his lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes ; I am not for him :
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
I'll give him reasons for't. Hie thee, Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, I will. [Exit.]

Oli. I do I know not what : and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.
Fate, show thy force : Ourselves we do not owe ;⁴
What is decreed must be ; and be this so ! [Exit.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—The Sea-coast.

Enter ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN.

Ant. Will you stay no longer ? nor will you not that I
go with you ?

Seb. By your patience, no : my stars shine darkly over
me ; the malignancy of my fate might, perhaps, distemper
yours ; therefore I shall crave of you your leave that I may
bear my evils alone : It were a bad recompense for your
love to lay any of them on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you whither you are bound.

Seb. No, 'sooth, sir ; my determinate voyage is mere
extravagancy. But I perceive in you so excellent a touch of
modesty, that you will not extort from me what I am willing
to keep in ; therefore it charges me in manners the rather
to express⁵ myself. You must know of me, then, Antonio,
my name is Sebastian, which I called Rodorigo ; my father
was that Sebastian of Messaline,⁶ whom I know you have
heard of : he left behind him, myself and a sister, both
born in an hour. If the heavens had been pleased, 'would
we had so ended ! but you, sir, altered that ; for some
hour before you took me from the breach of the sea was
my sister drowned.

Ant. Alas, the day !

Seb. A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled
me, was yet of many accounted beautiful : but, though I
could not, with such estimable wonder, overfar believe that,
yet thus far I will boldly publish her,—she bore a mind
that envy could not but call fair : she is drowned already,
sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remem-
brance again with more.

Ant. Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O, good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murder me for my love, let me be
your servant.⁷

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done, that is,
kill him whom you have recovered, desire it not. Fare ye
well at once : my bosom is full of kindness ; and I am yet
so near the manners of my mother, that upon the least
occasion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound
to the count Orsino's court : Farewell. [Exit.]

Ant. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee !
I have many enemies in Orsino's court,
Else would I very shortly see thee there :
But, come what may, I do adore thee so,
That danger shall seem sport, and I will go. [Exit.]

¹ *Praise me.* Malone has ingeniously conjectured that *praise* is here a contraction for *appraise*. But the word used in Shakspeare's time was *appraise*—to fix a price ; and moreover, Olivia herself introduced the talk about schedules and inventories. We believe, therefore, that we must receive *praise* in its ordinary acceptance.

² *Fertile tears.* So the original. Pope reads, "with fertile tears."

³ *Cantons*—cantos.

⁴ We do not own, possess, ourselves.

⁵ *Express*—make known.

⁶ *Messaline.* Mitylene (Lesbos) is most probably meant. The gracious commentators say, "Shakspeare knew little of geography, and was not at all solicitous about orthographical nicety." It would be nigher the truth to conjecture that Shakspeare wrote *Mettaline*, and that the *t's* were mistaken for *s's*. *Mettaline* is quite near enough the modern *Metelin*.

SCENE II.—*A Street.**Enter VIOLA; MALVOLIO following.**Mal.* Were not you even now with the countess Olivia?*Vio.* Even now, sir; on a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither.*Mal.* She returns this ring to you, sir; you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds, moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him: And one thing more; that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this. Receive it so.*Vio.* She took the ring of me.¹ I'll none of it.*Mal.* Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her; and her will is it should be so returned: if it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it.[*Exit.*]*Vio.* I left no ring with her: What means this lady?

Fortune forbid, my outside have not charm'd her!

She made good view of me; indeed, so much

That,² methought, her eyes had lost³ her tongue,

For she did speak in starts distractedly.

She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion

Invites me in this churlish messenger.

None of my lord's ring! why, he sent her none.

I am the man:—If it be so, (as 'tis,)

Poor lady, she were better love a dream.

Disguise, I see thou art a wickedness,

Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.

How easy is it for the proper-false⁴

In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!

Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we;

For, such as we are made, if such we be.⁵How will this fadge?⁶ My master loves her dearly;

And I, poor monster, fond as much on him;

And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me:

What will become of this? As I am man,

My state is desperate for my master's love!

As I am woman, now alas the day!

What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe!

O time, thou must untangle this, not I;

It is too hard a knot for me t' untie.

[*Exit.*]SCENE III.—*A Room in Olivia's House.**Enter Sir TOBY BELCH and Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.**Sir To.* Approach, sir Andrew: not to be a-bed after midnight is to be up betimes; and *diluculo surgere*, thou know'st,—

¹ *She took the ring of me.* Viola has been blamed for this assertion. She would screen Olivia from the suspicions of her own servant. The lady has said that the ring was left with her, and Viola has too strong a respect for her own sex to proclaim the truth. She makes up her mind during Malvolio's speech to refuse the ring; but not to expose the cause of her refusal.

² *That, methought.* So the first folio. In the second folio, which is commonly followed, we find—"That, *sure*, methought."

³ *Lost*—caused her tongue to be lost.

⁴ *Proper-false.* *Proper* is here *handsome*, as in *Othello*,—

"This Ludovico is a *proper* man."

This adjective is compounded with *false* in the same way that we subsequently have *beauteous-evil*.

⁵ This is printed in all modern editions, according to a conjecture of Tyrwhitt's—

"For, such as we are made of, such we be."

Both the first and second folios are clear in the reading which we give; and in this case a typographical error in the preceding line is corrected in the second folio, which has "*our frailty*" instead of "*O, frailty*." Steevens justifies the change of *if* to *of* by the passage in *The Tempest*, "We are such stuff as dreams are made of." But the passages are not analogous. If Viola meant to say—we be such as we are *made*—the particle *of* is surplusage. But we think she does not mean this. She would say, "Our frailty is the cause, not we ourselves, that the proper-false deceive us; because such as we are *made* frail *if* we be frail." The poet did not mean the reasoning to be very conclusive.

⁶ *Fadge*—to suit, to agree—from the Anglo-Saxon *fegan*, to join. Drayton has—

"With flattery my muse could never *fadge*."

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know not: but I know, to be up late is to be up late.*Sir To.* A false conclusion; I hate it as an unfilled can: To be up after midnight, and to go to bed then, is early: so that, to go to bed after midnight is to go to bed betimes. Do not our lives consist of the four elements?*Sir And.* 'Faith, so they say; but, I think, it rather consists of eating and drinking.*Sir To.* Thou art a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink.—Marian, I say!—a stoop of wine!*Enter Clown.**Sir And.* Here comes the fool, i' faith.*Clo.* How now, my hearts? Did you never see the picture of we three?^b*Sir To.* Welcome ass. Now let's have a catch.*Sir And.* By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast.⁷ I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg; and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spokest of Picrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus; 'twas very good, i' faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman: Hadst it?*Clo.* I did impetico thy gratillity;⁸ for Malvolio's nose is no whipstock: My lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.*Sir And.* Excellent! Why this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song.*Sir To.* Come on; there is sixpence for you: let's have a song.*Sir And.* There's a testril of me too; if one knight give a—*Clo.* Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?*Sir To.* A love-song, a love-song.*Sir And.* Ay, ay; I care not for good life.SONG.⁹

Clo. O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O, stay and hear; your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low:
Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

Sir And. Excellent good, i' faith.*Sir To.* Good, good.

Clo. What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

⁷ *Excellent breast*—excellent voice. Warton has given several examples of this meaning of breast: amongst others, Tusser, the author of "*The Husbandry*," who was a chorister at Winchester, says—

"Thence, for my voice, I must (no choice)
Away, of force, like posting horse.
For sundry men had placards then
Such child to take;
The better breast, the lesser rest,
To serve the quire now there, now here."

The expression has passed into high poetry in these lines of "*The Two Noble Kinsmen*:"—

"I have heard
Two envious Philomels beat the ear of night
With their contentious throats: now one the higher,
Anon the other, then again the first,
And by-and-by outbreasted."

⁸ *Impetico thy gratillity.* This is evidently a touch of the fantastic language which the clown continually uses. Johnson would read—"I did impetticoat thy gratuity." No doubt we understand it so. But then comes a grave discussion amongst the commentators whether the clown put the sixpence in his own petticoat or gave it to his leman. Dr. Johnson says, with great candour and wisdom, "There is much in this dialogue which I do not understand;" and we are content to plead his sanction in not entering upon this recondite question of the petticoat: in leaving unexplained the still more abstruse histories of "Picrogromitus" and "the Vapians;" and in giving up the riddle why "the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses."

⁹ Mr. White has pointed out that this song appears in Morley's "*Consort Lessons*," 1599.

Sir And. A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

Sir To. A contagious breath.

Sir And. Very sweet and contagious, i' faith.

Sir To. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? Shall we rouse the night owl in a catch, that will draw three souls out of one weaver? shall we do that?

Sir And. An you love me, let's do 't: I am dog at a catch.

Clo. By'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

Sir And. Most certain: let our catch be, "Thou knave."

Clo. "Hold thy peace, thou knave," knight? I shall be constrain'd in 't to call thee knave, knight.

Sir And. 'Tis not the first time I have constrain'd one to call me knave. Begin, fool; it begins, "Hold thy peace."

Clo. I shall never begin, if I hold my peace.

Sir And. Good, i' faith! Come, begin.

[*They sing a catch.*]

Enter MARIA.

Mar. What a catterwauling do you keep here! If my lady have not called up her steward, Malvolio, and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

Sir To. My lady's a Cataian, we are politicians; Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsay, and "Three merry men be we." Am not I consanguineous? am I not of her blood? Tillyvalley! lady! "There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!"^a [*Singing.*]

Clo. Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

Sir And. Ay, he does well enough, if he be disposed, and so do I too; he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

Sir To. "O, the twelfth day of December,"— [*Singing.*]
For the love o' God, peace.

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do you make an alehouse of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers' catches¹ without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time, in you?

Sir To. We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneek up!²

Mal. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanors, you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

Sir To. "Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone."³

Mar. Nay, good sir Toby.

Clo. "His eyes do show his days are almost done."

Mal. Is 't even so?

Sir To. "But I will never die."

Clo. Sir Toby, there you lie.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

Sir To. "Shall I bid him go?"

Clo. "What an if you do?"

Sir To. "Shall I bid him go, and spare not?"

Clo. "O no, no, no, no, you dare not."

Sir To. Out o' time? sir, ye lie.³—Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?⁴

Clo. Yes, by saint Anne: and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too.

Sir To. Thou'rt i' the right.—Go, sir, rub your chain with crumbs:⁴—A stoop of wine, Maria!

Mal. Mistress Mary, if you priz'd my lady's favour at anything more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule;⁵ she shall know of it, by this hand.

[*Exit.*]

Mar. Go shake your ears.

Sir And. 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man's a hungry, to challenge him the field; and then to break promise with him, and make a fool of him.

Sir To. Do 't, knight; I'll write thee a challenge; or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet sir Toby, be patient for to-night; since the youth of the count's was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For Monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a nayword, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed: I know I can do it.

Sir To. Possess us, possess us;⁶ tell us something of him.

Mar. Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of Puritan.

Sir And. O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog.

Sir To. What, for being a Puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

Sir And. I have no exquisite reason for 't, but I have reason good enough.

Mar. The devil a Puritan that he is, or anything constantly but a time-pleaser; an affectioned⁷ ass, that cons state without book, and utters it by great swarths: the best persuaded of himself, so crammed, as he thinks, with excellences, that it is his ground of faith that all that look on him love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

Sir To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated: I can write very like my lady, your niece; on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

Sir To. Excellent! I smell a device.

Sir And. I have 't in my nose too.

Sir To. He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she is in love with him.

Mar. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.

Sir And. And your horse now would make him an ass.

Mar. Ass, I doubt not.

Sir And. O, 'twill be admirable.

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know my physic will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter; observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell.

[*Exit.*]

Sir To. Good night, Penthesilea.

Sir And. Before me, she's a good wench.

¹ *Coziers' catches.* A cozier is a botcher—whether a tailor or a cobbler is not material.

² *Sneek up.* A passage in Taylor, the Water Poet, would show that this phrase means—hang yourself. He says, in his "Praise of Hempseed"—

"A Tyburn hempen caudle will e'en cure you:
It can cure traitors, but I hold it fit
I'll apply 't ere they the treason do commit:
Wherefore in Sparta it cyleped was
Snickup, which is in English gallowgrass."

³ Sir Toby comes back to his former assertion—"we did keep time, sir." The old copies read "out o' tune." The correction was made by Theobald.

⁴ The steward's office of authority was denoted by a chain. Steevens tells us "the best way of cleaning any gilt plate is by rubbing it with crumbs." Our ancestors at least thought so, for Webster, in "The Duchess of Malfy," has, "the chippings of the buttery fly after him, to scour his gold chain."

⁵ *Rule*—conduct, method of life.

⁶ *Possess us*—inform us.

⁷ *Affectioned.* Affection is several times used by Shakspeare in the sense of affectation.

Sir To. She's a beagle, true bred, and one that adores me: What o' that?

Sir And. I was adored once too.

Sir To. Let's to bed, knight.—Thou hadst need send for more money.

Sir And. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.

Sir To. Send for money, knight; if thou hast her not i' the end, call me Cut.¹

Sir And. If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

Sir To. Come, come; I'll go burn some sack; 'tis too late to go to bed now. Come, knight; come, knight.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in the Duke's Palace.*

Enter DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO, and others.

Duke. Give me some music:—Now, good morrow, friends:—

Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song, That old and antique song we heard last night; Methought, it did relieve my passion much; More than light airs and recollected terms,⁵ Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times: Come, but one verse.

Cur. He is not here, so please your lordship, that should sing it.

Duke. Who was it?

Cur. Feste, the jester, my lord; a fool, that the lady Olivia's father took much delight in: he is about the house.

Duke. Seek him out, and play the tune the while.

[*Exit CURIO.—Music.*

Come hither, boy: If ever thou shalt love, In the sweet pangs of it remember me: For, such as I am all true lovers are; Unstaid and skittish in all motions else, Save, in the constant image of the creature That is belov'd.—How dost thou like this tune?

Vio. It gives a very echo to the seat Where Love is thron'd.

Duke. Thou dost speak masterly: My life upon 't, young though thou art, thine eye Hath stay'd upon some favour that it loves; Hath it not, boy?

Vio. A little, by your favour.

Duke. What kind of woman is 't?

Vio. Of your complexion.

Duke. She is not worth thee, then. What years, i' faith?

Vio. About your years, my lord.

Duke. Too old, by heaven: Let still the woman take An elder than herself; so wears she to him, So sways she level in her husband's heart. For, boy, however we do praise ourselves, Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm, More longing, wavering, sooner lost and won,² Than women's are.

Vio. I think it well, my lord.

¹ *Call me Cut.* "Call me horse," says Falstaff. A *cut* was a horse.

² *Won.* The original has *worn*. Mr. Walker says "that it is wonderful any one should have hesitated between *worn* and the true reading, *won*." The reading was Hamner's.

³ *Free maids.* Upon the passage in Milton's "L'Allegro"—

"But come, thou goddess fair and free,
In heaven yclep'd Euphrosyne"—

Warton remarks that "in the metrical romances these two words, thus paired together, are a common epithet for a lady," as in "Sir Eglamour"—

"The erle's daughter, fair and free."

The "old and plain" song which the "*free* maids do use to chant" is of a serious character; and yet two of the commentators tell us that *free* here means licentious.

Duke. Then let thy love be younger than thyself, Or thy affection cannot hold the bent:

For women are as roses; whose fair flower, Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.

Vio. And so they are: alas, that they are so; To die, even when they to perfection grow!

Re-enter CURIO and Clown.

Duke. O fellow, come, the song we had last night:— Mark it, Cesario; it is old and plain: The spinsters and the knitters in the sun, And the free maids³ that weave their thread with bones, Do use to chant it; it is silly sooth, And dallies with the innocence of love, Like the old age.

Clo. Are you ready, sir?

Duke. Ay; prithee sing.

[*Music.*

SONG.

Clo. "Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress⁴ let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O, prepare it;
My part of death no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O, where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there."

Duke. There's for thy pains.

Clo. No pains, sir; I take pleasure in singing, sir.

Duke. I'll pay thy pleasure then.

Clo. Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid, one time or another.

Duke. Give me now leave to leave thee.

Clo. Now, the melancholy god protect thee; and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffata, for thy mind is a very opal!⁵—I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be everything, and their intent everywhere; for that's it that always makes a good voyage of nothing.—Farewell.

[*Exit Clown.*

Duke. Let all the rest give place.

[*Exeunt CURIO and Attendants.*

Once more, Cesario,

Get thee to yon' same sovereign cruelty:
Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;
The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,
Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune;
But 'tis that miracle, and queen of gems,
That nature pranks her in, attracts my soul.

Vio. But if she cannot love you, sir?

Duke. I cannot be so answer'd.

Vio. 'Sooth, but you must.

Say, that some lady, as, perhaps, there is,

⁴ *Sad cypress.* There is a doubt whether a *coffin* of cypress-wood or a *shroud* of cypress be here meant. The "*sad cypress-tree*" was anciently associated, as it is still, with funereal gloom, and was probably used for coffins. The stuff called cypress (our *crape*), which derives its name either from the island of Cyprus, or from the French *crespe*, was also connected with mournful images. It was probably both white and black. In a subsequent scene of this play Olivia says—

"A cypress, not a bosom,
Hides my heart."

In the Winter's Tale Autolycus reckons amongst his wares—

"Lawn as white as driven snow,
Cypress black as e'er was crow."

In Ben Jonson's "Epigrams" we have "*solemn cypress*" as opposed to "*cobweb lawn*." It is difficult, and perhaps unnecessary, to decide the question; for the sentiment is the same, whichever meaning we receive.

⁵ *Opal*—a gem whose colours change as it is viewed in different lights.

Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her;
You tell her so: Must she not then be answer'd?

Duke. There is no woman's sides,
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion
As love doth give my heart: no woman's heart
So big, to hold so much; they lack retention.
Alas, their love may be called appetite,—
No motion of the liver, but the palate,—
That suffer surfeit, cloyment, and revolt;
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much: make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me,
And that I owe Olivia.

Vio. Ay, but I know,—

Duke. What dost thou know?

Vio. Too well what love women to men may owe:
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter lov'd a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.

Duke. And what's her history?

Vio. A blank, my lord: She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in thought;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat, like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief.¹ Was not this love, indeed?
We men may say more, swear more: but, indeed,
Our shows are more than will; for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Duke. But died thy sister of her love, my boy?

Vio. I am all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too;—and yet I know not.—
Sir, shall I to this lady?

Duke. Ay, that's the theme.
To her in haste; give her this jewel; say,
My love can give no place, bide no denay. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—Olivia's Garden.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK, and
FABIAN.

Sir To. Come thy ways, signior Fabian.

Fab. Nay, I'll come; if I lose a scruple of this sport, let
me be boiled to death with melancholy.

Sir To. Wouldst thou not be glad to have the niggardly
rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame?

Fab. I would exult, man: you know, he brought me out
o' favour with my lady, about a bear-baiting here.

Sir To. To anger him, we'll have the bear again; and
we will fool him black and blue:—Shall we not, sir
Andrew?

Sir And. An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

¹ A prosaic explanation of this exquisite passage may seem out of place;—we will make it as brief as possible. The commentators are divided in opinion: some hold that Patience was smiling at another figure of Grief; the contrary opinion is, that she who "never told her love" sat "smiling at grief" as placidly as "Patience on a monument." We have pointed the passage agreeably to the latter opinion.

² *My metal of India.* So the original folio—*mettle*. In the second folio we have *nettle*. My *metal* of India is, obviously enough, my heart of gold, my precious girl; my *nettle* of India is said to be a "zophyte, called the *Urtica marina*, abounding in the Indian seas." Was Sir Toby likely to use a common figure, or one so far-fetched? If Shakspeare had wished to call Maria a *stinging nettle*, he would have been satisfied with naming the indigenous plant—as he has been in Richard II. and Henry IV.—without going to the Indian seas.

³ *The lady of the Strachy.* This has been called a desperate passage; and many wild guesses have accordingly been made to explain it. We subjoin a note from a correspondent, which probably comes as near to the mark as we may expect:—"Steevens conjectured, the lady of the *Strachy*—i.e. laundry; but this is not the point at which Malvolio aimed, viz. an example of a lady of high degree marrying her serving-man. Mr. R. P. Knight suggested *Strachy* to be a corruption of the Italian *Stratico*:—"Cosi chi amasi il governatore di Messina," says Menage. The word is written *Stradico* in Florio, and was no doubt applied to governors elsewhere than at Messina. The low Latin, *Strategus*, or *Straticus*, or *Stratigus*, was in common use for a prefect or ruler of a city or province, (Du Cange,) from the Greek *Στρατηγός*. *Strategus* in English would be *Strategy*,

Enter MARIA.

Sir To. Here comes the little villain:—How now, my metal of India!²

Mar. Get ye all three into the box-tree: Malvolio's coming down this walk. He has been yonder i' the sun, practising behaviour to his own shadow, this half-hour: observe him, for the love of mockery; for, I know, this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting! [*The men hide themselves.*] Lie thou there; [*throws down a letter*] for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling. [Exit MARIA.]

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. 'Tis but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told me she did affect me: and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect than any one else that follows her. What should I think on't?

Sir To. Here's an overweening rogue!

Fab. O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him! how he jets under his advanced plumes!

Sir And. 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue:—

Sir To. Peace, I say.

Mal. To be count Malvolio;—

Sir To. Ah, rogue!

Sir And. Pistol him, pistol him.

Sir To. Peace, peace!

Mal. There is example for't; the lady of the Strachy³ married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

Sir And. Fie on him, Jezebel!

Fab. O, peace! now he's deeply in; look, how imagination blows him.

Mal. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state,⁴—

Sir To. O, for a stone-bow,⁵ to hit him in the eye!

Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my branched velvet gown; having come from a day-bed, where I have left Olivia sleeping:

Sir To. Fire and brimstone!

Fab. O, peace, peace!

Mal. And then to have the humour of state; and after a demure travel of regard,—telling them I know my place, as I would they should do theirs,—to ask for my kinsman Toby:

Sir To. Bolts and shackles!

Fab. O, peace, peace, peace! now, now.

Mal. Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him: I frown the while: and, perchance, wind up my watch,⁶ or play with my some rich jewel.⁷ Toby approaches; courtesies⁶ there to me:

Sir To. Shall this fellow live?

Fab. Though our silence be drawn from us with ears,⁷ yet peace.

which, by various corruptions—*Stratgy*, *Strachy*—may have become Malvolio's *Strachy*; or it may have descended from the Italian directly. The example was probably well known of a lady of the *Strachy*—i.e. the governor—marrying the yeoman of the wardrobe." And yet the context would rather point to some corruption of the name of a *place*. Warburton conjectures that *Strachy* was *Thrace*, Thrace. Malvolio would hardly say "the lady" of the governor, for the *widow* of the governor; but he would say, the *lady* of such a land, for the *princess*. Unquestionably the allusion is to some popular story-book—one of those in which

"Fair truth have told
That *queens* of old
Have now and then
Married with private men."—*R. Brome.*

Where the scene of the elevation of "the yeoman of the wardrobe" was placed by the story-book writer was of little consequence. It might be Thrace. It might be Astrakhan—Astracan—easily enough corrupted into *A-strachy*—and as easily metamorphosed by a printer into the *Strachy*. Mr. Collier suggests that it may be "the lady of the *Strozzi*."

⁴ *My state*—my canopied chair, my throne.

⁵ *My some rich jewel*—some rich jewel of my own.

⁶ *Courtesies*—makes his courtesy.

⁷ *Cars* in the folio; Hanmer, *ears*.

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control :

Sir To. And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips then ?

Mal. Saying, "Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece, give me this prerogative of speech :"—

Sir To. What, what ?

Mal. "You must amend your drunkenness."

Sir To. Out, scab !

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

Mal. "Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight ;"

Sir And. That's me, I warrant you.

Mal. "One sir Andrew :"

Sir And. I knew 'twas I ; for many do call me fool.

Mal. What employment have we here ?

[Taking up the letter.

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir To. O peace ! and the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him !

Mal. By my life, this is my lady's hand : these be her very C's, her U's, and her T's ; and thus makes she her great P's.¹ It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

Sir And. Her C's, her U's, and her T's : Why that ?

Mal. [Reads.] "To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes :—" her very phrases !—By your leave, wax.—Soft !—and the impressure her Lucrece,^k with which she uses to seal : 'tis my lady : To whom should this be ?

Fab. This wins him, liver and all.

Mal. [Reads.]

"Jove knows, I love :

But who ?

Lips, do not move ;

No man must know."

"No man must know."—What follows ?—the number's altered !²—"No man must know :"—If this should be thee, Malvolio ?

Sir To. Marry, hang thee, brock !³

Mal.

"I may command, where I adore :

But silence, like a Lucrece knife,

With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore ;

M, O, A, I, doth sway my life."

Fab. A fustian riddle !

Sir To. Excellent wench, say I.

Mal. "M, O, A, I, doth sway my life."—Nay, but first, let me see,—let me see,—let me see.

Fab. What dish of poison hath she dressed him !

Sir To. And with what wing the stanniel⁴ checks at it !

Mal. "I may command where I adore." Why, she may command me : I serve her, she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity.⁵ There is no obstruction in this ;—And the end,—What should that alphabetical position portend ? If I could make that resemble something in me,—Softly !—M, O, A, I.—

Sir To. O, ay ! make up that :—he is now at a cold scent.

Fab. Sowter will cry upon 't, for all this, though it be as rank as a fox.

Mal. M,—Malvolio ;—M,—why, that begins my name.

Fab. Did not I say that he would work it out ? the cur is excellent at faults.

Mal. M,—But then there is no consonancy in the sequel ; that suffers under probation : A should follow, but O does.

Fab. And O shall end, I hope.

Sir To. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry, O.

Mal. And then I comes behind.

Fab. Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels, than fortunes before you.

Mal. M, O, A, I ;—This simulation is not as the former : and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft ; here follows prose.—

"If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee ; but be not afraid of greatness : Some are born⁶ great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. Thy fates open their hands ; let thy blood and spirit embrace them. And, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough, and appear fresh. Be opposite with⁷ a kinsman, surly with servants : let thy tongue tang arguments of state ; put thyself into the trick of singularity she thus advises thee that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings ; and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered :¹ I say, remember. Go to ; thou art made, if thou desirest to be so ; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee.

"THE FORTUNATE UNHAPPY."

Daylight and champain discovers not more : this is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-devise,⁸ the very man. I do not now fool myself to let imagination jade me ; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-gartered ; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and, with a kind of injunction, drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove, and my stars be praised !—Here is yet a postscript. "Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling ; thy smiles become thee well : therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I prithee." Jove, I thank thee.—I will smile : I will do everything that thou wilt have me. [Exit.

Fab. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

Sir To. I could marry this wench for this device.

Sir And. So could I too.

Sir To. And ask no other dowry with her, but such another jest.

Enter MARIA.

Sir And. Nor I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Sir To. Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck ?

Sir And. Or o' mine either ?

Sir To. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip,^m and become thy bond-slave ?

Sir And. I' faith, or I either ?

Sir To. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that when the image of it leaves him he must run mad.

Mar. Nay, but say true ; does it work upon him ?

Sir To. Like aqua-vitæ with a midwife.

Mar. If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady : he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhors ; and cross-gartered, a fashion she detests ; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt : if you will see it, follow me.

Sir To. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit !

Sir And. I'll make one too.

[Exeunt.

¹ "In the direction of the letter which Malvolio reads," says Steevens, "there is neither a C nor a P to be found." To this Ritson ingeniously answers, "From the usual custom of Shakspeare's age, we may easily suppose the whole direction to have run thus : 'To the Unknown below'd, this, and my good wishes, with Care Present.'"

² The number's altered—the number of the metrical feet is altered.

³ Brock—badger.

⁴ Stanniel—the common hawk. The original has stallion—clearly an error.

⁵ Formal—reasonable. A formal man is a man in his senses.

⁶ Born—the original has become.

⁷ Opposite with—of a different opinion—do not hold with him.

⁸ Point-devise—exactly, with the utmost nicety. The phrase, Douce says, "has been supplied from the labours of the needle. Point in the French language denotes a stitch ; devisé, anything invented, disposed, or arranged. Point-devise was, therefore, a particular sort of patterned lace worked with the needle ; and the term point-lace is still familiar to every female." It is incorrect to write point-de-vice, as is usually done.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Olivia's Garden.

Enter VIOLA, and Clown with a tabor.

Vio. Save thee, friend, and thy music: Dost thou live by thy tabor.^a

Clo. No, sir, I live by the church.

Vio. Art thou a churchman?

Clo. No such matter, sir; I do live by the church; for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

Vio. So thou may'st say, the king lies¹ by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him; or the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.

Clo. You have said, sir.—To see this age!—A sentence is but a cheveril glove² to a good wit: How quickly the wrong side may be turned outward!

Vio. Nay, that's certain; they that dally nicely with words may quickly make them wanton.

Clo. I would, therefore, my sister had had no name, sir.

Vio. Why, man?

Clo. Why, sir, her name's a word; and to dally with that word might make my sister wanton: But, indeed, words are very rascals, since bonds disgraced them.

Vio. Thy reason, man?

Clo. Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am loath to prove reason with them.

Vio. I warrant thou art a merry fellow, and carest for nothing.

Clo. Not so, sir, I do care for something: but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you; if that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.

Vio. Art not thou the lady Olivia's fool?

Clo. No, indeed, sir; the lady Olivia has no folly: she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married; and fools are as like husbands as pilchards are to herrings, the husband's the bigger; I am, indeed, not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

Vio. I saw thee late at the count Orsino's.

Clo. Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb, like the sun; it shines everywhere. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master, as with my mistress: I think I saw your wisdom there.

Vio. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expenses for thee.

Clo. Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard!

Vio. By my troth, I'll tell thee; I am almost sick for one; though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?

Clo. Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?

Vio. Yes, being kept together, and put to use.

Clo. I would play lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

Vio. I understand you, sir; 'tis well begg'd.

Clo. The matter, I hope, is not great, sir, begging but a beggar: Cressida was a beggar.³ My lady is within, sir. I will conster to them whence you come; who you are, and what you would, are out of my welkin: I might say, element; but the word is over-worn. *[Exit.]*

Vio. This fellow is wise enough to play the fool;

¹ Lies—sojourns, dwells.

² Cheveril glove—a kid glove, an easy-fitting glove. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*, "a wit of cheveril."

³ In Chaucer's "Testament of Cresseide" we have—

"Great penurye
Thou suffer shalt, and as a beggar dye."

⁴ Not like the haggard. The original has *And*. Johnson's correction gives a clear meaning.

And to do that well craves a kind of wit:
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
The quality of persons, and the time;
Not like the haggard check at every feather⁴
That comes before his eye. This is a practice
As full of labour as a wise man's art:
For folly, that he wisely shows, is fit;
But wise men, folly-fallen,⁵ quite taint their wit.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH and Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir To. Save you, gentleman.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir And. *Dieu vous garde, monsieur.*

Vio. *Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.*

Sir And. I hope, sir, you are; and I am yours.

Sir To. Will you encounter the house? my niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

Vio. I am bound to your niece, sir; I mean, she is the list⁶ of my voyage.

Sir To. Taste your legs, sir; ⁷ put them to motion.

Vio. My legs do better understand me, sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.

Sir To. I mean to go, sir, to enter.

Vio. I will answer you with gait and entrance: But we are prevented.⁸

Enter OLIVIA and MARIA.

Most excellent accomplished lady, the heavens rain odours on you!

Sir And. That youth's a rare courtier! "Rain odours!" well.

Vio. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.

Sir And. "Odours, pregnant, and vouchsafed:"—I'll get 'em all three all ready.

Oli. Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing.

[Exeunt Sir TOBY, Sir ANDREW, and MARIA.]
Give me your hand, sir.

Vio. My duty, madam, and most humble service.

Oli. What is your name?

Vio. Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

Oli. My servant, sir! 'Twas never merry world, Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment:

You're servant to the count Orsino, youth.

Vio. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours; Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.

Oli. For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts, Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me!

Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts On his behalf:—

Oli. O, by your leave, I pray you; I bade you never speak again of him: But, would you undertake another suit, I had rather hear you to solicit that, Than music from the spheres.

Vio. Dear lady,—

Oli. Give me leave, beseech you: I did send, After the last enchantment you did here, A ring in chase of you; so did I abuse Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you: Under your hard construction must I sit,

⁵ The original reads—

"But wise men's folly false, quite taint their wit."

Tyrwhitt's correction, which we adopt, appears right.

⁶ List—limit, bound.

⁷ Taste was used by the Elizabethan poets for *try*: the use of the word was not limited to touch by the palate. In Chapman's *Odyssey* we have—

"He now began
To taste the bow."

⁸ Prevented—anticipated, gone before.

To force that on you, in a shameful cunning,
Which you knew none of yours: What might you think?
Have you not set mine honour at the stake,
And baited it with all the unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiving¹
Enough is shown; a cyprus,² not a bosom,
Hides my heart:³ So let me hear you speak.

Vio. I pity you.

Oli. That's a degree to love.

Vio. No, not a grise;⁴ for 'tis a vulgar proof,
That very oft we pity enemies.

Oli. Why, then, methinks, 'tis time to smile again:
O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!
If one should be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion than the wolf! [*Clock strikes.*
The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.—
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you:
And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,
Your wife is like to reap a proper man:
There lies your way, due west.

Vio. Then westward-hoe:
Grace, and good disposition, 'tend your ladyship!
You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?

Oli. Stay:

I prithee tell me, what thou think'st of me.
Vio. That you do think you are not what you are.
Oli. If I think so, I think the same of you.
Vio. Then think you right; I am not what I am.
Oli. I would you were as I would have you be!
Vio. Would it be better, madam, than I am,
I wish it might; for now I am your fool.

Oli. O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip!
A murd'rous guilt shows not itself more soon
Than love that would seem hid: love's night is noon.
Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
By maidhood, honour, truth, and everything,
I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride,
Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide.
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,
For, that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause:
But, rather, reason thus with reason fetter;—
Love sought is good, but given unsought, is better.

Vio. By innocence I swear, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,
And that no woman has; nor never none
Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.
And so adieu, good madam; never more
Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

Oli. Yet come again: for thou, perhaps, may'st move
That heart, which now abhors, to like his love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—A Room in Olivia's House.

*Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK,
and FABIAN.*

Sir And. No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.

Sir To. Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.

Fab. You must needs yield your reason, sir Andrew.

Sir And. Marry, I saw your niece do more favours to
the count's serving man, than ever she bestowed upon me;
I saw 't i' the orchard.

Sir To. Did she see thee⁵ the while, old boy? tell me that.

Sir And. As plain as I see you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of love in her toward
you.

Sir And. 'Slight! will you make an ass o' me?

Fab. I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of
judgment and reason.

Sir To. And they have been grand jury-men, since before
Noah was a sailor.

Fab. She did show favour to the youth in your sight,
only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour, to
put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your liver: You
should then have accosted her; and with some excellent
jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have banged the
youth into dumbness. This was looked for at your hand,
and this was baulked: the double guilt of this opportunity
you let time wash off, and you are now sailed into the
north of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an
icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by
some laudable attempt, either of valour or policy.

Sir And. An't be any way, it must be with valour; for
policy I hate: I had as lief be a Brownist as a politician.^b

Sir To. Why then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis
of valour. Challenge me the count's youth to fight with
him; hurt him in eleven places; my niece shall take note
of it: and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in the
world can more prevail in man's commendation with
woman, than report of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this, sir Andrew.

Sir And. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

Sir To. Go, write it in a martial hand; be curst⁶ and
brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent and
full of invention; taunt him with the licence of ink; if
thou *thou'st* him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as
many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the
sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England, set
'em down; go about it. Let there be gall enough in thy
ink; though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter:
About it.

Sir And. Where shall I find you?

Sir To. We'll call thee at the *cubiculo*: Go.

[*Exit Sir ANDREW.*

Fab. This is a dear manakin to you, sir Toby.

Sir To. I have been dear to him, lad; some two thousand
strong, or so.

Fab. We shall have a rare letter from him: but you'll not
deliver it.

Sir To. Never trust me then; and by all means stir on
the youth to an answer. I think oxen and wainropes
cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were opened,
and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the
foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

Fab. And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no
great presage of cruelty.

Enter MARIA.

Sir To. Look where the youngest wren of nine⁷ comes.

Mar. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves
into stitches, follow me: yond' gull Malvolio is turned
heathen, a very renegado; for there is no Christian, that
means to be saved by believing rightly, can ever believe
such impossible passages of grossness. He's in yellow
stockings.

Sir To. And cross-gartered?

Mar. Most villainously; like a pedant that keeps a
school i' the church.—I have dogged him, like his mur-
derer: He does obey every point of the letter that I
dropped to betray him. He does smile his face into more
lines than are in the new map with the augmentation of
the Indies:^c you have not seen such a thing as 'tis; I can

¹ Receiving—comprehension.

² Cyprus. See note on Act II. Sc. IV.

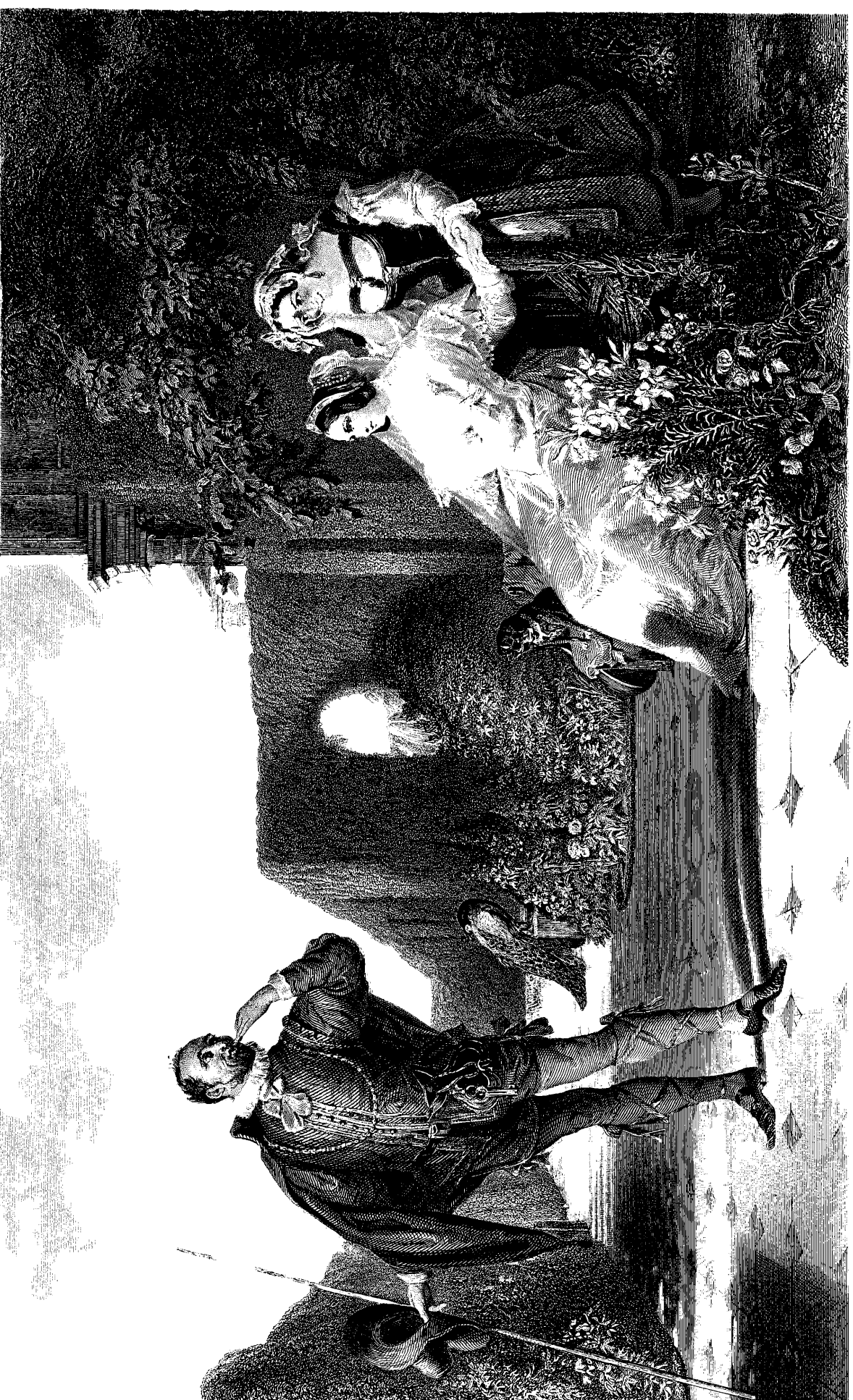
³ Hides my heart. The second folio reads, "hides my poor heart." The
retardation of the time of syllables was not understood by the editor of that copy.

⁴ Grise—step.

⁵ Thee is wanting in the original. It was supplied by Rowe.

⁶ Curst—crabbed.

⁷ Wren of nine. The original reads "wren of mine." The emendation was
by Theobald.





hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know my lady will strike him; if she do, he'll smile, and take't for a great favour.

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A Street.*

Enter ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN.

Seb. I would not by my will have troubled you; But, since you make your pleasure of your pains, I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not stay behind you; my desire, More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth; And not all love to see you, (though so much As might have drawn one to a longer voyage,) But jealousy what might befall your travel, Being skillless in these parts; which, to a stranger, Unguided, and unfriended, often prove Rough and unhospitable: My willing love, The rather by these arguments of fear, Set forth in your pursuit.

Seb. My kind Antonio, I can no other answer make, but, thanks, And thanks: and ever oft good turns¹ Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay; But, were my worth,² as is my conscience, firm, You should find better dealing. What's to do? Shall we go see the reliques of this town?

Ant. To-morrow, sir; best, first, go see your lodging.

Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night; I pray you let us satisfy our eyes With the memorials, and the things of fame, That do renown this city.

Ant. 'Would you'd pardon me; I do not without danger walk these streets: Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst the count his galleys, I did some service; of such note, indeed, That, were I ta'en here, it would scarce be answer'd.

Seb. Belike, you slew great number of his people.

Ant. The offence is not of such a bloody nature; Albeit the quality of the time, and quarrel, Might well have given us bloody argument. It might have since been answer'd in repaying What we took from them; which, for traffic's sake, Most of our city did: only myself stood out: For which, if I be lapsed in this place, I shall pay dear.

Seb. Do not then walk too open.

Ant. It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here's my purse; In the south suburbs, at the Elephant, Is best to lodge: I will bespeak our diet, Whiles you beguile the time, and feed your knowledge With viewing of the town; there shall you have me.

Seb. Why I your purse?

Ant. Haply, your eye shall light upon some toy You have desire to purchase; and your store, I think, is not for idle markets, sir.

Seb. I'll be your purse-bearer, and leave you For an hour.

Ant. To the Elephant.—

Seb. I do remember. [*Exeunt.*]

¹ We print the passage as in the original. One modern emendation is—

"And thanks, and ever thanks. Often good turns."

Mr. White prints with great probability—

"And thanks: and very oft good turns."

A typographical mistake of *ever* for *very* might easily occur.

² *Worth*—fortune, wealth.

³ *Civil*—grave. The regularity of the civil, civilised, state gives this meaning of the word.

SCENE IV.—*Olivia's Garden.*

Enter OLIVIA and MARIA.

Oli. I have sent after him. He says he'll come; How shall I feast him? what bestow of him? For youth is bought more oft, than begg'd or borrow'd. I speak too loud.—

Where is Malvolio?—he is sad, and civil,³ And suits well for a servant with my fortunes;— Where is Malvolio?

Mar. He's coming, madam; but in very strange manner. He is sure possess'd, madam.

Oli. Why, what's the matter? does he rave?

Mar. No, madam, he does nothing but smile: your ladyship were best have some guard about you, if he come; for, sure, the man is tainted in his wits.⁴

Oli. Go call him hither.—I am as mad as he, If sad and merry madness equal be.

Enter MALVOLIO.

How now, Malvolio?

Mal. Sweet lady, ho, ho. [*Smiles fantastically.*]

Oli. Smilest thou?

I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

Mal. Sad, lady? I could be sad: This does make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering. But what of that, if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is: "Please one, and please all."

Oli. Why, how dost thou, man? what is the matter with thee?

Mal. Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs: It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed. I think, we do know the sweet Roman hand.

Oli. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

Mal. To bed? ay, sweetheart; and I'll come to thee.

Oli. God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so, and kiss thy hand so oft?

Mar. How do you, Malvolio?

Mal. At your request? Yes; Nightingales answer daws.

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

Mal. "Be not afraid of greatness:"—'twas well writ.

Oli. What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

Mal. "Some are born great,"—

Oli. Ha?

Mal. "Some achieve greatness,"—

Oli. What say'st thou?

Mal. "And some have greatness thrust upon them."

Oli. Heaven restore thee!

Mal. "Remember, who commended thy yellow stockings;"—

Oli. My yellow stockings?⁵

Mal. "And wished to see thee cross-gartered."

Oli. Cross-gartered?

Mal. "Go to: thou art made, if thou desirest to be so;"—

Oli. Am I made?

Mal. "If not, let me see thee a servant still."

Oli. Why, this is very midsummer madness.

⁴ This good honest prose, as Steevens found it in the original, is rendered metrical by him as follows—and this was long accepted as Shakspeare's verse:—

"*Mar.* He's coming, madam; But in strange manner. He is sure possess'd.

Oli. Why, what's the matter? does he rave?

Mar. No, madam,

He does nothing but smile: your ladyship

Were best have guard about ye, if he come;

For, sure, the man is tainted in his wits."

⁵ *Thy* in the original. Olivia does not know that he is quoting the letter. The correction is by Mr. Lettsom, the editor of Walker.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, the young gentleman of the count Orsino's is returned; I could hardly entreat him back: he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

Ol. I'll come to him. [*Exit Servant.*] Good Maria, let this fellow be looked to. Where's my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him; I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry.

[*Exeunt OLIVIA and MARIA.*]

Mal. Oh, ho! do you come near me now? no worse man than sir Toby to look to me? This concurs directly with the letter: she sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter. "Cast thy humble slough," says she;—"be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants,—let thy tongue tang with arguments of state,—put thyself into the trick of singularity:"—and, consequently, sets down the manner how; as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some sir of note, and so forth. I have limed her; but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful! And, when she went away now, "Let this fellow be looked to:" Fellow! not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow.¹ Why, everything adheres together; that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance,—What can be said? Nothing, that can be, can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Re-enter MARIA, with Sir TOBY BELCH and FABIAN.

Sir To. Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils in hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possessed him, yet I'll speak to him.

Fab. Here he is, here he is:—How is't with you, sir? how is't with you, man?

Mal. Go off; I discard you; let me enjoy my private; go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did not I tell you?—Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah, ha! does she so?

Sir To. Go to, go to; peace, peace, we must deal gently with him; let me alone. How do you, Malvolio? how is't with you? What, man! defy the devil: consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you say?

Mar. La you, an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God, he be not bewitched!

Fab. Carry his water to the wise woman.

Mar. Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning, if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.

Mal. How now, mistress?

Mar. O lord!

Sir To. Prithee, hold thy peace; this is not the way: Do you not see you move him? let me alone with him.

Fab. No way but gentleness; gently, gently: the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used.

Sir To. Why, how now, my bawcock? how dost thou, chuck?

Mal. Sir?

Sir To. Ay, Biddy, come with me. What, man! 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan: Hang him, foul collier!

Mar. Get him to say his prayers; good sir Toby, get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers, minx?

Mar. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

Mal. Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow

things: I am not of your element; you shall know more hereafter. [*Exit.*]

Sir To. Is't possible?

Fab. If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

Sir To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

Mar. Nay, pursue him now: lest the device take air and taint.

Fab. Why, we shall make him mad, indeed.

Mar. The house will be the quieter.

Sir To. Come, we'll have him in a dark room, and bound.^d My niece is already in the belief that he is mad; we may carry it thus, for our pleasure, and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him: at which time we will bring the device to the bar, and crown thee for a finder of madmen. But see, but see.

Enter Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Fab. More matter for a May morning.

Sir And. Here's the challenge, read it; I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't.

Fab. Is't so saucy?

Sir And. Ay, is it, I warrant him: do but read.

Sir To. Give me. [*Reads.*] "Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow."

Fab. Good, and valiant.

Sir To. "Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for't."

Fab. A good note: that keeps you from the blow of the law.

Sir To. "Thou comest to the lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly: but thou liest in thy throat, that is not the matter I challenge thee for."

Fab. Very brief, and to exceeding good sense—less.

Sir To. "I will waylay thee going home; where if it be thy chance to kill me,"—

Fab. Good.

Sir To. "Thou killest me like a rogue and a villain."

Fab. Still you keep o' the windy side of the law: Good.

Sir To. "Fare thee well; And God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine; but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy, ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK."

Sir To. If this letter move him not, his legs cannot: I'll give't him.

Mar. You may have very fit occasion for't; he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

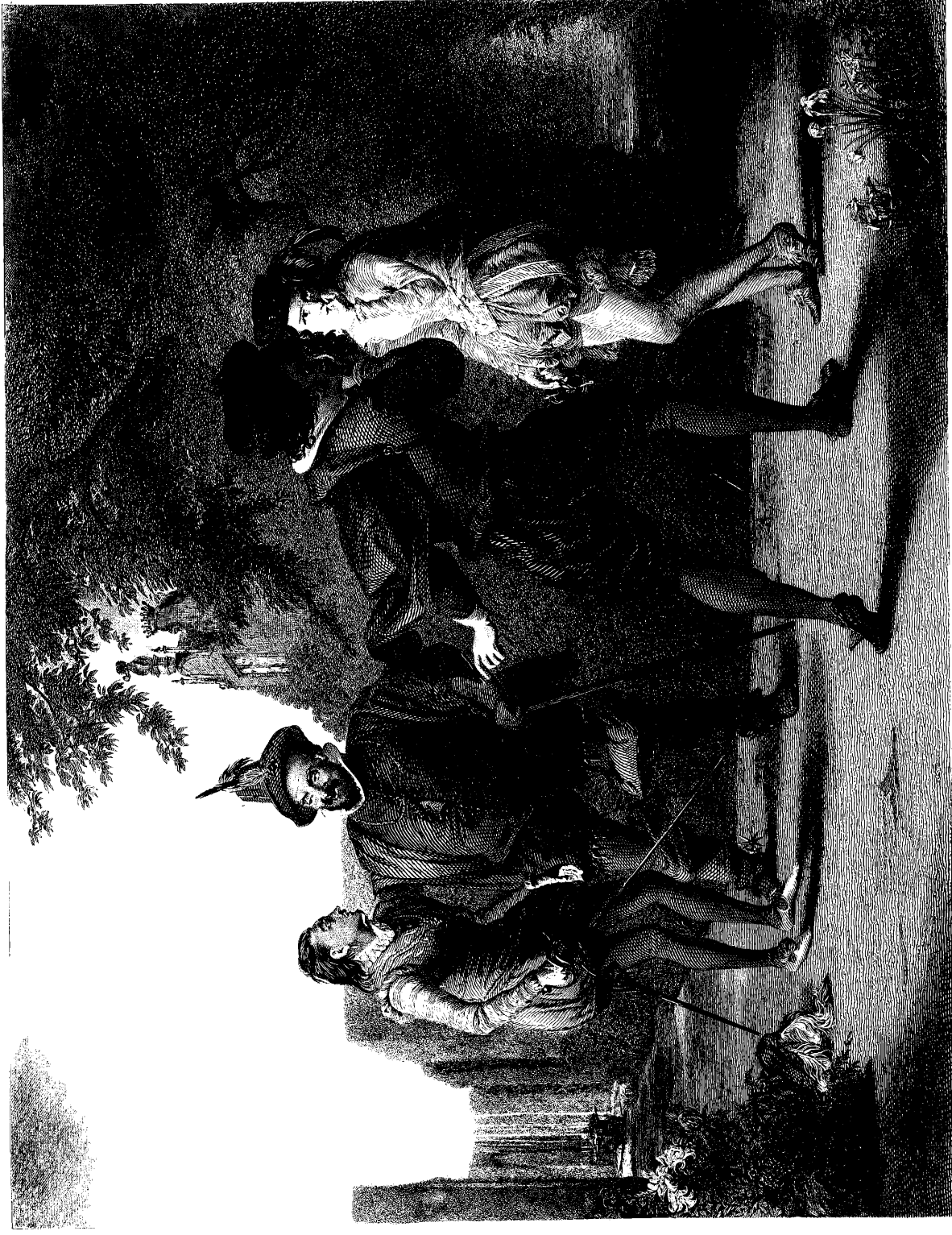
Sir To. Go, sir Andrew; scout me for him at the corner of the orchard, like a bum-baile: so soon as ever thou seest him, draw; and, as thou drawest, swear horrible; for it comes to pass oft, that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twanged off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earned him. Away.

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for swearing. [*Exit.*]

Sir To. Now will not I deliver his letter: for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less; therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth, he will find it comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Ague-cheek a notable report of valour; and drive the gentleman (as I know his youth will aptly receive it) into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity. This will so fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

¹ Fellow—in the old sense of companion.

THE DUEL





Enter OLIVIA and VIOLA.

Fab. Here he comes with your niece: give them way, till he take leave, and presently after him.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge.

[*Exeunt Sir TOBY, FABIAN, and MARIA.*]

Oli. I have said too much unto a heart of stone, And laid mine honour too uncharly on't:¹ There's something in me that reproves my fault; But such a headstrong potent fault it is, That it but mocks reproof.

Vio. With the same 'haviour that your passion bears, Go on my master's griefs.

Oli. Here, wear this jewel for me, 'tis my picture; Refuse it not, it hath no tongue to vex you: And, I beseech you, come again to-morrow. What shall you ask of me that I'll deny; That honour, sav'd, may upon asking give?

Vio. Nothing but this, your true love for my master.

Oli. How with mine honour may I give him that Which I have given to you?

Vio. I will acquit you.

Oli. Well, come again to-morrow: Fare thee well; A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter Sir TOBY BELCH and FABIAN.

Sir To. Gentleman, God save thee.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir To. That defence thou hast, betake thee to't: of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not; but thy interceptor, full of despite, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard end: dismount thy tuck, be yare in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skilful, and deadly.

Vio. You mistake, sir, I am sure; no man hath any quarrel to me; my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

Sir To. You'll find it otherwise, I assure you: therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill, and wrath, can furnish man withal.

Vio. I pray you, sir, what is he?

Sir To. He is knight, dubbed with unhatched rapier, and on carpet consideration;² but he is a devil in private brawl; souls and bodies hath he divorced three; and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre: hob, nob,³ is his word; give 't, or take 't.

Vio. I will return again into the house, and desire some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men that put quarrels purposely on others, to taste their valour: belike, this is a man of that quirk.

Sir To. Sir, no; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury; therefore, get you on, and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me which with as much safety you might answer him: therefore, on, or strip your sword stark naked; for meddle you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

Vio. This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is; it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

Sir To. I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return. [*Exit Sir TOBY.*]

Vio. Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know the knight is incensed against you, even to a mortal arbitrement; but nothing of the circumstance more.

Vio. I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria: Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him, if I can.

Vio. I shall be much bound to you for't: I am one that would rather go with sir priest than sir knight: I care not who knows so much of my mettle. [*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter Sir TOBY, with Sir ANDREW.

Sir To. Why, man, he's a very devil; I have not seen such a virago.³ I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard, and all, and he gives me the stuck in, with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on: They say he has been fencer to the Sophy.

Sir And. Pox on 't, I'll not meddle with him.

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified: Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

Sir And. Plague on't; an I thought he had been valiant, and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damned ere I'd have challenged him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, grey Capilet.

Sir To. I'll make the motion: Stand here, make a good show on't; this shall end without the perdition of souls: Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you. [*Aside.*]

Re-enter FABIAN and VIOLA.

I have his horse [*to FAB.*] to take up the quarrel; I have persuaded him the youth's a devil.

Fab. He is as horribly conceited of him; and pants, and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir To. There's no remedy, sir; he will fight with you for his oath sake: marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of: therefore draw, for the supportance of his vow; he protests he will not hurt you.

Vio. Pray God defend me! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man. [*Aside.*]

Fab. Give ground, if you see him furious.

Sir To. Come, sir Andrew, there's no remedy; the gentleman will, for his honour's sake, have one bout with you: he cannot by the duello avoid it; but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on: to't.

Sir And. Pray God, he keep his oath. [*Draws.*]

Enter ANTONIO.

Vio. I do assure you 'tis against my will. [*Draws.*]

Ant. Put up your sword;—If this young gentleman Have done offence, I take the fault on me; If you offend him, I for him defy you. [*Drawing.*]

Sir To. You, sir? why, what are you?

Ant. One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker,⁴ I am for you. [*Draws.*]

¹ *Uncharly on't.* So in the original. The ordinary reading is "uncharly out." Douce is unwilling, as we are, to disturb the old reading. Olivia has laid her honour too uncharly (uncharly) upon a heart of stone.

² *Hob, nob*—at random, come what will.

³ *Virago.* The original is *virago*.

⁴ *Undertaker.* Ritson explains this as one who undertakes another's quarrel.

Enter two Officers.

Fab. O good sir Toby, hold; here come the officers.

Sir To. I'll be with you anon. [*To ANTONIO.*]

Vio. Pray, sir, put your sword up, if you please.

[*To Sir ANDREW.*]

Sir And. Marry, will I, sir;—and, for that I promised you, I'll be as good as my word: He will bear you easily, and reins well.

1 *Off.* This is the man; do thy office.

2 *Off.* Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit Of count Orsino.

Ant. You do mistake me, sir.

1 *Off.* No, sir, no jot; I know your favour well, Though now you have no sea-cap on your head. Take him away; he knows I know him well.

Ant. I must obey.—This comes with seeking you; But there's no remedy; I shall answer it. What will you do, now my necessity Makes me to ask you for my purse? It grieves me Much more for what I cannot do for you Than what befalls myself. You stand amaz'd; But be of comfort.

2 *Off.* Come, sir, away.

Ant. I must entreat of you some of that money.

Vio. What money, sir?

For the fair kindness you have show'd me here, And, part, being prompted by your present trouble, Out of my lean and low ability I'll lend you something: my having is not much; I'll make division of my present with you: Hold, there is half my coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now? Is't possible, that my deserts to you Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery, Lest that it make me so unsound a man As to upbraid you with those kindnesses That I have done for you.

Vio. I know of none; Nor know I you by voice, or any feature: I hate ingratitude more in a man Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness, Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption Inhabits our frail blood.

Ant. O heavens themselves!

2 *Off.* Come, sir, I pray you, go.

Ant. Let me speak a little. This youth that you see here,

I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death; Reliev'd him with such sanctity of love,— And to his image, which methought did promise Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

1 *Off.* What's that to us? The time goes by; away.

Ant. But, O, how vild an idol proves this god!— Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.— In nature there's no blemish but the mind; None can be call'd deform'd but the unkind. Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous evil Are empty trunks, o'erflourish'd by the devil.^f

1 *Off.* The man grows mad; away with him. Come, come, sir.

Ant. Lead me on. [*Exeunt Officers with ANTONIO.*]

Vio. Methinks, his words do from such passion fly, That he believes himself; so do not I. Prove true, imagination, O, prove true, That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!

Sir To. Come hither, knight; come hither, Fabian; we'll whisper o'er a couple or two of most sage saws.

Vio. He nam'd Sebastian; I my brother know

Yet living in my glass; even such, and so,

In favour was my brother; and he went

Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,

For him I imitate: O, if it prove,

Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love! [*Exit.*]

Sir To. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward than a hare: his dishonesty appears in leaving his friend here in necessity, and denying him; and for his cowardship ask Fabian.

Fab. A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.

Sir And. 'Slid, I'll after him again, and beat him.

Sir To. Do, cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword.

Sir And. An I do not,—

[*Exit.*]

Fab. Come, let's see the event.

Sir To. I dare lay any money 'twill be nothing yet.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Street before Olivia's House.*

Enter SEBASTIAN and Clown.

Clow. Will you make me believe that I am not sent for you?

Seb. Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow; Let me be clear of thee.

Clow. Well held out, i' faith! No, I do not know you; nor I am not sent to you by my lady, to bid you come speak with her; nor your name is not master Cesario; nor this is not my nose neither.—Nothing that is so, is so.

Seb. I prithee vent thy folly somewhere else: Thou know'st not me.

Clow. Vent my folly! he has heard that word of some great man, and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid this great lubber the world will prove a cockney.¹—I prithee now, ungird thy strangeness, and tell me what I shall vent to my lady; shall I vent to her that thou art coming?

Seb. I prithee, foolish Greek, depart from me; There's money for thee; if you tarry longer I shall give worse payment.

Clow. By my troth, thou hast an open hand:—These wise men that give fools money get themselves a good report after fourteen years' purchase.²

Enter Sir ANDREW, Sir TOBY, and FABIAN.

Sir And. Now, sir, have I met you again? there's for you. [*Striking SEBASTIAN.*]

Seb. Why, there's for thee, and there, and there: Are all the people mad? [*Beating Sir ANDREW.*]

Sir To. Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the house.

Clow. This will I tell my lady straight: I would not be in some of your coats for two-pence. [*Exit.*]

Sir To. Come on, sir; hold. [*Holding SEBASTIAN.*]

Sir And. Nay, let him alone, I'll go another way to work with him; I'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria: though I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

Sir To. Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron: you are well fleshed; come on.

¹ Douce has an ingenious conjecture here, but we doubt its correctness:—"The Clown is speaking of *vent* as an affected word; and we should read, 'This great lubberly word will prove a cockney,' i.e. will turn out to be cockney language." But is the little word *vent* a great lubberly word? The Clown is tolerably consequential in his thoughts; and, if there were any precise meaning in his fear that the world would prove a cockney, we do not see how he brings the matter in. The original is pointed as we give it:—"I am afraid this great lubber the

world will prove a cockney." May it not be, spoken aside, "I am afraid the world will prove this great lubber (Sebastian) a cockney"—a foolish fellow? Such an inversion is not uncommon.

² The meaning obviously is—after the rate of fourteen years' purchase. This was a high rate; and any money given to fools for a good report was buying the commodity of reputation at a high rate.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou now?
If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword. [*Draws.*]

Sir To. What, what? Nay, then I must have an ounce
or two of this malapert blood from you. [*Draws.*]

Enter OLIVIA.

Oli. Hold, Toby; on thy life, I charge thee, hold.

Sir To. Madam?

Oli. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch,
Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preach'd! out of my sight!
Be not offended, dear Cesario!—
Rudesby, be gone!—I prithee, gentle friend,

[*Exeunt Sir TOBY, Sir ANDREW, and FABIAN.*]

Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway
In this uncivil and unjust extent¹
Against thy peace. Go with me to my house;
And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks
This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby
May'st smile at this: thou shalt not choose but go;
Do not deny: Beshrew his soul for me,
He started one poor heart of mine in thee.

Seb. What relish is in this? how runs the stream?
Or I am mad, or else this is a dream:

Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;
If it be thus to dream still let me sleep!

Oli. Nay, come, I prithee: 'Would thou'dst be rul'd by
me!

Seb. Madam, I will.

Oli. O, say so, and so be? [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in Olivia's House.*

Enter MARIA and Clown.

Mar. Nay, I prithee put on this gown, and this beard;
make him believe thou art sir Topas the curate; do it
quickly: I'll call sir Toby the whilst. [*Exit MARIA.*]

Clo. Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble² myself
in't; and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in
such a gown. I am not tall³ enough to become the func-
tion well: nor lean enough to be thought a good student:
but to be said, an honest man, and a good housekeeper,
goes as fairly, as to say, a careful man, and a great scholar.
The competitors⁴ enter.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH and MARIA.

Sir To. Jove bless thee, master parson.

Clo. *Bonos dies*, sir Toby: for as the old hermit of Prague,
that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of
king Gorboduc, "That that is, is:" so I, being master
parson, am master parson: For what is that, but that?
and is, but is?

Sir To. To him, sir Topas.

Clo. What, hoa, I say,—Peace in this prison!

Sir To. The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

Mal. [*in an inner chamber.*] Who calls there?

Clo. Sir Topas, the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio
the lunatic.

Mal. Sir Topas, sir Topas, good sir Topas, go to my
lady.

Clo. Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexest thou this man?
talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

Sir To. Well said, master parson.

Mal. Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged: good sir
Topas, do not think I am mad; they have laid me here in
hideous darkness.

Clo. Fie, thou dishonest Sathan! I call thee by the
most modest terms; for I am one of those gentle ones that
will use the devil himself with courtesy: Say'st thou, that
house is dark?

Mal. As hell, sir Topas.

Clo. Why, it hath bay-windows, transparent as barri-
cadoes, and the clear-stories⁵ towards the south-north are
as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruc-
tion?

Mal. I am not mad, sir Topas; I say to you, this house
is dark.

Clo. Madman, thou errest: I say, there is no darkness
but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled than the
Egyptians in their fog.

Mal. I say, this house is as dark as ignorance, though
ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say, there was never
man thus abused: I am no more mad than you are; make
the trial of it in any constant question.

Clo. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning
wild-fowl?

Mal. That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit
a bird.

Clo. What thinkest thou of his opinion?

Mal. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his
opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well: Remain thou still in darkness:
thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras, ere I will allow
of thy wits; and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou dis-
possess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir Topas, sir Topas,—

Sir To. My most exquisite sir Topas!

Clo. Nay, I am for all waters.

Mar. Thou might'st have done this without thy beard
and gown; he sees thee not.

Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word
how thou findest him: I would we were well rid of this
knavery. If he may be conveniently delivered, I would he
were; for I am now so far in offence with my niece that I
cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot.
Come by and by to my chamber.

[*Exeunt Sir TOBY and MARIA.*]

Clo. "Hey Robin, jolly Robin,
Tell me how thy lady does." [*Singing.*]

Mal. Fool.—

Clo. "My lady is unkind, perdy."

Mal. Fool,—

Clo. "Alas, why is she so?"

Mal. Fool, I say:—

Clo. "She loves another"—Who calls, ha?

Mal. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my
hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper; as I
am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for't.

Clo. Master Malvolio!

Mal. Ay, good fool.

Clo. Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits?

Mal. Fool, there was never man so notoriously abused:
I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

Clo. But as well? then you are mad, indeed, if you be
no better in your wits than a fool.

¹ *Extent.* Johnson supposes that the word is here applied with reference to the legal process of *extent*. That name is derived from the writ of *extensi facias*, by which the goods seized are to be taken at their *extended* value. But here *extent* may be used in the sense of *stretch*—as we say, a *stretch* of power, of violence.

² *Dissemble*—disguise, divest of likeness. Steevens says, "Shakspeare has here stumbled on a Latinism." Writers do not stumble upon nice shades of meaning.

³ *Tall.* So the original. In some modern editions we have the word changed into *fat*—a vulgar antithesis to the subsequent *lean*.

⁴ *Competitors*—confederates.

⁵ *Clear-stories.* The first folio has *cleere stores*—which is *cleere-stories*. A *cleere-story*, or *clear-story*, is that part of the nave, or choir, of a church which rises above the aisles, in which an upper tier of windows is usually introduced. In a contract for building the church of Fotheringay, founded in 1425, this clause occurs:—"And (in the nave) shall be tenn arches, and above every arche a wyndowe of foure lights, in all points like unto the *clerestory* of the said quere."—*Britton's Architectural Dictionary*, p. 160.

Mal. They have here propertied me ; keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clo. Advise you what you say ; the minister is here.—Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore ! endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble.

Mal. Sir Topas,—

Clo. Maintain no words with him, good fellow.—Who, I, sir ? not I, sir. God b' wi' you, good sir Topas.—Marry, amen.—I will, sir, I will.

Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I say,—

Clo. Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir ? I am shent¹ for speaking to you.

Mal. Good fool, help me to some light, and some paper ; I tell thee, I am as well in my wits as any man in Illyria.

Clo. Well-a-day, that you were, sir !

Mal. By this hand, I am : Good fool, some ink, paper, and light, and convey what I will set down to my lady ; it shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

Clo. I will help you to 't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed ? or do you but counterfeit ?

Mal. Believe me, I am not ; I tell thee true.

Clo. Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman, till I see his brains. I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink.

Mal. Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree : I priethee, be gone.

Clo. " I am gone, sir,
And anon, sir,
I'll be with you again,
In a trice,
Like to the old vice,
Your need to sustain ;

Who with dagger of lath,
In his rage and his wrath,
Cries, ah, ha ! to the devil :
Like a mad lad,
Pare thy nails, dad,
Adieu, Goodman devil."

[Exit.

SCENE III.—Olivia's Garden.

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Seb. This is the air ; that is the glorious sun :
This pearl she gave me, I do feel 't, and see 't :
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio then ?
I could not find him at the Elephant :
Yet there he was ; and there I found this credit,²
That he did range the town to seek me out.
His counsel now might do me golden service :
For though my soul disputes well with my sense,
That this may be some error, but no madness,
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
So far exceed all instance, all discourse,
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes,
And wrangle with my reason, that persuades me
To any other trust, but that I am mad,
Or else the lady's mad ; yet, if 'twere so,
She could not sway her house, command her followers,
Take and give back affairs, and their despatch,
With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing,
As, I perceive, she does : there's something in 't
That is deceivable. But here the lady comes.

Enter OLIVIA and a Priest.

Oli. Blame not this haste of mine : If you mean well,
Now go with me, and with this holy man,

Into the chantry by : there, before him,
And underneath that consecrated roof,
Plight me the full assurance of your faith ;
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
May live at peace : He shall conceal it,
Whiles you are willing it shall come to note,
What time we will our celebration keep
According to my birth.—What do you say ?

Seb. I'll follow this good man, and go with you ;
And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.

Oli. Then lead the way, good father :—And heavens so
shine,

That they may fairly note this act of mine ! [Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The Street before Olivia's House.

Enter Clown and FABIAN.

Fab. Now, as thou lovest me, let me see his letter.

Clo. Good master Fabian, grant me another request.

Fab. Anything.

Clo. Do not desire to see this letter.

Fab. This is, to give a dog, and in recompense desire
my dog again.

Enter DUKE, VIOLA, and Attendants.

Duke. Belong you to the lady Olivia, friends ?

Clo. Ay, sir ; we are some of her trappings.

Duke. I know thee well : How dost thou, my good fellow ?

Clo. Truly, sir, the better for my foes, and the worse for
my friends.

Duke. Just the contrary ; the better for thy friends.

Clo. No, sir, the worse.

Duke. How can that be ?

Clo. Marry, sir, they praise me, and make an ass of me ;
now my foes tell me plainly I am an ass : so that by my
foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself ; and by my
friends I am abused : so that, conclusions to be as kisses,
if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why,
then the worse for my friends and the better for my foes.³

Duke. Why, this is excellent.

Clo. By my troth, sir, no ; though it please you to be
one of my friends.

Duke. Thou shalt not be the worse for me ; there's gold.

Clo. But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would
you could make it another.

Duke. O, you give me ill counsel.

Clo. Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this once,
and let your flesh and blood obey it.

Duke. Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double
dealer ; there's another.

Clo. *Primo, secundo, tertio*, is a good play ; and the old
saying is, the third pays for all : the *triplex*,⁴ sir, is a good
tripping measure ; or the bells of St. Bennet, sir, may put
you in mind ; One, two, three.

Duke. You can fool no more money out of me at this
throw : if you will let your lady know I am here to speak
with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my
bounty further.

Clo. Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty, till I come again.
I go, sir ; but I would not have you to think that my desire

¹ *Shent*—reproved.

² *This credit*—this belief, this thing believed.

³ Coleridge thus explains this passage :—"The humour lies in the whispered
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'No !' and the inviting 'Don't !' with which the maiden's kisses are accompanied,
and thence compared to negatives, which by repetition constitute an affirmative."

—*Lit. Remains*.

⁴ *Triplex*. Triple time in music.

of having is the sin of covetousness : but, as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon.

[Exit Clown.]

Enter ANTONIO and Officers.

Vio. Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

Duke. That face of his I do remember well ;
Yet, when I saw it last, it was besmear'd
As black as Vulcan, in the smoke of war :
A bawbling vessel was he captain of,
For shallow draught, and bulk, unprizable ;
With which such scathful¹ grapple did he make
With the most noble bottom of our fleet,
That very envy, and the tongue of loss,
Cried fame and honour on him.—What's the matter ?

Off. Orsino, this is that Antonio
That took the Phoenix, and her freight, from Candy ;
And this is he that did the Tiger board,
When your young nephew Titus lost his leg :
Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state,
In private brabble did we apprehend him.

Vio. He did me kindness, sir ; drew on my side ;
But, in conclusion, put strange speech upon me,
I know not what 'twas, but distraction.

Duke. Notable pirate ! thou salt-water thief !
What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies,
Whom thou, in terms so bloody and so dear,²
Hast made thine enemies ?

Ant. Orsino, noble sir,
Be pleas'd that I shake off these names you give me :
Antonio never yet was thief, or pirate,
Though, I confess, on base and ground enough,
Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither :
That most ingrateful boy there, by your side,
From the rude sea's enrag'd and foamy mouth
Did I redeem ; a wrack past hope he was :
His life I gave him, and did thereto add
My love, without retention or restraint,
All his in dedication : for his sake,
Did I expose myself, pure for his love,
Into the danger of this adverse town ;
Drew to defend him when he was beset ;
Where being apprehended, his false cunning,
(Not meaning to partake with me in danger,)
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
And grew a twenty-years-removed thing,
While one would wink ; denied me mine own purse,
Which I had recommended to his use
Not half an hour before.

Vio. How can this be ?

Duke. When came he to this town ?

Ant. To-day, my lord ; and for three months before,
(No interim, not a minute's vacancy,)
Both day and night did we keep company.

Enter OLIVIA and Attendants.

Duke. Here comes the countess ; now heaven walks on earth.—

But for thee, fellow ; fellow, thy words are madness :
Three months this youth hath tended upon me ;
But more of that anon.—Take him aside.

Oli. What would my lord, but that he may not have,
Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable ?—
Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

Vio. Madam ?

Duke. Gracious Olivia,—

Oli. What do you say, Cesario ?—Good my lord,—

Vio. My lord would speak, my duty hushes me.

Oli. If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,
It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear
As howling after music.

Duke. Still so cruel ?

Oli. Still so constant, lord.

Duke. What ! to perverseness ? you uncivil lady,
To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars
My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breath'd out,
That e'er devotion tender'd ! What shall I do ?

Oli. Even what it please my lord, that shall become him.

Duke. Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,
Like to the Egyptian thief, at point of death,
Kill what I love ;³ a savage jealousy,
That sometime savours nobly ?—But hear me this :
Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,
And that I partly know the instrument
That screws me from my true place in your favour,
Live you, the marble-breasted tyrant, still ;
But this your minion, whom I know you love,
And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,
Where he sits crowned in his master's spite.
Come, boy, with me ; my thoughts are ripe in mischief :
I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,
To spite a raven's heart within a dove. [Going.]

Vio. And I, most jocund, apt, and willingly,
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die. [Following.]

Oli. Where goes Cesario ?

Vio. After him I love,
More than I love these eyes, more than my life,
More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife :
If I do feign, you witnesses above,
Punish my life, for tainting of my love !

Oli. Ah me, detested ! how am I beguil'd !

Vio. Who does beguile you ? who does do you wrong ?

Oli. Hast thou forgot thyself ? Is it so long ?—
Call forth the holy father. [Exit an Attendant.]

Duke. Come, away. [To VIOLA.]

Oli. Whither, my lord ? Cesario, husband, stay.

Duke. Husband ?

Oli. Ay, husband, can he that deny ?

Duke. Her husband, sirrah ?

Vio. No, my lord, not I.

Oli. Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear
That makes thee strangle thy propriety :
Fear not, Cesario, take thy fortunes up ;
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'st.—O, welcome, father !

Re-enter Attendant and Priest.

Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence,
Here to unfold (though lately we intended
To keep in darkness what occasion now
Reveals before 'tis ripe) what thou dost know,
Hath newly pass'd between this youth and me.

Priest. A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings ;
And all the ceremony of this compact
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony ;
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave
I have travell'd but two hours.

¹ *Scathful*—harmful, destructive.

² *Dear*. Shakspeare and the writers of his age frequently use the word *dear* in the sense of harmful. The old English verb to *dere* is from the Anglo-Saxon *derian*, to injure, hurt, annoy, to do mischief ; thence we have *dearth*, that which

dereth or maketh *dear*. What was spared was therefore called *dear*, precious, costly, highly prized. The two senses of the word are thus rendered clear, though the last mentioned has become the most common.

³ *Thyamis*, in Heliodorus.

Duke. O, thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou be,
When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case?¹
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,
That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?
Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

Vio. My lord, I do protest,—

Oli. O, do not swear;
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

Enter Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK, with his head broke.

Sir And. For the love of God, a surgeon; send one presently to sir Toby.

Oli. What's the matter?

Sir And. He has broke my head across, and has given sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too: for the love of God, your help: I had rather than forty pound I were at home.

Oli. Who has done this, sir Andrew?

Sir And. The count's gentleman, one Cesario: we took him for a coward, but he's the very devil incarnadine.

Duke. My gentleman, Cesario?

Sir And. Od's lifelings, here he is:—You broke my head for nothing; and that that I did, I was set on to do't by sir Toby.

Vio. Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you: You drew your sword upon me without cause; But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

Sir And. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me; I think you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, drunk, led by the Clown.

Here comes sir Toby halting, you shall hear more: but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you other-gates than he did.

Duke. How now, gentleman! how is't with you?

Sir To. That's all one; he has hurt me, and there's the end on 't.—Sot, didst see Dick surgeon, sot?

Clow. O, he's drunk, sir Toby, an hour ago; his eyes were set at eight i' the morning.

Sir To. Then he's a rogue and a passy-measures pavin; I hate a drunken rogue.²

Oli. Away with him: Who hath made this havoc with them?

Sir And. I'll help you, sir Toby, because we'll be dress'd together.

Sir To. Will you help an ass-head, and a coxcomb, and a knave? a thin-faced knave, a gull?

Oli. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

[*Exeunt Clown, Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.*]

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Seb. I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman; But had it been the brother of my blood, I must have done no less, with wit, and safety. You throw a strange regard upon me, and by that I do perceive it hath offended you; Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows We made each other but so late ago.

Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons; A natural perspective, that is, and is not.

Seb. Antonio, O my dear Antonio! How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me, Since I have lost thee.

Ant. Sebastian are you?

Seb.

Fear'st thou that, Antonio?

Ant. How have you made division of yourself?—An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?

Oli. Most wonderful!

Seb. Do I stand there? I never had a brother: Nor can there be that deity in my nature, Of here and everywhere. I had a sister, Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd:—Of charity, what kin are you to me? [To VIOLA.] What countryman? what name? what parentage?

Vio. Of Messaline: Sebastian was my father; Such a Sebastian was my brother too; So went he suited to his watery tomb: If spirits can assume both form and suit You come to fright us.

Seb. A spirit I am, indeed: But am in that dimension grossly clad, Which from the womb I did participate.

Were you a woman, as the rest goes even, I should my tears let fall upon your cheek, And say—Thrice welcome, drowned Viola!

Vio. My father had a mole upon his brow.

Seb. And so had mine.

Vio. And died that day when Viola from her birth Had number'd thirteen years.

Seb. O, that record is lively in my soul! He finished, indeed, his mortal act, That day that made my sister thirteen years.

Vio. If nothing lets to make us happy both But this my masculine usurp'd attire, Do not embrace me, till each circumstance Of place, time, fortune, do cohere, and jump That I am Viola: which to confirm, I'll bring you to a captain in this town, Where lie my maiden weeds, by whose gentle help I was preserv'd, to serve this noble count: All the occurrence of my fortune since Hath been between this lady and this lord.

Seb. So comes it, lady, you have been mistook:

[To OLIVIA.]

But nature to her bias drew in that. You would have been contracted to a maid; Nor are you therein, by my life, deceiv'd, You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.

Duke. Be not amaz'd; right noble is his blood.—If this be so, as yet the glass seems true, I shall have share in this most happy wrack: Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times, [To VIOLA.] Thou never shouldst love woman like to me.

Vio. And all those sayings will I over-swear; And all those swearings keep as true in soul, As doth that orb'd continent the fire That severs day from night.

Duke. Give me thy hand; And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

Vio. The captain, that did bring me first on shore, Hath my maid's garments: he, upon some action, Is now in durance; at Malvolio's suit, A gentleman, and follower of my lady's.

Oli. He shall enlarge him:—Fetch Malvolio hither:—And yet, alas, now I remember me, They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.

¹ Case—skin.

² The first folio has: "Then he's a rogue, and a passy-measures panyon." The second folio: "Then he's a rogue after a passy-measures pavin: I hate," &c. The ordinary reading is—"Then he's a rogue; after a passy-measure, or a pavin, I hate," &c. Sir Toby is drunk, and yet he is made by the modern editors to speak with grammatical correctness. The humour lies in his

calling "Dick surgeon" by the names of the solemn dances which he abhors, confounding the two. The *passamezzo* was slow, and accompanied by singing. Mersenne seems to indicate; the *pavan* a stately dance, deriving its name from *pavo*, a peacock, because, says the same writer, the dancers spread themselves out in the manner of that bird.

Re-enter Clown, with a letter.

A most extracting¹ frenzy of mine own
From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.—
How does he, sirrah?

Clo. Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at the stave's end, as well as a man in his case may do: he has here writ a letter to you; I should have given it to you to-day morning, but as a madman's epistles are no gospels, so it skills not much when they are delivered.

Oli. Open it, and read it.

Clo. Look then to be well edified, when the fool delivers the madman:—"By the Lord, madam,"—

Oli. How now! art thou mad?

Clo. No, madam, I do but read madness: an your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow *vox*.²

Oli. Prithee, read it thy right wits.

Clo. So I do, madonna; but to read his right wits, is to read thus: therefore perpend, my princess, and give ear.

Oli. Read it you, sirrah.

[*To FABIAN.*

Fab. [*Reads.*]

"By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it; though you have put me into darkness, and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that induced me to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not but to do myself much right, or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of, and speak out of my injury.

"THE MADLY-USED MALVOLIO."

Oli. Did he write this?

Clo. Ay, madam.

Duke. This savours not much of distraction.

Oli. See him deliver'd, Fabian; bring him hither.

[*Exit FABIAN.*

My lord, so please you, these things further thought on,
To think me as well a sister as a wife,
One day shall crown the alliance on 't, so please you,
Here at my house, and at my proper cost.

Duke. Madam, I am most apt to embrace your offer.
Your master quits you; [*To VIOLA*] and, for your service done him,

So much against the mettle³ of your sex,
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you call'd me master for so long,
Here is my hand; you shall from this time be
Your master's mistress.

Oli. A sister?—you are she.

Re-enter FABIAN, with MALVOLIO.

Duke. Is this the madman?

Oli. Ay, my lord, this same:

How now, Malvolio?

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.

Oli. Have I, Malvolio? no.

Mal. Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that letter:
You must not now deny it is your hand.
Write from it, if you can, in hand, or phrase;
Or say, 'tis not your seal, not your invention:
You can say none of this: Well, grant it then,
And tell me, in the modesty of honour,
Why you have given me such clear lights of favour;
Bade me come smiling and cross-garter'd to you;
To put on yellow stockings, and to frown
Upon sir Toby, and the lighter people:
And, acting this in an obedient hope,
Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,

Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
And made the most notorious geck⁴ and gull,
That e'er invention play'd on? tell me why.

Oli. Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,
Though, I confess, much like the character:
But, out of question, 'tis Maria's hand.
And now I do bethink me, it was she
First told me thou wast mad; thou⁵ cam'st in smiling,
And in such forms which here were presuppos'd
Upon thee in the letter. Prithee, be content:
This practice hath most shrewdly pass'd upon thee:
But, when we know the grounds and authors of it,
Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cause.

Fab.

Good madam, hear me speak;

And let no quarrel, nor no brawl to come,
Taint the condition of this present hour,
Which I have wonder'd at. In hope it shall not,
Most freely I confess, myself, and Toby,
Set this device against Malvolio here,
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceiv'd against him: Maria writ
The letter, at sir Toby's great importance;⁶
In recompense whereof he hath married her.
How with a sportful malice it was follow'd,
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge;
If that the injuries be justly weigh'd
That have on both sides pass'd.

Oli. Alas, poor fool! how have they baffled thee!

Clo. Why, "some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrown upon them." I was one, sir, in this interlude; one sir Topas, sir; but that's all one.—"By the Lord, fool, I am not mad;"—But do you remember? "Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal? an you smile not, he's gag'd:" And thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.

Mal. I'll be revenged on the whole pack of you. [*Exit.*

Oli. He hath been most notoriously abus'd.

Duke. Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace:
He hath not told us of the captain yet;
When that is known, and golden time convents,⁷
A solemn combination shall be made
Of our dear souls—Meantime, sweet sister,
We will not part from hence.—Cesario, come;
For so you shall be while you are a man;
But, when in other habits you are seen,
Orsino's mistress, and his fancy's queen.

[*Exeunt.*

SONG.

Clo.

When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came unto my bed,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
With toss-pots still had drunken head,
For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day.

[*Exit.*

¹ *Extracting*—absorbing.

² When the Clown begins to read, he raves and gesticulates; upon which Olivia says, "Art thou mad?" His answer is clear enough—"You must allow *vox*"—you must let me use my voice—if I am to read madness as it ought to be read.

³ *Mettle*—temper, disposition.

⁴ *Geck*. To *geck* is to deride, and hence a *geck* is one derided.

⁵ *Thou*. The original has *then*. The change to *thou* was suggested to us by the late Mr. T. Rodd.

⁶ *Importance*—importance.

⁷ *Convents*—serves, agrees, is convenient.

ILLUSTRATIONS TO TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

ACT I.

^a SCENE I.—“*That strain again;—it had a dying fall.*”

By “fall” is meant *cadence* (from *cado*), a musical term, signifying the close of a passage or phrase, and which commonly includes the transition from a dissonant to a consonant sound; or, in the language of Lord Bacon (“*Sylva Sylvarum*,” i. 113), “the falling from a discord to a concord, which maketh great sweetnesse in musicke.” Milton, in “*Comus*,” uses the word in the same sense as Shakspeare; and Pope, in his “*Ode to St. Cecilia’s Day*,” has “dying fall.” “Dying” probably means a diminution of sound, technically expressed by the Italian term *diminuendo*.

^b SCENE I.—“*And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E’er since pursue me.*”

The story of Actæon, which Bacon interprets as a warning not to pry into the secrets of the great, receives in the passage before us a much more natural and beautiful explanation. In Whitney’s “*Emblems*,” published in 1586, the fable was somewhat similarly applied:—

“Those who do pursue
Their fancies fond, and things unlawful crave,
Like brutish beasts appear unto the view,
And shall at length Actæon’s guerdon have:
And as his hounds, so their affections base
Shall them devour, and all their deeds deface.”

But in Daniel’s Fifth Sonnet, published in 1594, we find the thought, and almost the expression of the text:—

“Whilst youth and error led my wand’ring mind,
And set my thoughts in heedless ways to range,
All unawares a goddess chaste I find,
(Diana-like,) to work my sudden change.
For her no sooner had mine eye bewray’d,
But with disdain to see me in that place,
With fairest hand the sweet unkindest maid
Casts water—cold disdain—upon my face:
Which turn’d my sport into a hart’s despair,
Which still is chas’d, while I have any breath,
By mine own thoughts, set on me by my fair;
My thoughts, like hounds, pursue me to my death.
Those that I foster’d of mine own accord
Are made by her to murder thus their lord.”

^c SCENE III.—“*Viol-de-gamboys.*”

The *viol-da-gambo*, or base viol, a kind of violoncello, which had six strings, and was so called because placed between the legs.

^d SCENE III.—“*Till his brains turn o’ the toe like a parish-top.*”

“He sleeps like a town-top” is an old proverbial saying. Fletcher, in “*The Night Walker*,” has—

“And dances like a *town-top*, and reels and hobbles.”

In the passage before us we find that the *town-top* and the *parish-top* were one and the same. The custom which existed in the time of Elizabeth, and probably long before, of a large top being provided for the amusement of the peasants in frosty weather, presents a curious illustration of the mitigating influences of social kindness in an age of penal legislation. Whilst “poor Tom” was “whipped from tithing to tithing,” he had his May-games, and his Christmas hospitalities, and his parish-top, if he remained at home. Steevens explains the custom of the parish-top in a very literal manner:—“A large top was formerly kept in every village, to be whipped in frosty weather, that the peasants might be kept warm by exercise, and out of mischief, while they could not work.” We rather believe that our ancestors were too much accustomed to rely upon other expedients, such as the halter and the stocks, for keeping the peasants out of mischief. But yet, with all the sternness which they called justice, the higher classes of society had an honest desire to promote the

spirit of enjoyment amongst their humbler fellow-men; and they looked not only without disdain, but with real sympathy, upon “the common recreations of the country folks.” Randal Holme gives us a pretty long catalogue of these amusements:—

—“They dare challenge for to throw the sledge;
To jump or leap over ditch or hedge;
To wrestle, play at stool-ball, or to run;
To pitch the bar, or to shoot off the gun;
To play at loggets, nine holes, or ten pins;
To try it out at foot-fall by the shins;
At tick-tack, seize-noddy, maw, or ruff;
Hot-cockles, leap-frog, or blind-man’s-buff;
To dance the morris, play at barley-break;
At all exploits a man can think or speak;
At shove-groat, ‘venter-point, at cross-and-pile;
At ‘Beshrew him that’s last at any stile;
At leaping over a Christmas bonfire,
Or at the ‘drawing dun out o’ the mire;
At ‘Shoot cock, Gregory,’ stool-ball, and what not;
Pick-point, top and scourge, to make him hot.”

^e SCENE III.—“*Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before them? are they like to take dust, like mistress Mall’s picture?*”

In a subsequent scene of this comedy Olivia says, “But we will draw the curtain, and show you the picture.” It was a common practice to cover up pictures with curtains. Jack of Newbury is recorded to have had in a fair large parlour which was wainscoted round about, “fifteen fair pictures hanging, which were covered with curtains of green silk fringed with gold, which he would often show to his friends and servants.” Jack of Newbury was a staid and wealthy burgher, and was little likely to have had pictures in his possession not fit to be uncurtained. Mistress Mall’s picture, however, was probably not of the most correct class, and was therefore seldom exposed to view, for the alleged reason of being “like to take dust.” This passage has been received as an allusion to a lady who was more honoured in her generation, and passed through a long life with more uniform success (with the exception of a little occasional prison and penance), than any other such heroine upon record. In addition to the supposed notice by Shakspeare, Middleton and Dekker made her the subject of a comedy; and playwrights and epigrammatists mention her for half a century. Her familiar name was Moll Cutpurse; the name she received from her parents, Mary Frith. There is a letter in the British Museum, dated February 11, 1612, which gives an amusing account of her doing penance at Paul’s Cross:—

“This last Sunday Moll Cutpurse, a notorious baggage that used to go in man’s apparel, and challenged the field of diverse gallants, was brought to the same place (Paul’s Cross), where she wept bitterly, and seemed very penitent; but it is since doubted she was maudlin drunk, being discovered to have tippled off three quarts of sack before she came to her penance. She had the daintiest preacher or ghostly father that ever I saw in the pulpit, one Radcliffe, of Brazenose College in Oxford, a likelier man to have led the revels in some inn of court than to be where he was. But the best is, he did extreme badly, and so wearied the audience that the best part went away, and the rest tarried rather to hear Moll Cutpurse than him.”

Malone, who assigns the date of Twelfth Night to 1614, says Moll was born in 1584. A life of her gives the date of her birth as 1589. As we now know Twelfth Night was produced in 1601, the allusion cannot be to her. We believe that the allusion was to Mary Ambree, to whom Butler may allude when he speaks of

“A bold virago, stout and tall
As Joan of France, or English Mall.”

Mary Ambree is held to have fought at the siege of Ghent in 1584. She also was celebrated in play and ballad.

^f SCENE III.—“*Why dost thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a coranto?...sink-a-pace.*”

Galliard, a lively dance. “A lighter and more stirring kind of dancing than the pavan,” says Morley, a contemporary of Shakspeare,

who adds—"The Italians make their galliards plain, and frame ditties to them, which, in their *mascaradoes*, they sing and dance, and manie times without any instruments."

Coranto (*courante*), a quick dance, as the word indicates, and for two persons, according to Mersenne ("Harmonie Universelle," 1636). Morley describes it as "traversing and running, as our country dance, but hath twice as much in a strain."

Sink-a-pace, i.e. *cinque-pace*, "the name of a dance," says Sir John Hawkins, "the measures whereof are regulated by the number five." In an old Italian work, "Il Ballerino" (1581), this dance is described as consisting of four steps and a cadence; and, according to Sir John Davis, in his poem on Dancing—

"Five was the number of the music's feet,
Which still the dance did with five paces meet."

^a SCENE V.—"He says, he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post."

We have nothing very certain about the sheriff's posts, except what we find in the allusions of the old dramatists. It is commonly thought that these posts were employed to fix proclamations upon; but we are inclined to believe that they were only tokens of authority, to denote the residence of a magistrate. We learn from several old plays that the posts were set up upon the election of a sheriff or chief magistrate, and that they were ornamented. The following passages are given in a communication to the Society of Antiquaries by Mr. John Adey Repton ("Archæologia," vol. xix. p. 383):—

"*Communis Sensus*. Crave my counsell, tell me what manner of man he is? can he entertain a man into his house? can he hold his velvet cap in one hand, and vale his bonnet with the other? knows he how to become a scarlet gowne? hath he a *paire of fresh posts* at his doore?"

Phantastes. Hee's about some hasty state matters, he talks of postes methinks.

Com. S. Can he part a couple of dogges brawling in the streete? why then choose him mayor upon my credit, heele prove a wise officer."—"Lingua," Act. II., Sc. III.—1607.)

"I'll love your door the better while I know't.

Widow. A pair of such brothers were fitter for *posts without door*, indeed to make a show at a new-chosen magistrate's gate, than," &c.—(Beaumont and Fletcher's "Widow," Act II.)

"I hope my acquaintance goes in chains of gold, three and fifty times double; you know who I mean, coz: *the posts of his gate are a painting too*."—(Dekker's "Honest Whore.")

"If e'er I live to see thee sheriff of London
I'll gild thy *posts*."

(Bowley's "Woman never Vexed.")

"How long should I be, ere I should put off
To the lord chancellor's tomb, or to the *sheriff's post*?"

(Ben Jonson's "Every Man out of his Humour," Act III. Sc. IX.)

ACT II.

^a SCENE I.—"If you will not murther me for my love, let me be your servant."

These words are uttered by Antonio to Sebastian, whom he has saved from drowning. The commentators offer no explanation of them; but we think that they have a latent meaning, and that they allude to a superstition of which Sir Walter Scott has made such admirable use in "The Pirate." Our readers will remember that, when Mordaunt has rescued Cleveland from "the breach of the sea," and is endeavouring to restore the animation of the perishing man, he is thus reproved by Bryce the pedlar: "Are you mad? you, that have lived so long in Zetland, to risk the saving of a drowning man? Wot ye not, if you bring him to life again, he will be sure to do you some capital injury?" Sir Walter Scott has a note upon this passage:—

"It is remarkable that, in an archipelago where so many persons must be necessarily endangered by the waves, so strange and inhuman a maxim should have engrafted itself upon the minds of a people otherwise kind, moral, and hospitable. But all with whom I have spoken agree that it was almost general in the beginning of the eighteenth century, and was with difficulty weeded out by the sedulous instructions of the clergy and the rigorous injunctions of the proprietors. There is little doubt it had been originally introduced

as an excuse for suffering those who attempted to escape from the wreck to perish unassisted, so that, there being no survivor, she might be considered as lawful plunder."

It appears to us, however, if we do not mistake the meaning of our text, "*if you will not murther me for my love*, let me be your servant," that the superstition was not confined to the Orkneys in the time of Shakspeare. Why should Sebastian murder Antonio for his love if this superstition were not alluded to? Indeed, the answer of Sebastian distinctly refers to the office of humanity which Antonio had rendered him, and appears to glance at the superstition as if he perfectly understood what Antonio meant:—"If you will not undo what you have done, that is, *kill him whom you have recovered*, desire it not." The vulgar opinion is here reversed.

^b SCENE III.—"How now, my hearts? Did you never see the picture of we three?"

Our ancestors had some good practical jokes that never tired by repetition, and this was one of them. "The picture of we three" was a picture, or sign, of *Two Fools*, upon which was an inscription, *We be three*, so that the unlucky wight who was tempted to read it supplied "argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever." Beaumont and Fletcher allude to this in the "Queen of Corinth":—

"*Neen*. He is another ass, he says I believe.

Uncle. *We be three*, heroical prince.

Neen. Nay, then, we must have the picture of 'em, and the word *nos sumus*."

The answer of the Clown in the text to "here comes the fool" is wonderfully adroit.

^c SCENE III.—"Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsay, and 'Three merry men be we.'"

Sir John Hawkins says, "Peggy Ramsey is the name of some old song," but cites no authority. The air, however, is to be found in William Ballet's "Lute Book," a "highly interesting manuscript in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, (D. 1. 21,) which appears not only to be older than Queen Elizabeth's 'Virginal Book,' but to contain a greater number of popular tunes of the time."—(*Chappell's Collection of National English Airs*, ii. 115.) The words, "Three merry men we be," are in the song of "Robin Hood and the Tanner," as reprinted from Anthony à Wood's black-letter copy:—

"For three merry men, and three merry men,
And three merry men we be."

Sir J. Hawkins likewise gives a stanza of an old song, in which the same words—changing "men" into "boys"—are introduced.

^d SCENE III.—"There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady."

The burden of "lady, lady," appears to have been common to several songs. The words which Sir Toby sings are found in the ballad of "Constant Susanna," which Percy describes as a poor, dull performance, and very long. He gives us the following stanza:—

"There dwelt a man in Babylon
Of reputation great by fame;
He took to wife a fair woman,
Susanna she was call'd by name:
A woman fair and virtuous;
Lady, lady:
Why should we not of her learn thus
To live godly?"

^e SCENE III.—"Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone."

This, again, is an old ballad which we find in Percy, who reprints it from "The Golden Garland of Princely Delights":—

"Farewell, dear love; since thou wilt needs be gone,
Mine eyes do show my life is almost done.
Nay, I will never die, so long as I can spy
There be many mo, though that she do go
There be many mo, I fear not:
Why then let her go, I care not.

Farewell, farewell; since this I find is true,
I will not spend more time in wooing you :
But I will seek elsewhere, if I may find love there :
Shall I bid her go ? what and if I do ?
Shall I bid her go and spare not ?
O no, no, no, I dare not.
Ten thousand times farewell ;—yet stay a while :—
Sweet, kiss me once ; sweet kisses time beguile :
I have no power to move. How now ! am I in love ?
Wilt thou needs be gone ? Go then, all is one.
Wilt thou needs be gone ? Oh, hie thee !
Nay, stay, and do no more deny me.
Once more adieu, I see loth to depart
Bids oft adieu to her that holds my heart.
But seeing I must lose thy love, which I did choose,
Go thy way for me, since that may not be.
Go thy ways for me. But whither ?
Go, oh, but where I may come thither.
What shall I do ? my love is now departed.
She is as fair as she is cruel-hearted.
She would not be entreated, with prayers oft repeated.
If she come no more, shall I die therefore ?
If she come no more, what care I ?
Faith, let her go, or come, or tarry."

^f SCENE III.—" *Dost thou think because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale ?*"

This reproof of the steward is of universal application ; but it was probably an indirect sarcasm against the rising sect of the Puritans, who were something too apt to confound virtue with asceticism. Ben Jonson speaks more directly in the matter :—

" *Winw.* What call you the reverend elder you told me of, your Banbury man ?

Lit. Rabbi Busy, sir ; he is more than an elder, he is a prophet, sir.

Quar. O, I know him ! A baker, is he not ?

Lit. He was a baker, sir, but he does dream now, and see visions ; he has given over his trade.

Quar. I remember that too ; out of a scruple he took, that, in spiced conscience, those cakes he made were served to brides, May-poles, morrices, and such profane feasts and meetings. His christian name is Zeal-of-the-land.

Lit. Yes, sir ; Zeal-of-the-land Busy."

^g SCENE IV.—" *Light airs and recollected terms.*"

Term forms no part of the technical language of music. Its plural may possibly be intended by Shakspeare to signify those passages called *phrases* ; but it is more likely that the word was originally written *tunes*, which would render the expression intelligible. In the folios it is spelt *termes* ; and this, in not very clear manuscript, might easily have been mistaken by the compositor for *tunes*. Dr. Johnson thinks that "recollected" means *recalled* ; in which we agree, if by "recalled" is to be understood *known by heart—by memory*. Dr. Warburton's conjecture, that by "recollected" is meant *studied*, will not find many supporters.

^h SCENE V.—" *O, for a stone-bow.*"

A stone-bow is a cross-bow which shoots stones. It was a toy for children, according to Beaumont and Fletcher :—

"Children will shortly take him
For a wall, and set their stone-bows in his forehead."

ⁱ SCENE V.—" *Wind up my watch.*"

It is said that watches for the pocket were first brought to England from Germany in 1580.

^k SCENE V.—" *The impressure her Lucrece.*"

One of the many evidences of Shakspeare's familiarity with ancient works of art, in common with the best educated of his time.

^l SCENE V.—" *Wished to see thee ever cross-gartered.*"

Barton Holyday, who wrote fifty years after Shakspeare, describes this fashion in connection with a Puritan :—

"Had there appear'd some sharp cross-garter'd man,
Whom their loud laugh might nickname Puritan ;
Cas'd up in factious breeches, and small ruff ;
That hates the surplice, and defies the cuff."

The fashion is of great antiquity. In vol. xxiv. of the "Archæologia" Mr. Gage has described an illumination of a manuscript of the tenth century in the library of the Duke of Devonshire, where

this costume is clearly depicted. Mr. Gage says—"The kind of bandaged stocking, so common in all Saxon figures, which is seen to advantage in the miniature of the Magi, where the principal figure has garters of gold, with tassels, was, as M. Langlois, the able and learned professor of painting at Rouen, informs me, in general use among the shepherds and country people of France during the 15th and 16th centuries. In the latter century the butchers often rode on horseback with their legs clothed in this manner. This part of the dress was made of white linen, and was called '*des lingettes*,' a name applied also to a part of the ancient costume of women of the Pays de Caux, that covered the arm. In the Apennines I have myself seen the contadini with a kind of stocking bandaged all the way up. The Highland stocking bears some resemblance to the costume."

^m SCENE V.—" *Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip.*"

In Cecil's "Correspondence," Letter 10, we have the following passage :—"There is great danger of being taken sleepers at *tray-trip*, if the king sweep suddenly." This led Tyrwhitt to conjecture that the game was *draughts*. A satire called "Machiavel's Dog," 1617, confirms this opinion :—

"But, leaving cards, let's go to *dice* awhile,—
To passage, *treitippe*, hazard, or mum-chance."

ACT III.

^a SCENE I.—" *Dost thou live by thy tabor ?*"

Tarleton, the celebrated clown of the ancient stage, was represented with a tabor in a print prefixed to his "Jests," 1611. "The instrument," says Douce, "is found in the hands of fools long before the time of Shakspeare."

^b SCENE II.—" *I had as lief be a Brownist as a politician.*"

The Brownists—so called from Robert Brown, who was a connection of the Lord Treasurer Cecil, and was educated at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge—gave great offence to the Church about 1580, by maintaining that her discipline was Popish and Antichristian, and her ministers not rightly ordained. The sect was subsequently known by the name of Independents. (See Neal's "History of the Puritans.")

^c SCENE II.—" *He does smile his face into more lines than are in the new map with the augmentation of the Indies.*"

Shakspeare, who paid no attention to geography, according to the commentators, here describes a "new map"—an accession to the geography of his day. The map is found in "Linschoten's Voyages," 1598, and shows how accurately the "careless poet" has described its peculiarities.

^d SCENE IV.—" *We'll have him in a dark room, and bound.*"

Chains and darkness were the universal prescriptions for lunatics in the time of Shakspeare. There was a third remedy, to which Rosalind alludes in *As You Like It* :—"Love is a madness, and deserves as well a *dark house* and a *whip* as madmen do."

^e SCENE IV.—" *He is knight, dubbed with unhatched rapier, and on carpet consideration.*"

The knights of peace—mayors, and justices, and serjeants-at-law, and physicians—grave men who hate a hatched rapier, which has seen service, as bitterly as King James—are called *carpet* knights, according to Randal Holme :—"If it be the king's pleasure to knight any such persons, seeing they are not knighted as soldiers, they are not therefore to use the horseman's title or spurs they are only termed simply *miles* and *milites*, knights of the carpet, or knights of the green cloth, to distinguish them from knights that are dubbed as soldiers in the field ; though in these our days they are created or dubbed with the like ceremony as the others are, by the stroke of a naked sword upon their shoulder, with the words, Rise up Sir T. A., knight."

^f SCENE IV.—" *Empty trunks o'erflourish'd by the devil.*"

The allusion is to the beautifully carved trunks of the Elizabethan age.

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTICE.

THERE is something to our minds very precious in that memorial of Shakspeare which is preserved in the little Table-book of the Student of the Middle Temple: * "Feb. 2, 1601 [2]. At our feast we had a play called *Twelve night or what you will*." What a scene do these few plain words call up before us! The Christmas festivities have lingered on till Candlemas. The Lord of Misrule has resigned his sceptre; the Fox and the Cat have been hunted round the hall; the Masters of the Revels have sung their songs; the drums are silent which lent their noisy chorus to the Marshal's proclamations; and Sir Francis Flatterer and Sir Randle Rackabite have passed into the ranks of ordinary men.† But there is still a feast; and after the dinner a play; and that play Shakspeare's *Twelfth Night*. And the actual roof under which the happy company of benchers, and barristers, and students first listened to that joyous and exhilarating play, full of the truest and most beautiful humanities, especially fitted for a season of cordial mirthfulness, is still standing; and we may walk into that stately hall and think,—Here Shakspeare's *Twelfth Night* was acted in the Christmas of 1601; and here its exquisite poetry first fell upon the ear of some secluded scholar, and was to him as a fragrant flower blooming amidst the arid sands of his Bracton and his Fleta; and here its gentle satire upon the vain and the foolish penetrated into the natural heart of some grave and formal dispenser of justice, and made him look with tolerance, if not with sympathy, upon the mistakes of less grave and formal fellow-men; and here its ever-gushing spirit of enjoyment,—of fun without malice, of wit without grossness, of humour without extravagance,—taught the swaggering, roaring, overgrown boy, miscalled student, that there were higher sources of mirth than affrays in Fleet Street, or drunkenness in Whitefriars. Venerable Hall of the Middle Temple, thou art to our eyes more stately and more to be admired since we looked upon that entry in the Table-book of John Manningham! The Globe has perished, and so has the Blackfriars. The works of the poet who made the names of these frail buildings immortal need no associations to recommend them; but it is yet pleasant to know that there is one locality remaining where a play of Shakspeare was listened to by his contemporaries; and that play, *Twelfth Night*.

Accepting, though somewhat doubtingly, the statement of the commentators that *Twelfth Night* was produced as late as 1614, Schlegel says, "If this was really the *last work* of Shakspeare, as is affirmed, he must have enjoyed to the last the same *youthfulness of mind*, and have carried with him to the grave the whole fulness of his talents."‡ There is something very agreeable in this theory; but we can hardly lament that the foundation upon which it rests has been utterly destroyed. Shakspeare did, indeed, carry "with him to the grave the whole fulness of his talents," but they were talents, perhaps not of a higher order, but certainly employed upon loftier subjects, than those which were called out by the delicious comedies of the Shakspeare of forty. His "youthfulness of mind" too, even at this middle period of his life, is something very different from the honeyed luxuriance of his spring-time—more subjected to his intellectual penetration into the hidden springs of human action—more regulated by the artistical skill of blending the poetical with the comic, so that in fact they are not presented as opposite principles constrained to appear in a patchwork union, but are essentially one and the same creation of the highest imaginative power. We are told that of *Twelfth Night* the scenes in which Malvolio, and Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew appear are Shakspeare's *own*. The Duke, and Olivia, and Viola, and Sebastian belong to some one else, it is said, because they existed, before he evoked them from their hiding-places, in the rude outlines of story-books without poetry, and comedies

without wit. Honoured be the memories of Bandello and Barnaby Rich, not so much for their own work as for the happy accident by which they saved some popular tradition from oblivion, for a Shakspeare to make *his own* for all ages! Honoured be the learned or unlearned authors of the *Inganni* and the *Ingannati*, if they suggested to him that their shadowy representations of a wandering brother and sister coming through mistakes and crosses to love and happiness, had in them dramatic capabilities such as *he* could deal with! Honoured be they, as we would honour the man, were his name recorded, who set the palette of Raphael or made Paganini's violin! Whether a writer *invents*, in the commonly received meaning of invention,—that is, whether his incidents and characters be spick-and-span new;—or whether he *borrow*s, using the same ordinary phraseology, his incidents and characters from tradition, or history, or written legends,—he is not a poet unless his materials are worked up into a perfect and consistent whole: and if the poetry be not in him, it matters little whether he raises his fabric "all out of his own head," as children say, or adopts a bit here and a bit there, and pieces them together with a bit of his own,—for his house will not stand; it is built upon the sands. Now it is this penetration of his own imaginative power in and through all his materials which renders it of little more account than as a matter of antiquarian curiosity where Shakspeare picked up hints for the plots of his plays. He might have found the germ of Viola in Barnaby Rich; and he might have altogether invented Malvolio: but Viola and Malvolio are for ever indissolubly united, in the exact proportions in which the poetic and the comic work together for the production of a harmonious effect. The *neutral* title of *Twelfth Night*—conveying as it does a notion of genial mirth—might warrant us in thinking that there was a preponderance of the comic spirit. Charles I. appears to have thought so, when, in his copy of the second edition of Shakspeare, he altered the title with his own pen to that of *Malvolio*.§ But Malvolio is not the predominant idea of the comedy; nor is he of that exclusive interest that the whole action, even of the merely comic portions, should turn upon him. When Shakspeare means one character to be the centre of the dramatic idea, he for the most part tells us so in his title:—*Hamlet*, *Othello*, *Lear*, *Macbeth*, *Timon*. Not one of the comedies has such a personal title, for the evident reason that the effect in them must mainly depend upon the harmony of all the parts, rather than upon the absorbing passion of the principal character. The *Twelfth Night* is especially of this description. It presents us with the golden and the silver sides of human life,—the romantic and the humorous. But the two precious metals are moulded into one statue.

It is scarcely necessary for us to enter into any analysis of the plot of this charming comedy, or attempt any dissection of its characters, for the purpose of opening to the reader new sources of enjoyment. It is impossible, we think, for one of ordinary sensibility to read through the first act without yielding himself up to the genial temper in which the entire play is written. "The sunshine of the breast" spreads its rich purple light over the whole champain, and penetrates into every thicket and every dingle. From the first line to the last—from the Duke's

"That strain again;—it had a dying fall,"

to the Clown's

"With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,"—

there is not a thought, or a situation, that is not calculated to call forth pleasurable feelings. The love-melancholy of the Duke is a luxurious abandonment to one pervading impression—not a fierce

* See Introductory Notice.

† Consult Dugdale's "Origines Judiciales."

‡ Lectures on Dramatic Literature, Black's Translation, vol. ii. p. 175.

§ This copy, which formerly belonged to Steevens, was purchased for the private library of George III., and was retained when George IV. gave that valuable collection to the nation.

and hopeless contest with one o'ermastering passion. It delights to lie "canopied with bowers,"—to listen to "old and antique" songs, which dally with its "innocence,"—to be "full of shapes," and "high fantastical." The love of Viola is the sweetest and tenderest emotion that ever informed the heart of the purest and most graceful of beings with a spirit almost divine. Perhaps in the whole range of Shakspeare's poetry there is nothing which comes more unbidden into the mind, and always in connection with some image of the ethereal beauty of the utterer, than Viola's "she never told her love." The love of Olivia, wilful as it is, is not in the slightest degree repulsive. With the old stories before him, nothing but the refined delicacy of Shakspeare's conception of the female character could have redeemed Olivia from approaching to the anti-feminine. But as it is we pity her, and we rejoice with her. These are what may be called the serious characters, because they are the vehicles for what we emphatically call the poetry of the play. But the comic characters are to us equally poetical—that is, they appear to us not mere copies of the representatives of temporary or individual follies, but embodyings of the universal comic, as true and as fresh to-day as they were two centuries and a half ago. Malvolio is to our minds as poetical as Don Quixote; and we are by no means sure that Shakspeare meant the poor cross-gartered Steward *only* to be laughed at, any more than Cervantes did the knight of the rueful countenance. He meant us to pity him, as Olivia and the Duke pitied him; for, in truth, the delusion by which Malvolio was wrecked, only passed out of the romantic into the comic through the manifestation of the vanity of the character in reference to his situation. But if we laugh at Malvolio we are not to laugh ill-naturedly, for the poet has conducted all the mischief against him in a spirit in which there is no real malice at the bottom of the fun. Sir Toby is a most genuine character,—one given to strong potations and boisterous merriment; but with a humour about him perfectly irresistible. His *abandon* to the instant opportunity of laughing at and with others is something so thoroughly English, that we are not surprised the poet gave him an English name. And like all genuine humorists Sir Toby must

have his butt. What a trio is presented in that glorious scene of the second act, where the two Knights and the Clown "make the welkin dance;"—the humorist, the fool, and the philosopher!—for Sir Andrew is the fool, and the Clown is the philosopher. We hold the Clown's epilogue song to be the most philosophical Clown's song upon record; and a treatise might be written upon its wisdom. It is the history of a life, from the condition of "a little tiny boy," through "man's estate," to decaying age—"when I came unto my bed;" and the conclusion is, that what is true of the individual is true of the species, and what was of yesterday was of generations long past away—for

"A great while ago the world begun."

Steevens says this "nonsensical ditty" is utterly unconnected with the subject of the comedy. We think he is mistaken. Gervinus holds a different opinion from Steevens. He says—"The Clown appears here as a singer by profession, who sings love-songs of a cheerful or tragic nature, merry jigs and heart-rending canons, with equal skill. Together with this, he is represented as a careless, cheerful fellow, who troubles himself about nothing, placed in the midst of a much-occupied society, a wise fool amongst foolish wits. He indeed says it often, and proves it oftener, that his foolish wisdom is in reality not folly, that it is a mistake to call him a fool, that the hood does not make the monk, and that his brain is not as motley as his coat. The poet has not brought the Clown's acts and deeds in this piece into a main relation with the main idea, but placed him more as a separate person in his individual expressions. In the play, where these instructive passages are found, it is required by the Clown's difficult office that he should well know the right time, place, and person with whom he jests, so as to level his arrows at the weak points. He is at home wherever placed, or, as he says, is 'for all waters;' he lives with all in their own way, knowing their foibles, observing their natures, attentively watching the humour of the moment."

AS YOU LIKE IT.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

STATE OF THE TEXT, AND CHRONOLOGY, OF AS YOU LIKE IT.

AS YOU LIKE IT was first printed in the folio collection of 1623. There appears to have been an intention to publish it separately, for we find it entered in the registers of the Stationers' Company, together with Henry V. and Much Ado About Nothing. There is no exact date to this entry, but it is conjectured to have been made in 1600.* The text of the original folio is, upon the whole, a very correct one. In a few instances the second folio of 1632 has slightly altered this text with advantage; in other instances the changes in this second edition are capricious, or have arisen out of an attempt to modernise what was little more than a quarter of a century old. These variations are pointed out in our foot-notes. The original is divided into acts and scenes.

The exact date of this comedy cannot be fixed, but there is no doubt that it belongs to the first or second year of the seventeenth century. It is not mentioned in the list published by Meres in 1598; and there is an allusion in the comedy which fixes the limits of its date in the other direction: "I will weep for nothing," says Rosalind, "like *Diana in the fountain*." The cross in West Cheap, originally erected by Edward I., was reconstructed in the reign of Henry VI., and converted to the useful purpose of a conduit. The images about the cross were often broken and defaced, probably by the misdirected zeal of the early reformers; and so the heathen deities were called in, and in 1596, according to Stow, was set up "an alabaster image of Diana, and water conveyed from the Thames prilling from her breast." Stow gives us this information in 1599; but in 1603, when the second edition of his "Survey of London" was published, the glories of Diana were passed away; her fountain was no longer "prilling." "The same is oft-times dried up, and now decayed," says Stow. There can be no doubt that Diana was included in the popular hatred of this unfortunate cross; for although Elizabeth, on the 24th September, 1600, sent a special command to the city respecting "the continuance of that monument," in accordance with which it was again repaired, gilded, and cleansed from dust, "about twelve nights following the image of our Lady was again defaced by plucking off her crown, and almost her head." When Rosalind made the allusion to *Diana in the fountain*, we may be pretty sure that the fountain was not "dried up."

SUPPOSED SOURCE OF THE PLOT.

If we were to accept the oracular decisions of Farmer and Steevens as to the sources from which Shakspeare derived the story of As You Like It, we might dismiss the subject very briefly. The one says, with his usual pedantic insolence, "As You Like It was certainly borrowed, if we believe Dr. Grey and Mr. Upton, from the 'Coke's Tale of Gamelyn,' which, by the way, was not printed till a century afterwards, when, in truth, the old bard, who was no hunter of MSS., contented himself solely with 'Lodge's Rosalynd,' or 'Euphues' Golden Legacye,' quarto, 1590."† Thus "the old bard," meaning Shakspeare, did not take the trouble of doing, or was incapable of

doing, what another old bard (first a player, and afterwards a naval surgeon) did with great care—consult the manuscript copy of an old English tale attributed, but supposed incorrectly so, to Chaucer. In spite, however, of Dr. Farmer, we shall take the liberty of looking at the "Tale of Gamelyn," in the endeavour to find some traces of Shakspeare. Steevens disposes of Lodge's "Rosalynd" in as summary a way as Farmer does of Gamelyn. "Shakspeare has followed Lodge's novel more exactly than is his general custom when he is indebted to such worthless originals, and has sketched some of his principal characters and borrowed a few expressions from it. The imitations, &c., however, are in general too insignificant to merit transcription." All this is very unscrupulous, ignorant, and tasteless. Lodge's "Rosalynd" is *not* a worthless original; Shakspeare's imitations of it are *not* insignificant. Lodge's novel is, in many respects, however quaint and pedantic, informed with a bright poetical spirit, and possesses a pastoral charm which may occasionally be compared with the best parts of Sidney's "Arcadia." Lodge most scrupulously follows the "Tale of Gamelyn," as far as that poem would harmonise with other parts of his story, which we may consider to be his own invention. But he has added so much that is new, in the creation of the incident of the banished king, the adventures of Rosalynd and Alinda (Celia) in the forest, the passion of Rosader (Orlando), and the pretty mistake of Phebe arising out of the disguise of Rosalynd, that it is nothing less than absurd to consider Shakspeare's obligations to him as insignificant. It is remarkable that in the two instances where Shakspeare founded dramas upon the novels of two contemporary English writers, the "Rosalynd" of Lodge, and the "Pandosto" of Greene, he offered a decided homage to their genius by adopting their incidents with great fidelity. But in the process of converting a narrative into a drama he manifests, we think, even in a more remarkable way than if, using the common language of criticism, we might call the As You Like It and the Winter's Tale his own invention—especially in the exquisite taste with which he combines old materials with new, narrates what is unfit to be dramatically represented, represents what he finds narrated, informs the actors with the most lively and discriminating touches of character, and throws over the whole the rich light of his poetry and his philosophy—he manifests the wonderful superiority of his powers over those of the most gifted of his fellow-poets. We believe that our readers will not, in this point of view, consider the space ill bestowed which we shall devote to an analysis of Lodge's "Rosalynd," as compared with the As You Like It.‡

"The 'Coke's Tale of Gamelyn,'" says Tyrwhitt, "is not to be found in any of the MSS. of the first authority; and the manner, style, and versification, all prove it to have been the work of an author much inferior to Chaucer." He adds: "As a relique of our ancient poetry, and the foundation, perhaps, of Shakspeare's As You Like It, I could have wished to see it more accurately printed than it is in the only edition which we have of it."§ Of the antiquity of the poem there can be no doubt. It not only employs the old language in the old spirit, but its conception of the heroic character is alto-

* See Introductory Notice to Much Ado About Nothing, p. 260.

† Essay on the Learning of Shakspeare, Boswell's Edition, p. 214.

‡ A reprint of this uncommonly rare tract forms part of a series entitled "Shakspeare's Library, a Collection of the Romances, Novels, and Histories

used by Shakspeare as the Foundation of his Dramas. Now first collected and accurately reprinted from the Original Editions, with Introductory Notices by J. Payne Collier, Esq., F.S.A." This meritorious publication, commenced at the end of 1840, forms two volumes.

§ Introductory Discourse to the Canterbury Tales.

gether that of a rude age, when deeds of violence did not present themselves to the imagination as any other than the natural accompaniments of bodily strength and undaunted courage. There is nothing more remarkable than the different modes in which Lodge and Shakspeare—who, be it remembered, were contemporaries, and therefore, with the exception of the differences of their individual habits of thought, to be supposed equally capable of modifying their impressions by the associations of a different state of society—have dealt with their common original. In the “Tale of Gamelyn,” an old doughty knight, Sir Johan of Boundis, is at the point of death, and directs certain “wise knights” to settle how he shall divide his goods amongst his three sons. The division which they make is, as we shall presently see, not agreeable to the wishes of the father, and he thus decrees that his land shall be divided otherwise than the friends had willed:—

“For Godd 'is love, my neighbouris,
Standeth ye allè still,
And I will delin my londe
After my ownè will.
Johan myn eldest sone shall
Yhavè plowis five,
That was my fadir's heritage
While that he was on live;
And middillist sonè shall
Five plowis have of lond
That I holpe for to gettin
With myn own rightè hond;
And all myn othir purchasis
Of landis and of ledes
That I bequethè Gamelyn
And all my gode stedes.”

According to Lodge's “Rosalynd,” Sir John of Bourdeaux, in the presence of his fellow-knights of Malta, calls his sons before him, and thus directs:—

“As I leave you some fading pelf to countercheck poverty, so I will bequeath you infallible precepts that shall lead you unto virtue. First, therefore, unto thee, Saladyne, the eldest, and therefore the chiefest pillar of my house, wherein should be engraved as well the excellency of thy father's qualities, as the essential fortune of his proportion, to thee I give fourteen ploughlands with all my manor-houses and richest plate. Next, unto Fernandine I bequeath twelve ploughlands. But, unto Rosader, the youngest, I give my horse, my armour, and my lance, with sixteen ploughlands; for if the inward thoughts be discovered by outward shadows, Rosader will exceed you all in bounty and honour.”

The Orlando of Shakspeare thus describes his legacy:—

“As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion bequeathed me by will, but poor a thousand crowns; and, as thou say'st, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well.”

The entire difference of the conception of character between the Orlando of Shakspeare and the Rosader of Lodge follows this difference in the statement of the father's bequest. Shakspeare, we have no doubt, was led to this difference by his knowledge of the original tale. We do not believe that he “was no hunter of MSS.” The mode in which the friends of the old doughty knight disposed of his wealth was this:—

“For to delin them al too on
That was ther only thought,
And for that Gamelyn yongist was
He shuldè havin nought.”

We see at once that the course which Shakspeare has taken was necessary to his conception of the character of the younger brother. Because his brother neglected to breed him well, there begins his sadness:—

“My father charged you in his will to give me good education; you have trained me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding me from all gentlemanlike qualities: the spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.”

With the exception of the slight burst of violence at the insolence of his elder brother, the youngest son of Shakspeare is perfectly submissive, unrepining at his fortunes, without revenge. In the “Tale of Gamelyn,” and in Lodge's version of it, the youngest son being

endowed more largely than his elder brother, there is a perpetual contest for power going forward. The elder brother is envious at the younger being preferred; the younger is indignant that the cunning of the elder deprives him of the advantages of his father's testament. It is singular how closely Lodge has here copied the old tale. In his preface he says,—

“Having, with Captain Clarke, made a voyage to the islands of Terceras and the Canaries, to beguile the time with labour I write this book; rough, as hatched in the storms of the ocean, and feathered in the surge of many perilous seas.”

It is quite clear that he had in his cabin a copy in manuscript of the old “Tale of Gamelyn.” For example:—

“Gamelyn stode upon a day
In his brotheris yerde,
And he began with his hondè
To handel in his berde.”

Compare Lodge:—

“With that, casting up his hand, he felt hair upon his face, and perceiving his beard to bud, for choler he began to blush, and swore to himself he would be no more subject to such slavery.”

Again:—

“After camè his brothir in
Ywalkyng statelich thare,
And seidè unto Gamelyn,
What? is our metè yare?
Tho Gamelyn ywrothid hym,
And swore by Goddis boke,
Thou shalt y go bake, luke, thy self;
I wol not be thy coke.”

The parallel passage in Lodge is as follows:—

“As thus he was ruminating of his melancholy passions, in came Saladyne with his men, and seeing his brother in a brown study, and to forget his wonted reverence, thought to shake him out of his dumps thus: ‘Sirrah,’ quoth he, ‘what, is your heart on your halfpenny, or are you saying a dirge for your father's soul? what, is my dinner ready?’ At this question Rosader, turning his head askance, and bending his brows as if anger there had ploughed the furrows of her wrath, with his eyes full of fire, he made this reply: ‘Dost thou ask me, Saladyne, for thy cates? ask some of thy churls who are fit for such an office.’”

In the “Tale of Gamelyn,” which continues to be almost literally followed by Lodge, we have now a terrible conflict between the two brothers. The elder calls his men to bind and beat, the younger seizes “a pestill” (Lodge calls it “a rake”)—

“And droffe all his brother's men
Right sone on a hepe.”

But there is a touch of nature in the old tale, equal in its pathos to the most beautiful things in our ancient ballads, which we look for in vain in Lodge, but which unquestionably entered into Shakspeare's conception of the generous and forgiving Orlando:—

“The knightè thoughtin on treason,
But Gamelyn on none,
And went and kysid his brothir,
And then they were at one.”

We are now arrived at the incident of the wrestling. In the old tale there is no treacherous agreement between the elder brother and the wrestler. The knight simply wishes that Gamelyn

“mightè brekin his nek
In that ilk wrestling.”

But in Lodge we have the incident which is dramatised in *As You Like It*, Act I. Scene I.

“Saladyne, hearing of this, thinking now not to let the ball fall to the ground, but to take opportunity by the forehead, first by secret means convented with the Norman, and procured him with rich rewards to swear that if Rosader came within his claws he would never more return to quarrel with Saladyne for his possessions.”

But we turn again to the old tale, and we find that Shakspeare avails himself of whatever exists in that story suited for his dramatic object, although Lodge may have given a different version of it. With that care with which he distinguishes between what is necessary as a preparation for a dramatic incident, and the exhibition of another inci-

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dent not essentially dramatic, he engages our sympathy for Orlando by narrating the triumph of the wrestler over the old man's three sons :—

"Yonder they lie; the poor old man, their father, making such *pitiful dole* over them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping."

When Gamelyn arrived at the wrestling-place he lighted down from his steed and stood upon the grass :—

"And ther he herd a frankelyn
Weloway for to sing,
And began in all bittirly
His handis for to wring."

Here we trace Shakspeare; in Lodge we lose him.

"At this unlooked-for massacre the people murmured, and were all in a deep passion of pity; but the franklin, father unto these, *never changed his countenance*, but as a man of courageous resolution took up the bodies of his sons without show of outward discontent."

Further, in Lodge, when the champion approaches Rosader, he simply gives him *a shake by the shoulder*; in *As You Like It* he mocks Orlando with taunting speeches; and so in Gamelyn he starts towards the youth—

"And seidd, Who is thy fadir,
And who is eke thy sire?
Forsoth thou art a gret fole,
For that thou camist hire."

Up to this point has Lodge followed his original, with few exceptions, very literally; but he now gives a new interest to the story by presenting to us Rosalynd. The style in which he describes her beauty is amongst the prettiest of poetical exaggerations :—

"The blush that gloried Luna, when she kissed the shepherd on the hills of Latmos, was not tainted with such a pleasant dye as the vermilion flourished on the silver hue of Rosalynde's countenance: her eyes were like those lamps that make the wealthy covert of the heavens more gorgeous, sparkling favour and disdain; courteous and yet coy, as if in them Venus had placed all her amoretts, and Diana all her chastity. The trammels of her hair, folded in a caul of gold, so far surpassed the burnished glisten of the metal as the sun doth the meanest star in brightness: the tresses that fold in the brows of Apollo were not half so rich to the sight, for in her hairs it seemed love had laid herself in ambush, to entrap the proudest eye that durst gaze upon their excellence."

Mr. Collier, quoting this description of Lodge, says it "puts one a little in mind of James Shirley's excellent ridicule of overstrained hyperbolical compliments and unnatural resemblances, in his play of 'The Sisters' (1652)."^{*} We wonder Shakspeare's own playful sonnet did not occur to him as a closer example of this ridicule :—

"My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;
Coral is far more red than her lips' red:
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,
But no such roses see I in her cheeks;
And in some perfumes is there more delight
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.
I love to hear her speak,—yet well I know
That music hath a far more pleasing sound;
I grant I never saw a goddess go,—
My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground;
And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare
As any she belied with false compare."

In this sonnet we see the dominant principle of good sense by which Shakspeare made his poetry a reality. His Rosalind is a living being, full of grace, and spirit, and tenderness; arch, witty, playful, impassioned. The Rosalynd of Lodge is not exactly "of no character at all," but she leaves no very distinct or pleasing impression on our mind. Shakspeare's exquisite conception of her character is in no place more clearly evinced than in the manner with which he deals with an incident that Lodge thus presents to him :—

"As the king and lords graced him (Rosader) with embracing, so the ladies favoured him with their looks, especially Rosalynd, whom the beauty and valour of Rosader had already touched: but she accounted love a toy, and fancy a momentary passion; that, as it was taken in with a gaze, might be shaken off

with a wink, and therefore feared not to dally in the flame; and to make Rosader know she affected him, took from her neck a jewel, and sent it by a page to the young gentleman."

Compare this with the following delicious passage :—

"Ros. Gentleman,
[Giving him a chain from her neck.
Wear this for me; one out of suits with fortune;
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.—
Shall we go, coz?
Cel. Ay:—Fare you well, fair gentleman.
Orl. Can I not say, I thank you? My better parts
Are all thrown down; and that which here stands up
Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block.
Ros. He calls us back: My pride fell with my fortunes:
I'll ask him what he would:—Did you call, sir?—
Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown
More than your enemies.
Cel. Will you go, coz?
Ros. Have with you:—Fare you well."

It is in Lodge that we find the story of a usurping king and a banished brother, of which there is nothing in Gamelyn. Lodge tells us of

"Torismond, the King of France, who, having by force banished Gerismond, their lawful king, that lived as an outlaw in the forest of Arden, sought now by all means to keep the French busied with all sports that might breed their content. Amongst the rest he had appointed this solemn tournament, whereunto he in most solemn manner resorted, accompanied with the twelve peers of France, who, rather for fear than love, graced him with the show of their dutiful favours. To feed their eyes, and to make the beholders pleased with the sight of most rare and glistening objects, he had appointed his own daughter Alinda to be there, and the fair Rosalynd, daughter unto Gerismond, with all the beautiful damsels that were famous for their features in all France."

But after the tournament Lodge returns to his original; and we have a succession of contests of brute force between the younger and the elder brother, which Shakspeare altogether rejects. Rosader, upon returning home with a troop of young gentlemen, is shut out of the house by his brother's order; but he kicks down the door, breaks open the buttery, and revels with his companions till they have despatched five tuns of wine in his brother's cellar. This is literally the story of Gamelyn; which has, however, the pleasant accompaniment of the young gentleman breaking the porter's neck and throwing him into a well seven hundred fathoms deep. These events are followed, both in the old tale and the novel, by the elder brother chaining the younger to a post in the middle of his hall, where he continues two or three days without meat. The story thus proceeds :—

"Which Adam Spencer, the old servant of Sir John of Bourdeaux, seeing, touched with the duty and love he ought to his old master, felt a remorse in his conscience of his son's mishap; and therefore, although Saladyne had given a general charge to his servants that none of them upon pain of death should give either meat or drink to Rosader, yet Adam Spencer in the night rose secretly, and brought him such victuals as he could provide, and unlocked him, and set him at liberty."

It was in Gamelyn that Lodge found Adam Spencer :—

"Then seide at last this Gamelyn
That stod boundin strong,
Adam Spencer, methinkith that
I faste al to long."

Gamelyn being released, he and Adam Spencer effect a considerable slaughter of the elder brother's friends, in which particular Lodge nowise hesitates to follow his original. Shakspeare has avoided all this; and he has given us instead one of the most delightful of all his scenes. It is said that he played the character of Adam himself. Oldys tells a story of a relation of the poet,—an old man who lived after the restoration of Charles II.,—describing "the faint, general, and almost lost ideas he had of having once seen him act a part in one of his own comedies, wherein being to personate a decrepit old man, he wore a long beard, and appeared so weak and drooping, and unable to walk, that he was forced to be supported and carried by another person to a table, at which he was seated among some company, who were eating, and one of them sung a song." This was unquestionably the Adam of *As You Like It*; and to us there is no

^{*} Poetical Decameron, vol. ii. p. 171.

tradition of Shakspeare so pleasing as that in the following noble lines his lips uttered what his mind had conceived :—

"I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,
Which I did store, to be my foster nurse,
When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown;
Take that: and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;
All this I give you: Let me be your servant;
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty:
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly: let me go with you;
I'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities."

The beauty of Rosalind, according to Lodge's novel, filling all men with her praises, makes the usurping king resolved to banish her. Her cousin defends her; and the despot banishes them both. We need scarcely point out how judiciously Shakspeare has made Celia self-banished through her friendship. He has not varied the circumstances of their departure as related by Lodge :—

"Alinda grieved at nothing but that they might have no man in their company, saying, it would be their greatest prejudice in that two women went wandering without either guide or attendant. Tush (quoth Rosalynd), art thou a woman, and hast not a sudden shift to prevent a misfortune? I, thou seest, am of a tall stature, and would very well become the person and apparel of a page: thou shalt be my mistress, and I will play the man so properly, that (trust me) in what company soever I come I will not be discovered. I will buy me a suit, and have my rapier very handsomely at my side, and if any knave offer wrong, your page will show him the point of his weapon. At this Alinda smiled, and upon this they agreed, and presently gathered up all their jewels, which they trussed up in a casket, and Rosalynd in all haste provided her of robes; and Alinda being called Aliena, and Rosalynd Ganymede, they travelled along the vineyards, and by many by-ways at last got to the forest side, where they travelled by the space of two or three days without seeing any creature, being often in danger of wild beasts, and pained with many passionate sorrows."

But where is Touchstone? We find him not in Lodge. Steevens tells us "the characters of Jaques, the Clown, and Audrey, are entirely of the poet's own formation."

"Ay, now am I in Arden!" Touchstone thought that when he was at home he was in a better place. But *here is* the home of every true lover of poetry. What a world of exquisite images do Shakspeare's pictures of this forest call up! He gives us no positive set descriptions, of trees, and flowers, and rivulets, and fountains,—such as we may cut out and paste into an album. But a touch here and there carries us into the heart of his living scenery. And so, whenever it is our happy lot to be wandering

"Under the shade of melancholy boughs,"

we think of the oak beneath which Jaques lay along,—

"whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood;"

and of the dingle where Touchstone was with Audrey and her goats; and of the

"Sheepcote fenc'd about with olive-trees,"

where dwelt Rosalind and Celia; and of the hawthorns and brambles upon which Orlando hung odes and elegies. The description which Lodge gives us of Arden leaves no such impression; it is cold and classical, vague and elaborate :—

"With that they rose up, and marched forward till towards the even, and then coming into a fair valley (compassed with mountains, whereon grew many pleasant shrubs) they descried where two flocks of sheep did feed. Then, looking about, they might perceive where an old shepherd sat (and with him a young swain) under a covert most pleasantly situated. The ground where they sat was diapered with Flora's riches, as if she meant to wrap Tellus in the glory of her vestments; round about, in the form of an amphitheatre, were most curiously planted pine-trees, interseamed with lemons and citrons, which with the thickness of their boughs so shadowed the place, that Phoebus could not pry into the secret of that

arbour; so united were the tops with so thick a closure, that Venus might there in her jollity have dallied unseen with her dearest paramour. Fast by (to make the place more gorgeous) was there a fount so crystalline and clear, that it seemed Diana with her Dryades and Hamadryades had that spring, as the secret of all their bathings. In this glorious arbour sat these two shepherds (seeing their sheep feed) playing on their pipes many pleasant tunes, and from music and melody falling into much amorous chat."

Nothing can more truly show how immeasurably superior was the art of Shakspeare to the art of other poets than the comparison of such a description as this of Lodge with the incidental scene-painting of *his* Forest of Arden. It has been truly and beautifully said of Shakspeare,—“All his excellences, like those of Nature herself, are thrown out together; and, instead of interfering with, support and recommend each other. His flowers are not tied up in garlands, nor his fruits crushed into baskets—but spring living from the soil, in all the dew and freshness of youth.”* But there are critics of another caste, who object to Shakspeare's Forest of Arden, situated, as they hold, “between the rivers Meuse and Moselle.” They maintain that its geographical position ought to have been known by Shakspeare; and that he is consequently most vehemently to be reprehended for imagining that a palm-tree could flourish, and a lioness be starving, in French Flanders. We most heartily wish that the critics would allow poetry to have its own geography. We do *not* want to know that Bohemia has no seaboard; we do *not* wish to have the island of Sycorax defined on the map; we do *not* require that our Forest of Arden should be the *Arduenna Sylva* of Cæsar and Tacitus, and that its rocks should be “clay-slate, grauacke-slate, grauacke, conglomerate, quartz-rock, and quartzose sandstone.” We are quite sure that Ariosto was thinking nothing of French Flanders when he described how

“two fountains grew,
Like in the taste, but in effects unlike,
Plac'd in *Ardenna*, each in other's view:
Who tastes the one, love's dart his heart doth strike;
Contrary of the other dost ensue,
Who drinks thereof, their lovers shall mislike.”†

We are equally sure that Shakspeare *meant* to take his forest out of the region of the literal, when he assigned to it a palm-tree and a lioness. Lady Morgan tells us, “The Forest of Ardennes smells of early English poetry. It has all the greenwood freshness of Shakspeare's scenes; and it is scarcely possible to feel the truth and beauty of his exquisite *As You Like It*, without having loitered, as I have done, amidst its tangled glens and magnificent depths.”‡ We must venture to think that it was not necessary for Shakspeare to visit the Ardennes to have described

“An old oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity;”

and that, although his own Warwickshire Arden is now populous, and we no longer meet there a “desert inaccessible,” there are fifty places in England where, with the *As You Like It* in hand, one might linger “from noon to dewy eve,” and say, “Ay, now am I in Arden.”

Shakspeare, as it appears to us, has not only taken the geography of his Arden out of the real, but has in the same way purposely perplexed the chronology of his comedy. In Lodge's “*Rosalynd*” the geography is somewhat *more* perplexed; for it is minute enough to belong apparently to the real, while it is essentially untrue. Adam and Rosader travel from Bourdeaux to the Forest of Arden: “Rosader and Adam, knowing full well the secret ways that led through the vineyards, stole away privily through the province of Bourdeaux, and escaped safe to the Forest of Arden.” Secret or public, the ways must have been sufficiently wearisome which led completely across France from the Garonne to the Meuse. This is one of the many examples of the disregard of exactness which we find in Shakspeare's contemporaries. But here the inexactness looks only like a blunder: in Shakspeare's Forest of Arden we have nothing definite, and therefore we readily pass into the imaginative.

* *Edinburgh Review*, vol. xxviii.

† Orlando Furioso, book i., stanza 78, Harrington's Translation.

‡ The Princess, a Novel, vol. iii. p. 207.

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In the same way, Lodge presents us with King Gerismond and King Torismond, kings of France. Shakspeare idealises these persons into *dukes*. We thus are thrown out of the limits of real history, unless we strain a point to come within those limits. We grant that this idealising is very perplexing to the stage representation of this and other plays; but it must be remembered that this perplexity arises from the altered condition of the stage itself. Its scenes must *now* be copied from nature; its dresses must *now* be true to a quarter of a century in the doublet and the hose. We do not object to this, *in its place*; and we hold that *when* the poet deals with the real it is our duty to follow him with the minutest scrupulosity. But with the same reverence for his guidance we maintain that, when he proclaims by tokens not to be mistaken that he has entered the regions of imagination, we are not to take him out of those regions and surround him with the boundaries of time and space. We therefore, however unwillingly, give Mr. Planché's directions for the *costume* of this comedy, as a note.* The view which Ulrici takes of the extent to which the ideal prevails in this comedy has our perfect concurrence:—"Separately nothing appears directly opposed to reality: no *super-natural*, or *unnatural* beings or appearances. *Separately*, every character, situation, and incident, might belong to common actuality; it is only through the lions and serpents in a European forest that it is lightly indicated to us that we tread the soil of poetic fancy. And yet more distinctly does the entire play in its development,—the involutions and proportion of the parts to the whole,—the oneness of the relations and situations, the actions and circumstances,—render it clear that this drama is by no means intended as a representation of common actuality; but rather of life as seen from a peculiar and poetical point of view."

We have already said that the deviations which Shakspeare made in the conduct of his story, from the original presented to him in Lodge's "*Rosalind*," furnish a most remarkable example of the wonderful superiority of his art as compared with the art of other men. But the *additions* which he has made to the story of "*Rosalind*" evince even a higher power: they grow out of his surpassing philosophy. To this quality Lodge sets up no pretensions. When the younger brother of the novelist has fled from his home with his faithful servant—when his *Rosalind* and *Alinda* have been banished from the court—they each enter into the pastoral life with all imaginable prettiness; and there in the forests wild they encounter *native* pastoral lovers, and a dethroned king and his free companions leading the hunter's life without care or retrospection. *Alinda* and *Rosalind* have now become *Aliena* and *Ganimede*; and when they sojourn in the forest they find the verses of despairing shepherds graven upon tall beech-trees, and hear interminable eclogues recited between *Montanus* and *Coridon*. How closely Shakspeare follows the *incidents* of his original may be gathered from the address of Lodge's *Aliena* to one of these poetical swains:—

"Therefore let this suffice, gentle shepherd: my distress is as great as my travail is dangerous, and I wander in this forest to light on some cottage where I and my page may dwell: for I mean to buy some farm, and a flock of sheep, and so become a shepherdess, meaning to live low, and content me with a country life; for I have heard the swains say that they drank without suspicion, and slept without care. Marry, mistress, quoth *Coridon*, if you mean so you came in good time, for my landlord intends to sell both the farm I till and the flock I keep, and cheap you may have them for ready money: and for a shepherd's life (oh, mistress!) did you but live awhile in their content, you would say the court were rather a place of sorrow than of solace. Here, mistress, shall not fortune thwart you, but in mean misfortunes, as the loss of a few sheep, which, as it breeds no beggary, so it can be no extreme prejudice: the next year may mend all with a fresh increase. Envy stirs not us, we covet not to climb, our desires mount not above our degrees, nor our thoughts above our fortunes. Care cannot harbour in our cottages, nor do our homely couches know broken slumbers: as we exceed not in diet, so we have enough to satisfy; and, mistress, I have so much Latin, satis est quod sufficit.

"By my truth, shepherd (quoth *Aliena*), thou makest me in love with your country life, and therefore send for thy landlord, and I will buy thy farm and thy flocks, and thou shalt still under me be overseer of them both: only for pleasure sake I and my page will serve you, lead the flocks to the field, and fold them. Thus will I live quiet, unknown, and contented."

* See page 322.

Again, when *Rosader* and *Adam* entered the forest, and in their extremity of distress encounter the merry company of banished courtiers, we have the exact prototype of the *action* of *Orlando* and *Adam* of Shakspeare:—

"*Rosader*, full of courage (though very faint), rose up, and wished *A. Spencer* to sit there till his return; for my mind gives me, quoth he, I shall bring thee meat. With that, like a madman, he rose up, and ranged up and down the woods, seeking to encounter some wild beast with his rapier, that either he might carry his friend *Adam* food, or else pledge his life in pawn for his loyalty. It chanced that day that *Gerismond*, the lawful King of France, banished by *Torismond*, who with a lusty crew of outlaws lived in that forest, that day in honour of his birth made a feast to all his bold yeomen, and frolicked it with store of wine and venison, sitting all at a long table under the shadow of lemon-trees. To that place by chance fortune conducted *Rosader*, who seeing such a crew of brave men, having store of that for want of which he and *Adam* perished, he stepped boldly to the board's end, and saluted the company thus:—

"Whatsoever thou be that art master of these lusty squires, I salute thee as graciously as a man in extreme distress may: know that I and a fellow friend of mine are here famished in the forest for want of food: perish we must, unless relieved by thy favours. Therefore, if thou be a gentleman, give meat to men, and to such as are every way worthy of life. Let the proudest squire that sits at thy table rise and encounter with me in any honourable point of activity whatsoever, and if he and thou prove me not a man, send me away comfortless. If thou refuse this, as a niggard of thy cates, I will have amongst you with my sword; for rather will I die valiantly, than perish with so cowardly an extreme. *Gerismond*, looking him earnestly in the face, and seeing so proper a gentleman in so bitter a passion, was moved with so great pity, that, rising from the table, he took him by the hand and bade him welcome, willing him to sit down in his place, and in his room not only to eat his fill, but be lord of the feast. *Gramercy*, sir (quoth *Rosader*), but I have a feeble friend that lies hereby famished almost for food, aged, and therefore less able to abide the extremity of hunger than myself, and dishonour it were for me to taste one crumb before I made him partner of my fortunes: therefore I will run and fetch him, and then I will gratefully accept of your proffer. Away hies *Rosader* to *Adam Spencer*, and tells him the news, who was glad of so happy fortune, but so feeble he was that he could not go; whereupon *Rosader* got him up on his back, and brought him to the place."

Exact, also, is the resemblance between the *Rosader* of Lodge, wandering about and carving on a tree "a pretty estimate of his mistress's perfections," and the *Orlando* of Shakspeare, who in the same manner records

"The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she."

Literal is the copy, too, we have in Shakspeare of the *situations* of the lovers when *Rosalind* passes with *Orlando* as the merry page:—

"As soon as they had taken their repast, *Rosader*, giving them thanks for his good cheer, would have been gone; but *Ganimede*, that was loth to let him pass out of her presence, began thus:—Nay, forester, quoth she, if thy business be not the greater, seeing thou sayest thou art so deeply in love, let me see how thou canst woo. I will represent *Rosalynde*, and thou shalt be as thou art, *Rosader*. See in some amorous eclogue, how if *Rosalynde* were present, how thou couldst court her; and while we sing of love *Aliena* shall tune her pipe and play us melody. Content, quoth *Rosader*; and *Aliena*, she, to show her willingness, drew forth a recorder, and began to wind it."

Far different, however, is the *characterisation* arising out of these similar circumstances. Lodge gives us a "wooing eclogue betwixt *Rosalind* and *Rosader*;" wherein the *lover* thus swears in the good heroic vein:—

"First let the heavens conspire to pull me down,
And heaven and earth as abject quite refuse me;
Let sorrows stream about my hateful bower,
And retchless horror hatch within my breast;
Let beauty's eye afflict me with a lower,
Let deep despair pursue me without rest,
Ere *Rosalynde* my loyalty disprove,
Ere *Rosalynde* accuse me for unkind."

The *beloved* of Shakspeare uses no such holiday vows, but is contented with, "By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous." It is the wit and vivacity of *Rosalind*, opposed to the poetical earnestness of *Orlando*, that prevent the pastoral from sliding into the ridiculous, as it has always a tendency to do. The same art is again shown in the management of the incident of *Phebe's* love for *Ganymede*. Lodge thus presents it to us:—

"*Ganimede*, overhearing all these passions of *Montanus*, could not brook the cruelty of *Phoebe*, but, starting from behind a bush, said, And if, damsel, you fled from me, I would transform you as *Daphne* to a bay, and then in contempt trample your branches under my feet. *Phoebe*, at this sudden reply, was amazed, especially when she saw so fair a swain as *Ganymede*; blushing, therefore, she would

have home gone, but that he held her by the hand, and prosecuted his reply thus: What, shepherdess, so fair and so cruel? Disdain beseems not cottages, nor coyness maids; for either they be condemned to be too proud, or too froward. Take heed, fair nymph, that in despising love you be not overreached with love, and, in shaking off all, shape yourself to your own shadow, and so with Narcissus prove passionate and yet unpitied. Oft have I heard, and sometime have I seen, high disdain turned to hot desires. Because thou art beautiful be not so coy: as there is nothing more fair, so there is nothing more fading: as momentary as the shadows which grow from a cloudy sun. Such, my fair shepherdess, as disdain in youth desire in age, and then are they hated in the winter that might have been loved in the prime. A wrinkled maid is like to a parched rose, that is cast up in coffers to please the smell, not worn in the hand to content the eye. There is no folly in love to—had I wist? and therefore be ruled by me, love while thou art young, lest thou be disdained when thou art old. Beauty nor time cannot be recalled, and if thou love, like of Montanus; for if his desires are many, so his deserts are great.

"Phœbe all this while gazed on the perfection of Ganymede, as deeply enamoured of his perfection as Montanus inveigled with hers: for her eye made survey of his excellent feature, which she found so rare, that she thought the ghost of Adonis had leapt from Elisium in the shape of a swain."

Compare this with the fifth scene of the third act of *As You Like It*:—

"Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?
I see no more in you, than in the ordinary
Of nature's sale-work:—Od's my little life!
I think, she means to tangle my eyes too:—
No, 'faith, proud mistress, hope not after it;
'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,
Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my spirits to your worship.—
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,
Like foggy south, puffing with wind and rain?
You are a thousand times a properer man,
Than she a woman: 'Tis such fools as you,
That make the world full of ill-favour'd children:
'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her;
And out of you she sees herself more proper,
Than any of her lineaments can show her;—
But, mistress, know yourself; down on your knees,
And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love."

It is unnecessary for us to pursue this parallel further. Shakspeare follows Lodge, with scarcely a deviation, in the conduct of his story. We have the same incidents of the elder brother's exile,—his rescue from a savage beast by the courage of the brother he had injured,—and his passion for the banished daughter of the usurping king. We have, of course, the same discovery of Rosalind to her father, and the same happy marriage of the princesses with their lovers, as well as that of the coy shepherdess with her shepherd. The catastrophe, however, is different. The usurping king of Lodge comes out with a mighty army to fight his rebellious peers,—when the sojourners in the forest join the battle, the usurper is slain, and the rightful king restored. Shakspeare manages the matter after a milder fashion:—

"Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,

Address'd a mighty power; which were on foot,
In his own conduct, purposely to take
His brother here, and put him to the sword:
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came;
Where, meeting with an old religious man,
After some question with him, was converted
Both from his enterprise, and from the world:
His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,
And all their lands restor'd to them again
That were with him exil'd."

Dr. Johnson does not entirely disapprove of this arrangement; but he thinks that Shakspeare lost a fit occasion for a serious discourse:—"By hastening to the end of this work, Shakspeare suppressed the dialogue between the usurper and the hermit, and lost an opportunity of exhibiting a moral lesson in which he might have found matter worthy of his highest powers." Shakspeare, we venture to imagine, hastened to the end of his work, as his work was naturally approaching its conclusion. His philosophy, according to his usual practice, accompanies his action; and he does not reserve his moral till the end. To him it can never be objected, "What tedious homily have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cried, Have patience, good people!" His "moral lesson" is to be collected out of his incidents and his characters. Perhaps there is no play more full of real moral lessons than *As You Like It*. What in Lodge was a pastoral replete with quaintness, and antithesis, and pedantry, and striving after effect, becomes in Shakspeare an imaginative drama, in which the real is blended with the poetical in such intimate union, that the highest poetry appears to be as essentially natural as the most familiar gossip; and the loftiest philosophy is interwoven with the occurrences of every-day life, so as to teach us that there is a philosophical aspect of the commonest things. It is this spirit which informs *his* Forest of Arden with such life, and truth, and beauty, as belong to no other representation of pastoral scenes; which takes us into the depths of solitude, and shows us how the feelings of social life alone can give us

"tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything;"

which builds a throne for intellect "under the greenwood tree," and there, by *characteristic* satire, gently indicates to us the vanity of the things which bind us to the *world*; whilst he teaches us that *life* has its happiness in the cultivation of the affections,—in content and independence of spirit. It was by a process such as this that the novel of Lodge was changed into the comedy of Shakspeare. The amalgamation of Jaques and Touchstone with Orlando and Rosalind is one of the most wonderful efforts of originality in the whole compass of poetical creation.

NOTE ON THE THEATRICAL COSTUME OF AS YOU LIKE IT.

ALTHOUGH Shakspeare has not given a name either to the duchy in which the scene is laid, or the Duke who has been deprived of it, we have one point to guide us in our selection of the costume of this exquisite comedy,—namely, the circumstance of an independent duchy in France. The action must therefore be supposed to take place before the union of the great fiefs to the crown, and consequently not later than the reign of Louis XII., whose marriage with Anne of Brittany incorporated that last and most independent province with the royal dominions. Illuminations of the reign of Charles VIII., the immediate predecessor of Louis XII., have been elsewhere suggested* as furnishing a picturesque and appropriate costume for the usurping Duke and his courtiers, and a MS. in the Royal Library at Paris (*Rondeaux Chants Royal*, No. 6989) as supplying the hunting dress of the time.† Many of the former are engraved in Montfaucon's

"*Monarchie Française*," and some figures from the latter will be found in Mons. Willemin's superb work, "*Monumens inédites*," &c. The dress of a shepherd of this period may be found in Pynson's "*Shepherd's Kalendar*;" and the splendid Harleian MS., No. 4425, presents us with the ordinary habits of an ecclesiastic when not clad in the sacred vestments of his office or order.

The late Mr. Douce, in his admirable dissertation on the clowns of Shakspeare, has made the following remarks on the dress of this character:—"Touchstone is the domestic fool of Frederick, the duke's brother, and belongs to the class of witty or allowed fools. He is threatened with the whip, a mode of chastisement which was often inflicted on these motley personages. His dress should be a party-coloured garment. He should occasionally carry a bauble in his hand and wear ape's ears to his hood, which is probably the head dress intended by Shakspeare, there being no allusion whatever to a cock's head or comb."

* Costume of Shakspeare's Comedy of *As You Like It*, by J. R. Planché. 12mo. London, 1825.

† See also *Modus le Roy. Livre de Chasse. Folio, Chambery, 1486.*

AS YOU LIKE IT.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUKE, *living in exile.*
 FREDERICK, *brother to the Duke, and usurper of his dominions.*
 AMIENS, } *lords attending upon the Duke in his banishment.*
 JAQUES, }
 LE BEAU, *a courtier attending upon Frederick.*
 CHARLES, *wrestler to Frederick.*
 OLIVER, }
 JAQUES, } *sons of Sir Rowland de Bois.*
 ORLANDO, }
 ADAM, } *servants to Oliver.*
 DENNIS, }
 TOUCHSTONE, *a clown.*

Sir OLIVER MAR-TEXT, *a vicar.*
 CORIN, } *shepherds.*
 SILVIUS, }
 WILLIAM, *a country fellow, in love with Audrey.*
A person representing Hymen.

ROSALIND, *daughter to the banished Duke.*
 CELIA, *daughter to Frederick.*
 PHEBE, *a shepherdess.*
 AUDREY, *a country wench.*

Lords belonging to the two Dukes ; Pages, Foresters, and other Attendants.

SCENE,—*First, near Oliver's house ; afterwards, partly in the Usurper's court, and partly in the Forest of ARDEN.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Orchard, near Oliver's House.*

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.

Orl. As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion bequeathed me by will, but poor a thousand crowns; and, as thou say'st, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well:¹ and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays² me here at home unkept. For call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth: for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me his countenance³ seems to take from me: he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines⁴ my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude: I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

Enter OLIVER.

Adam. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

Orl. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.

Oli. Now, sir! what make you here?⁵

Orl. Nothing: I am not taught to make anything.

Oli. What mar you, then, sir?

Orl. Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

Oli. Marry, sir, be better employed, and be naught awhile.⁶

Orl. Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

Oli. Know you where you are, sir?

Orl. O, sir, very well: here in your orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom, sir?

Orl. Ay, better than him?⁷ I am before knows me. I know you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me: The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us: I have as much of my father in me, as you; albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

Oli. What, boy!

Orl. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.⁸

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

Orl. I am no villain:⁹ I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Bois; he was my father; and he is thrice a villain that says such a father begot villains: Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so; thou hast railed on thyself.

Adam. Sweet masters, be patient; for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

Oli. Let me go, I say.

Orl. I will not, till I please: you shall hear me. My

¹ We print this passage as in the original—the folio of 1623. It has been subjected to various alterations. In the folio of 1632 “*poor a*” is changed to “*a poor*.” The speaker is quoting the will; and *poor* is the adjective to *a thousand crowns*. If the bequest had been *two thousand* the change would not have been made; *a* is *one*. The variorum editors must also change the easy conversational tone to a very precise mode of expression; and so they read—“As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion. He bequeathed me by will but *a poor* thousand crowns, and as thou say'st charged my brother,” &c. The *allusive* construction is justified by “as thou say'st.”

² *Stays*—detains.

³ *His countenance*—his behaviour, his bearing; or, as Mr. Walker suggests, “the style of living which he allows me,” in which sense the word is used by Selden.

⁴ *Mines*—undermines, seeks to destroy.

⁵ *What make you here?* We have the same play upon the word, between the King and Costard, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act. IV. Sc. III. :—

“*King.* What makes treason here?
Cost. Nay, it makes nothing, sir.”

⁶ *Be naught awhile.* In Ben Jonson's “*Tale of a Tub*” we have—

“Peace and *be naught*! I think the woman's phrensic.”

In his “*Bartholomew Fair*” we find, “Leave the bottle behind you, and *be curst awhile*.” There are many examples in the old dramatists which clearly show that *be naught* or *be nought* was a petty malediction; and thus Oliver says no more than—be better employed, and be hang'd to you. This is the substance of Gifford's sensible note upon the passage in “*Bartholomew Fair*.” Orlando receives *be naught* in the sense of be dissipated, and refers to the parable of the Prodigal Son.

⁷ *Him* in the original. The ordinary reading is *he*. It is mere pedantry to correct, as the phrase is, these grammatical errors in the use of the personal pronoun.

⁸ When Orlando says “nearer to his *reverence*,” Oliver is offended by the sarcastic employment of a word which is used to denote the condition of an aged man—as in *Much Ado about Nothing*, “Knavery cannot hide himself in such *reverence*.” He retorts by calling Orlando “*boy*,” upon which the younger either seizes him, or makes a threatening movement towards the after seizure, in vindication of his manhood.

⁹ *Villain*. We have here the two meanings of the word. Oliver uses it in the sense of worthless fellow; Orlando in that of one of mean birth—the original sense.

father charged you in his will to give me good education: you have trained me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentlemanlike qualities: the spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

Oli. And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is spent? Well, sir, get you in: I will not long be troubled with you; you shall have some part of your will: I pray you, leave me.

Orl. I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

Oli. Get you with him, you old dog.

Adam. Is old dog my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service.—God be with my old master! he would not have spoke such a word.

[*Exeunt ORLANDO and ADAM.*]

Oli. Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physic your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. Holla, Dennis!

Enter DENNIS.

Den. Calls your worship?

Oli. Was not Charles, the duke's wrestler, here to speak with me?

Den. So please you, he is here at the door, and importunes access to you.

Oli. Call him in. [*Exit DENNIS.*]—'Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

Enter CHARLES.

Cha. Good morrow to your worship.

Oli. Good monsieur Charles!—what's the new news at the new court?

Cha. There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news: that is, the old duke is banished by his younger brother the new duke; and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new duke; therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

Oli. Can you tell, if Rosalind, the duke's daughter, be banished with her father?

Cha. O, no; for the duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her, being ever from their cradles bred together, that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

Oli. Where will the old duke live?

Cha. They say he is already in the forest of Arden,¹ and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England: they say many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.²

Oli. What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new duke?

Cha. Marry, do I, sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand that your younger brother, Orlando, hath a disposition to come in disguised against me to try a fall: To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit; and he that escapes me without some broken limb shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young, and tender; and, for your love, I would be loath to foil him, as I must, for my own honour, if he come in: therefore, out

of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal; that either you might stay him from his intendment, or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into; in that it is a thing of his own search, and altogether against my will.

Oli. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by underhand means laboured to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles, it is the stubbornest young fellow of France; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villainous contriver against me his natural brother; therefore use thy discretion; I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger: And thou wert best look to 't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device, and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other: for, I assure thee, and almost with tears I speak it, there is not one so young and so villainous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but, should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.

Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you: If he come to-morrow I'll give him his payment: If ever he go alone again I'll never wrestle for prize more: And so, God keep your worship! [*Exit.*]

Oli. Farewell, good Charles.—Now will I stir this gamester:³ I hope, I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle; never schooled and yet learned; full of noble device; of all sorts enchantingly⁴ beloved;⁵ and, indeed, so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people who best know him, that I am altogether misprised: but it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all: nothing remains but that I kindle⁴ the boy thither, which now I'll go about. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—A Lawn before the Duke's Palace.

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

Cel. I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

Ros. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet I were merrier!⁵ Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Cel. Herein I see thou lov'st me not with the full weight that I love thee: if my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine: so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously temper'd as mine is to thee.

Ros. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

Cel. You know my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have; and, truly, when he dies thou shalt be his heir: for what he hath taken away from thy father, perforce, I will render thee again in affection; by mine honour I will; and when I break that oath let me turn monster: therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

Ros. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports: let me see;—what think you of falling in love?

Cel. Marry, I prithee do, to make sport withal: but love no man in good earnest; nor no further in sport neither, than with safety of a pure blush thou may'st in honour come off again.

Ros. What shall be our sport then?

Cel. Let us sit and mock the good housewife, Fortune,

¹ See Introductory Notice.

² *Gamester*—adventurer at this game.

³ *Enchantingly*—beloved, of all ranks, to a degree that looks like enchantment.

⁴ *Kindle*—instigate. In Macbeth we have, "enkindle you unto the crown."

⁵ *I were merrier.* I, omitted in the original, was added by Pope.



from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.¹

Ros. I would we could do so ; for her benefits are mightily misplaced : and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

Cel. 'Tis true : for those that she makes fair she scarce makes honest ; and those that she makes honest she makes very ill-favour'dly.

Ros. Nay, now thou goest from fortune's office to nature's : fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of nature.

Enter TOUCHSTONE.

Cel. No ? When nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by fortune fall into the fire ? Though nature hath given us wit to flout at fortune, hath not fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument ?

Ros. Indeed, there is fortune too hard for nature ; when fortune makes nature's natural the cutter off of nature's wit.

Cel. Peradventure, this is not fortune's work neither, but nature's ; who perceiving² our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, hath sent this natural for our whetstone : for always the dulness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits.³—How now, wit ? whither wander you ?

Touch. Mistress, you must come away to your father.

Cel. Were you made the messenger ?

Touch. No, by mine honour ; but I was bid to come for you.

Ros. Where learned you that oath, fool ?

Touch. Of a certain knight, that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught : now I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught, and the mustard was good ; and yet was not the knight forsworn.⁴

Cel. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge ?

Ros. Ay, marry ; now unmuzzle your wisdom.

Touch. Stand you both forth now : stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

Cel. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

Touch. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were : but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn : no more was this knight, swearing by his honour, for he never had any ; or if he had, he had sworn it away before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

Cel. Prithee, who is't that thou mean'st ?

Touch. One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

*Cel.*⁵ My father's love is enough to honour him enough : speak no more of him ; you'll be whipp'd for taxation⁶ one of these days.

Touch. The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely, what wise men do foolishly.

Cel. By my troth, thou say'st true ; for since the little wit that fools have was silenced, the little foolery that wise men have makes a great show. Here comes monsieur Le Beau.

Enter LE BEAU.

Ros. With his mouth full of news.

Cel. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

Ros. Then shall we be news-cramm'd.

Cel. All the better ; we shall be the more marketable.
Bon jour, monsieur Le Beau : What's the news ?

Le Beau. Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

Cel. Sport ? Of what colour ?

Le Beau. What colour, madam ? How shall I answer you ?

Ros. As wit and fortune will.

Touch. Or as the destinies decree.

Cel. Well said ; that was laid on with a trowel.⁷

Touch. Nay, if I keep not my rank.

Ros. Thou lovest thy old smell.

Le Beau. You amaze⁸ me, ladies : I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

Ros. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning, and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end ; for the best is yet to do ; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

Cel. Well,—the beginning, that is dead and buried.

Le Beau. There comes an old man and his three sons,—

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beau. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence ;—

Ros. With bills on their necks,—“ Be it known unto all men by these presents,”—⁹

Le Beau. The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the duke's wrestler ; which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him : so he served the second, and so the third : Yonder they lie ; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Ros. Alas !

Touch. But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost ?

Le Beau. Why, this that I speak of.

Touch. Thus men may grow wiser every day ! it is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promise thee.

Ros. But is there any else longs to see this broken music in his sides ? is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking ?—Shall we see this wrestling, cousin ?

Le Beau. You must, if you stay here : for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

Cel. Yonder, sure, they are coming : Let us now stay and see it.

Flourish. Enter Duke FREDERICK, Lords, ORLANDO, CHARLES, and Attendants.

Duke F. Come on ; since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

Ros. Is yonder the man ?

Le Beau. Even he, madam.

Cel. Alas, he is too young : yet he looks successfully.

Duke F. How now, daughter and cousin ? are you crept hither to see the wrestling ?

Ros. Ay, my liege ; so please you give us leave.

¹ Cleopatra, in the presence of the dying Antony, uses the same image :—

“ Let me rail so high,
That the false housewife, Fortune, break her wheel.”
Antony and Cleopatra, Act. IV. Sc. XII.

² *Perceiving.* This is the reading of the second folio ; the first has *perceiveth*. Malone reads “ and sent.”

³ *The wits.* So the original copies ;—in some modern editions we have the arbitrary change of *his wits*. The propriety of the original meaning is obvious—*our whetstone, the wits*.

⁴ When Richard III. (Act IV. Sc. IV.) swears “ by my George, my garter, and my crown,” Queen Elizabeth says he swears “ by nothing : for this is no oath.”

⁵ Celia asks a question, to which the clown replies. The usurping Duke in the last scene is called *Duke Frederick*. In the original this speech is given to Rosalind ; but we have to choose between two mistakes—either that Shakspeare in the last act forgot the name of the Duke of the first act, or that the printer gave a speech of Celia to Rosalind. We prefer to regulate the text upon the minor error.

⁶ *Taxation*—satire, taxing people with follies.

⁷ *Laid on with a trowel*—coarsely. A gross flatterer is still said to lay it on with a trowel.

⁸ *Amaze*—confuse.

⁹ It has been suggested that “ with bills on their necks ” should be spoken by Le Beau. The “ bills ” would then be the war-bills or the forest-bills. The double meaning may be as naturally employed by Rosalind, in giving the whole speech to her, as in the original.

Duke F. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the man.¹ In pity of the challenger's youth I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated: Speak to him, ladies; see if you can move him.

Cel. Call him hither, good monsieur Le Beau.

Duke F. Do so; I'll not be by. [DUKE goes apart.]

Le Beau. Monsieur the challenger, the princess² calls for you.

Orl. I attend them, with all respect and duty.

Ros. Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler?

Orl. No, fair princess; he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

Cel. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years: You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength: if you saw yourself with your eyes, or knew yourself with your judgment,³ the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety, and give over this attempt.

Ros. Do, young sir; your reputation shall not therefore be misprised: we will make it our suit to the duke that the wrestling might not go forward.

Orl. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts, wherein I confess me much guilty to deny so fair and excellent ladies anything.⁴ But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial: wherein if I be foiled, there is but one shamed that was never gracious; if killed, but one dead that is willing to be so: I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

Ros. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

Cel. And mine, to eke out hers.

Ros. Fare you well. Pray heaven, I be deceived in you!

Cel. Your heart's desires be with you.

Cha. Come, where is this young gallant that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

Orl. Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

Duke F. You shall try but one fall.

Cha. No, I warrant your grace; you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

Orl. You mean to mock me after:⁵ you should not have mocked me before: but come your ways.

Ros. Now, Hercules be thy speed, young man!

Cel. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg. [CHARLES and ORLANDO wrestle.]

Ros. O excellent young man!

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down. [CHARLES is thrown. Shout.]

Duke F. No more, no more.

Orl. Yes, I beseech your grace; I am not yet well breathed.

Duke F. How dost thou, Charles?

Le Beau. He cannot speak, my lord.

Duke F. Bear him away. [CHARLES is borne out.]
What is thy name, young man?

Orl. Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of sir Rowland de Bois.

Duke F. I would thou hadst been son to some man else. The world esteem'd thy father honourable, But I did find him still mine enemy: Thou shouldst have better pleas'd me with this deed Hadst thou descended from another house. But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth; I would thou hadst told me of another father.

[Exeunt DUKE FREDERICK, TRAIN, and LE BEAU.]

Cel. Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

Orl. I am more proud to be sir Rowland's son, His youngest son;—and would not change that calling,⁶ To be adopted heir to Frederick.

Ros. My father lov'd sir Rowland as his soul, And all the world was of my father's mind: Had I before known this young man his son, I should have given him tears unto entreaties, Ere he should thus have ventur'd.

Cel. Gentle cousin,
Let us go thank him, and encourage him:
My father's rough and envious disposition
Sticks me at heart.—Sir, you have well deserv'd;
If you do keep your promises in love
But justly as you have exceeded all promise,⁷
Your mistress shall be happy.

Ros. Gentleman,
[Giving him a chain from her neck.]

Wear this for me,—one out of suits with fortune,
That could give more but that her hand lacks means.
Shall we go, coz?

Cel. Ay:—Fare you well, fair gentleman.

Orl. Can I not say I thank you? My better parts
Are all thrown down; and that which here stands up
Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block.⁸

Ros. He calls us back: My pride fell with my fortunes:
I'll ask him what he would:—Did you call, sir?
Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown
More than your enemies.

Cel. Will you go, coz?

Ros. Have with you:—Fare you well.

[Exeunt ROSALIND and CELIA.]

Orl. What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?
I cannot speak to her, yet she urg'd conference.

Re-enter LE BEAU.

O poor Orlando! thou art overthrown;
Or Charles, or something weaker, masters thee.

Le Beau. Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you
To leave this place: Albeit you have deserv'd
High commendation, true applause, and love;
Yet such is now the duke's condition,⁹
That he misconstrues all that you have done.
The duke is humorous;¹⁰ what he is, indeed,
More suits you to conceive, than I¹⁰ to speak of.

Orl. I thank you, sir; and, pray you, tell me this;
Which of the two was daughter of the duke
That here was at the wrestling?

Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners;
But yet, indeed, the shorter¹¹ is his daughter:

me much guilty to deny what you ask. *Wherein* is decidedly used in the sense of *in that*.

⁵ *An*, proposed by Theobald, is also a conjecture of the Cambridge editors, with a comma following *after*. They think the MS. may have been *Orl. An* (or *And*) mistaken by the printer for *Orland*.

⁶ *Calling*—name.

⁷ *But justly*, &c. In the degree that you have gone beyond all expectation; but as justly.

⁸ *Condition*—temper.

⁹ *Humorous*—capricious.

¹⁰ *I*. So the original. In some modern copies it is corrected to *me*.

¹¹ *The shorter*. The original has *the taller*; but the reading is certainly erroneous, for in the next scene Rosalind describes herself as "more than common tall," and in the fourth act Oliver describes Celia as "*low*." Malone would read *smaller*; but we prefer Pope's correction of *shorter*. Shakspeare uses *short* with reference to a woman—"Leonato's short daughter" (*Much Ado about Nothing*).

¹ *Odds in the man*. So the folio; in modern editions, *men*. The meaning would appear to be, the challenger is unequal. There is much difference of opinion on this point. *Odds* is used by Butler in the sense of superiority.

² *The princess* in the folio. The ordinary reading is the *princesses*. When Orlando answers, "I attend them," he looks towards Celia and Rosalind, but Celia only has called him.

³ *Your eyes*, &c. It has been proposed to read *our eyes* and *our judgment*. But Dr. Johnson interprets the passage according to the original: if you used your own eyes to see, or your own judgment to know *yourself*, the fear of your adventure would counsel you.

⁴ Some would read *herein*, some *therein*. M. Mason says, "The hard thoughts that he complains of are the apprehensions expressed by the ladies of his not being able to contend with the wrestler." Hard thoughts! The tender interest which the ladies take in his safety to be called hard thoughts—to be complained of? Surely the meaning is, punish me not with your hard thoughts *because* I confess

The other is daughter to the banish'd duke,
And here detain'd by her usurping uncle,
To keep his daughter company; whose loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.
But I can tell you, that of late this duke
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece;
Grounded upon no other argument
But that the people praise her for her virtues,
And pity her for her good father's sake;
And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady
Will suddenly break forth.—Sir, fare you well;
Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

Orl. I rest much bounden to you: fare you well!

[*Exit* LE BEAU.]

Thus must I from the smoke into the smother;
From tyrant duke unto a tyrant brother:—
But heavenly Rosalind!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CELIA and ROSALIND.

Cel. Why, cousin; why, Rosalind;—Cupid have mercy!
—not a word?

Ros. Not one to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away
upon curs; throw some of them at me: come, lame me
with reasons.

Ros. Then there were two cousins laid up; when the one
should be lamed with reasons, and the other mad without
any.

Cel. But is all this for your father?

Ros. No, some of it is for my father's child:¹ O, how full
of briers is this working-day world!

Cel. They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in
holiday foolery; if we walk not in the trodden paths, our
very petticoats will catch them.

Ros. I could shake them off my coat; these burs are in
my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Ros. I would try; if I could cry hem, and have him.

Cel. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

Ros. O, they take the part of a better wrestler than
myself.

Cel. O, a good wish upon you! you will try in time, in
despite of a fall.—But, turning these jests out of service,
let us talk in good earnest: Is it possible, on such a sud-
den, you should fall into so strong a liking with old sir
Rowland's youngest son?

Ros. The duke my father loved his father dearly.

Cel. Doth it therefore ensue that you should love his son
dearly? By this kind of chase, I should hate him, for my
father hated his father dearly;² yet I hate not Orlando.

Ros. No, 'faith, hate him not, for my sake.

Cel. Why should I not? doth he not deserve well?³

Ros. Let me love him for that; and do you love him,
because I do:—Look, here comes the duke.

Cel. With his eyes full of anger.

Enter Duke FREDERICK, with Lords.

Duke F. Mistress, despatch you with your safest haste,
And get you from our court.

Ros. Me, uncle?

Duke F. You, cousin:

Within these ten days if that thou be'st found

So near our public court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it.

Ros. I do beseech your grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me:
If with myself I hold intelligence,
Or have acquaintance with mine own desires;
If that I do not dream, or be not frantic,
(As I do trust I am not,) then, dear uncle,
Never, so much as in a thought unborn,
Did I offend your highness.

Duke F. Thus do all traitors;
If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself:
Let it suffice thee, that I trust thee not.

Ros. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor:
Tell me, whereon the likelihood depends.

Duke F. Thou art thy father's daughter, there's enough.

Ros. So was I when your highness took his dukedom;
So was I when your highness banish'd him:
Treason is not inherited, my lord;
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me? my father was no traitor:
Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much
To think my poverty is treacherous.

Cel. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

Duke F. Ay, Celia; we stay'd her for your sake,
Else had she with her father rang'd along.

Cel. I did not then entreat to have her stay,
It was your pleasure, and your own remorse;⁴
I was too young that time to value her,
But now I know her: if she be a traitor,
Why so am I; we still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together;
And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled, and inseparable.

Duke F. She is too subtle for thee; and her smoothness,
Her very silence, and her patience,
Speak to the people, and they pity her.
Thou art a fool: she robs thee of thy name
And thou wilt show more bright, and seem more virtuous,
When she is gone: then open not thy lips;
Firm and irrevocable is my doom
Which I have pass'd upon her; she is banish'd.

Cel. Pronounce that sentence then on me, my liege;
I cannot live out of her company.

Duke F. You are a fool:—You, niece, provide yourself;
If you outstay the time, upon mine honour,
And in the greatness of my word, you die.

[*Exeunt* Duke FREDERICK and Lords.]

Cel. O my poor Rosalind! whither wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.
I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than I am.

Ros. I have more cause.

Cel. Thou hast not, cousin,—
Prithee, be cheerful; know'st thou not the duke
Hath banish'd me, his daughter?

Ros. That he hath not.

Cel. No? hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love
Which teacheth thee⁵ that thou and I am one:
Shall we be sunder'd? shall we part, sweet girl?
No; let my father seek another heir.
Therefore devise with me how we may fly,
Whither to go, and what to bear with us:
And do not seek to take your charge⁶ upon you,

³ Hate him not, for my sake.

Cel. Why should I not? doth he not deserve well?

¹ *My father's child.* In the original, *my child's father.* This is interpreted by Theobald, "for him whom I hope to marry," who will be the father of my children. We have ventured to alter the text as it was altered by Rowe and other of the early editors; the change being adopted by Mr. Collier and Mr. Dyce. But it must be observed that what Coleridge calls "a most indelicate anticipation" is in harmony with other passages. The two girls speak freely to each other, but "in the way of honesty," Rosalind desires Orlando for a husband, and to her cousin she may well enough think of him as her child's father.

² *Dearly*—extremely.

Caldecott's interpretation of this passage is as follows:—"Upon a principle stated by yourself; 'because my father hated his father, does he not well deserve by me to be hated?' while Rosalind, taking the words simply, and without any reference, replies, 'Let me love him for that;' i.e. for that he well deserves."

⁴ *Remorse*—compassion.

⁵ Warburton would read, and we think he has reason, "which teacheth me." Johnson defends the original reading of *thee*. He says, "Where would be the absurdity of saying, You know not the law which teaches you to do right?"

⁶ *Charge*—in the first folio, *change*; corrected in the second.

To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me out ;
For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

Ros. Why, whither shall we go ?

Cel. To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.¹

Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to us,
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far !
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

Cel. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire,
And with a kind of umber smirch my face,
The like do you ; so shall we pass along,
And never stir assailants.

Ros. Were it not better,
Because that I am more than common tall,
That I did suit me all points like a man ?
A gallant curtle-axe upon my thigh,
A boar-spear in my hand ; and (in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will)
We'll have a swashing² and a martial outside ;
As many other mannish cowards have,
That do outface it with their semblances.

Cel. What shall I call thee, when thou art a man ?

Ros. I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page,
And therefore look you call me Ganymede.
But what will you be call'd ?

Cel. Something that hath a reference to my state ;
No longer Celia, but Aliena.

Ros. But, cousin, what if we assay'd to steal
The clownish fool out of your father's court ?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel ?

Cel. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me ;
Leave me alone to woo him : Let's away,
And get our jewels and our wealth together ;
Devise the fittest time, and safest way
To hide us from pursuit that will be made
After my flight : Now go in we content,³
To liberty, and not to banishment.

[*Exeunt.*

¹ All the ordinary reprints of the text are here mutilated by one of Steevens's hateful *corrections*. In them we read—because “we have been already informed by Charles the wrestler that the banished Duke's residence was in the forest of Arden,”—

“*Ros.* Why, whither shall we go ?

Cel.

To seek my uncle

And so the two poor ladies are to go forth to seek the banished Duke through the wide world, and to meet with him at last by chance, because Steevens holds that this indication of their knowledge of the place of his retreat is injurious to the measure.”

² *Swashing*. To *swash* is to make a noise of swords against targets. In *Romeo and Juliet* we have “the *swashing* blow.”

³ *In we content*. This is the reading of the first folio ; that of the second, *we in content*. Malone holds *content* to be a substantive, in the reading of the second folio. Adopting the original reading, we must receive it as an adjective.

⁴ In this celebrated passage we have restored the old reading :—

“Here feel we *not* the penalty of Adam.”

In every modern edition, except that of Mr. Caldecott, the reading is—

“Here feel we *but* the penalty of Adam.”

The change of *not* to *but* was made by Theobald, who says, “What was the penalty of Adam hinted at by our poet ? The being sensible of the difference of the seasons. The Duke says—the cold and effects of the winter feelingly persuade him what he is. How does he *not* then feel the penalty ?” Boswell—and Caldecott agrees with him—replies, “Surely the old reading is right. Here we feel *not*, do *not* suffer from, the penalty of Adam, the seasons' difference ; for when the winter's wind blows upon my body, I *smile*, and say—” But whilst restoring *not*, we do not assent to this interpretation ; and, following a suggestion of Mr. Whiter, we have pointed the passage very differently from the usual mode ; for, we ask again, what is “the penalty of Adam ?” All the commentators say, “the seasons' difference.” On the contrary, it was, “*In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread.*” Milton represents the repentant Adam as thus interpreting the penalty :—

“On me the curse aslope
Glanced on the ground ; *with labour I must earn*
My bread ; what harm ? Idleness had been worse.”

The beautiful passage in Cowper's “Task,” describing the Thresher, will also occur to the reader :—

“See him sweating o'er his bread
Before he eats it. 'Tis the *primal curse*,
But soften'd into mercy ; made the pledge
Of cheerful days, and nights without a groan.”

“The seasons' difference,” it must be remembered, was ordained *before* the fall, and was *in no respect* a *penalty*. We may therefore reject the received interpreta-

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Forest of Arden.*

Enter Duke senior, AMIENS, and other Lords, in the dress of Foresters.

Duke S. Now, my co-mates, and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp ? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court ?
Here feel we not the penalty of Adam.
The seasons' difference,—as, the icy fang,
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say
This is no flattery,—these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am.⁴
Sweet are the uses of adversity ;
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head ;^a
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,⁵
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

Ami. I would not change it : Happy is your grace,
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

Duke S. Come, shall we go and kill us venison ?
And yet it irks me⁶ the poor dappled fools,—
Being native burghers of this desert city,—
Should, in their own confines, with forked heads⁷
Have their round haunches gor'd.

1 Lord.

Indeed, my lord,

The melancholy Jaques grieves at that ;
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.
To-day, my lord of Amiens and myself
Did steal behind him, as he lay along

tion. But how could the Duke say, receiving the passage in the sense we have suggested—

“Here feel we *not* the penalty of Adam ?”

In the first act, Charles the wrestler, describing the Duke and his co-mates, says they “fleet the time carelessly as they did in the *golden world*.” One of the characteristics of the golden world is thus described by Daniel :—

“Oh ! happy golden age !
Not for that rivers ran
With streams of milk, and honey dropp'd from trees ;
Not that the earth did gage
Unto the husbandman
Her voluntary fruits, free without fees.”

The song of Amiens in the fifth scene of this act conveys, we think, the same allusion :—

“Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets.”

The exiled courtiers led a life without toil—a life in which they were contented with a little—and they were thus exempt from “the penalty of Adam.” We close, therefore, the sentence at “Adam.” “The seasons' difference” is now the antecedent of “these are counsellors ;”—the freedom of construction common to Shakspeare and the poets of his time fully warranting this acceptance of the reading. In this way, the Duke says, the differences of the seasons are counsellors that teach me what I am ;—as, for example, the winter's wind—which when it blows upon my body, I smile, and say, This is no flattery. We may add that, immediately following the lines we have quoted from the “*Paradise Lost*,” Adam alludes to “the seasons' difference,” but in no respect as part of the curse—

“With labour I must earn
My bread ; what harm ? Idleness had been worse ;
My labour will sustain me ; and lest cold
Or heat should injure us, his timely care
Hath unbesought provided, and his hands
Cloth'd us unworthy, pitying while He judg'd.
How much more, if we pray Him, will his ear
Be open, and his heart to pity incline,
And teach us further by what means to shun
Th' inclement seasons, rain, ice, hail, and snow.”

Book X.

⁵ This is an amplification of a thought in Sidney's “*Arcadia* :”—“Thus both trees and each thing else be the books to a fancy.”

⁶ *Irks me*. This active use of the verb *irk* has become obsolete, although it is used by as recent an author as Hoole. The meaning is obvious from the adjective, which we still retain, *irksome*.

⁷ *Forked heads*—the heads of barbed arrows.

Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood :
To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,
That from the hunters' aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish ; and, indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans,
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting ; and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase : and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

Duke S. But what said Jaques ?
Did he not moralize this spectacle ?

1 Lord. O yes, into a thousand similes.
First, for his weeping into the needless¹ stream ;
"Poor deer," quoth he, "thou mak'st a testament
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much."² Then being there alone,³
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friend ;⁴
" 'Tis right," quoth he ; "thus misery doth part
The flux of company : " Anon, a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
And never stays to greet him ; "Ay," quoth Jaques,
"Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens ;
'Tis just the fashion : Wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there ? "
Thus most invectively he pierceth through
The body of the country, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life : swearing, that we
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,
To fright the animals, and to kill them up,⁵
In their assign'd and native dwelling-place.

Duke S. And did you leave him in this contemplation ?

2 Lord. We did, my lord, weeping and commenting
Upon the sobbing deer.⁶

Duke S. Show me the place ;
I love to cope⁷ him in these sullen fits,
For then he's full of matter.

2 Lord. I'll bring you to him straight. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—A Room in the Palace.

Enter Duke FREDERICK, Lords, and Attendants.

Duke F. Can it be possible that no man saw them ?
It cannot be : some villains of my court
Are of consent and sufferance in this.

1 Lord. I cannot hear of any that did see her.
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her a-bed ; and, in the morning early,
They found the bed untreasur'd of their mistress.

2 Lord. My lord, the roynish⁸ clown, at whom so oft
Your grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.

¹ *Needless*—needing not.

² So, in "The Lover's Complaint"—

"In a river—

Upon whose weeping margin she was set,
Like usury, applying wet to wet."

³ *Then being there alone.* So the folio of 1623. The second folio reads, "then being alone," which of course becomes the received reading. It is wonderful how soon after Shakspeare's death his verse offered an opportunity for the tampering of those who did not understand it. The twelve-syllable verse, sparingly introduced, imparts a singularly dramatic freedom to the poetry, and makes the regular metre more beautiful from the variety.

⁴ *Friend.* The ordinary reading is *friends*. Whiter here observes, "The singular is often used for the plural with a sense more abstracted, and therefore in many instances more poetical."—*Specimen of a Commentary*, 8vo, 1794, p. 15.

⁵ *Kill them up.* In the same way Shakspeare has "flatter up,"—"stifle up,"—"poisons up."

⁶ *Sobbing deer.* This dwelling upon the image of the "weeping stag," and his "big round tears," shows how Shakspeare saw the poetry of this popular belief, derived from antiquity, more completely than other writers. The ancient naturalist Bartholomæus says, "When the hart is arered (followed close) he fleeth to a ryver or ponde, and roreth, cryeth, and wepeth when he is take." The tame stag wounded by Ascanius (Virgil, *Æneid*, vii.) has been referred to by the commentators as suggesting this passage :—

Hesperia, the princess' gentlewoman,
Confesses, that she secretly o'erheard
Your daughter and her cousin much commend
The parts and graces of the wrestler
That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles ;
And she believes, wherever they are gone,
That youth is surely in their company.

Duke F. Send to his brother ; fetch that gallant hither ;
If he be absent, bring his brother to me,
I'll make him find him : do this suddenly ;
And let not search and inquisition quail⁹
To bring again these foolish runaways. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—Before Oliver's House.

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM, meeting.

Orl. Who's there ?

Adam. What ! my young master !—O, my gentle master,
O, my sweet master, O you memory
Of old sir Rowland ! why, what make you here ?
Why are you virtuous ? Why do people love you ?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant ?
Why would you be so fond to overcome
The bony priser of the humorous duke ?¹⁰
Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
Know you not, master, to some kind of men
Their graces serve them but as enemies ?
No more do yours ; your virtues, gentle master,
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
O, what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it !

Orl. Why, what's the matter ?

Adam. O unhappy youth,
Come not within these doors ; within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives :
Your brother—(no, no brother ; yet the son—
Yet not the son ; I will not call him son—
Of him I was about to call his father,)—
Hath heard your praises ; and this night he means
To burn the lodging where you use to lie,
And you within it : if he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off.
I overheard him and his practices.
This is no place,¹¹ this house is but a butchery ;
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

Orl. Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me go.

Adam. No matter whither, so you come not here.

Orl. What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my food ?
Or, with a base and boisterous sword, enforce
A thievish living on the common road ?
This I must do, or know not what to do :
Yet this I will not do, do how I can ;
I rather will subject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood,¹² and bloody brother.

"Saucius at quadrupes nota intra tecta refugit,
Successitque gemens stabulis ; quæstuque, cruentus,
Atque imploranti similis, tectum omne replevit."

We have here "the groans," but not "the tears." Drayton makes the same use of the popular belief as Shakspeare :—

"The hunter coming in to help his wearied hounds
He desperately assails ; until oppress'd by force,
He, who the mourner is to his own dying corse,
Upon the ruthless earth his precious tears lets fall."

Poly-Olbiou, Song 13.

⁷ *Cope*—encounter.

⁸ *Roynish*—literally, mangy—the French *rogneux*. In the same manner we still say, a *scurvy* fellow.

⁹ *Quail*—slacken.

¹⁰ *Bony priser.* In the original, *bonnie priser*. We are willing to receive the correction of Warburton, *bony*, which is supported by the epithet "*big-boned* traitor" in Henry VI.

¹¹ *Place.* M. Mason interprets this, *no place for you*. Steevens's explanation is a *seat*, a *mansion*. But there could be no sense in saying, this is no house—place—mansion ; this *house* is but a butchery. It is clearly—this is no abiding place.

¹² *A diverted blood.* Caldecott explains this as "affections alienated and turned out of their natural course, as a stream of water is said to be *diverted*."

Adam. But do not so: I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,
Which I did store, to be my foster-nurse,
When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown;
Take that: and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;
All this I give you: Let me be your servant;
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty:
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood:
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly: let me go with you;
I'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities.

Orl. O good old man; how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat, but for promotion;
And having that, do choke their service up
Even with the having: it is not so with thee.
But poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossom yield,
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry:
But come thy ways, we'll go along together:
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
We'll light upon some settled low content.

Adam. Master, go on; and I will follow thee,
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.—
From seventeen years¹ till now almost fourscore
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek;
But at fourscore, it is too late a week:²
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better,
Than to die well, and not my master's debtor. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—The Forest of Arden.

Enter ROSALIND in boy's clothes, CELIA dressed like a shepherdess, and TOUCHSTONE.

Ros. O Jupiter! how merry are my spirits!³

Touch. I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.

Ros. I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel, and to cry like a woman: but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat; therefore, courage, good Aliena.

Cel. I pray you, bear with me; I cannot go no further.

Touch. For my part, I had rather bear with you, than bear you: yet I should bear no cross⁴ if I did bear you; for, I think, you have no money in your purse.

Ros. Well, this is the forest of Arden.

Touch. Ay, now I am in Arden: the more fool I; when I was at home, I was in a better place; but travellers must be content.

Ros. Ay, be so, good Touchstone:—Look you, who comes here; a young man, and an old, in solemn talk.

Enter CORIN and SILVIUS.

Cor. That is the way to make her scorn you still.

Sil. O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her!

Cor. I partly guess; for I have lov'd ere now.

Sil. No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess;
Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover
As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow:
But if thy love were ever like to mine,
(As sure I think did never man love so,)
How many actions most ridiculous
Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?

Cor. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

Sil. O, thou didst then never love so heartily.
If thou remember'st not the slightest folly
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not loved:

Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,
Wearing thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,
Thou hast not lov'd:

Or if thou hast not broke from company
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,
Thou hast not lov'd: O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe!

[Exit SILVIUS.]

Ros. Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy wound,
I have by hard adventure found mine own.

Touch. And I mine: I remember, when I was in love, I broke my sword upon a stone, and bid him take that for coming anight to Jane Smile: and I remember the kissing of her batler,⁵ and the cow's dugs that her pretty chopped hands had milked: and I remember the wooing of a peascod instead of her; from whom⁶ I took two cods, and, giving her them again, said, with weeping tears, "Wear these for my sake." We, that are true lovers, run into strange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly.⁷

Ros. Thou speak'st wiser than thou art 'ware of.

Touch. Nay, I shall ne'er be 'ware of mine own wit, till I break my shins against it.

Ros. Jove! Jove! this shepherd's passion
Is much upon my fashion.

Touch. And mine; but it grows something stale with me.

Cel. I pray you, one of you question yond man,
If he for gold will give us any food;
I faint almost to death.

Touch. Holla; you clown!

Ros. Peace, fool; he's not thy kinsman.

Cor. Who calls?

Touch. Your betters, sir.

Cor. Else are they very wretched.

Ros. Peace, I say:—

Good even to you, friend.

Cor. And to you, gentle sir, and to you all.

Ros. I prithee, shepherd, if that love, or gold,
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may rest ourselves, and feed:
Here's a young maid with travel much oppress'd,
And faints for succour.

Cor. Fair sir, I pity her,
And wish for her sake, more than for mine own,
My fortunes were more able to relieve her:
But I am shepherd to another man,
And do not shear the fleeces that I graze:
My master is of churlish disposition,
And little recks to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality:
Besides, his cote, his flocks, and bounds of feed,
Are now on sale, and at our sheepecote now,
By reason of his absence, there is nothing

¹ The original folios read *seventy*. That it must have been a misprint is evident from the next line but one.

² *Too late a week*—an indefinite period, but still a short period—*somewhat* too late.

³ *Merry*. Modern editors read *weary*; and one objects to the restoration of the original text, and to Mr. Whiter's suggestion that Rosalind's merriment was assumed as well as her dress. Rosalind, as we learn as she continues her speech, assumes a *courageous* bearing as well as a *merry* one when she addresses Celia.

⁴ *Cross*—a piece of money stamped with a cross.

⁵ *Batler*—the bat used in washing linen in a stream.

⁶ *From whom*—from his mistress. He took from her two peascods—that is, two pods. We find the pod or cod of the pea used as an ornament in the robe of Richard II., in his monument in Westminster Abbey.

⁷ *Mortal in folly*—extremely foolish; from *mort*, a provincial word for a great quantity.

That you will feed on; but what is, come see,
And in my voice most welcome shall you be.

Ros. What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture?

Cor. That young swain that you saw here but erewhile,
That little cares for buying anything.

Ros. I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,
Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock,
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

Cel. And we will mend thy wages: I like this place,
And willingly could waste my time in it.

Cor. Assuredly, the thing is to be sold:

Go with me; if you like, upon report,
The soil, the profit, and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful feeder be,

And buy it with your gold right suddenly. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—*The same.*

Enter AMIENS, JAQUES, and others.

SONG.

Ami. Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn¹ his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. More, more, I prithee, more.

Ami. It will make you melancholy, monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. I thank it. More, I prithee, more. I can suck
melancholy out of a song, as a weazel sucks eggs: More,
I prithee, more.

Ami. My voice is ragged;² I know I cannot please you.

Jaq. I do not desire you to please me, I do desire you
to sing: Come, more; another stanza; Call you them
stanzas?

Ami. What you will, monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. Nay, I care not for their names; they owe me
nothing:^b Will you sing?

Ami. More at your request than to please myself.

Jaq. Well then, if ever I thank any man I'll thank you:
but that they call compliment is like the encounter of two
dog-apes; and when a man thanks me heartily, methinks
I have given him a penny, and he renders me the beggarly
thanks. Come, sing; and you that will not hold your
tongues.

Ami. Well, I'll end the song.—Sirs, cover³ the while;
the duke will drink under this tree:—he hath been all this
day to look you.

Jaq. And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is
too disputable⁴ for my company: I think of as many mat-
ters as he; but I give heaven thanks, and make no boast
of them. Come, warble, come.

SONG.

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

[All together here.]

Jaq. I'll give you a verse to this note, that I made yester-
day in despite of my invention.

Ami. And I'll sing it.

Jaq. Thus it goes:—

If it do come to pass,
That any man turn ass,
Leaving his wealth and ease,
A stubborn will to please,
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame;^c
Here shall he see
Gross fools as he,
An if he will come to me.

Ami. What's that *ducdame*?

Jaq. 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle.
I'll go sleep if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the
first-born of Egypt.⁵

Ami. And I'll go seek the duke; his banquet is pre-
pared. [Exeunt severally.]

SCENE VI.—*The same.*

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.

Adam. Dear master, I can go no further: O, I die for
food! Here lie I down, and measure out my grave. Fare-
well, kind master.

Orl. Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in thee?
Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a little: If
this uncouth forest yield anything savage, I will either be
food for it, or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is
nearer death than thy powers. For my sake, be comfort-
able,⁶ hold death awhile at the arm's end: I will here be
with thee presently; and if I bring thee not something to
eat I will give thee leave to die: but if thou diest before I
come thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said! Thou
look'st cheerly: and I'll be with thee quickly.—Yet thou
liest in the bleak air: Come, I will bear thee to some shel-
ter; and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there
live anything in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VII.—*The same.*

*A table set out. Enter Duke senior, AMIENS, Lords, and
others.*

Duke S. I think he be transform'd into a beast;
For I can nowhere find him like a man.

¹ *Lord.* My lord, he is but even now gone hence;
Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

Duke S. If he, compact⁷ of jars, grow musical,
We shall have shortly discord in the spheres:—
Go, seek him; tell him, I would speak with him.

Enter JAQUES.

¹ *Lord.* He saves my labour by his own approach.

Duke S. Why, how now, monsieur! what a life is this,
That your poor friends must woo your company?
What! you look merrily.

Jaq. A fool, a fool! I met a fool i' the forest,
A motley fool; a miserable world:
As I do live by food, I met a fool;
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,
And rail'd on lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms,—and yet a motley fool.
“Good morrow, fool,” quoth I: “No, sir,” quoth he,
“Call me not fool, till heaven hath sent me fortune:”
And then he drew a dial from his poke;^d
And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says, very wisely, “It is ten o'clock:
Thus we may see,” quoth he, “how the world wags:
'Tis but an hour ago, since it was nine;

¹ *Turn*—modulate. The modern reading is *tune*.

² *Ragged*—broken, discordant. The term was used for anything wanting in propriety. In Shakspeare's *Lucrece* we have—

“Thy smoothing titles to a *ragged* name.”

Ragged verses were inharmonious verses.

³ *Cover*—set out the table.

⁴ *Disputable*—disputatious.

⁵ *The first-born of Egypt*. Johnson explains this as a proverbial expression for high-born persons.

⁶ *Be comfortable*—become susceptible of comfort.

⁷ *Compact*—compounded, made up of.

And after one hour more, 'twill be eleven ;
And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale." When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools should be so deep-contemplative ;
And I did laugh, sans intermission,
An hour by his dial.—O noble fool !
A worthy fool ! Motley's the only wear.

Duke S. What fool is this ?

Jaq. O worthy fool !—One that hath been a courtier ;
And says, if ladies be but young, and fair,
They have the gift to know it : and in his brain,—
Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit
After a voyage,—he hath strange places cramm'd
With observation, the which he vents
In mangled forms :—O, that I were a fool !
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Duke S. Thou shalt have one.

Jaq. It is my only suit :¹
Provided, that you weed your better judgments
Of all opinion that grows rank in them,
That I am wise. I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please ; for so fools have :
And they that are most galled with my folly,
They most must laugh : And why, sir, must they so ?
The why is plain as way to parish church :
He that a fool doth very wisely hit
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
[Not to²] seem senseless of the bob :³ if not,
The wise man's folly is anatomized
Even by the squand'ring glances of the fool.
Invest me in my motley ; give me leave
To speak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Duke S. Fie on thee ! I can tell what thou wouldst do.

Jaq. What, for a counter, would I do but good ?⁴

Duke S. Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin :
For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
As sensual as the brutish sting itself ;
And all the embossed sores, and headed evils,
That thou with licence of free foot hast caught,
Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.

Jaq. Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party ?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
Till that the wearer's⁴ very means do ebb ?
What woman in the city do I name
When that I say, The city-woman bears
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders ?
Who can come in, and say that I mean her,
When such a one as she, such is her neighbour ?
Or what is he of basest function,
That says, his bravery⁵ is not on my cost,
(Thinking that I mean him,) but therein suits
His folly to the mettle of my speech ?
There then ; How then ? what then ? Let me see wherein
My tongue hath wrong'd him :⁶ if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himself ; if he be free,
Why then, my taxing⁶ like a wild goose flies,
Unclaim'd of any man.—But who comes here ?

¹ *Suit*—request. Rosalind plays in the same way upon the word : "Not out of your *apparel*, but out of your *suit*."

² *Not to*. These words are not in the original, but were added by Theobald. We cannot dispense with them, unless we adopt Whiter's ingenious but somewhat forced punctuation :—

"He that a fool doth very wisely hit
Doth, very foolishly although he smart,
Seem senseless of the bob."

³ *Bob*—rap.

Enter ORLANDO, with his sword drawn.

Orl. Forbear, and eat no more.

Jaq. Why, I have eat none yet.

Orl. Nor shalt not, till necessity be serv'd.

Jaq. Of what kind should this cock come of ?

Duke S. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy distress ;
Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
That in civility thou seem'st so empty ?

Orl. You touch'd my vein at first ; the thorny point
Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show
Of smooth civility : yet am I inland bred,
And know some nurture.⁷ But forbear, I say ;
He dies that touches any of this fruit
Till I and my affairs are answered.

Jaq. An you will not be answered with reason, I must die.

Duke S. What would you have ? Your gentleness shall force,

More than your force move us to gentleness.

Orl. I almost die for food, and let me have it.

Duke S. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

Orl. Speak you so gently ? Pardon me, I pray you :
I thought that all things had been savage here ;
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment : But whate'er you are,
That in this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time ;
If ever you have look'd on better days ;
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church ;
If ever sat at any good man's feast ;
If ever from your eyelids wip'd a tear,
And know what 'tis to pity and be pitied ;
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be :
In the which hope, I blush, and hide my sword.

Duke S. True is it that we have seen better days ;
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church ;
And sat at good men's feasts ; and wip'd our eyes
Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd :
And therefore sit you down in gentleness,
And take upon command⁸ what help we have,
That to your wanting may be minister'd.

Orl. Then, but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary step
Limp'd in pure love ; till he be first suffic'd,
Oppress'd with two weak evils,⁹ age and hunger,
I will not touch a bit.

Duke S. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waste till you return.

Orl. I thank ye : and be bless'd for your good comfort !

[*Exit.*]

Duke S. Thou seest, we are not all alone unhappy :
This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in.¹⁰

Jaq. All the world's a stage,⁸
And all the men and women merely players :
They have their exits, and their entrances ;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms ;

⁴ *Wearer's*. The original has "*weary very*." We have adopted Mr. Singer's ingenious and satisfactory alteration.

⁵ *Bravery*—finery.

⁶ *Taxing*—censure, reproach.

⁷ *Nurture*—education.

⁸ *Upon command*—at your own will.

⁹ *Weak evils*—evils that are causes of weakness.

¹⁰ This construction, as we have often shown, is common to Shakspeare and the writers of his age.



W. MULREADY R.A. PINXT.

H. BOURNE SCULPT.

THE SEVEN AGES OF MAN.



Then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school: and then, the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow: Then, a soldier;
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like a pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth: and then, the justice;
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances,
And so he plays his part: The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloons;
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound: Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

Re-enter ORLANDO, with ADAM.

Duke S. Welcome: Set down your venerable burden,
And let him feed.

Orl. I thank you most for him.

Adam. So had you need;

I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.

Duke S. Welcome, fall to: I will not trouble you
As yet, to question you about your fortunes:—
Give us some music; and, good cousin, sing.

AMIENS sings.

SONG.

I.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind¹
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh, ho! sing, heigh, ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly.

II.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,²
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.
Heigh, ho! sing, heigh, ho! &c.

Duke S. If that you were the good sir Rowland's son,—
As you have whisper'd faithfully you were;
And as mine eye doth his effigies witness
Most truly limn'd, and living in your face,
Be truly welcome hither: I am the duke,
That lov'd your father: The residue of your fortune,
Go to my cave and tell me.—Good old man,
Thou art right welcome as thy master is;
Support him by the arm.—Give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes understand. *[Exeunt.]*

¹ *Unkind*—unnatural.

² *Warp.* There was an old Saxon proverb, *Winter shall warp water.*

³ *Argument*—subject-matter.

⁴ It is supposed that this is an allusion to the passage in St. Luke, chap. xv.:
"If she lose one piece, doth she not light a candle?" If so, it is, metaphorically,
seek him in every corner with the greatest diligence.

⁵ The law phrase is here used literally.

⁶ *Expediently*—promptly.

⁷ Johnson says, "Alluding to the triple character of Proserpine, Cynthia, and
Diana, given by some mythologists to the same goddess."

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Room in the Palace.

Enter Duke FREDERICK, OLIVER, Lords, and Attendants.

Duke F. Not see him since? Sir, sir, that cannot be:
But were I not the better part made mercy,
I should not seek an absent argument³
Of my revenge, thou present: But look to it;
Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is;
Seek him with candle;⁴ bring him dead or living
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
To seek a living in our territory.
Thy lands, and all things that thou dost call thine,
Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands;
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth,
Of what we think against thee.

Oli. O, that your highness knew my heart in this!
I never lov'd my brother in my life.

Duke F. More villain thou.—Well, push him out of
doors;

And let my officers of such a nature
Make an extent upon his house and lands:⁵
Do this expediently,⁶ and turn him going. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—The Forest.

Enter ORLANDO, with a paper.

Orl. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love:
And, thou, thrice-crowned queen of night,⁷ survey
With thy chaste eye from thy pale sphere above,
Thy huntress' name, that my full life doth sway.
O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books,
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character;
That every eye, which in this forest looks,
Shall see thy virtue witness'd everywhere.
Run, run, Orlando; carve on every tree
The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive⁸ she. *[Exit.]*

Enter CORIN and TOUCHSTONE.

Cor. And how like you this shepherd's life, master
Touchstone?

Touch. Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself it is a good
life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life it is naught.
In respect that it is solitary I like it very well; but in
respect that it is private it is a very vile life. Now, in
respect it is in the fields it pleaseth me well; but in respect
it is not in the court it is tedious. As it is a spare life,
look you, it fits my humour well; but as there is no more
plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any
philosophy in thee, shepherd?

Cor. No more, but that I know, the more one sickens
the worse at ease he is; and that he that wants money,
means, and content, is without three good friends: That
the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn: That good
pasture makes fat sheep; and that a great cause of the
night is lack of the sun: That he that hath learned no wit
by nature nor art may complain of good breeding,⁹ or
comes of a very dull kindred.

Touch. Such a one is a natural philosopher. Wast ever
in court, shepherd?

⁸ *Unexpressive*—inexpressible. Warton (in a note upon the following passage
in Milton's "Hymn on the Nativity") supposes that Shakspeare coined the word:—

"The helmed Cherubim,
And sworded Seraphim,
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings display'd,
Harping in loud and solemn quire,
With *unexpressive* notes to Heaven's new-born Heir."

⁹ May complain of the want of good breeding. Whiter says, "This is a mode
of speech common, I believe, to all languages."

Cor. No, truly.

Touch. Then thou art damn'd.

Cor. Nay, I hope,—

Touch. Truly, thou art damn'd; like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side.

Cor. For not being at court? Your reason.

Touch. Why, if thou never wast at court thou never saw'st good manners; if thou never saw'st good manners¹ then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation: Thou art in a parlous² state, shepherd.

Cor. Not a whit, Touchstone: those that are good manners at the court are as ridiculous in the country, as the behaviour of the country is most mockable at the court. You told me, you salute not at the court, but you kiss your hands; that courtesy would be uncleanly, if courtiers were shepherds.

Touch. Instance, briefly; come, instance.

Cor. Why, we are still handling our ewes; and their fells, you know, are greasy.

Touch. Why, do not your courtier's hands sweat? and is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow: a better instance, I say; come.

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard.

Touch. Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow, again: A more sounder instance, come.

Cor. And they are often tarr'd over with the surgery of our sheep; And would you have us kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfum'd with civet.

Touch. Most shallow man! Thou worms'-meat, in respect of a good piece of flesh: Indeed! Learn of the wise, and perpend: Civet is of a baser birth than tar; the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd.

Cor. You have too courtly a wit for me; I'll rest.

Touch. Wilt thou rest damn'd? God help thee, shallow man! God make incision in thee! thou art raw.³

Cor. Sir, I am a true labourer; I earn that I eat, get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good, content with my harm:⁴ and the greatest of my pride is, to see my ewes graze and my lambs suck.

Touch. That is another simple sin in you; to bring the ewes and the rams together, and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle: to be bawd to a bell-wether; and to betray a she lamb of a twelvemonth, to a crooked-pated, old, cuckoldly ram, out of all reasonable match. If thou be'st not damn'd for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds; I cannot see else how thou shouldst 'scape.

Cor. Here comes young master Ganymede, my new mistress' brother.

Enter ROSALIND, reading a paper.

Ros. From the east to western Ind,
No jewel is like Rosalind.
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind.
All the pictures, fairest lin'd,⁵
Are but black to Rosalind.
Let no face be kept in mind,
But the fair⁶ of Rosalind.

¹ *Manners* is here used in the sense of morals. *Morals* was not used by the old writers.

² *Parlous*—perilous.

³ Steevens thinks this has reference to the proverbial phrase of "cutting for the simples."

⁴ Resigned to any evil.

⁵ *Lin'd*—delineated.

⁶ *Fair*—beauty.

⁷ Whiter says, defending the old reading of *rank*, that the expression means the jog-trot rate with which butter-women travel to market, *one after another*. In its application to Orlando's poetry it means a *set* or *string* of verses, in the same course, cadence, and uniformity of rhythm. We think that Whiter's explanation is right; and that Shakspeare, moreover, had in mind the *pack-horse* roads, where one traveller must follow another in single *rank*.

⁸ Does this require a note? With regard to its premature decay, is not the medlar the *earliest* fruit? Yet Steevens says, "Shakspeare seems to have had

Touch. I'll rhyme you so, eight years together; dinners, and suppers, and sleeping hours excepted: it is the right butter-woman's rank to market.⁷

Ros. Out, fool!

Touch. For a taste:

If a hart do lack a hind,
Let him seek out Rosalind.
If the cat will after kind,
So, be sure, will Rosalind.
Wintred-garments must be lin'd,
So must slender Rosalind.
They that reap must sheaf and bind;
Then to cart with Rosalind.
Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,
Such a nut is Rosalind.
He that sweetest rose will find,
Must find love's prick and Rosalind.

This is the very false gallop of verses: Why do you infect yourself with them?

Ros. Peace, you dull fool; I found them on a tree.

Touch. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

Ros. I'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff it with a medlar: then it will be the earliest fruit in the country: for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe,⁸ and that's the right virtue of the medlar.

Touch. You have said; but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge.

Enter CELIA, reading a paper.

Ros. Peace!

Here comes my sister, reading; stand aside.

Cel. Why should this a desert be?⁹
For it is unpeopled? No;
Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That shall civil sayings show.
Some, how brief the life of man
Runs his erring¹⁰ pilgrimage;
That the stretching of a span
Buckles in his sum of age.
Some, of violated vows
'Twixt the souls of friend and friend:
But upon the fairest boughs,
Or at every sentence' end,
Will I Rosalinda write;
Teaching all that read, to know
The quintessence of every sprite
Heaven would in little¹¹ show.
Therefore heaven nature charg'd
That one body should be fill'd
With all graces wide enlarg'd:
Nature presently distill'd
Helen's cheek, but not her heart;
Cleopatra's majesty;
Atalanta's better part;
Sad Lucretia's modesty.^a
Thus Rosalind of many parts
By heavenly synod was devis'd;
Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,
To have the touches¹² dearest priz'd.
Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
And I to live and die her slave.

Ros. O most gentle Jupiter! what tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cried, "Have patience, good people."

Cel. How now! back friends;—Shepherd, go off a little: go with him, sirrah.

little knowledge in gardening. The medlar is one of the latest fruits, being uneatable till the end of November"!!!

⁹ The original omits the article *a*. Some texts have—

"Why should this desert *silent* be?"

This was Tyrwhitt's emendation; but the adjective is certainly unnecessary. A question arises, is *desert* an adjective or a noun? The absence of people, says the sonneteer, does not make this place *desert*, for I will hang tongues on every tree, that will speak the language of *civil* life. *Desert* is here an adjective opposed to *civil*. Rowe, to reform the metre, reads—

"Why should this *a* desert be?"

Upon the principle that a line must be sometimes read with retardation, the article is not necessary; but receiving the word as a noun the sense is clearer.

¹⁰ *Erring*—wandering.

¹¹ *In little*—in miniature.

¹² *Touches*—traits.

Touch. Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage. [*Exeunt CORIN and TOUCHSTONE.*]

Cel. Didst thou hear these verses?

Ros. O, yes, I heard them all, and more too: for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

Cel. That's no matter; the feet might bear the verses.

Ros. Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

Cel. But didst thou hear, without wondering how thy name should be hanged and carved upon these trees?

Ros. I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder before you came; for look here what I found on a palm tree: I was never so be-rhymed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat,^b which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Trow you who hath done this?

Ros. Is it a man?

Cel. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck: Change you colour?

Ros. I prithee, who?

Cel. O lord, lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes, and so encounter.

Ros. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it possible?

Ros. Nay, I pray thee now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Cel. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful, and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all whooping.¹

Ros. Good my complexion!² dost thou think, though I am caparisoned like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South-sea of discovery.³ I prithee, tell me, who is it? quickly, and speak apace: I would thou couldst stammer, that thou mightst pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouthed bottle; either too much at once, or none at all. I prithee take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

Cel. So you may put a man in your belly.

Ros. Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Ros. Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful: let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is young Orlando; that tripped up the wrestler's heels, and your heart, both in an instant.

Ros. Nay, but the devil take mocking; speak sad brow, and true maid.⁴

Cel. I' faith, coz, 'tis he.

Ros. Orlando?

Cel. Orlando.

Ros. Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose?—What did he when thou saw'st him? What said he? How looked he? Wherein went he?⁵ What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

Cel. You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth⁶ first: 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size: To say ay, and no, to these particulars, is more than to answer in a catechism.

Ros. But doth he know that I am in this forest and in

man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

Cel. It is as easy to count atomies, as to resolve the propositions of a lover: but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with a good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropped acorn.

Ros. It may well be called Jove's tree, when it drops forth such⁷ fruit.

Cel. Give me audience, good madam.

Ros. Proceed.

Cel. There lay he, stretched along, like a wounded knight.

Ros. Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

Cel. Cry, holla! to thy tongue, I prithee; it curvets unseasonably.⁸ He was furnished like a hunter.

Ros. O ominous! he comes to kill my hart!

Cel. I would sing my song without a burden: thou bring'st me out of tune.

Ros. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think I must speak. Sweet, say on.

Enter ORLANDO and JAQUES.

Cel. You bring me out:⁹—Soft! comes he not here?

Ros. 'Tis he; slink by, and note him.

[*CELIA and ROSALIND retire.*]

Jaq. I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

Orl. And so had I; but yet, for fashion sake, I thank you too for your society.

Jaq. God be wi' you; let's meet as little as we can.

Orl. I do desire we may be better strangers.

Jaq. I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love songs in their barks.

Orl. I pray you, mar no more of my verses with reading them ill-favouredly.

Jaq. Rosalind is your love's name?

Orl. Yes, just.

Jaq. I do not like her name.

Orl. There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christened.

Jaq. What stature is she of?

Orl. Just as high as my heart.

Jaq. You are full of pretty answers: Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conned them out of rings?

Orl. Not so; but I answer you right painted cloth, from whence you have studied your questions.⁶

Jaq. You have a nimble wit; I think it was made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me? and we two will rail against our mistress the world, and all our misery.

Orl. I will chide no breather in the world but myself; against whom I know most faults.

Jaq. The worst fault you have, is to be in love.

Orl. 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

Jaq. By my troth, I was seeking for a fool when I found you.

Orl. He is drowned in the brook; look but in, and you shall see him.

Jaq. There I shall see mine own figure.

Orl. Which I take to be either a fool, or a cipher.

Jaq. I'll tarry no longer with you: farewell, good signior love.

¹ There is an old proverbial phrase, *out of cry*, meaning, beyond all measure.

² Ritson explains this as a little unmeaning exclamatory address to her beauty, in the nature of a small oath.

³ My curiosity can endure no longer. If you perplex me any further I have a space for conjecture as wide as the South-sea. *Of* is the original reading; the modern change is "a South-sea off discovery."

⁴ Speak with a serious countenance, and as a true maid. So Henry V. says—

"I speak to thee *plain soldier*."

⁵ *Wherein went he?*—in what dress did he go?

⁶ *Gargantua's mouth*—the mouth of the giant of Rabelais, who swallowed five pilgrims in a salad.

⁷ *Such* is not in the folio of 1623; it is inserted in the second folio.

⁸ The ordinary reading, contrary to the original, is *very unseasonably*.

⁹ *You bring me out*—put me out.

Orl. I am glad of your departure; adieu, good monsieur melancholy.

[*Exit JAQUES—CELIA and ROSALIND come forward.*]

Ros. I will speak to him like a saucy lacquey, and under that habit play the knave with him.—Do you hear, forester?

Orl. Very well; What would you?

Ros. I pray you, what is 't o'clock?

Orl. You should ask me what time o' day; there's no clock in the forest.

Ros. Then there is no true lover in the forest; else sighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of time as well as a clock.

Orl. And why not the swift foot of time? had not that been as proper?

Ros. By no means, sir: Time travels in divers paces with divers persons: I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

Orl. I prithee, who doth he trot withal?

Ros. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid, between the contract of her marriage, and the day it is solemnized: if the interim be but a se'nnight, time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven year.

Orl. Who ambles time withal?

Ros. With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout: for the one sleeps easily, because he cannot study; and the other lives merrily, because he feels no pain: the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning; the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury: These time ambles withal.

Orl. Who doth he gallop withal?

Ros. With a thief to the gallows: for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

Orl. Who stays it still withal?

Ros. With lawyers in the vacation: for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how time moves.

Orl. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Ros. With this shepherdess, my sister; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orl. Are you native of this place?

Ros. As the coney, that you see dwell where she is kindled.

Orl. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed¹ a dwelling.

Ros. I have been told so of many: but, indeed, an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it; and I thank God I am not a woman, to be touched with so many giddy offences as he hath generally taxed their whole sex withal.

Orl. Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?

Ros. There were none principal; they were all like one another, as halfpence are: every one fault seeming monstrous, till his fellow fault came to match it.

Orl. I prithee recount some of them.

Ros. No; I will not cast away my physic but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest that abuses our young plants with carving Rosalind on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles; all, forsooth, deifying² the name of Rosalind: if I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

Orl. I am he that is so love-shaked; I pray you, tell me your remedy.

Ros. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he

taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes, I am sure, you are not prisoner.

Orl. What were his marks?

Ros. A lean cheek; which you have not: a blue eye, and sunken; which you have not: an unquestionable spirit;³ which you have not: a beard neglected; which you have not: (but I pardon you for that; for, simply, your having in beard⁴ is a younger brother's revenue:) Then your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and everything about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no such man; you are rather point-devise⁵ in your accoutrements; as loving yourself, than seeming the lover of any other.

Orl. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Ros. Me believe it? you may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do than to confess she does: that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

Orl. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Ros. But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?

Orl. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

Ros. Love is merely a madness; and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do: and the reason why they are not so punished and cured is, that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too: Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

Orl. Did you ever cure any so?

Ros. Yes, one; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me: At which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something, and for no passion truly anything, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour: would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love, to a loving⁶ humour of madness; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook merely monastic: And thus I cured him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in 't.

Orl. I would not be cured, youth.

Ros. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind, and come every day to my cote, and woo me.

Orl. Now, by the faith of my love, I will: tell me where it is.

Ros. Go with me to it, and I'll show it you: and, by the way, you shall tell me where in the forest you live: Will you go?

Orl. With all my heart, good youth.

Ros. Nay, you must call me Rosalind:—Come, sister, will you go? [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY; JAQUES at a distance, observing them.

Touch. Come apace, good Audrey; I will fetch up your goats, Audrey: And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? Doth my simple feature content you?

⁴ *Having in beard.* So the original. The second edition reads, "having no beard." The meaning is, your possession in beard; *having* is a substantive.

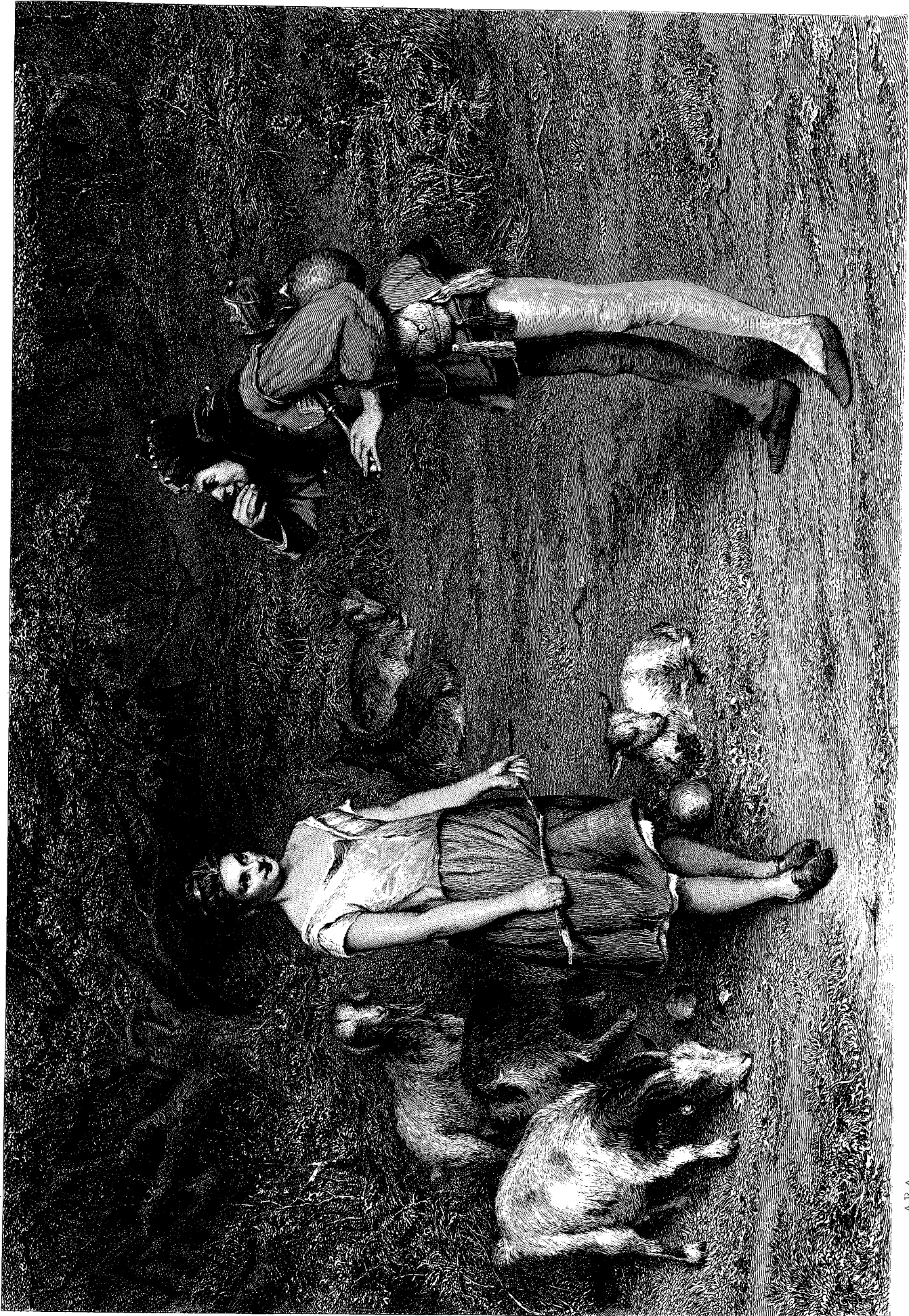
⁵ *Point-devise*—minutely exact. See *Twelfth Night*, Act II. Sc. V.

⁶ *Loving*—the original has *living*, which may be received as actual, positive. Johnson suggested the antithetical epithet.

¹ *Removed*—remote.

² *Deifying.* So the folio of 1632. In the first folio *defying*.

³ *Unquestionable*—not to be questioned, not to be conversed with.



CHARLIE.

REX.

10



Aud. Your features! Lord warrant us! what features?

Touch. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.¹

Jaq. O knowledge ill-inhabited!² worse than Jove in a thatched house!³ [*Aside.*]

Touch. When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child, understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room: Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

Aud. I do not know what poetical is: Is it honest in deed, and word? Is it a true thing?

Touch. No, truly; for the truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry; and what they swear in poetry, may be said, as lovers, they do feign.

Aud. Do you wish, then, that the gods had made me poetical?

Touch. I do, truly: for thou swear'st to me thou art honest; now, if thou wert a poet I might have some hope thou didst feign.

Aud. Would you not have me honest?

Touch. No, truly, unless thou wert hard-favour'd: for honesty coupled to beauty, is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

Jaq. A material fool!⁴ [*Aside.*]

Aud. Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest!

Touch. Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

Aud. I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul.⁵

Touch. Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness! slut-tishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee: and to that end, I have been with sir Oliver Mar-text, the vicar of the next village; who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest, and to couple us.

Jaq. I would fain see this meeting. [*Aside.*]

Aud. Well, the gods give us joy!

Touch. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though?—Courage! As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said, Many a man knows no end of his goods: right; many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife; 'tis none of his own getting. Horns? Even so: Poor men alone?⁶ No, no; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal.⁷ Is the single man therefore blessed? No: as a walled town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor: and by how much defence⁸ is better than no skill, by so much is a horn more precious than to want.

Enter Sir OLIVER MAR-TEXT.

Here comes sir Oliver:⁹—Sir Oliver Mar-text, you are well met: Will you despatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

Sir Oli. Is there none here to give the woman?

Touch. I will not take her on gift of any man.

Sir Oli. Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

¹ Caldecott says, "Caper, capri, caperitious, capricious, fantastical, capering, goatish; and by a similar sort of process are we to smooth *Goths* into *goats*."

² *Ill-inhabited*—ill-lodged.

³ The same allusion is in *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act II. Sc. I:—

"My visor is Philemon's roof; within the house is Jove."

⁴ A fool, says Johnson, with *matter* in him.

⁵ *Foul* is here used in the sense of *homely*—opposed to *fair*. It retained this sense as late as Pope; and the meaning in the time of Shakspeare may be seen in the following extract from Thomas's "History of Italy:"—"If the maiden be

Jaq. [*discovering himself.*] Proceed, proceed; I'll give her.

Touch. Good even, good master "What ye call't:" How do you, sir? You are very well met: God'ild you¹⁰ for your last company: I am very glad to see you:—Even a toy in hand here, sir:—Nay; pray, be covered.

Jaq. Will you be married, motley?

Touch. As the ox hath his bow,^d sir, the horse his curb, and the falcon her bells,^e so man hath his desires; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

Jaq. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush, like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is: this fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot; then one of you will prove a shrunk pannel, and, like green timber, warp, warp.

Touch. I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another: for he is not like to marry me well; and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife. [*Aside.*]

Jaq. Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

Touch. Come, sweet Audrey:

We must be married, or we must live in bawdry.

Farewell, good master Oliver!

Not O sweet Oliver,
O brave Oliver,
Leave me not behind thee:
But wind away,
Begone, I say,
I will not to wedding with thee.

[*Exeunt JAQUES, TOUCHSTONE, and AUDREY.*]

Sir Oli. 'Tis no matter; ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—*The same. Before a Cottage.*

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

Ros. Never talk to me, I will weep.

Cel. Do, I prithee; but yet have the grace to consider that tears do not become a man.

Ros. But have I not cause to weep?

Cel. As good cause as one would desire; therefore weep.

Ros. His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

Cel. Something browner than Judas's: marry, his kisses are Judas's own children.

Ros. I' faith his hair is of a good colour.

Cel. An excellent colour: your chesnut was ever the only colour.

Ros. And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.

Cel. He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana: a nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them.

Ros. But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?

Cel. Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

Ros. Do you think so?

Cel. Yes; I think he is not a pick-purse, nor a horse-stealer; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a covered goblet,¹¹ or a worm-eaten nut.

Ros. Not true in love?

Cel. Yes, when he is in; but, I think he is not in.

fair she is soon had, and little money given with her; if she be *foul* they advance her with a better portion."

⁶ So the original, with a different punctuation. Mr. Collier's MS. Corrector has—"Are horns given to poor men alone?"

⁷ *Rascal* is the hunter's term given to young deer, lean and out of season.

⁸ *And by how much defence is better, &c.* Any means of defence is better than the lack of science; in proportion as something is to nothing.

⁹ *Sir Oliver.* See the opening of *Merry Wives of Windsor*: *Sir Hugh.*

¹⁰ God yield you—give you recompense.

¹¹ The goblet is *covered* when it is empty; when full, to be drunk out of, the cover is removed.

Ros. You have heard him swear downright he was.

Cel. Was is not is: besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confirmer of false reckonings: He attends here in the forest on the duke your father.

Ros. I met the duke yesterday, and had much question with him: He asked me, of what parentage I was; I told him, of as good as he; so he laughed, and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there's such a man as Orlando?

Cel. O, that's a brave man! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover; as a puisny¹ tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose: but all's brave that youth mounts, and folly guides:—Who comes here?

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Mistress, and master, you have oft inquir'd After the shepherd that complain'd of love; Who you saw sitting by me on the turf, Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess That was his mistress.

Cel. Well, and what of him?

Cor. If you will see a pageant truly play'd, Between the pale complexion of true love And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain, Go hence a little, and I shall conduct you, If you will mark it.

Ros. O, come, let us remove; The sight of lovers feedeth those in love: Bring us to this sight, and you shall say I'll prove a busy actor in their play.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*Another part of the Forest.*

Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.

Sil. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not, Phebe: Say, that you love me not; but say not so In bitterness: The common executioner, Whose heart the accustom'd sight of death makes hard, Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck, But first begs pardon; Will you sterner be Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN, at a distance.

Phe. I would not be thy executioner; I fly thee, for I would not injure thee. Thou tell'st me, there is murder in mine eye; 'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable, That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest things, Who shut their coward gates on atomies, Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers! Now I do frown on thee with all my heart; And, if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee; Now counterfeit to swoon; why now fall down; Or, if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame, Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers. Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee: Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains Some scar of it; lean upon a rush, The cicatrice and capable² impressure,

Thy palm some moment keeps: but now mine eyes, Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not; Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes That can do hurt.

Sil. O dear Phebe,

If ever (as that ever may be near) You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy, Then shall you know the wounds invisible That love's keen arrows make.

Phe. But, till that time, Come not thou near me: and, when that time comes, Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not; As, till that time, I shall not pity thee.

Ros. And why, I pray you? [*Advancing.*] Who might be your mother?

That you insult, exult, and all at once, Over the wretched? What though you have no beauty,³ (As, by my faith, I see no more in you Than without candle may go dark to bed,) Must you be therefore proud and pitiless? Why, what means this? Why do you look on me? I see no more in you than in the ordinary Of nature's sale-work:—Od's my little life! I think, she means to tangle my eyes too:— No, 'faith, proud mistress, hope not after it; 'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair, Your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream, That can entame my spirits to your worship. You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her, Like foggy south, puffing with wind and rain? You are a thousand times a properer man, Than she a woman: 'Tis such fools as you That make the world full of ill-favour'd children: 'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her; And out of you she sees herself more proper Than any of her lineaments can show her. But, mistress, know yourself; down on your knees, And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love: For I must tell you friendly in your ear, Sell when you can; you are not for all markets: Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer; Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer. So, take her to thee, shepherd; fare you well.

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you chide a year together; I had rather hear you chide than this man woo.

Ros. He's fallen in love with your⁴ foulness, and she'll fall in love with my anger: If it be so, as fast as she answers thee with frowning looks, I'll sauce her with bitter words.—Why look you so upon me?

Phe. For no ill will I bear you.

Ros. I pray you, do not fall in love with me, For I am falser than vows made in wine: Besides, I like you not: If you will know my house, 'Tis at the tuft of olives, here hard by:— Will you go, sister? Shepherd, ply her hard; Come, sister: Shepherdess, look on him better, And be not proud: though all the world could see, None could be so abus'd in sight as he. Come, to our flock.

[*Exeunt ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN.*]

Phe. Dead shepherd! now I find thy saw of might; "Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?"⁵

Sil. Sweet Phebe,—

Phe. Ha! what say'st thou, Silvius?

Sil. Sweet Phebe, pity me.

Phe. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.

Sil. Wherever sorrow is, relief would be; If you do sorrow at my grief in love,

¹ *Puisny*. So the original. The Cambridge editors explain that the word is used in the sense of *inferior*. A *puisne* judge is a younger or inferior judge.

² *Capable*—able to receive.

³ *No beauty*. The tenor of Rosalind's speech is to make Phebe think humbly

of herself; and yet in modern editions, before the Pictorial, *no* is turned into *more*, it being maintained that the original word was *mo*, misprinted *no*.

⁴ *Your*. The modern reading is *her*. We suppose Rosalind here turns to the parties before her, and addresses each.

By giving love, your sorrow and my grief
Were both extermin'd.

Phe. Thou hast my love; Is not that neighbourly?

Sil. I would have you.

Phe. Why, that were covetousness.

Silvius, the time was that I hated thee;
And yet it is not that I bear thee love:
But since that thou canst talk of love so well,
Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,
I will endure; and I'll employ thee too:
But do not look for further recompence
Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.

Sil. So holy and so perfect is my love,
And I in such a poverty of grace,
That I shall think it a most plenteous crop
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harvest reaps: loose now and then
A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon.

Phe. Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me erewhile?

Sil. Not very well, but I have met him oft;
And he hath bought the cottage, and the bounds,
That the old carlot¹ once was master of.

Phe. Think not I love him, though I ask for him;
'Tis but a peevish boy:—yet he talks well;—
But what care I for words? yet words do well,
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.
It is a pretty youth:—not very pretty:—
But, sure, he's proud; and yet his pride becomes him:
He'll make a proper man: The best thing in him
Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue
Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.
He is not very tall; yet for his years he's tall:
His leg is but so so; and yet 'tis well:
There was a pretty redness in his lip;
A little riper and more lusty red
Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas just the difference
Betwixt the constant red, and mingled damask.²
There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd him
In parcels as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him: but, for my part,
I love him not, nor hate him not; and yet
Have more cause to hate him than to love him:
For what had he to do to chide at me?
He said, mine eyes were black, and my hair black;
And now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me:
I marvel why I answer'd not again:
But that's all one; omittance is no quittance.
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou shalt bear it; Wilt thou, Silvius?

Sil. Phebe, with all my heart.

Phe. I'll write it straight:
The matter's in my head, and in my heart:
I will be bitter with him, and passing short:
Go with me, Silvius. [Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and JAQUES.

Jaq. I prithee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

Ros. They say you are a melancholy fellow.

Jaq. I am so: I do love it better than laughing.

Ros. Those that are in extremity of either are abominable fellows; and betray themselves to every modern censure, worse than drunkards.

Jaq. Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

Ros. Why then, 'tis good to be a post.

Jaq. I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice;³ nor the lover's, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and, indeed, the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness.⁴

Ros. A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad: I fear, you have sold your own lands, to see other men's; then, to have seen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

Jaq. Yes, I have gained my experience.

Enter ORLANDO.

Ros. And your experience makes you sad: I had rather have a fool to make me merry, than experience to make me sad; and to travel for it too.

Orl. Good day, and happiness, dear Rosalind!

Jaq. Nay, then, God be wi' you, an you talk in blank verse. [Exit.]

Ros. Farewell, monsieur traveller: Look you lisp and wear strange suits; disable⁵ all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola.—Why, how now, Orlando! where have you been all this while? You a lover?—An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

Orl. My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

Ros. Break an hour's promise in love? He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him that Cupid hath clapped him o' the shoulder, but I'll warrant him heart-whole.

Orl. Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

Ros. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight; I had as lief be wooed of a snail.

Orl. Of a snail?

Ros. Ay, of a snail; for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head; a better jointure, I think, than you make a woman: Besides, he brings his destiny with him.

Orl. What's that?

Ros. Why, horns; which such as you are fain to be beholden to your wives for: but he comes armed in his fortune, and prevents the slander of his wife.

Orl. Virtue is no horn-maker; and my Rosalind is virtuous.

Ros. And I am your Rosalind.

Cel. It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer⁶ than you.

Ros. Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holiday humour, and like enough to consent;—What would you say to me now, an I were your very very Rosalind?

Orl. I would kiss before I spoke.

Ros. Nay, you were better speak first; and when you were gravelled for lack of matter, you might take occasion

¹ *Carlot*—churl or peasant.

² This is explained as referring to the silk called *damask*. We doubt this. The *damask rose* was of a more varied hue than the *constant red* of other species of rose.

³ *Nice*—affected.

⁴ The original reads "by often rumination." We give the reading of the second folio. His melancholy is the contemplation of his travels, the rumination upon which wraps him in a most humorous sadness. Malone makes up a reading different from both editions, and so does Steevens also in another way.

⁵ *Disable*—detract from.

⁶ *Leer*—feature.

to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for lovers, lacking (God warn us!) matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

Orl. How if the kiss be denied?

Ros. Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

Orl. Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

Ros. Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress; or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit.

Orl. What, of my suit?

Ros. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind?

Orl. I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

Ros. Well, in her person, I say—I will not have you.

Orl. Then, in mine own person, I die.

Ros. No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, *videlicet*, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dashed out with a Grecian club: yet he did what he could to die before; and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night: for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and, being taken with the cramp, was drowned;^a and the foolish chroniclers¹ of that age found it was—Hero of Sestos. But these are all lies; men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Orl. I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind; for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

Ros. By this hand, it will not kill a fly: But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition; and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

Orl. Then love me, Rosalind.

Ros. Yes, faith will I, Fridays, and Saturdays, and all.

Orl. And wilt thou have me?

Ros. Ay, and twenty such.

Orl. What say'st thou?

Ros. Are you not good?

Orl. I hope so.

Ros. Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing?—Come, sister, you shall be the priest, and marry us.—Give me your hand, Orlando:—What do you say, sister?

Orl. Pray thee, marry us.

Cel. I cannot say the words.

Ros. You must begin,—“Will you, Orlando,”—

Cel. Go to:—Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?

Orl. I will.

Ros. Ay, but when?

Orl. Why now; as fast as she can marry us.

Ros. Then you must say,—“I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.”

Orl. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

Ros. I might ask you for your commission; but,—I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband: There's a girl goes before the priest: and, certainly, a woman's thought runs before her actions.

Orl. So do all thoughts; they are winged.

Ros. Now tell me, how long you would have her, after you have possessed her.

Orl. For ever, and a day.

Ros. Say a day, without the ever: No, no, Orlando; men are April when they woo, December when they wed:

maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen; more clamorous than a parrot against rain; more new-fangled than an ape; more giddy in my desires than a monkey: I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, and I will do that when you are disposed to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when thou art inclined to sleep.

Orl. But will my Rosalind do so?

Ros. By my life, she will do as I do.

Orl. O, but she is wise.

Ros. Or else she could not have the wit to do this: the wiser, the waywarder: Make the doors² upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement; shut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

Orl. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say,—“Wit, whither wilt?”³

Ros. Nay, you might keep that check for it, till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.

Orl. And what wit could wit have to excuse that?

Ros. Marry, to say—she came to seek you there. You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue. O, that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion, let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool.

Orl. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

Ros. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

Orl. I must attend the duke at dinner; by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Ros. Ay, go your ways, go your ways;—I knew what you would prove; my friends told me as much, and I thought no less:—that flattering tongue of yours won me: 'tis but one cast away, and so,—come, death.—Two o'clock is your hour?

Orl. Ay, sweet Rosalind.

Ros. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise, or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathological⁴ break-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful: therefore beware my censure, and keep your promise.

Orl. With no less religion than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind: So, adieu.

Ros. Well, time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let time try: Adieu!

[Exit ORLANDO.]

Cel. You have simply misused our sex in your love prate: we must have your doublet and hose plucked over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

Ros. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded; my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

Cel. Or rather, bottomless; that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

Ros. No, that same wicked bastard of Venus, that was begot of thought, conceived of spleen, and born of madness; that blind rascally boy, that abuses every one's eyes, because his own are out, let him be judge, how deep I am in love:—I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando: I'll go find a shadow, and sigh till he come.

Cel. And I'll sleep.

[Exeunt.]

¹ *Chroniclers.* The change which was adopted by Hanmer, of *coroners*, starts up again in the Corrector of Mr. Collier. The technical use of *found* has been held to justify the change. The wit of Rosalind upon the “chroniclers’” verdict on the good youth that was drowned need not be taken *au pied de la lettre*.

Make the doors—the language of the midland counties for *making fast the doors*.

³ Malone thinks these are the first words of a madrigal.

⁴ We have “most pathological nit” in *Love's Labour's Lost*.

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Forest.**Enter JACQUES and Lords, in the habit of Foresters.**Jaq.* Which is he that killed the deer?*1 Lord.* Sir, it was I.*Jaq.* Let's present him to the duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory:—Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?*2 Lord.* Yes, sir.*Jaq.* Sing it; 'tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.

SONG.

1. What shall he have that kill'd the deer?^{2 b}2. His leather skin, and horns to wear.¹
Take thou no scorn, to wear the horn;
It was a crest ere thou wast born.

1. Thy father's father wore it;

2. And thy father bore it;

All. The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.[*Exeunt.*]SCENE III.—*The Forest.**Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.**Ros.* How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock? and here much Orlando!²*Cel.* I warrant you, with pure love, and troubled brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows, and is gone forth—to sleep: Look, who comes here.*Enter SILVIUS.**Sil.* My errand is to you, fair youth;—
My gentle Phebe did bid me give you this:[*Giving a letter.*]I know not the contents; but, as I guess,
By the stern brow and waspish action
Which she did use as she was writing of it,
It bears an angry tenor: pardon me,
I am but as a guiltless messenger.*Ros.* Patience herself would startle at this letter,
And play the swaggerer; bear this, bear all:
She says, I am not fair; that I lack manners;
She calls me proud; and that she could not love me
Were man as rare as phoenix; Od's my will!
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt:
Why writes she so to me?—Well, shepherd, well,
This is a letter of your own device.*Sil.* No, I protest, I know not the contents;
Phebe did write it.*Ros.* Come, come, you are a fool,
And turn'd into the extremity of love.
I saw her hand: she has a leathern hand,
A freestone-colour'd hand; I verily did think
That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands;
She has a huswife's hand: but that's no matter:
I say, she never did invent this letter;
This is a man's invention, and his hand.*Sil.* Sure, it is hers.*Ros.* Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel style,
A style for challengers; why, she defies me,
Like Turk to Christian: woman's gentle brain
Could not drop forth such giant rude invention,
Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect
Than in their countenance:—Will you hear the letter?*Sil.* So please you, for I never heard it yet;
Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.*Ros.* She Phebes me: Mark how the tyrant writes.“Art thou god to shepherd turn'd,
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?”—[*Reads.*]

Can a woman rail thus?

Sil. Call you this railing?*Ros.* “Why, thy godhead laid apart,
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?”—

Did you ever hear such railing?

“Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance³ to me.”—

Meaning me a beast.—

“If the scorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alack, in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect?
Whiles you chid me, I did love;
How then might your prayers move?
He that brings this love to thee
Little knows this love in me:
And by him seal up thy mind;
Whether that thy youth and kind⁴
Will the faithful offer take
Of me, and all that I can make;⁵
Or else by him my love deny,
And then I'll study how to die.”*Sil.* Call you this chiding?*Cel.* Alas, poor shepherd!*Ros.* Do you pity him? no, he deserves no pity.—Wilt thou love such a woman?—What, to make thee an instrument, and play false strains upon thee! not to be endured!—Well, go your way to her, (for I see, love hath made thee a tame snake,⁶) and say this to her;—That if she love me, I charge her to love thee: if she will not, I will never have her, unless thou entreat for her.—If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word; for here comes more company.[*Exit SILVIUS.*]*Enter OLIVER.**Oli.* Good-morrow, fair ones: Pray you, if you know
Where, in the purlieus of this forest, stands
A sheep-cote, fenced about with olive-trees?*Cel.* West of this place, down in the neighbour bottom,
The rank of osiers, by the murmuring stream,
Left on your right hand, brings you to the place:
But at this hour the house doth keep itself,
There's none within.*Oli.* If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then should I know you by description;
Such garments, and such years: “The boy is fair,
Of female favour, and bestows himself
Like a ripe sister:⁶ the woman low,
And browner than her brother.” Are not you
The owner of the house I did inquire for?*Cel.* It is no boast, being ask'd, to say, we are.*Oli.* Orlando doth commend him to you both;
And to that youth he calls his Rosalind,
He sends this bloody napkin; Are you he?*Ros.* I am: what must we understand by this?*Oli.* Some of my shame; if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkercher was stain'd.*Cel.* I pray you, tell it.*Oli.* When last the young Orlando parted from you,
He left a promise to return again
Within an hour; and, pacing through the forest,¹ In modern editions we have a line after this—

“Here sing him home.”

For the reasons of the omission see Illustration *b*, Act IV.² *Much Orlando*—ironically, a great deal of Orlando.³ *Vengeance*—mischief.⁴ *Kind*—kindly affections.⁵ *Make*—make up.⁶ *Sister.* Mr. Lettsom suggests *forester*.

Chewing the food¹ of sweet and bitter fancy,
 Lo, what befel! he threw his eye aside,
 And, mark, what object did present itself!
 Under an old oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age,
 And high top bald with dry antiquity,
 A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
 Lay sleeping on his back; about his neck
 A green and gilded snake had wreath'd itself,
 Who with her head, nimble in threats, approach'd
 The opening of his mouth; but suddenly
 Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,
 And with indented glides did slip away
 Into a bush: under which bush's shade
 A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
 Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike watch,
 When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis
 The royal disposition of that beast,
 To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead;
 This seen, Orlando did approach the man,
 And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Cel. O, I have heard him speak of that same brother;
 And he did render² him the most unnatural
 That liv'd 'mongst men.

Oli. And well he might so do,
 For well I know he was unnatural.

Ros. But, to Orlando;—Did he leave him there,
 Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness?

Oli. Twice did he turn his back, and purpos'd so:
 But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
 And nature, stronger than his just occasion,³
 Made him give battle to the lioness,
 Who quickly fell before him; in which hurtling,
 From miserable slumber I awak'd.

Cel. Are you his brother?

Ros. Was it you he rescued?

Cel. Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill him?

Oli. 'Twas I; but 'tis not I: I do not shame
 To tell you what I was, since my conversion
 So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

Ros. But, for the bloody napkin?—

Oli. By and by.
 When from the first to last, betwixt us two,
 Tears our recountments had most kindly bath'd,
 As, how⁴ I came into that desert place;—
 In brief, he led me to the gentle duke,
 Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,
 Committing me unto my brother's love;
 Who led me instantly unto his cave,
 There stripp'd himself, and here upon his arm
 The lioness had torn some flesh away,
 Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted
 And cry'd in fainting, upon Rosalind.
 Brief, I recover'd him; bound up his wound;
 And, after some small space, being strong at heart,
 He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
 To tell this story, that you might excuse
 His broken promise, and to give this napkin,
 Dy'd in this blood, unto the shepherd youth
 That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

Cel. Why, how now, Ganymede? sweet Ganymede?

[ROSALIND faints.]

Oli. Many will swoon when they do look on blood.

Cel. There is more in it:—Cousin—Ganymede!

Oli. Look, he recovers.

Ros. I would I were at home.

Cel. We'll lead you thither:—

I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

Oli. Be of good cheer, youth:—You a man?—
 You lack a man's heart.

Ros. I do so, I confess it. Ah, sirra,⁵ a body would
 think this was well counterfeited: I pray you, tell your
 brother how well I counterfeited.—Heigh ho!

Oli. This was not counterfeit; there is too great testi-
 mony in your complexion, that it was a passion of earnest.

Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you.

Oli. Well then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be
 a man.

Ros. So I do: but, i' faith, I should have been a woman
 by right.

Cel. Come, you look paler and paler; pray you, draw
 homewards:—Good sir, go with us.

Oli. That will I, for I must bear answer back
 How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

Ros. I shall devise something: But, I pray you, com-
 mend my counterfeiting to him:—Will you go? [Exit.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

Touch. We shall find a time, Audrey; patience, gentle
 Audrey.

Aud. 'Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old
 gentleman's saying.

Touch. A most wicked sir Oliver, Audrey, a most vile
 Mar-text. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest
 lays claim to you.

Aud. Ay, I know who 'tis; he hath no interest in me in
 the world: here comes the man you mean.

Enter WILLIAM.

Touch. It is meat and drink to me to see a clown: By
 my troth, we that have good wits have much to answer for;
 we shall be flouting; we cannot hold.

Will. Good even, Audrey.

Aud. God ye good even, William.

Will. And good even to you, sir.

Touch. Good even, gentle friend: Cover thy head, cover
 thy head; nay, prithee, be covered. How old are you,
 friend?

Will. Five-and-twenty, sir.

Touch. A ripe age: Is thy name William?

Will. William, sir.

Touch. A fair name: Wast born i' the forest here?

Will. Ay, sir, I thank God.

Touch. Thank God!—a good answer: Art rich?

Will. 'Faith, sir, so, so.

Touch. So, so, is good, very good, very excellent good:
 and yet it is not; it is but so so. Art thou wise?

Will. Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

Touch. Why, thou say'st well. I do now remember a
 saying; "The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man
 knows himself to be a fool." The heathen philosopher,
 when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips
 when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby, that
 grapes were made to eat, and lips to open. You do love
 this maid?

Will. I do, sir.

¹ Food in the original. We would print *cud* if the change had something more
 definite than common usage.

² Render—represent.

³ Just occasion—such reasonable ground as might have amply justified, or given
 just occasion for, abandoning him.

⁴ Tears our recountments had most kindly bath'd.

As, how—i.e. with a train of circumstances, "As how."

⁵ Ah, sirra. For this, the reading of the folios, some editors give *sir*. Mr.
 Dyce gives *sirrah*, as it was sometimes only a term of familiar address. Mr.
 White says Rosalind here resumes her boyish sauciness.

Touch. Give me your hand: Art thou learned?

Will. No, sir!

Touch. Then learn this of me; To have, is to have: For it is a figure in rhetoric, that drink, being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other: For all your writers do consent,¹ that *ipse* is he; now you are not *ipse*, for I am he.

Will. Which he, sir?

Touch. He, sir, that must marry this woman: Therefore, you, clown, abandon, which is in the vulgar, leave, the society, which in the boorish is, company, of this female, which in the common is, woman, which together is, abandon the society of this female; or, clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; or to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage: I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel; I will bandy with thee in faction; I will o'errun thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways; therefore tremble, and depart.

Aud. Do, good William.

Will. God rest you merry, sir.

[*Exit.*]

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Our master and mistress seeks you; come, away, away.

Touch. Trip, Audrey, trip, Audrey;—I attend, I attend.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same.*

Enter ORLANDO and OLIVER.

Orl. Is't possible, that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that, but seeing, you should love her? and, loving, woo? and, wooing, she should grant? and will you persevere to enjoy her?

Oli. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her² sudden consenting; but say with me, I love Aliena; say with her, that she loves me; consent with both, that we may enjoy each other: it shall be to your good; for my father's house, and all the revenue that was old sir Rowland's, will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

Enter ROSALIND.

Orl. You have my consent. Let your wedding be to-morrow: thither will I invite the duke, and all his contented followers: Go you, and prepare Aliena; for, look you, here comes my Rosalind.

Ros. God save you, brother.

Oli. And you, fair sister.

Ros. O, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf.

Orl. It is my arm.

Ros. I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

Orl. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Ros. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to sound,³ when he showed me your handkercher?

Orl. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Ros. O, I know where you are:—Nay, 'tis true: there was never anything so sudden, but the fight of two rams, and Cæsar's thrasonical brag of—"I came, saw, and overcame:" For your brother and my sister no sooner met, but they looked; no sooner looked, but they loved; no sooner loved, but they sighed; no sooner sighed, but they asked

one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason, but they sought the remedy: and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage, which they will climb incontinent,⁴ or else be incontinent before marriage: they are in the very wrath of love, and they will together; clubs cannot part them.

Orl. They shall be married to-morrow; and I will bid the duke to the nuptial. But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy, in having what he wishes for.

Ros. Why then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

Orl. I can live no longer by thinking.

Ros. I will weary you no longer then with idle talking. Know of me then, (for now I speak to some purpose,) that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit: I speak not this that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, insomuch, I say, I know you are; neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good, and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things: I have, since I was three year old, conversed with a magician, most profound in his art, and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena shall you marry her: I know into what straits of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow, human as she is, and without any danger.

Orl. Speakest thou in sober meanings?

Ros. By my life I do; which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician: Therefore, put you in your best array, bid your friends; for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall; and to Rosalind, if you will.

Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.

Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

Phe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness, To show the letter that I writ to you.

Ros. I care not if I have: it is my study To seem spiteful and ungentle to you: You are there follow'd by a faithful shepherd; Look upon him, love him; he worships you.

Phe. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

Sil. It is to be all made of sighs and tears;—And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of faith and service;—And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of fantasy, All made of passion, and all made of wishes; All adoration, duty, and observance, All humbleness, all patience, and impatience. All purity, all trial, all observance;⁵ And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And so am I for Ganymede.

Orl. And so am I for Rosalind.

Ros. And so am I for no woman.

Phe. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

[*To ROSALIND.*]

¹ *Consent*—concur.

² *Her*, which is necessary to the sense, is not in the original.

³ *Sound*—swoon.

⁴ *Incontinent*—immediately.

⁵ *Observance*. Malone changed the word to *obedience*; Mr. Collier's Corrector did the same when the word first occurs.

Sil. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

[*To PHEBE.*

Orl. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Ros. Who do you speak to, "why blame you me to love you?"

Orl. To her that is not here, nor doth not hear.

Ros. Pray you, no more of this: 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon.—I will help you, [*to SILVIUS*] if I can:—I would love you, [*to PHEBE*] if I could.—To-morrow meet me all together.—I will marry you, [*to PHEBE*] if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow:—I will satisfy you, [*to ORLANDO*] if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married to-morrow:—I will content you, [*to SILVIUS*] if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow.—As you [*to ORLANDO*] love Rosalind, meet;—as you [*to SILVIUS*] love Phebe, meet; And as I love no woman, I'll meet.—So, fare you well; I have left you commands.

Sil. I'll not fail, if I live.

Phe. Nor I.

Orl. Nor I. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same.*

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

Touch. To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey: to-morrow will we be married.

Aud. I do desire it with all my heart: and I hope it is no dishonest desire, to desire to be a woman of the world.¹ Here comes two of the banished duke's pages.

Enter two Pages.

1 Page. Well met, honest gentleman.

Touch. By my troth, well met: Come, sit, sit, and a song.

2 Page. We are for you: sit i' the middle.

1 Page. Shall we clap into 't roundly, without hawking, or spitting, or saying we are hoarse; which are the only prologues to a bad voice?

2 Page. I' faith, i' faith; and both in a tune, like two gipsies on a horse.

SONG.

I.

It was a lover, and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass,
In spring time, the only pretty ring² time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

II.

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;
For love is crowned with the prime
In spring time, &c.

III.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In spring time, &c.

IV.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In spring time, &c.

Touch. Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untuneable.

¹ To be married.

² *Ring.* In a quarto MS. formerly in the possession of Mr. Heber, but now in the Signet Office library at Edinburgh, and which cannot have been written later than sixteen years after the publication of the present play, and may have existed at a much earlier period, this song is set to music. In it we find the reading

1 Page. You are deceived, sir; we kept time, we lost not our time.

Touch. By my troth, yes; I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God be with you; and God mend your voices! Come, Audrey. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Another part of the Forest.*

Enter Duke senior, AMIENS, JAQUES, ORLANDO, OLIVER, and CELIA.

Duke S. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy Can do all this that he hath promised?

Orl. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not; As those that fear,—they hope, and know they fear.

Enter ROSALIND, SILVIUS, and PHEBE.

Ros. Patience once more, whiles our compact is urg'd:— You say, if I bring in your Rosalind, [*To the DUKE.* You will bestow her on Orlando here?

Duke S. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her

Ros. And you say, you will have her, when I bring her? [*To ORLANDO.*

Orl. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.

Ros. You say, you'll marry me, if I be willing? [*To PHEBE.*

Phe. That will I, should I die the hour after.

Ros. But, if you do refuse to marry me, You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd.

Phe. So is the bargain.

Ros. You say, that you'll have Phebe, if she will. [*To SILVIUS.*

Sil. Though to have her and death were both one thing.

Ros. I have promised to make all this matter even.

Keep you your word, O duke, to give your daughter;—

You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter:—

Keep you your word, Phebe, that you'll marry me;

Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd:—

Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her,

If she refuse me:—and from hence I go,

To make these doubts all even.

[*Exeunt ROSALIND and CELIA.*

Duke S. I do remember in this shepherd-boy Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

Orl. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him, Methought he was a brother to your daughter:

But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born;

And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments

Of many desperate studies by his uncle,

Whom he reports to be a great magician,

Obscured in the circle of this forest.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

Jaq. There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark! Here comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are called fools.

Touch. Salutation and greeting to you all!

Jaq. Good my lord, bid him welcome. This is the motley-minded gentleman that I have so often met in the forest: he hath been a courtier, he swears.

Touch. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a measure; I have flattered a lady; I have been politic with my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have undone three tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

of ring-time; in the original it is *rang*; and Steevens, not knowing of the music, suggested this very alteration. The original, in the same line, has "*the spring-time.*" We omit *the* because it is not found in the musical copy. The stanzas in the first folio occur in the order which we have given. But in old copies of this song the second stanza is given as the last.

Jaq. And how was that ta'en up?¹

Touch. 'Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

Jaq. How seventh cause?—Good my lord, like this fellow.

Duke S. I like him very well.

Touch. God 'ild you, sir; I desire you of the like. I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear, and to forswear; according as marriage binds and blood breaks: A poor virgin, sir, an ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own; a poor humour of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will: Rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor-house; as your pearl, in your foul oyster.

Duke S. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

Touch. According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dulcet diseases.²

Jaq. But, for the seventh cause; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

Touch. Upon a lie seven times removed;—Bear your body more seeming,³ Audrey:—as thus, sir. I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard: he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: This is called the "Retort courteous." If I sent him word again it was not well cut, he would send me word, he cut it to please himself: This is called the "Quip modest." If again, it was not well cut, he disabled⁴ my judgment: This is called the "Reply churlish." If again, it was not well cut, he would answer, I spake not true: This is called the "Reproof valiant." If again, it was not well cut, he would say, I lie: This is called the "Countercheck quarrelsome:" and so to the "Lie circumstantial," and the "Lie direct."

Jaq. And how oft did you say, his beard was not well cut?

Touch. I durst go no further than the "Lie circumstantial," nor he durst not give me the "Lie direct:" and so we measured swords and parted.

Jaq. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

Touch. O sir, we quarrel in print, by the book; as you have books for good manners. I will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort courteous; the second, the Quip modest; the third, the Reply churlish; the fourth, the Reproof valiant; the fifth, the Countercheck quarrelsome; the sixth, the Lie with circumstance; the seventh, the Lie direct. All these you may avoid, but the lie direct; and you may avoid that too, with an *If*. I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel; but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an *If*, as, "If you said so, then I said so;" and they shook hands, and swore brothers. Your *If* is the only peace-maker; much virtue in *If*.

Jaq. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's as good at anything, and yet a fool.

Duke S. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and under the presentation of that, he shoots his wit.

Enter HYMEN, leading ROSALIND and CELIA.

Still Music.

Hym. Then is there mirth in heaven,
When earthly things made even
Atone together.⁵
Good duke, receive thy daughter,
Hymen from heaven brought her,
Yea, brought her hither;
That thou might'st join her hand with his,
Whose heart within her bosom is.

Ros. To you I give myself, for I am yours. [*To Duke S.*
To you I give myself, for I am yours. [*To ORLANDO.*

Duke S. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

Orl. If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.

Phe. If sight and shape be true,

Why then,—my love adieu!

Ros. I'll have no father, if you be not he:— [*To Duke S.*

I'll have no husband, if you be not he:— [*To ORLANDO.*

Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she. [*To PHEBE.*

Hym. Peace, ho! I bar confusion:

'Tis I must make conclusion

Of these most strange events:

Here's eight that must take hands,

To join in Hymen's bands,

If truth holds true contents.

You and you no cross shall part:

[*To ORLANDO and ROSALIND.*

You and you are heart in heart:

[*To OLIVER and CELIA.*

You [*to PHEBE*] to his love must accord,

Or have a woman to your lord:—

You and you are sure together,

[*To TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.*

As the winter to foul weather.

Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,

Feed yourselves with questioning;⁶

That reason wonder may diminish,

How thus we met, and these things finish.

SONG.

Wedding is great Juno's crown;
O blessed bond of board and bed!
'Tis Hymen peoples every town;
High wedlock then be honoured:
Honour, high honour and renown,
To Hymen, god of every town!

Duke S. O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me;
Even daughter, welcome in no less degree.

Phe. I will not eat my word, now thou art mine;

Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine. [*To SILVIUS.*

Enter JAQUES DE BOIS.

Jaq. de B. Let me have audience for a word, or two
I am the second son of old sir Rowland,
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly:
Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
Address'd⁷ a mighty power; which were on foot,
In his own conduct, purposely to take
His brother here, and put him to the sword:
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came;
Where, meeting with an old religious man,
After some question with him, was converted
Both from his enterprise, and from the world:
His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,
And all their lands restor'd to them again
That were with him exil'd: This to be true,
I do engage my life.

Duke S. Welcome, young man;
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding:
To one his lands withheld; and to the other,
A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.
First, in this forest, let us do those ends
That here were well begun, and well begot:
And after, every of this happy number,
That have endur'd shrewd days and nights with us,

¹ *Ta'en up*—made up.

² This quaint expression has a parallel in another witty clown, our old friend Gobbo:—"The young gentleman (according to the fates and destinies, and such odd sayings, the sisters three, and such branches of learning) is indeed deceased."

³ *Seeming*—seemly.

⁴ *Disabled*—impeached. See Act IV. Sc. I.

Atone together—unite.

⁶ *Questioning*—discoursing.

⁷ *Address'd*—prepared.

Shall share the good of our returned fortune,
According to the measure of their states.
Meantime, forget this new-fall'n dignity,
And fall into our rustic revelry :—

Play, music ;—and you brides and bridegrooms all,
With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures fall.

Jaq. Sir, by your patience ; If I heard you rightly,
The duke hath put on a religious life,
And thrown into neglect the pompous court ?

Jaq. de B. He hath.

Jaq. To him will I : out of these convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.—
You to your former honour I bequeath ; [To Duke S.
Your patience and your virtue well deserves it :—
You [to ORLANDO] to a love, that your true faith doth
merit :—

You [to OLIVER] to your land, and love, and great allies :—

You [to SILVIUS] to a long and well-deserved bed ;—

And you [to TOUCHSTONE] to wrangling ; for thy loving
voyage

Is but for two months victuall'd :—So to your pleasures ;
I am for other than for dancing measures.

Duke S. Stay, Jaques, stay.

Jaq. To see no pastime I :—what you would have
I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave. [Exit.

Duke S. Proceed, proceed : we will begin these rites,
And we do trust they'll end in true delights. [A dance.

EPILOGUE.

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue :
but it is no more unhandsome, than to see the lord the
prologue. If it be true, that "good wine needs no bush,"
'tis true, that a good play needs no epilogue : Yet to good
wine they do use good bushes ; and good plays prove the
better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I
in then, that am neither a good epilogue, nor cannot in-
sinuate with you in the behalf of a good play ! I am not
furnished like a beggar, therefore to beg will not become
me : my way is, to conjure you ; and I'll begin with the
women. I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to
men, to like as much of this play as please you : and I
charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women, (as I
perceive by your simpering, none of you hates them,) that
between you and the women, the play may please. If I
were a woman,¹ I would kiss as many of you as had
beards that pleased me, complexions that liked me, and
breaths that I defied not : and, I am sure, as many as have
good beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will, for my
kind offer, when I make curtsy, bid me farewell.

[Exeunt.

¹ Tieck says this alludes to the practice in Shakspeare's times of the female parts being played by men. For thus—though "the lady" speaks the epilogue, she has passed out of her dramatic character.

ILLUSTRATIONS TO AS YOU LIKE IT.

ACT I.

^a SCENE I.—"*Fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.*"

IN a foot-note to the first scene of Act II. we have explained our reasons for adopting the belief that Shakspeare, in his dramatic representations of the mode of life in the Forest of Arden, had especial regard to an imaginary state of ease and content, such as is described to have belonged to the golden age. We subjoin a passage from Fanshawe's translation of Guarini's "*Pastor Fido*," which illustrates the text, and in some degree confirms our general opinion :—

"Fair Golden Age ! when milk was th' only food,
And cradle of the infant world the wood
Rock'd by the winds ; and th' untouch'd flocks did bear
Their dear young for themselves ! None yet did fear
The sword or poison : no black thoughts begun
T' eclipse the light of the eternal sun :
Nor wand'ring pines unto a foreign shore
Or war, or riches (a worse mischief), bore.
That pompous sound, idol of vanity,
Made up of title, pride, and flattery,
Which they call honour whom ambition blinds,
Was not as yet the tyrant of our minds.
But to buy real goods with honest toil
Amongst the woods and flocks, to use no guile,
Was honour to those sober souls that knew
No happiness but what from virtue grew."

^b SCENE I.—"*Of all sorts enchantingly beloved.*"

We subjoin a note of Coleridge, which is conceived in his usual inquiring spirit, and is therefore worthy of consideration :—

"It is too venturesome to charge a passage in Shakspeare with want of truth to nature ; and yet at first sight this speech of Oliver's expresses truths which it seems almost impossible that any mind should so distinctly, so lively, and so voluntarily, have presented to itself in connection with feelings and intentions so malignant and so contrary to those which the qualities expressed would naturally have called forth. But I dare not say that this seeming unnaturalness is not in the nature of an abused wilfulness, when united with a strong intellect. In such characters there is sometimes a gloomy self-

gratification in making the absoluteness of the will (sit pro ratione voluntas !) evident to themselves by setting the reason and the conscience in full array against it."—*Literary Remains*, vol. ii. p. 116.

^c SCENE II.—"*My better parts*

*Are all thrown down ; and that which here stands up
Is but a QUINTAIN, a mere lifeless block.*"

The *quintain* was formed of a pole or spear set upright in the ground, with a shield strongly bound to it, against which a rider tilted with his lance in full career. The pole, in process of time, was supplanted by the more stimulating figure of a misbelieving *Saracen*, armed at all points, and brandishing a formidable wooden sabre. The *lifeless block* is clearly an allusion to such a figure.

ACT II.

^a SCENE I.—"*Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.*"

It has sometimes been supposed that the "precious jewel" refers only to the brilliancy of the toad's eyes, as contrasted with its ugly form. But we think there can be no doubt it referred to a common superstition, with which Shakspeare's audience was familiar. This, like many other vulgar errors, is ancient and universal. Pliny tells us of the wonderful qualities of a *bone* found in the right side of a toad. In India it is a common notion that some species of serpents have precious stones in their heads. Our old credulous writers upon natural history, who dwelt with delight upon "notable things" and "secret wonders," are as precise about the toad's stone as a modern geologist is about quartz. Edward Fenton, in 1569, tells us "there is found in heads of old and great toads a stone which they call borax, or stelon : it is most commonly found in the head of a he-toad." These toad-stones, it should seem, were not only specifics against poison when taken internally, but "being used in rings gave forewarning against venom." There were, of course, many counterfeit stones, procured by a much easier process than that of toad-

hunting; but the old lapidaries had an infallible mode of discovering the true from the false. "You shall know whether the toad-stone be the right and perfect stone or not. Hold the stone before a toad, so that he may see it; and if it be a right and true stone the toad will leap toward it and make as though he would snatch it. He envieth so much that man should have that stone." Shakspeare, in the passage before us, has taken the superstition out of the hands of the ignorant believers in its literality, and has transmuted it into a poetical truth.

^b SCENE V.—"Nay, I care not for their names; they owe me nothing."

In the variorum editions we have no explanation of this passage. Mr. Caldecott says that it is an allusion to the Latin phrase *nomina facere*, as applied to debtor and creditor in the Roman law. He adds, "We have shown that the phraseology of our courts of justice, and the names of their officers and process, were in universal use with our ancestors, and that as well in the pulpit as in common life and upon the stage; but through what channel Shakspeare became acquainted with so much of the practical part of the Roman law, which it is pretty plain his commentators had not at their fingers' ends, we in our turn leave to the reader to say."

^c SCENE V.—"Ducdàme, ducdàme, ducdàme."

Hanmer turned this into Latin—*duc ad me*. When Amiens asks, "What's that ducdàme?" Jaques replies, "'Tis a Greek invocation." It was not in the character of Jaques to talk Latin in this place. He was parodying the "*Come hither, come hither, come hither*," of the previous song. The conjecture, therefore, that he was using some country call of a woman to her ducks, appears much more rational than his Latinity.

^d SCENE VII.—"And then he drew a dial from his poke."

"There's no clock in the forest," says Orlando, and it was not very likely that the fool would have a pocket clock. What was then the *dial* that he "took from his poke?" A friend some years ago kindly presented us with a rude instrument, which, as the Maid of Orleans found her sword, he picked "out of a deal of old iron." It is a brass circle of about two inches diameter: on the outer side are engraved letters indicating the names of the months, with graduated divisions; and on the inner side the hours of the day. The brass circle itself is to be held in one position by a ring; but there is an inner slide in which there is a small orifice. This slide being moved so that the hole stands opposite the division of the month when the day falls of which we desire to know the time, the circle is held up opposite the sun. The inner side is of course then in shade; but the sunbeam shines through the little orifice, and forms a point of light upon the hour marked on the inner side. We have tried this dial, and found it give the hour with great exactness.

^e SCENE VII.—"What, for a counter, would I do but good?"

The wager proposed by Jaques was not a very heavy one. Jettons or counters, which are small and very thin, are generally of copper or brass, but occasionally of silver, or even of gold; they were commonly used for purposes of calculation in abbeys and other places, where the revenues were complex and of difficult adjustment. From their being found among the ruins of English abbeys they are usually termed abbey-counters. They have been principally coined abroad, particularly at Nürnberg (see Snelling's "Treatise on Jettons"), though some few have been struck in England since the reign of Henry VIII. The most ancient bear on both sides crosses, pellets, and globes; the more modern have portraits and dates, and heraldic arms on the reverse. The legends are at times religious, and at others *Gardez vous de mescompter*, and the like.

^f SCENE VII.—"Let me see whercoin
My tongue hath wrong'd him," &c.

Tieck observes that this speech of Jaques has great resemblance to Ben Jonson's Prologue to "Every Man out of his Humour," and that much in this character has more or less resemblance to Jonson,

and to his sarcastic style. The following lines of that Prologue clearly resemble the passage we refer to above:—

"If any here chance to behold himself,
Let him not dare to challenge me of wrong;
For, if he shame to have his follies known,
First, he should shame to act 'em: my strict hand
Was made to seize on vice, and with a gripe
Squeeze out the humour of such spongy souls
As lick up every idle vanity."

If we could determine which play was first represented, and could be certain that "Every Man out of his Humour" preceded *As You Like It*, we should have an interesting key to the principle which Shakspeare had in his mind in the construction of the character of Jaques. As we understand the character he is a satire upon satirists. The whole tone of Ben Jonson's Prologue is not merely satirical,—it is furious. The play was first acted in 1599. If *As You Like It* may be assigned to 1600, we have little doubt that the Jaques of Shakspeare was intended to glance at the Asper of Jonson,—the name by which he chose to designate himself, as one "of an ingenious and free spirit, *eager and constant in reproof*, without fear controlling the world's abuses."

^g SCENE VII.—"All the world's a stage."

This celebrated comparison had been made by Shakspeare in another play, written, there can be little doubt, before this:—

"I hold the world, but as the world, Gratiano,
A stage, where every man must play a part."
Merchant of Venice.

It is scarcely necessary to inquire whether Shakspeare found the idea in the Greek epigram:—

Σκηνὴ πᾶς ὁ βίος, καὶ παίγνιον· ἡ μάθη παιζεῖν,
Τὴν σπουδὴν μεταθεῖς, ἡ φέρε τὰς δόδυνας.

"This life a theatre we well may call,
Where every actor must perform with art;
Or laugh it through, and make a farce of all,
Or learn to bear with grace his tragic part."
*Anonymous, in Bland's Selections from
the Greek Anthology.*

The idea had almost passed into a proverb; and even a Latin Dictionary, published in 1599, gives us the following passage:—"This life is a certain interlude or play. The world is a stage full of change every way; every man is a player." The division of life into seven ages by Hippocrates and Proclus was probably familiar to Shakspeare; and the commentators say that there was an old emblematic print representing a human being in each stage. But wherever the general idea was to be found, who but Shakspeare could have created the wonderful individualisation of the several changes?

ACT III.

^a SCENE II.—"Helen's cheek, but not her heart;
*Cleopatra's majesty
Atalanta's better part;
Sad Lucretia's modesty.*"

Mr. Whiter's explanation of this passage, in illustration of his theory of the Association of Ideas, is very ingenious. We are compelled to abridge it, by which process the chain of reasoning may be somewhat impaired.

"I have always been firmly persuaded that the *imagery* which our poet has selected to discriminate the more prominent perfections of *Helen*, *Cleopatra*, *Atalanta*, and *Lucretia*, was not derived from the abstract consideration of their general qualities; but was caught from those *peculiar traits* of beauty and character which are impressed on the mind of him who contemplates their portraits. It is well known that these celebrated heroines of romance were in the days of our poet the favourite subjects of popular representation, and were alike visible in the coarse hangings of the poor and the magnificent arras of the rich. In the portraits of *Helen*, whether they were produced by the skilful artist or his ruder imitator, though her face would certainly be delineated as eminently beautiful, yet she appears not to have been adorned with any of those charms which

are allied to *modesty*; and we accordingly find that she was generally depicted with a loose and insidious countenance, which but too manifestly betrayed the inward wantonness and perfidy of her heart. . . With respect to the *majesty* of *Cleopatra*, it may be observed that this notion is not derived from classical authority, but from the more popular storehouse of legend and romance.

I infer therefore that the *familiarity* of this image was impressed both on the poet and his reader from pictures or representations in tapestry, which were the lively and faithful mirrors of popular romances.—*Atalanta*, we know, was considered likewise by our ancient poets as a celebrated beauty; and we may be assured therefore that her portraits were everywhere to be found.

Since the story of *Atalanta* represents that heroine as possessed of singular beauty, zealous to preserve her virginity even with the death of her lovers, and accomplishing her purposes by extraordinary swiftness in running, we may be assured that the skill of the artist would be employed in displaying the most perfect expressions of *virgin purity*, and in delineating the *fine proportions and elegant symmetry of her person*.—‘*Lucretia*’ (we know) ‘was the grand example of conjugal fidelity throughout the Gothic ages;’ and it is this spirit of unshaken chastity which is here celebrated under the title of *modesty*.

Such then are the wishes of the lover in the formation of his mistress, that the *ripe and brilliant beauties* of *Helen* should be united to the *elegant symmetry and virgin graces* of *Atalanta*; and that this union of charms should be still dignified and ennobled by the *majestic mien* of *Cleopatra* and the *matron modesty* of *Lucretia*.”

^b SCENE II.—“*I was never so be-rhymed since Pythagoras’ time, that I was an Irish rat.*”

How rats were rhymed, and rhymed to death it should seem, in Ireland, does not very distinctly appear; but the allusion was very common. Sidney, Jonson, Randolph, and Donne, each mention this remarkable property of Irish poetry. The rats have suffered more from the orators in modern times.

^c SCENE II.—“*I answer you right painted cloth, from whence you have studied your questions.*”

A specimen of painted-cloth language in the time of Shakspeare is cited by Malone from a tract of 1601—“No whipping nor tripping:”—

“Read what is written on the painted cloth.
Do no man wrong; be good unto the poor,
Beware the mouse, the maggot, and the moth;
And ever have an eye unto the door.”

A much earlier specimen of these moral ornaments occurs in Gough’s “Sepulchral Monuments.” It is a copy of a painting formerly placed against the wall within the Hungerford Chapel, Salisbury Cathedral, which chapel was totally pulled down in 1789.

It represents a gentleman dressed in the full style of fashion of the reign of Edward IV. His fingers covered with rings, his shoes extravagantly long and pointed, and his whole dress a perfect specimen of foppery. He holds up one hand in terror at the sight of Death, who approaches him in a shroud, and has a coffin at his feet. The dialogue between them is painted on the labels over their heads, and runs thus:—

“Alasse, Dethe, alasse, a blessing thing yo were
Yf thou woldyst spare us in our lustynesse
And hi to wretches yt bethe of hevye chere
When they ye clepe to slake there dystresse.
But owte alasse thyne owne sely selfwyldnesse
Crewelly werieth them yt seyghe wayle and wepe
To close there yen yt after ye doth clepe.”

Over Death:

“Grasles galante in all thy luste and pryde
Reme’byr, yt thou ones schalte dye.
Deth shold fro thy body thy sowle devyde
Thou mayst him not ascape certaynly.
To ye dede bodys cast doune thyne ye
Behold thaym well, consydere and see
For such as thay ar, such shalt yow be.”

^d SCENE III.—“*The ox hath his bow.*”

The commentators say that the ancient yoke resembled a bow; and so, they might have added, does the modern.

^e SCENE III.—“*The falcon her bells.*”

Master Stephen, in “Every Man in his Humour,” says, “I have bought me a hawk and a hood, and bells and all.” Gervase Markham, in his edition of the “Boke of St. Albans,” says, “The bells which your hawk shall wear, look in anywise that they be not too heavy, whereby they overload her, neither that one be heavier than another, but both of like weight: look also that they be well sounding and shrill, yet not both of one sound, but one at least a note under the other.”

^f SCENE V.—“*Dead shepherd! now I find thy saw of might
‘Who ever lov’d, that lov’d not at first sight?’*”

The “dead shepherd” is Marlowe; the “saw of might” is in the *Hero and Leander*,” first published in 1598:—

“It lies not in our power to love or hate,
For will in us is overrul’d by fate.
When two are stripp’d, long ere the course begin
We wish that one should lose, the other win;
And one especially do we affect
Of two gold ingots, like in each respect:
The reason no man knows; let it suffice,
What we behold is censur’d by our eyes.
Where both deliberate the love is slight;
Who ever lov’d that lov’d not at first sight?”

ACT IV.

^a SCENE I.—“*Good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and, being taken with the cramp, was drowned.*”

This pretty banter of Rosalind is but a thin disguise of her real feelings. She thinks of the “good youth,” and of “Hero of Sestos,” much more in the spirit of the following beautiful lines of Byron:—

“The winds are high on Helle’s wave,
As on that night of stormy water
When Love, who sent, forgot to save
The young, the beautiful, the brave,
The lonely hope of Sestos’ daughter.
Oh! when alone along the sky
Her turret-torch was blazing high,
Though rising gale, and breaking foam,
And shrieking sea-birds warn’d him home;
And clouds aloft and tides below,
With signs and sounds, forbade to go,
He could not see, he would not hear,
Or sound or sign foreboding fear;
His eye but saw that light of love,
The only star it hail’d above;
His ear but rang with Hero’s song,
‘Ye waves, divide not lovers long!’—
That tale is old, but love anew
May nerve young hearts to prove as true.”
Bride of Abydos.

^b SCENE II.—“*What shall he have that kill’d the deer?*”

The music to this “song” is to be found in a curious and very rare work, entitled “CATCH THAT CATCH CAN; or a Choice Collection of Catches, Rounds, &c., collected and published by John Hilton, Batch. in Musick, 1652;” and is there called a *catch*, though, as in the case of many other compositions of the kind so denominated, it is a *round*, having no *catch*, or play upon the words, to give it any claim to the former designation. It is written for four basses, but by transposition for other voices would be rather improved than damaged. John Hilton, one of the best and most active composers of his day, was organist of St. Margaret’s, Westminster. His name is affixed to one of the madrigals in “The Triumphs of Oriana,” a work published in 1601, previously to which he was admitted, by the University of Cambridge, as a Bachelor in Music. Hence he was of Shakspeare’s time, and it is as reasonable to presume as agreeable to believe that a piece of vocal harmony so good and so pleasing, its age considered, formed a part of one of the most delightful of the great poet’s dramas. In Hilton’s round,

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the brief line, "Then sing him home," is rejected. The omission was unavoidable in a round for four voices, because in a composition of such limit, and so arranged, it was necessary to give one couplet, and neither more nor less, to each part. But it is doubtful whether that line really forms part of the original text. Printed as *one* line we have,

"Then sing him home the rest shall bear this burthen,"

without any variation of type. Is the whole of the line a stage

direction? "Then sing him home" may be a direction for a stage procession.

SCENE III.—"*I see, love hath made thee a tame snake.*"

Upon this passage the commentators simply say, "This term was, in our author's time, frequently used to express a poor contemptible fellow." We have no doubt that the allusion was to the snake made harmless by the serpent-charmer.

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OF all Shakspeare's comedies we are inclined to think that *As You Like It* is the most *read*. It possesses not the deep tragic interest of *The Merchant of Venice*, nor the brilliant wit and diverting humour of *Much Ado about Nothing*, nor the prodigal luxuriance of fancy which belongs to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, nor the wild legendary romance which imparts its charm to *A Winter's Tale*, nor the grandeur of the poetical creation of *The Tempest*. The peculiar attraction of *As You Like It* lies, perhaps, in the circumstance that "in no other play do we find the bright imagination and fascinating grace of Shakspeare's youth so mingled with the thoughtfulness of his maturer age." This is the character which Mr. Hallam gives of this comedy, and it appears to us a very just one. But in another place Mr. Hallam says, "There seems to have been a period of Shakspeare's life when his heart was ill at ease and ill content with the world or his own conscience. The memory of hours mis-spent, the pang of affection misplaced or unrequited, the experience of man's worser nature, which intercourse with ill-chosen associates, by chance or circumstances, peculiarly teaches;—these, as they sank down into the depths of his great mind, seem not only to have inspired into it the conception of *Lear* and *Timon*, but that of one primary character, the censurer of mankind. *This type is first seen in the philosophic melancholy of Jaques*, gazing with an undiminished serenity, and with a gaiety of fancy, though not of manners, on the follies of the world. It assumes a graver cast in the exiled Duke of the same play." Mr. Hallam then notices the like type in *Measure for Measure*, and the altered *Hamlet*, as well as in *Lear* and *Timon*; and adds, "In the later plays of Shakspeare, especially in *Macbeth* and the *Tempest*, much of moral speculation will be found, but he has never returned to this type of character in the personages."† Without entering into a general examination of Mr. Hallam's theory, which evidently includes a very wide range of discussion, we must venture to think that the type of character *first* seen in *Jaques*, and presenting a graver cast in the exiled Duke, is so modified by the whole conduct of the action of this comedy, by its opposite characterization, and by its prevailing tone of reflection, that it offers not the slightest evidence of having been produced at a period of the poet's life "when his heart was ill at ease and ill content with the world or his own conscience." The charm which this play appears to us to possess in a most remarkable degree, even when compared with other works of Shakspeare, is that, while we behold "the philosophic eye, turned inward on the mysteries of human nature"—(we use Mr. Hallam's own forcible expression)—we also see the serene brow and the playful smile, which tell us that "the philosophic eye" belongs to one who, however above us, is still akin to us—who tolerates our follies, who compassionates even our faults, who mingles in our gaiety, who rejoices in our happiness; who leads us to scenes of surpassing loveliness, where we may forget the painful lessons of the world, and introduces us to characters whose gene-

rosity, and faithfulness, and affection, and simplicity may obliterate the sorrows of our "experience of man's worser nature." It is not in *Jaques* alone, but in the entire dramatic group, that we must seek the tone of the poet's mind, and to that have our own minds attuned. Mr. Campbell, speaking of the character of this comedy, says, "Our hearts are so stricken by these *benevolent* beings that we easily forgive the other more culpable but at last repentant characters."‡ This is not the effect which could have been produced if the dark shades of a painful commerce with the world had crossed that "sunshine of the breast" which lights up the "inaccessible" thickets, and sparkles amidst the "melancholy boughs" of the Forest of Arden. *Jaques* may be Shakspeare's first type "of the censurer of mankind;" but *Jaques* as precisely the reverse of the character which the poet would have chosen, had he intended the censure to have more than a dramatic force—to be universally true and not individually characteristic. *Jaques* is strikingly a character of inconsistency; one, as *Ulrici* expresses it, "of witty sentimentality and merry sadness." Nothing can be more beautiful than the delineation; but it appears to us to be anything but the result of the poet's self-consciousness.

The German critic *Ulrici*, speaking of the characters of *Jaques* and *Touchstone*, calls them "*the two fools*." We are not about to pursue his argument; but we accept his classification, which is, indeed, startling. What! Is *he* a fool that moralises the spectacle of

"a poor sequester'd stag,
That from the hunters' aim had ta'en a hurt,"

and gives us, thereupon, "a thousand similes," with which

"most invectively he pierceth through
The body of the country, city, court"?

Is *he* a fool that "can suck melancholy out of a song as a weazel sucks eggs"? Is *he* a fool that

"met a fool i' the forest;"

whose

"lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools should be so deep-contemplative"?

and who himself aspires to be a fool:—

"I am ambitious for a motley coat"?

Is *he* a fool that tells us,

"All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players"?

Is *he* a fool who has gained his "experience," and whom the "sundry contemplation" of his travels wraps in a "most humorous sadness"? Is *he* a fool who commends him whom the critic calls his brother fool as "good at anything, and yet a fool"? Lastly, is *he* a fool who rejects honour and advancement, and deserts the exiled Duke when he is restored to his state, because

"out of these convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd"?

* Literature of Europe, vol. ii. p. 397.
† Ib. vol. iii. p. 568.

‡ Life prefixed to Moxon's edition, p. xlv.

Assuredly, upon the first blush of the question, we must say that the German critic is wrong.

And yet, what is a *fool* according to the Shaksperian definition? The fool is one

"Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,
And rail'd on lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms,—and yet a motley fool."

The fool is one that doth "moral on the time;" one that hath been a courtier;

"and in his brain,—
Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit
After a voyage,—he hath strange places cramm'd
With observation, the which he vents
In mangled forms."

The fool is one that

"must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind.

The fool is one who

"will through and through
Cleanse the foul body of the infected world.

The fool is one who aims at every man, but, hitting or missing, thus justifies his attack:—

"Let me see wherein
My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right
Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be free,
Why then, my taxing like a wild goose flies,
Unclaim'd of any man."

And thus Jaques describes *himself*.

Now let us see what is the character of the companion fool, Touchstone. He introduces himself to us with a bit of fool's logic—that is, a comment upon human actions, derived from premises that are either above or below—which you please—the ordinary argumentation of the world. His story "of a certain knight that swore by his honour they were good pancakes" is not pointless. Perhaps it is a fool's bolt, and soon shot; yet it hits. But the fool is not without his affections. The friendship which Celia had for Rosalind is reciprocated by the friendship which the fool has for Celia, who says of him—

"Celia. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me."

He flies to the forest with the two ladies, their comfort, their protector, and in Arden the fool becomes a philosopher:—

"Ay, now am I in Arden: the more fool I; when I was at home I was in a better place; but travellers must be content."

And then he goes on to laugh at romance in a land of romance, and tells us of "Jane Smile."

But next we hear of him growing "deep-contemplative" over his dial:—

"Thus we may see," quoth he, "how the world wags:
'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine;
And after one hour more 'twill be eleven;
And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale."

The fool's manners are changing. He did not talk thus in the court. He is quickly growing a philosopher. Hazlitt truly tells us that the following dialogue is better than all "Zimmermann on Solitude," where only half the question is disposed of:—

"Cor. And how like you this shepherd's life, master Touchstone?
Touch. Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humour well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?"

The fool has lived apart from human sympathies. He has been a thing to make idle people laugh; to live in himself alone; to be in the world and not of the world; to be licensed and despised; to

have no responsibilities. The fool goes out of the social state in which he has moved, and he becomes a human being. His affections are called forth in a natural condition of society; he is restored to his fellow-creatures, a *man*, and *not a fool*. We do not think that Shakspeare meant the courtship of Touchstone and Audrey to be a *travestie* of the romantic passion of Orlando and Rosalind. It appears to us that it is anything but farce or irony when the fool and the shepherdess thus commune:—

"Touch. Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

Aud. I do not know what poetical is: is it honest, in deed, and word? Is it a true thing?"

And there is anything but folly when Touchstone resolves,

"Be it as it may, I will marry thee."

A touch of the court—of his old vocation of saying without accountableness—lingers with him, when, rejoicing in that most original hedge priest, who says, "Ne'er a fantastical knave of 'em all shall flout me out of my calling"—(the Fleet prison priest of a century ago)—he hugs himself with the belief that "I were better to be married by him than another;"—but he is after all the true lover when he rejects the "most vile Mar-text," and in the honesty of his heart exclaims, "To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey; to-morrow will we be married."

And thus, it appears to us, is Ulrici justified in denominating Jaques and Touchstone "*the two fools*." It was the characteristic of the Shaksperian fool to hang loose upon the society in which he was cherished; to affect no concern in its anxieties, no sympathy in its pleasures; to be passionless and sarcastic. Jaques, a banished courtier, refuses to seek companionship in the solitary life;—he rejects its freedom;—he finds in it only a distorted mirror of the social life. The wounded stag is "a broken bankrupt,"—the "careless herd" are "fat and greasy citizens." This is not real philosophy; it is false sentimentality. Jaques, refusing to adopt the tone of his companions, who have embraced the free life of the woods, its freshness, its privacy, has put himself into the condition of the fool, who belongs to the world only because he is a mocker of the world. When his friends sing,

"Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets,"

Jaques answers,

"If it do come to pass
That any man turn ass,
Leaving his wealth and ease
A stubborn will to please," &c.

This is the answer of one for whom "motley's the only wear."

And yet how beautifully all this harmonizes with the pastoral character of this delightful comedy! The professional fool gradually slides into a *real man*, from the power of sympathy, which is strong in him, and which is called forth by the absence of a just occasion for his professional unrealities. He is no longer a *chorus*. The clever but self-sufficient courtier, half in jest, half in earnest, becomes a mocker and a pretended misanthrope. He is passed into the *chorus* of the real action. In the meanwhile the main business of the comedy goes forward; and we live amongst all the natural and kindly impulses of true thoughts and feelings, mingled with weaknesses that are a part of this sincerity. But most certainly the spirit which breathes throughout is not one of censure, or sarcasm, or irony. It is a most loving, and sincere, and tolerant spirit—radiant with poetry, and therefore with truth. We desire nothing better to show that Shakspeare did not speak through Jaques than these words:—

"Jaques. Will you sit down with me? and we two will rail against our mistress the world, and all our misery?

Orlando. I will chide no breather in the world, but myself; against whom I know most faults."

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

STATE OF THE TEXT, AND CHRONOLOGY, OF MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

THIS comedy was first printed in the folio collection of 1623, and there had been no previous claim to the right of printing it made by any entry in the registers of the Stationers' Company. We are very much inclined to think, from the state of the original text, that the editors of the first folio possessed no copy but that from which they printed. Some of the sentences throughout the play are so involved that they have very little the appearance of being taken from a copy which had been used by the actors; and in two cases a word is found in the text (*prenzie*) which could never have been given upon the stage, and appears to have been inserted by the printer in despair of deciphering the author's manuscript. On the other hand, the metrical arrangement, which has been called "rough, redundant, and irregular," was strictly copied, we have no doubt, from the author's original; for a printer does not mistake the beginnings and ends of blank-verse lines, although little attention might be paid to such matters in a prompter's book. The peculiar structure of the versification in this comedy was, we are satisfied, the result of the author's system; and, from the integrity with which it has been preserved in the first edition, we believe that the original manuscript passed directly through the hands of the printer, who made the best of it without any reference to other copies. The original edition is divided into acts and scenes. It also gives the enumeration of characters as we have printed them, such a list of "the names of the actors," as we have before observed, being rarely presented in the early copies.

We cannot trace that any allusion to *Measure for Measure* is to be found in the works of Shakspeare's contemporaries. There is, indeed, a passage in a poem, published in 1607, which conveys the same idea as a passage in *Measure for Measure* :—

"And like as when some sudden extasy
Seizeth the nature of a sickly man;
When he's discern'd to swoon, straight by and bye
Folk to his *help* confusedly have ran,
And seeking with their art to fetch him back,
So many *throngs* that he the *air* doth lack."
Myrrha, the Mother of Adonis, by William Barksted.

The following is the parallel passage in the comedy :—

"So play the foolish *throngs* with one that *swoons*;
Come all to *help* him, and so stop the *air*
By which he should revive."

Malone says of this coincidence, "That *Measure for Measure* was written before 1607 may be fairly concluded from the following

passage in a poem published in that year, which we have good ground to believe was copied from a similar thought in this play, as the author, at the end of his piece, professes a personal regard for Shakspeare, and highly praises his *Venus and Adonis*."* This reasoning is to us not at all conclusive; for Shakspeare would not have hesitated to compress the six lines of Barksted into his own dramatic three; or the image might have been derived from some common source. Such coincidences prove nothing in themselves. In the other arguments of Malone as to the date of this play, which he assigns to 1603, we have an utter absence of all proof. The Duke says—

"I love the people,
But do not like to stage me to their eyes."

James I., according to Malone, is the model of this dislike of popular applause; and the passage is an apology for his proclamation of 1603, forbidding the people to resort to him. The expression in the first act, "Heaven grant us his *peace*," alludes, says Malone, to the war with Spain, which was not terminated till 1604. The Clown's enumeration of his old friends, the prisoners, includes "Master Starvelackey, the rapier and dagger-man, young Drop-heir that killed lusty Pudding, master Forthright the tilter, and wild Half-can that stabbed Pots:" and so the poet must have had in view the Act of the first of James against such offenders, and the play and "the statute on stabbing" must be dated in the same year. Chalmers also stoutly contended for the date of 1604: the assertion of the Clown, that "all houses in the suburbs must be plucked down," being held by him to allude to the proclamation of 1604 against the increase of London; and the complaint of Claudio, that "the neglected act" is enforced against him, being held to allude to "the statute to restrain all persons from marriage, until their former wives, and former husbands, be dead," passed on the 7th of July, 1604.

Conjectures such as these are too often laborious trifling. But, for once, they are pretty nearly borne out by incontrovertible testimony. The perseverance of Mr. Peter Cunningham was rewarded by discovering in the Audit Office certain passages in the original Office Books of the Masters and Yeomen of the Revels, which fix the date of the representation at Court of some of Shakspeare's plays. The Office Book shows that *Measure for Measure* was presented at Court by the King's Players in 1604; and "The Accompte of the Office of the Reuelles of this whole yeres Charge in An^o 1604: untill the last of Octobar 1605," is preceded by the following very curious list of plays acted during that period :—

<i>The Plaiers.</i>		<i>The Poets wch mayd the plaies.</i>
By the Kings Ma ^{ties} plaiers.	Hallamas Day being the first of Nouembar A play in the Banketinge house att Whithall called The Moor of Venis.	
By his Ma ^{ties} plaiers.	The Sunday ffollowinge A Play of the Merry Wiues of Winsor.	
By his Ma ^{ties} plaiers.	On St. Stiuens Night in the Hall A Play called Mesur for Mesur.	Shaxberd.
	On St. Jhons Night A Maske w th musick presented by the Erl of Penbrok the Lord Willowbie & 6 Knights more of ye Court.	
By his Ma ^{ties} plaiers.	On Inosents Night The Plaie of Errors.	Shaxberd.
By the Queens Ma ^{ties} plaiers.	On Sunday ffollowinge A plaie How to lerne of a woman to wooc.	Hewood.
The Boyes of the Chapell.	On Newers Night A playe cauled: All Fouelles.	By Georg Chapman.
By his Ma ^{ties} plaiers.	Betwin Newers Day and Twelfe day A Play of Loues Labours Lost.	
	On Twelfe Night The Queens Ma ^{ties} Maske of Moures w th Aleven Laydies of honno ^r to accupayney her ma ^{ties} w ^{ch} cam in great showes of devises w ^{ch} thay satt in w th exsellent musike.	

* Chronological Order, p. 387.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

The Plaiers.

By his Mat^{is} plaiers.
By his Mat^{is} plaiers.
By his Mat^{is} plaiers.

By his Mat^{is} plaiers.
By his Mat^{is} plaiers.
By his Mat^{is} plaiers.

On the 7 of January was played the play of Henry the fift.
The 8 of January A play cauled Every on out of his Umor.
On Candemas night A playe Every one in his Umor.
The Sunday ffollowing A playe provided and discharged.
On ShrouSunday A play of the Marchant of Venis.
On ShrouMonday A Tragidy of The Spanish Maz.
On ShrouTuesday A play cauled The Martchant of Venis againe comanded by
the Kings Mat^{ie}.

The Poets wch mayd the plaies.

Shaxberd.

Shaxberd.

Nothing can be a stronger evidence of the surpassing popularity of Shakspeare than this list. This account was published in 1842 by "the Shakespeare Society," in a volume edited by Mr. Peter Cunningham, and which is highly creditable to his industry and knowledge.

SUPPOSED SOURCE OF THE PLOT.

The "Promos and Cassandra" of George Whetstone, printed in 1578, but not acted, was, there can be no doubt, the foundation upon which Shakspeare built his Measure for Measure. Whetstone tells us in a subsequent work that he constructed his play upon a novel of Giraldi Cinthio, of which he gives us a translation; observing, "This history, for rareness thereof, is livelily set out in a comedy by the reporter of the work, but yet never presented upon stage."* Without entering into a minute comparison of the conduct of the story by Whetstone and by Shakspeare, it may be sufficient to give the elder poet's "argument of the whole history."

"In the city of Julio (sometime under the dominion of Corvinus king of Hungary and Bohemia) there was a law, that what man soever committed adultery should lose his head, and the woman offender should wear some disguised apparel during her life, to make her infamously noted. This severe law, by the favour of some merciful magistrate, became little regarded, until the time of Lord Promos' authority, who, convicting a young gentleman named Andrugio of incontinency, condemned both him and his minion to the execution of this statute. Andrugio had a very virtuous and beautiful gentlewoman to his sister, named Cassandra: Cassandra, to enlarge her brother's life, submitted an humble petition to the Lord Promos. Promos, regarding her good behaviour and fantasying her great beauty, was much delighted with the sweet order of her talk, and, doing good that evil might come thereof, for a time he reprieved her brother; but, wicked man, turning his liking into unlawful lust, he set down the spoil of her honour ransom for her brother's life. Chaste Cassandra, abhorring both him and his suit, by no persuasion would yield to this ransom. But, in fine, won with the importunity of her brother (pleading for life), upon these conditions she agreed to Promos—first, that he should pardon her brother, and after marry her. Promos, as fearless in promise as careless in performance, with solemn vow signed her conditions; but, worse than any infidel, his will satisfied, he performed neither the one nor the other; for, to keep his authority unspotted with favour, and to prevent Cassandra's clamours, he commanded the gaoler secretly to present Cassandra with her brother's head. The gaoler, with the outcries of Andrugio, abhorring Promos' lewdness, by the providence of God provided thus for his safety. He presented Cassandra with a felon's head, newly executed, who (being mangled, knew it not from her brother's, who by the gaoler was set at liberty) was so aggrieved at this treachery, that, at the point to kill herself, she spared that stroke to be avenged of Promos; and devising a way, she concluded to make her fortunes known unto the king. She (executing this resolution) was so highly favoured of the king, that forthwith he hasted to do justice on Promos; whose judgment was to marry Cassandra, to repair her crased honour; which done, for his heinous offence he should lose his head. This marriage solemnised, Cassandra, tied in the greatest bonds of affection to her husband, became an earnest suitor for his life. The king (tendering the general benefit of the commonweal before her special case, although he favoured her much) would not grant her suit. Andrugio (disguised among the company), sorrowing the grief of his sister, betrayed his safety and craved pardon. The king, to renoun the virtues of Cassandra, pardoned both him and Promos."

The performance of Whetstone, as might be expected in a drama of that date, is feeble and monotonous, not informed with any real dramatic power, drawling or bombastic in its tragic parts, extravagant in its comic. Mr. Collier has observed that "the first part is entirely in rhyme, while in the second are inserted considerable portions of blank-verse, put only in the mouth of the king, as if it better suited the royal dignity."† It is scarcely necessary to offer to our readers any parallel examples of the modes in which Whetstone and Shakspeare have treated the same incidents. We will, however, extract one scene, which may be compared with Shakspeare. The second scene of the second act of Measure for Measure, fraught as it is with the noblest poetry, owes little to the following beyond the dramatic situation:—

PROMOS with the Sheriff, and their Officers.

Pro. 'Tis strange to think what swarms of unthrifths live
Within this town, by rapine, spoil, and theft,
That, were it not that justice oft them grieve,
The just man's goods by rufflers should be reft.
At this our 'size are thirty judg'd to die,
Whose falls I see their fellows smally fear,
So that the way is, by severity
Such wicked weeds even by the roots to tear.
Wherefore, sheriff, execute with speedy pace
The damned wights, to cut off hope of grace.

Sher. It shall be done.

Cass. [*to herself.*] O cruel words! they make my heart to bleed:
Now, now I must this doom seek to revoke,
Lest grace come short when starved is the steed.

[Kneeling, speaks to PROMOS.]

Most mighty lord, a worthy judge, thy judgment sharp abate;
Vail thou thine ears to hear the 'plaint that wretched I relate.
Behold the woeful sister here of poor Andrugio,
Whom though that law awardeth death, yet mercy do him show.
Weigh his young years, the force of love which forced his amiss,
Weigh, weigh that marriage works amends for what committed is.
He hath defil'd no nuptial bed, nor forced rape hath mov'd;
He fell through love who never meant but wife the wight he lov'd:
And wantons sure to keep in awe these statutes first were made,
Or none but lustful lechers should with rig'rous law be paid.
And yet to add intent thereto is far from my pretence;
I sue with tears to win him grace that sorrows his offence.
Wherefore herein, renowned lord, justice with pity pays;
Which two, in equal balance weigh'd, to heaven your fame will raise.

Pro. Cassandra, leave off thy bootless suit; by law he hath been tried—
Law found his fault, law judg'd him death.

Cass.

Yet this may be replied:

That law a mischief oft permits to keep due form of law—
That law small faults, with greatest, dooms, to keep men still in awe.
Yet kings, or such as execute regal authority,
If 'mends be made, may over-rule the force of law with mercy.
Here is no wilful murder wrought which asketh blood again;
Andrugio's fault may valued be, marriage wipes out his stain.

Pro. Fair dame, I see the natural zeal thou bear'st to Andrugio,
And for thy sake (not his desert) this favour will I show
I will reprieve him yet a while and on the matter pause;
To-morrow you shall licence have afresh to plead his cause.
Sheriff, execute my charge, but stay Andrugio,
Until that you in this behalf more of my pleasure know.

Sher. I will perform your will.

Cass. O most worthy magistrate, myself thy thrall I bind,
Even for this little light'ning hope which at thy hands I find.
Now will I go and comfort him which hangs 'twixt death and life. [*Exit.*]

Pro. Happy is the man that enjoys the love of such a wife!
I do protest her modest words hath wrought in me amaze.
Though she be fair, she is not deck'd with garish shows for gaze
Her beauty lures, her looks cut off fond suits with chaste disdain;
O God, I feel a sudden change that doth my freedom chain!
What didst thou say? Fie, Promos, fie! of her avoid the thought
And so I will; my other cares will cure what love has wrought.
Come away. [*Exeunt.*]

COSTUME.

With the exception, perhaps, of the Winter's Tale, no play of Shakspeare's is so utterly destitute of any "loop or hinge to hang an" appropriate costume upon as Measure for Measure. The scene is laid in Vienna, of which city there never was a duke; and in the whole of the list of persons represented there is not one German name. Vincentio, Angelo, Escalus, Claudio, Lucio, Isabella, Juliet, Francisca, Mariana, all smack of Italy; and it has therefore been questioned by some whether or not we should read "Sienna" for "Vienna." There does not appear, however, to be any authority for supposing the scene of action to have been altered either theatrically or typographically, and, consequently, we must leave the artist to the indulgence of his own fancy, with the suggestion merely that the Viennese costume of the time of Shakspeare must be sought for amongst the national monuments of the reign of the Emperor Rodolph II., A.D. 1576—1612.

* Heptameron of Civil Discourses, 1582.

† Annals of the Stage, vol. iii. p. 64.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

VINCENTIO, *the Duke*.
ANGELO, *the deputy* [*in the Duke's absence*].
ESCALUS, *an ancient lord* [*joined with Angelo in the deputation*].
CLAUDIO, *a young gentleman*.
LUCIO, *a fantastic*.
Two other like gentlemen.
Provost.
THOMAS, } *two friars.*
PETER, }
A Justice.
ELBOW, *a simple constable*.
FROTH, *a foolish gentleman*.

Clown.
ABHORSON, *an executioner*.
BARNARDINE, *a dissolute prisoner*.

ISABELLA, *sister to Claudio*.
MARIANA, *betrothed to Angelo*.
JULIET, *beloved of Claudio*.
FRANCISCA, *a nun*.
Mistress OVERDONE, *a bawd*.

Lords, Gentlemen, Guards, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE,—VIENNA.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the Duke's Palace.*

Enter DUKE, ESCALUS, Lords, and Attendants.

Duke. Escalus,—

Escal. My lord.

Duke. Of government the properties to unfold,
Would seem in me to affect speech and discourse;
Since I am put to know,¹ that your own science
Exceeds, in that, the lists² of all advice
My strength can give you: Then, no more remains:
But that, to your sufficiency as your worth, is able;
And let them work.³ The nature of our people,
Our city's institutions, and the terms⁴
For common justice, you are as pregnant in,
As art and practice hath enriched any
That we remember: There is our commission,
From which we would not have you warp.—Call hither,
I say, bid come before us Angelo.— [*Exit an Attendant.*]
What figure of us think you he will bear?
For you must know, we have with special soul
Elected him our absence to supply;
Lent him our terror, dress'd him with our love;
And given his deputation all the organs
Of our own power: What think you of it?

Escal. If any in Vienna be of worth
To undergo such ample grace and honour,
It is lord Angelo.

¹ Put to know—equivalent to *I cannot avoid knowing*.

² Lists—limits.

³ Here is one of the obscure passages for which this play is remarkable. The text is usually pointed thus:—

“Then no more remains
But that to your sufficiency, as your worth is able,
And let them work.”

It is certainly difficult to extract a clear meaning from this. The emendation which Steevens proposes is to omit *to*.

“Then” (says the Duke) “no more remains to say,
But your sufficiency as your worth is able,
And let them work.”

It is not our purpose to remove obscurities by additions or omissions in the text, and therefore we leave the passage as in the original, excepting a slight alteration in the punctuation. But we suggest a reading which appears more clearly to give the meaning that may be collected from the text as it stands. We would read—

“Then no more remains,
But that to your sufficiency your worth is able,
And let them work.”

Sufficiency is adequate power; *worth* is the virtue or strength (*virtus*) which, added to sufficiency, is *able* (equal to the duty). By the omission of *as* the sense is clearer, and the line is more metrical.

⁴ *Terms*. Blackstone explains this to mean the technical language of the courts, and adds, “An old book called *Les Termes de la Ley* (written in

Enter ANGELO.

Duke. Look, where he comes.

Ang. Always obedient to your grace's will,
I come to know your pleasure.

Duke. Angelo,
There is a kind of character in thy life,
That, to the observer, doth thy history
Fully unfold:⁵ Thyself and thy belongings
Are not thine own so proper, as to waste
Thyself upon thy virtues, they⁶ on thee.
Heaven doth with us as we with torches do;
Not light them for themselves: for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd
But to fine issues: nor nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and use.⁷ But I do bend my speech
To one that can my part in him advertise;⁸
Hold,⁹ therefore, Angelo;
In our remove, be thou at full yourself:
Mortality and mercy in Vienna
Live in thy tongue and heart:¹⁰ Old Escalus,
Though first in question, is thy secondary:
Take thy commission.

Ang. Now, good my lord,
Let there be some more test made of my metal,

Henry the Eighth's time) was in Shakspeare's day, and is now, the accident of young students in the law.”

⁵ The commentators have stumbled at this passage. Johnson says, “What is there peculiar in this, that a man's life informs the observer of his history?” Monck Mason would correct the passage as follows:—

“There is a kind of *history* in thy life,
That to the observer doth thy *character*
Fully unfold.”

Surely *character* has here the original meaning of something engraved or inscribed—*thy life* is thy habits. Angelo was a man of decorum. The Duke afterwards says, “Lord Angelo is *precise*.”

⁶ *They*. So the original. In modern editions *them*, as corrected by Hamner. But as Angelo might waste himself upon his virtues, *they* might waste themselves on him.

⁷ *Use*—interest of money.

⁸ Alterations have been made and proposed in this passage. Hamner reads—

“To one that can, *in my part me* advertise.”

This is to destroy the sense. *My part in him* is, my part deputed to him, which he can *advertise*—direct his attention to—without my speech.

⁹ *Hold*. Tyrwhitt supposes that the Duke here checks himself, *Hold therefore*; and that the word *Angelo* begins a new sentence. We have little doubt that the word *hold* is addressed to Angelo, and used technically in the sense of *to have and to hold*. Hold, therefore, our power, Angelo.

¹⁰ Douce thus explains this passage:—“I delegate to thy tongue the power of pronouncing sentence of death, and to thy heart the privilege of exercising mercy.”

Before so noble and so great a figure
Be stamp'd upon it.

Duke. No more evasion :
We have with a leaven'd¹ and prepared choice
Proceeded to you ; therefore take your honours.
Our haste from hence is of so quick condition,
That it prefers itself, and leaves unquestion'd
Matters of needful value. We shall write to you,
As time and our concernings shall importune,
How it goes with us ; and do look to know
What doth befall you here. So, fare you well :
To the hopeful execution do I leave you
Of your commissions.

Ang. Yet, give leave, my lord,
That we may bring you something on the way.

Duke. My haste may not admit it ;
Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do
With any scruple : your scope is as mine own :
So to enforce or qualify the laws
As to your soul seems good. Give me your hand ;
I'll privily away : I love the people,
But do not like to stage me to their eyes :
Though it do well, I do not relish well
Their loud applause, and *aves* vehement :
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion
That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.

Ang. The heavens give safety to your purposes !

Escal. Lead forth, and bring you back in happiness.

Duke. I thank you : Fare you well. [Exit.]

Escal. I shall desire you, sir, to give me leave
To have free speech with you ; and it concerns me
To look into the bottom of my place :
A power I have ; but of what strength and nature
I am not yet instructed.

Ang. 'Tis so with me :—Let us withdraw together,
And we may soon our satisfaction have
Touching that point.

Escal. I'll wait upon your honour. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—A Street.

Enter LUCIO and two Gentlemen.

Lucio. If the duke, with the other dukes, come not to
composition with the king of Hungary, why, then all the
dukes fall upon the king.

1 Gent. Heaven grant us its peace, but not the king of
Hungary's !

2 Gent. Amen.

Lucio. Thou concludest like the sanctimonious pirate,
that went to sea with the ten commandments, but scraped
one out of the table.

2 Gent. Thou shalt not steal ?

Lucio. Ay, that he razed.

1 Gent. Why, 'twas a commandment to command the
captain and all the rest from their functions ; they put
forth to steal : There's not a soldier of us all, that, in the
thanksgiving before meat, doth relish the petition well that
prays for peace.

2 Gent. I never heard any soldier dislike it.

Lucio. I believe thee ; for I think thou never wast where
grace was said.

2 Gent. No ? a dozen times at least.

1 Gent. What ? in metre ?^a

Lucio. In any proportion, or in any language.

1 Gent. I think, or in any religion.

Lucio. Ay ! why not ? grace is grace, despite of all con-
troversy : As for example : Thou thyself art a wicked
villain, despite of all grace.

1 Gent. Well, there went but a pair of shears between
us.

Lucio. I grant ; as there may between the lists and the
velvet : Thou art the list.

1 Gent. And thou the velvet : thou art good velvet ; thou
art a three-piled piece, I warrant thee : I had as lief be a list
of an English kersey, as be piled, as thou art piled, for a
French velvet. Do I speak feelingly now ?

Lucio. I think thou dost ; and, indeed, with most painful
feeling of thy speech : I will, out of thine own confession,
learn to begin thy health ; but whilst I live, forget to drink
after thee.

1 Gent. I think I have done myself wrong ; have I not ?

2 Gent. Yes, that thou hast ; whether thou art tainted,
or free.

Lucio. Behold, behold, where madam Mitigation comes !
I have purchased as many diseases under her roof as
come to—²

2 Gent. To what, I pray ?

Lucio. Judge.

2 Gent. To three thousand dolours a-year.

1 Gent. Ay, and more.

Lucio. A French crown more.

1 Gent. Thou art always figuring diseases in me : but
thou art full of error ; I am sound.

Lucio. Nay, not as one would say, healthy ; but so
sound as things that are hollow : thy bones are hollow :
impiety has made a feast of thee.

Enter Bawd.

1 Gent. How now ? Which of your hips has the most
profound sciatica ?

Bawd. Well, well ; there's one yonder arrested, and
carried to prison, was worth five thousand of you all.

2 Gent. Who's that, I pray thee ?

Bawd. Marry, sir, that's Claudio, signior Claudio.

1 Gent. Claudio to prison ! 'tis not so.

Bawd. Nay, but I know 'tis so : I saw him arrested ; saw
him carried away ; and, which is more, within these three
days his head's to be chopped off.

Lucio. But, after all this fooling, I would not have it so :
Art thou sure of this ?

Bawd. I am too sure of it : and it is for getting madam
Julietta with child.

Lucio. Believe me, this may be : he promised to meet
me two hours since ; and he was ever precise in promise-
keeping.

2 Gent. Besides, you know, it draws something near to
the speech we had to such a purpose.

1 Gent. But most of all, agreeing with the proclamation.

Lucio. Away ; let's go learn the truth of it.

[Exeunt LUCIO and Gentlemen.]

Bawd. Thus, what with the war, what with the sweat,
what with the gallows, and what with poverty, I am
custom-shrunk. How now ? what's the news with you ?

Enter Clown.

Clo. Yonder man is carried to prison.

Bawd. Well, what has he done ?

Clo. A woman.

Bawd. But what's his offence ?

Clo. Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.

Bawd. What, is there a maid with child by him ?

Clo. No ; but there's a woman with maid by him : You
have not heard of the proclamation, have you ?

Bawd. What proclamation, man ?

¹ *Leaven'd.* As leaven slowly works to impart its quality to bread, so the con-
siderations upon which the Duke made choice of Angelo have gradually fermented
in his mind.

² It is justly considered that the *1 Gent.* has a claim to the honours of this
purchase.

Clo. All houses in the suburbs of Vienna must be plucked down.

Bawd. And what shall become of those in the city?

Clo. They shall stand for seed: they had gone down too, but that a wise burgher put in for them.

Bawd. But shall all our houses of resort in the suburbs be pulled down?

Clo. To the ground, mistress.

Bawd. Why, here's a change, indeed, in the commonwealth! What shall become of me?

Clo. Come; fear not you: good counsellors lack no clients: though you change your place, you need not change your trade; I'll be your tapster still. Courage; there will be pity taken on you: you that have worn your eyes almost out in the service, you will be considered.

Bawd. What's to do here, Thomas Tapster? Let's withdraw.

Clo. Here comes signior Claudio, led by the provost to prison: and there's madam Juliet. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—*The same.*

Enter Provost, CLAUDIO, JULIET, and Officers; LUCIO and two Gentlemen.

Claud. Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to the world?

Bear me to prison, where I am committed.

Pro. I do it not in evil disposition, But from lord Angelo by special charge.

Claud. Thus can the demi-god, Authority, Make us pay down for our offence by weight.¹— The words of heaven; ²—on whom it will, it will; On whom it will not, so; yet still 'tis just.

Lucio. Why, how now, Claudio? whence comes this restraint?

Claud. From too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty: As surfeit is the father of much fast, So every scope, by the immoderate use, Turns to restraint: Our natures do pursue (Like rats that ravin³ down their proper bane) A thirsty evil, and when we drink, we die.

Lucio. If I could speak so wisely under an arrest, I would send for certain of my creditors: And yet, to say the truth, I had as lief have the foppery of freedom as the morality⁴ of imprisonment.—What's thy offence, Claudio?

Claud. What but to speak of would offend again.

Lucio. What! is 't murder?

Claud. No.

Lucio. Lechery?

Claud. Call it so.

Pro. Away, sir; you must go.

Claud. One word, good friend:—Lucio, a word with you. [Takes him aside.

Lucio. A hundred, if they'll do you any good.— Is lechery so look'd after?

Claud. Thus stands it with me:—Upon a true contract, I got possession of Julietta's bed; You know the lady; she is fast my wife, Save that we do the denunciation⁵ lack Of outward order: this we came not to, Only for propagation⁶ of a dower Remaining in the coffer of her friends; From whom we thought it meet to hide our love,

Till time hath made them for us. But it chances, The stealth of our most mutual entertainment, With character too gross, is writ on Juliet.

Lucio. With child, perhaps?

Claud. Unhappily, even so.

And the new deputy now for the duke,— Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newness; Or whether that the body public be A horse whereon the governor doth ride, Who, newly in the seat, that it may know He can command, lets it straight feel the spur; Whether the tyranny be in his place, Or in his eminence that fills it up, I stagger in:—But this new governor Awakes me all the enrolled penalties, Which have, like unscour'd armour, hung by the wall So long, that nineteen zodiacs have gone round, And none of them been worn; and, for a name, Now puts the drowsy and neglected act Freshly on me:—'tis surely for a name.

Lucio. I warrant, it is: and thy head stands so tickle on thy shoulders, that a milkmaid, if she be in love, may sigh it off. Send after the duke, and appeal to him.

Claud. I have done so, but he's not to be found. I prithee, Lucio, do me this kind service; This day my sister should the cloister enter, And there receive her approbation:⁷ Acquaint her with the danger of my state; Implore her in my voice, that she make friends To the strict deputy; bid herself assay him; I have great hope in that: for in her youth There is a prone⁸ and speechless dialect, Such as moves men; beside, she hath prosperous art When she will play with reason and discourse, And well she can persuade.

Lucio. I pray, she may: as well for the encouragement of the like, which else would stand under grievous imposition; as for the enjoying of thy life, who I would be sorry should be thus foolishly lost at a game of tick-tack. I'll to her.

Claud. I thank you, good friend Lucio.

Lucio. Within two hours.

Claud. Come, officer, away. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—*A Monastery.*

Enter DUKE and Friar THOMAS.

Duke. No, holy father; throw away that thought; Believe not that the dribbling dart of love Can pierce a complete bosom: why I desire thee To give me secret harbour, hath a purpose More grave and wrinkled than the aims and ends Of burning youth.

Fri. May your grace speak of it?

Duke. My holy sir, none better knows than you How I have ever lov'd the life removed; And held in idle price to haunt assemblies, Where youth, and cost, and⁹ witless bravery keeps.¹⁰ I have deliver'd to lord Angelo (A man of stricture¹¹ and firm abstinence) My absolute power and place here in Vienna, And he supposes me travell'd to Poland; For so I have strew'd it in the common ear,

¹ To pay down by weight is to pay the full price or penalty.

² It has been proposed here to read the *swords* of heaven. The passage is, however, an allusion to St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, chap. ix. ver. 15.

³ Ravin—devour greedily.

⁴ Morality. In the original *mortality*. It has been corrected, and properly so as would appear from the context, in the modern editions.

⁵ Denunciation is used by old authors in the sense of *annunciation*.

⁶ Propagation. It has been proposed to read *procuracion*, and also *preservation*.

⁷ Approbation—probation.

⁸ Prone. It appears to us that the word is here used in the sense of *humble*, and not in that of *prompt*, which Johnson and Malone have suggested. The timidity and silence of her youth alone would move men; but when she chooses to exercise reason and discourse she can well persuade.

⁹ And is not found in the original, but is supplied in the second folio.

¹⁰ Keeps—dwells.

¹¹ Stricture—strictness.

And so it is receiv'd: Now, pious sir,
You will demand of me why I do this?

Fri. Gladly, my lord.

Duke. We have strict statutes, and most biting laws,
(The needful bits and curbs to headstrong steeds,¹)
Which for this fourteen years we have let slip;²
Even like an o'ergrown lion in a cave,
That goes not out to prey:³ Now, as fond fathers
Having bound up the threat'ning twigs of birch,
Only to stick it in their children's sight,
For terror, not to use, in time the rod
[Becomes³] more mock'd than fear'd: so our decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead;
And liberty plucks justice by the nose;
The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.

Fri. It rested in your grace
To unloose this tied-up justice, when you pleas'd:
And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd
Than in lord Angelo.

Duke. I do fear, too dreadful:
Sith 'twas my fault to give the people scope,
'Twould be my tyranny to strike and gall them
For what I bid them do: For we bid this be done,
When evil deeds have their permissive pass,
And not the punishment. Therefore, indeed, my father,
I have on Angelo impos'd the office;
Who may, in the ambush of my name, strike home,
And yet my nature never in the fight,
To do in slander:⁴ And to behold his sway,
I will, as 'twere a brother of your order,
Visit both prince and people: therefore, I prithee,
Supply me with the habit, and instruct me
How I may formally in person bear
Like a true friar. More reasons for this action,
At our more leisure shall I render you;
Only this one:—Lord Angelo is precise;
Stands at a guard with envy; scarce confesses
That his blood flows, or that his appetite
Is more to bread than stone: Hence shall we see,
If power change purpose, what our seemers be. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—A Nunnery.

Enter ISABELLA and FRANCISCA.

Isab. And have you nuns no further privileges?

Fran. Are not these large enough?

Isab. Yes, truly: I speak not as desiring more;
But rather wishing a more strict restraint
Upon the sisterhood, the votarists of saint Clare.

Lucio. Ho! Peace be in this place! [*Within.*]

Isab. Who's that which calls?

Fran. It is a man's voice: Gentle Isabella,
Turn you the key, and know his business of him;
You may, I may not; you are yet unsworn:
When you have vow'd, you must not speak with men,
But in the presence of the prioress:
Then, if you speak, you must not show your face;
Or, if you show your face, you must not speak.
He calls again; I pray you answer him.

[*Exit FRANCISCA.*]

Isab. Peace and prosperity! Who is't that calls?

Enter LUCIO.

Lucio. Hail, virgin, if you be; as those cheek-roses
Proclaim you are no less! Can you so stead me,
As bring me to the sight of Isabella,
A novice of this place, and the fair sister
To her unhappy brother Claudio?

Isab. Why her unhappy brother? let me ask;
The rather, for I now must make you know
I am that Isabella, and his sister.

Lucio. Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets you:
Not to be weary with you, he's in prison.

Isab. Woe me! For what?

Lucio. For that, which if myself might be his judge,
He should receive his punishment in thanks:
He hath got his friend with child.

Isab. Sir, make me not your story.

Lucio. 'Tis true. I would not—though 'tis my familiar
sin

With maids to seem the lapwing, and to jest,
Tongue far from heart,—play with all virgins so:⁵
I hold you as a thing ensky'd, and sainted;
By your renouncement, an immortal spirit;
And to be talk'd with in sincerity,
As with a saint.

Isab. You do blaspheme the good, in mocking me.

Lucio. Do not believe it. Fewness and truth, 'tis thus:
Your brother and his lover⁶ have embrac'd:
As those that feed grow full; as blossoming time,
That from the seedness the bare fallow brings
To teeming foison; even so her plenteous womb
Expresseth his full tilth and husbandry.

Isab. Some one with child by him?—My cousin Juliet?

Lucio. Is she your cousin?

Isab. Adoptedly; as schoolmaids change their names,
By vain though apt affection.

Lucio. She it is.

Isab. O, let him marry her!

Lucio. This is the point.

The duke has very strangely gone from hence;
Bore many gentlemen, myself being one,
In hand, and hope of action: but we do learn
By those that know the very nerves of state,
His givings out were of an infinite distance
From his true-meant design. Upon his place,
And with full line of his authority,
Governs lord Angelo: a man whose blood
Is very snow-broth; one who never feels
The wanton stings and motions of the sense;
But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge
With profits of the mind, study and fast.
He (to give fear to use and liberty,
Which have, for long, run by the hideous law.
As mice by lions) hath pick'd out an act,
Under whose heavy sense your brother's life
Falls into forfeit: he arrests him on it;
And follows close the rigour of the statute,
To make him an example; all hope is gone,
Unless you have the grace by your fair prayer
To soften Angelo: And that's my pith of business
'Twixt you and your poor brother.

Isab. Doth he so

Seek his life?

Lucio. Hath censur'd⁷ him already,

⁵ In this passage we follow the original. Malone says that the reading should be thus:—

"Sir, mock me not—your story."

But the original meaning is clear enough: *make me not your story* is, invent me not your story—a very common phraseology of our author. When Lucio replies, *'Tis true*, he means his story is true; he has not invented it; and he adds that he would not jest with her, though jesting be his familiar sin, &c.

⁶ *Lover*—mistress. Shakspeare's poem of the *Lover's Complaint* is the lament of a deserted maiden.

⁷ *Censur'd*—sentenced.

¹ *Steeds*. In the original *weeds*.
² *Slip*. The reading of the original has been changed to *sleep*. Theobald, who made this correction, thought that it suited the comparison, and that the *laws* were sleeping like an old lion. The *Duke* compares himself with the animal "who goes not out to prey." He has let the laws *slip*.

³ *Becomes* was added by Pope to the original.

⁴ We print this as in the original. The passage is ordinarily printed—

"And yet, my nature never in the sight
To do it slander."

The image of a *fight* was certainly in the poet's mind, from the use of *ambush* and *strike home*. We understand by *to do in slander*, to be prominent in action, and thus exposed to slander.

And, as I hear, the provost hath a warrant
For his execution.

Isab. Alas! what poor
Ability's in me to do him good?

Lucio. Assay the power you have.

Isab. My power!

Alas! I doubt—¹

Lucio. Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt: Go to lord Angelo,
And let him learn to know, when maidens sue
Men give like gods; but when they weep and kneel,
All their petitions are as freely theirs
As they themselves would owe them.

Isab. I'll see what I can do.

Lucio. But speedily.

Isab. I will about it straight;
No longer staying but to give the mother
Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you:
Commend me to my brother: soon at night
I'll send him certain word of my success.

Lucio. I take my leave of you.

Isab. Good sir, adieu.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Hall in Angelo's House.

Enter ANGELO, ESCALUS, a Justice, Provost,² and other
Attendants.

Ang. We must not make a scarecrow of the law,
Setting it up to fear³ the birds of prey,
And let it keep one shape, till custom make it
Their perch, and not their terror.

Escal. Ay, but yet
Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,
Than fall,⁴ and bruise to death: Alas! this gentleman,
Whom I would save, had a most noble father.
Let but your honour know,
(Whom I believe to be most straight in virtue,)
That, in the working of your own affections,
Had time coher'd with place, or place with wishing,
Or that the resolute acting of your blood
Could have attain'd the effect of your own purpose,
Whether you had not sometime in your life
Err'd in this point which now you censure him,⁵
And pull'd the law upon you.

Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus,
Another thing to fall. I not deny,
The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,
May, in the sworn twelve, have a thief or two
Guiltier than him they try: What's open made to justice,
That justice seizes. What know the laws,

That thieves do pass on⁶ thieves? 'Tis very pregnant,
The jewel that we find we stoop and take it,
Because we see it; but what we do not see
We tread upon, and never think of it.
You may not so extenuate his offence,
For⁷ I have had such faults; but rather tell me,
When I, that censure him, do so offend,
Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die.

Escal. Be it as your wisdom will.

Ang. Where is the provost?

Prov. Here, if it like your honour.

Ang. See that Claudio

Be executed by nine to-morrow morning:
Bring him his confessor, let him be prepar'd;
For that's the utmost of his pilgrimage. [*Exit* Provost.]

Escal. Well, heaven forgive him! and forgive us all!
Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall:
Some run from brakes of ice, and answer none;⁸
And some condemned for a fault alone.

Enter ELBOW, FROTH, Clown, Officers, &c.

Elb. Come, bring them away: if these be good people in
a commonweal that do nothing but use their abuses in
common houses, I know no law; bring them away.

Ang. How now, sir! What's your name? and what's
the matter?

Elb. If it please your honour, I am the poor duke's con-
stable, and my name is Elbow; I do lean upon justice,
sir, and do bring in here before your good honour two
notorious benefactors.

Ang. Benefactors? Well; what benefactors are they
are they not malefactors?

Elb. If it please your honour, I know not well what they
are: but precise villains they are, that I am sure of; and
void of all profanation in the world, that good Christians
ought to have.

Escal. This comes off well; here's a wise officer.

Ang. Go to: What quality are they of? Elbow is your
name? Why dost thou not speak, Elbow?

Clo. He cannot, sir; he's out at elbow.

Ang. What are you, sir?

Elb. He, sir? a tapster, sir; parcel-bawd; one that
serves a bad woman; whose house, sir, was, as they say,
plucked down in the suburbs; and now she professes a
hot-house, which, I think, is a very ill house too.

Escal. How know you that?

Elb. My wife, sir, whom I detest before heaven and your
honour,—

Escal. How! thy wife?

Elb. Ay, sir; whom, I thank heaven, is an honest
woman,—

Escal. Dost thou detest her therefore?

Elb. I say, sir, I will detest myself, also, as well as she,

¹ We follow the metrical arrangement of the old copy. Steevens, in his introduction to this play, tells us, for our consolation, "I shall not attempt much reformation in its metre, which is too rough, redundant, and irregular." He yet has attempted something, of which the following is an example:—

"To soften Angelo: And that's my pith
Of business 'twixt you and your poor brother.

Isab. Doth he so seek his life?

Lucio. Has censur'd him

Already; and, as I hear, the provost hath

A warrant for his execution.

Isab. Alas! what poor ability's in me

To do him good?

Lucio. Assay the power you have.

Isab. My power! Alas! I doubt,—

Lucio. Our doubts are traitors.

² The *Provost* is here a kind of sheriff—a keeper of prisoners.

³ To fear—to affright.

⁴ Fall. The verb is here used actively. We still say to fall a tree; and probably Shakspeare had this image in his mind.

⁵ In the elliptical construction of this sentence we must understand for after censure him.

Pass on—condemn, adjudicate. We have the same expression in a contemporary play: "A jury of brokers, impanelled and deeply sworn to *pass on* all villains."

⁷ For—because.

⁸ We print this passage as in the original. It is usually given *brakes of vice*. Steevens supports the emendation in two ways: first, that a *brake* is an instrument of torture. Holinshed, describing the rack in the Tower known by the name of the Duke of Exeter's daughter, calls it *the brake*. Secondly, *brakes of vice* may mean a thicket of vices. Letourneur translates the passage thus:—"Il on est qui ont tous les vices, et qui ne répondent d'aucun; d'autres sont condamnés pour une faute unique." Those who would preserve the old reading consider that *brakes of ice* are fractures of ice—ice that breaks; and Tieck so translates the passage. The line is certainly full of difficulties. The verb *run* would lead one to believe in the correctness of the old reading; whilst, on the other hand, the employment of *answer* in a peculiar sense—the answer to the question enforced by torture—would lead one to believe that the interpretation of *brakes* as racks is correct. Mr. Dyce holds that "*brakes of vice*" is the proper reading; and, from a note in his edition of Skelton, it appears that *brake* was used in the sense of *trap*, as in Cavendish's "Life of Wolsey:"—"to espy a convenient time and occasion to take the Cardinal in a *brake*;" and in Marmyon's "Hollands Leaguer," 1632, there is

"A stale to take this Courtier in a *brake*."

that this house, if it be not a bawd's house, it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty house.

Escal. How dost thou know that, constable?

Elb. Marry, sir, by my wife; who, if she had been a woman cardinally given, might have been accused in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanness there.

Escal. By the woman's means?

Elb. Ay, sir, by mistress Overdone's means: but as she spit in his face, so she defied him.

Clo. Sir, if it please your honour, this is not so.

Elb. Prove it before these varlets here, thou honourable man, prove it.

Escal. Do you hear how he misplaces? [To ANGELO.]

Clo. Sir, she came in great with child; and longing (saving your honour's reverence) for stewed prunes; sir, we had but two in the house, which at that very distant time stood, as it were, in a fruit-dish, a dish of some three-pence; your honours have seen such dishes; they are not China dishes, but very good dishes.^a

Escal. Go to, go to; no matter for the dish, sir.

Clo. No, indeed, sir, not of a pin; you are therein in the right: but, to the point: As I say, this mistress Elbow, being, as I say, with child, and being great bellied, and longing, as I said, for prunes; and having but two in the dish, as I said, master Froth here, this very man, having eaten the rest, as I said, and, as I say, paying for them very honestly;—for, as you know, master Froth, I could not give you three-pence again.

Froth. No, indeed.

Clo. Very well: you being then, if you be remembered, cracking the stones of the foresaid prunes.

Froth. Ay, so I did, indeed.

Clo. Why, very well: I telling you then, if you be remembered, that such a one, and such a one, were past cure of the thing you wot of, unless they kept very good diet, as I told you.

Froth. All this is true.

Clo. Why, very well then.

Escal. Come, you are a tedious fool: to the purpose.—What was done to Elbow's wife, that he hath cause to complain of? Come we to what was done to her.

Clo. Sir, your honour cannot come to that yet.

Escal. No, sir, nor I mean it not.

Clo. Sir, but you shall come to it, by your honour's leave: And, I beseech you, look into master Froth here, sir; a man of fourscore pound a-year; whose father died at Hallowmas:—Was't not at Hallowmas, master Froth?

Froth. All-hallownd eve.

Clo. Why, very well; I hope here be truths: He, sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower chair, sir;—'twas in the *Bunch of Grapes*, where, indeed, you have a delight to sit: Have you not?

Froth. I have so; because it is an open room,¹ and good for winter.

Clo. Why, very well then;—I hope here be truths.

Ang. This will last out a night in Russia, When nights are longest, there: I'll take my leave, And leave you to the hearing of the cause; Hoping you'll find good cause to whip them all.

Escal. I think no less: Good morrow to your lordship.

[Exit ANGELO.]

Now, sir, come on: What was done to Elbow's wife, once more?

Clo. Once, sir? there was nothing done to her once.

Elb. I beseech you, sir, ask him what this man did to my wife.

Clo. I beseech your honour, ask me.

Escal. Well, sir: what did this gentleman to her?

Clo. I beseech you, sir, look in this gentleman's face:—

Good master Froth, look upon his honour; 'tis for a good purpose: Doth your honour mark his face?

Escal. Ay, sir, very well.

Clo. Nay, I beseech you, mark it well.

Escal. Well, I do so.

Clo. Doth your honour see any harm in his face?

Escal. Why, no.

Clo. I'll be supposed upon a book, his face is the worst thing about him: Good then; if his face be the worst thing about him, how could master Froth do the constable's wife any harm? I would know that of your honour.

Escal. He's in the right. Constable, what say you to it?

Elb. First, an it like you, the house is a respected house; next, this is a respected fellow; and his mistress is a respected woman.

Clo. By this hand, sir, his wife is a more respected person than any of us all.

Elb. Varlet, thou liest; thou liest, wicked varlet: the time is yet to come that she was ever respected, with man, woman, or child.

Clo. Sir, she was respected with him before he married with her.

Escal. Which is the wiser here? Justice or Iniquity?—Is this true?

Elb. O thou caitiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked Hannibal! I respected with her, before I was married to her! If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship think me the poor duke's officer:—Prove this, thou wicked Hannibal, or I'll have mine action of battery on thee.

Escal. If he took you a box o' th' ear, you might have your action of slander too.

Elb. Marry, I thank your good worship for it: What is't your worship's pleasure I should do with this wicked caitiff?

Escal. Truly, officer, because he hath some offences in him that thou wouldst discover if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses, till thou know'st what they are.

Elb. Marry, I thank your worship for it:—Thou seest, thou wicked varlet now, what's come upon thee; thou art to continue now, thou varlet; thou art to continue.

Escal. Where were you born, friend? [To FROTH.]

Froth. Here in Vienna, sir.

Escal. Are you of fourscore pounds a-year?

Froth. Yes, an't please you, sir.

Escal. So.—What trade are you of, sir? [To the Clown.]

Clo. A tapster; a poor widow's tapster.

Escal. Your mistress's name?

Clo. Mistress Overdone.

Escal. Hath she had any more than one husband?

Clo. Nine, sir; Over done by the last.

Escal. Nine!—Come hither to me, master Froth. Master Froth, I would not have you acquainted with tapsters: they will draw you, master Froth, and you will hang them: Get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

Froth. I thank your worship: For mine own part, I never come into any room in a taphouse but I am drawn in.

Escal. Well; no more of it, master Froth: farewell. [Exit FROTH.]—Come you hither to me, master tapster; what's your name, master tapster?

Clo. Pompey.

Escal. What else?

Clo. Bum, sir.

Escal. 'Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you; so that, in the beastliest sense, you are Pompey the great. Pompey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey, howsoever you colour it in being a tapster. Are you not? come, tell me true; it shall be the better for you.

Clo. Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow that would live.

^a *Open room.* This has been explained as a warm room, from the same root as *oven*. But *oven*, if Tooke's interpretation be correct, means a place *heaved*,
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raised up. We rather think that *open* has here nothing to do with the winter quality of the room, but that it means a *common* room, which is also a warm room.

Escal. How would you live, Pompey? by being a bawd? What do you think of the trade, Pompey? is it a lawful trade?

Clo. If the law would allow it, sir.

Escal. But the law will not allow it, Pompey: nor it shall not be allowed in Vienna.

Clo. Does your worship mean to geld and spay all the youth of the city?

Escal. No, Pompey.

Clo. Truly, sir, in my poor opinion, they will to't then: If your worship will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds.

Escal. There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell you: It is but heading and hanging.

Clo. If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten year together, you'll be glad to give out a commission for more heads. If this law hold in Vienna ten year, I'll rent the fairest house in it after three-pence a bay:¹ If you live to see this come to pass, say, Pompey told you so.

Escal. Thank you, good Pompey: and, in requital of your prophecy, hark you,—I advise you, let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatsoever, no, not for dwelling where you do; if I do, Pompey, I shall beat you to your tent, and prove a shrewd Cæsar to you; in plain dealing, Pompey, I shall have you whipp'd: so for this time, Pompey, fare you well.

Clo. I thank your worship for your good counsel; but I shall follow it as the flesh and fortune shall better determine.

Whip me? No, no; let carman whip his jade; The valiant heart's not whipp'd out of his trade. *[Exit.*

Escal. Come hither to me, master Elbow; come hither, master Constable. How long have you been in this place of constable?

Elb. Seven year and a half, sir.

Escal. I thought, by your readiness in the office, you had continued in it some time: You say, seven years together?

Elb. And a half, sir.

Escal. Alas! it hath been great pains to you! They do you wrong to put you so oft upon't: Are there not men in your ward sufficient to serve it?

Elb. Faith, sir, few of any wit in such matters: as they are chosen, they are glad to choose me for them; I do it for some piece of money, and go through with all.

Escal. Look you bring me in the names of some six or seven, the most sufficient of your parish.

Elb. To your worship's house, sir?

Escal. To my house: Fare you well. *[Exit ELBOW.]* What's o'clock, think you?

Just. Eleven, sir.

Escal. I pray you home to dinner with me.

Just. I humbly thank you.

Escal. It grieves me for the death of Claudio; But there's no remedy.

Just. Lord Angelo is severe.

Escal. It is but needful: Mercy is not itself, that oft looks so; Pardon is still the nurse of second woe: But yet,—Poor Claudio!—There is no remedy. Come, sir. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—Another Room in the same.

Enter Provost and a Servant.

Serv. He's hearing of a cause; he will come straight. I'll tell him of you.

Prov. Pray you do. *[Exit Servant.]* I'll know His pleasure; may be, he will relent: Alas, He hath offended but as in a dream!²

All sects, all ages, smack of this vice; and he To die for't—

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. Now, what's the matter, provost?

Prov. Is it your will Claudio shall die to-morrow?

Ang. Did I not tell thee, yea? hadst thou not order? Why dost thou ask again?

Prov. Lest I might be too rash: Under your good correction, I have seen, When, after execution, judgment hath Repented o'er his doom.

Ang. Go to; let that be mine: Do you your office, or give up your place, And you shall well be spar'd.

Prov. I crave your honour's pardon.— What shall be done, sir, with the groaning Juliet? She's very near her hour.

Ang. Dispose of her To some more fitter place; and that with speed.

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Here is the sister of the man condemn'd, Desires access to you.

Ang. Hath he a sister?

Prov. Ay, my good lord; a very virtuous maid, And to be shortly of a sisterhood, If not already.

Ang. Well, let her be admitted.

[Exit Servant.]

See you, the fornicatress be remov'd; Let her have needful, but not lavish, means; There shall be order for it.

Enter LUCIO and ISABELLA.

Prov. Save your honour! *[Offering to retire.]*

Ang. Stay a little while.—*[To ISAB.]* You are welcome: What's your will?

Isab. I am a woeful suitor to your honour, Please but your honour hear me.

Ang. Well; what's your suit?

Isab. There is a vice that most I do abhor, And most desire should meet the blow of justice; For which I would not plead, but that I must; For which I must not plead, but that I am At war, 'twixt will, and will not.

Ang. Well; the matter?

Isab. I have a brother is condemned to die: I do beseech you, let it be his fault, And not my brother.

Prov. Heaven give thee moving graces!

Ang. Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it? Why, every fault's condemn'd, ere it be done: Mine were the very cipher of a function, To fine³ the faults whose fine stands in record, And let go by the actor.

Isab. O just, but severe law! I had a brother then.—Heaven keep your honour!

[Retiring.]

Lucio. *[To ISAB.]* Give't not o'er so: to him again, intreat him;

Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown; You are too cold: if you should need a pin, You could not with more tame a tongue desire it: To him, I say.

Isab. Must he needs die?

Ang. Maiden, no remedy.

¹ Bay—a term of building measurement.

² Mr. Dyce transposes the original "but as offended."

³ To fine. So the original. The ordinary reading is *to find*. To fine is to sentence—to bring to an end.

Isab. Yes ; I do think that you might pardon him,
And neither heaven, nor man, grieve at the mercy.

Ang. I will not do 't.

Isab. But can you, if you would ?

Ang. Look, what I will not that I cannot do.

Isab. But might you do 't, and do the world no wrong,
If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse
As mine is to him ?

Ang. He's sentenc'd ; 'tis too late.

Lucio. You are too cold. [To *ISAB.*

Isab. Too late ? why, no ; I, that do speak a word,
May call it back again : Well believe this,¹
No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace
As mercy does. If he had been as you,
And you as he, you would have slipp'd like him ;
But he, like you, would not have been so stern.

Ang. Pray you, begone.

Isab. I would to heaven I had your potency,
And you were Isabel ! should it then be thus ?
No ; I would tell what 'twere to be a judge,
And what a prisoner.

Lucio. Ay, touch him ; there's the vein. [Aside.

Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the law,
And you but waste your words.

Isab. Alas ! alas !
Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once ;
And He that might the vantage best have took
Found out the remedy : How would you be,
If He, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you as you are ? O, think on that ;
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.²

Ang. Be you content, fair maid ;
It is the law, not I, condemns your brother :
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,
It should be thus with him ;—he must die to-morrow.

Isab. To-morrow ? O, that's sudden ! Spare him, spare
him :

He's not prepar'd for death ! Even for our kitchens
We kill the fowl of season ;³ shall we serve heaven
With less respect than we do minister
To our gross selves ? Good, good my lord, bethink you :
Who is it that hath died for this offence ?
There's many have committed it.

Lucio. Ay, well said.

Ang. The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept :
Those many had not dar'd to do that evil,
If the first that did the edict infringe⁴
Had answer'd for his deed ; now, 'tis awake ;
Takes note of what is done ; and, like a prophet,
Looks in a glass, that shows what future evils
(Either now, or by remissness new-conceiv'd,
And so in progress to be hatch'd and born,)
Are now to have no successive degrees ;
But, ere⁵ they live, to end.

Isab. Yet show some pity.

Ang. I show it most of all, when I show justice ;
For then I pity those I do not know,
Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall ;
And do him right, that, answering one foul wrong,

Lives not to act another. Be satisfied ;
Your brother dies to-morrow ; be content.

Isab. So you must be the first that gives this sentence ;
And he, that suffers : O, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength ; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.

Lucio. That's well said.

Isab. Could great men thunder
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,
For every pelting, petty officer,
Would use his heaven for thunder : nothing but thunder.
Merciful heaven !

Thou rather, with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt,
Splitt'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak,
Than the soft myrtle : But man, proud man !⁶
Dress'd in a little brief authority ;
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
His glassy essence,—like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
As make the angels weep : who, with our spleens,
Would all themselves laugh mortal.⁷

Lucio. O, to him, to him, wench : he will relent ;
He's coming, I perceive 't.

Prov. Pray heaven, she win him

Isab. We cannot weigh our brother with ourself :
Great men may jest with saints : 'tis wit in them ;
But, in the less, foul profanation.

Lucio. Thou'rt in the right, girl ; more o' that.

Isab. That in the captain's but a choleric word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

Lucio. Art advis'd o' that ? more on 't.

Ang. Why do you put these sayings upon me ?

Isab. Because authority, though it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,
That skins the vice o' the top : Go to your bosom ;
Knock there ; and ask your heart, what it doth know
That's like my brother's fault : if it confess
A natural guiltiness, such as is his,
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life.

Ang. She speaks, and 'tis

Such sense, that my sense breeds with it.—Fare you well.

Isab. Gentle my lord, turn back.

Ang. I will bethink me :—Come again to-morrow.

Isab. Hark, how I'll bribe you : Good my lord, turn
back.

Ang. How ! bribe me ?

Isab. Ay, with such gifts that heaven shall share with you.

Lucio. You had marr'd all else.

Isab. Not with fond shekels of the tested gold,
Or stones, whose rates are either rich or poor
As fancy values them ; but with true prayers,
That shall be up at heaven, and enter there,
Ere sunrise : prayers from preserved souls,
From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.

Ang. Well : come to me

To-morrow.

Lucio. Go to : it is well ; away. [Aside to *ISAB.*

Isab. Heaven keep your honour safe !

Ang. Amen :

For I am that way going to temptation, [Aside.
Where prayers cross.⁸

¹ *Well believe this*—be well assured of this.
² This is explained by Malone,—“ You will then appear as tender-hearted and merciful as the first man was in his days of innocence, immediately after his creation.” Is it not rather with reference to the fine allusion to the redemption which has gone before ?—Think on that, and you will then be as merciful as a man regenerate.

³ *The fowl of season*—when in season.

⁴ We print this line as in the original. The ordinary reading is, if the first man.

⁵ *Ere*. The original has *here*.

⁶ The editor of the second folio reads, *O ! but man, proud man*. How much more emphatic is the passage without the *O*, making the pause after *myrtle* !

⁷ We understand this passage,—as they are angels, they *weep* at folly ; if they had our spleens, they would *laugh*, as mortals.

⁸ We believe Tyrwhitt's explanation of this passage is the true one. He quotes the following lines from *The Merchant of Venice*, Act III. Sc. I. :—

“ *Sal.* I would it might prove the end of his losses.
Sola. Let me say *Amen* betimes, lest the Devil cross thy prayer.”

And he adds, “ For the same reason Angelo seems to say Amen to Isabella's prayer.”

Isab. At what hour to-morrow
Shall I attend your lordship?
Ang. At any time 'fore noon.
Isab. Save your honour!
[*Exeunt* LUCIO, ISAB., and Provost.
Ang. From thee; even from thy virtue!—
What's this? what's this? Is this her fault, or mine?
The tempter or the tempted, who sins most? Ha!
Not she; nor doth she tempt: but it is I,
That lying by the violet, in the sun,
Do, as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be,
That modesty may more betray our sense
Than woman's lightness? Having waste ground enough,
Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,
And pitch our evils¹ there? O, fie, fie, fie!
What dost thou? or what art thou, Angelo?
Dost thou desire her foully, for those things
That make her good? O, let her brother live:
Thieves for their robbery have authority,
When judges steal themselves. What? do I love her,
That I desire to hear her speak again,
And feast upon her eyes? What is't I dream on?
O cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint,
With saints dost bait thy hook! Most dangerous
Is that temptation, that doth goad us on
To sin in loving virtue: never could the strumpet,
With all her double vigour, art, and nature,
Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite:—Ever till now,
When men were fond, I smil'd and wonder'd how. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—A Room in a Prison.

Enter DUKE, habited like a Friar, and Provost.

Duke. Hail to you, provost! so I think you are.
Prov. I am the provost: What's your will, good friar?
Duke. Bound by my charity, and my bless'd order,
I come to visit the afflicted spirits
Here in the prison: do me the common right
To let me see them; and to make me know
The nature of their crimes, that I may minister
To them accordingly.
Prov. I would do more than that if more were needful.

Enter JULIET.

Look, here comes one; a gentlewoman of mine,
Who, falling in the flaws² of her own youth,
Hath blister'd her report: She is with child;
And he that got it, sentenc'd: a young man
More fit to do another such offence,
Than die for this.

Duke. When must he die?

Prov. As I do think, to-morrow.—
I have provided for you; stay awhile,
And you shall be conducted. [*To* JULIET.

Duke. Repent you, fair one, of the sin you carry?*Juliet.* I do; and bear the shame most patiently.

¹ *Evils* has here a peculiar signification. The desecration which is thus expressed may be understood from a passage in 2 Kings, chapter x., verse 27: "And they brake down the image of Baal, and brake down the house of Baal, and made it a draught house unto this day."

² *Flaws*. So the original. The ordinary reading, that of Warburton, is *flames*, which he adopts to preserve "the integrity of the metaphor." Shakspeare, in the superabundance of his thought, makes one metaphor run into another; and thus Juliet may yield to the *flaws*—storms—of her own youth, and so *blister* her reputation. Steevens says, "*Blister* seems to have reference to the *flames* mentioned in the preceding line. A similar use of this word occurs in Hamlet:—

"———takes the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
And sets a *blister* there."

Duke. I'll teach you how you shall arraign your conscience,
And try your penitence, if it be sound,
Or hollowly put on.

Juliet. I'll gladly learn.*Duke.* Love you the man that wrong'd you?*Juliet.* Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd him.

Duke. So then, it seems, your most offenceful act
Was mutually committed?

Juliet. Mutually.*Duke.* Then was your sin of heavier kind than his.*Juliet.* I do confess it, and repent it, father.

Duke. 'Tis meet so, daughter: but lest you do repent,
As that the sin hath brought you to this shame,—
Which sorrow is always toward ourselves, not heaven;
Showing, we would not spare heaven, as we love it,
But as we stand in fear,—

Juliet. I do repent me, as it is an evil;
And take the shame with joy.

Duke. There rest.

Your partner, as I hear, must die to-morrow,
And I am going with instruction to him.—

Grace go with you! *Benedicite!* [*Exit.*

Juliet. Must die to-morrow! O, injurious law,³
That respites me a life, whose very comfort
Is still a dying horror!

Prov. 'Tis pity of him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—A Room in Angelo's House.

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. When I would pray and think, I think and pray
To several subjects: heaven hath my empty words:
Whilst my invention,⁴ hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on Isabel: Heaven in my mouth,
As if I did but only chew his name;
And in my heart, the strong and swelling evil
Of my conception: The state whereon I studied
Is like a good thing, being often read,
Grown fear'd and tedious; yea, my gravity,
Wherein (let no man hear me) I take pride,
Could I, with boot,⁵ change for an idle plume,
Which the air beats for vain. O place! O form!
How often dost thou with thy case,⁶ thy habit,
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls
To thy false seeming? Blood, thou art blood:⁷
Let's write good angel on the devil's horn,
'Tis not the devil's crest.⁸

Enter Servant.

How now, who's there?

Serv. One Isabel, a sister,
Desires access to you.

Ang. Teach her the way. O heavens! [*Exit* Serv.
Why does my blood thus muster to my heart,
Making both it unable for itself,
And dispossessing all my other parts
Of necessary fitness?

The passage which he quotes to defend the reading of *flames* makes against it. The blister succeeds the rose, without any previous burning.

Law. In the original, *love*.⁴ *Invention*—imagination.*Boot*—advantage.*Case*—outside.So the original. The ordinary reading is, *Blood, thou still art blood*.

⁸ A crest was emblematical of some quality in the wearer, such as his ancestral name. Whatever legend we put on it, the crest is typical of the person. The "devil's horn" is the "devil's crest;" but if we write "good angel" on it, the emblem is overlooked in the "false seeming."

So play the foolish throngs with one that swoons;
Come all to help him, and so stop the air
By which he should revive: and even so
The general,¹ subject to a well-wish'd king,
Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness
Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love
Must needs appear offence.

Enter ISABELLA.

How now, fair maid?

Isab. I am come to know your pleasure.

Ang. That you might know it would much better please me,

Than to demand what 'tis. Your brother cannot live.

Isab. Even so.—Heaven keep your honour! [*Retiring.*]

Ang. Yet may he live awhile; and it may be,
As long as you, or I: yet he must die.

Isab. Under your sentence?

Ang. Yea.

Isab. When, I beseech you? that in his reprieve,
Longer, or shorter, he may be so fitted,
That his soul sicken not.

Ang. Ha! Fie, these filthy vices! It were as good
To pardon him that hath from nature stolen
A man already made, as to remit
Their saucy sweetness, that do coin heaven's image
In stamps that are forbid: 'tis all as easy
Falsely to take away a life true made,
As to put mettle in restrained means,
To make a false one.

Isab. 'Tis set down so in heaven, but not in earth.

Ang. Say you so? then I shall pose you quickly.
Which had you rather, That the most just law
Now took your brother's life; or, to redeem him,
Give up your body to such sweet uncleanness,
As she that he hath stain'd?

Isab. Sir, believe this,
I had rather give my body than my soul.

Ang. I talk not of your soul: Our compell'd sins
Stand more for number than for accompt.

Isab. How say you

Ang. Nay, I'll not warrant that; for I can speak
Against the thing I say. Answer to this;—
I, now the voice of the recorded law,
Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life:
Might there not be a charity in sin,
To save this brother's life?

Isab. Please you to do't,
I'll take it as a peril to my soul,
It is no sin at all, but charity.

Ang. Pleas'd you to do it, at peril of your soul,
Were equal poise of sin and charity.

Isab. That I do beg his life, if it be sin,
Heaven, let me bear it! you granting of my suit,
If that be sin, I'll make it my morn prayer
To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your answer.²

Ang. Nay, but hear me:
Your sense pursues not mine: either you are ignorant,
Or seem so, craftily; and that's not good.

Isab. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciously to know I am no better.

Ang. Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright,
When it doth tax itself: as these black masks
Proclaim an enshield beauty ten times louder

Than beauty could, displayed.—But mark me;
To be received plain, I'll speak more gross:
Your brother is to die.

Isab. So.

Ang. And his offence is so, as it appears
Accountant to the law upon that pain.

Isab. True.

Ang. Admit no other way to save his life,
(As I subscribe not that, nor any other,
But in the loss of question,) that you, his sister,
Finding yourself desir'd of such a person,
Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,
Could fetch your brother from the manacles
Of the all-binding³ law; and that there were
No earthly mean to save him, but that either
You must lay down the treasures of your body
To this supposed, or else to let him suffer;
What would you do?

Isab. As much for my poor brother as myself:
That is, Were I under the terms of death,
The impression of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,
And strip myself to death, as to a bed
That longing had been sick for,⁴ ere I'd yield
My body up to shame.

Ang. Then must your brother die.

Isab. And 'twere the cheaper way:
Better it were a brother died at once,
Than that a sister, by redeeming him,
Should die for ever.

Ang. Were not you then as cruel as the sentence
That you have slander'd so?

Isab. Ignomy in ransom, and free pardon,
Are of two houses: lawful mercy
Is nothing kin to foul redemption.

Ang. You seem'd of late to make the law a tyrant;
And rather prov'd the sliding of your brother
A merriment, than a vice.

Isab. O, pardon me, my lord; it oft falls out,
To have what we would have, we speak not what we mean:
I something do excuse the thing I hate,
For his advantage that I dearly love.

Ang. We are all frail.

Isab. Else let my brother die,
If not a feodary, but only he
Owe, and succeed thy weakness.⁵

Ang. Nay, women are frail too.

Isab. Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves;
Which are as easy broke as they make forms.
Women!—Help heaven! men their creation mar
In profiting by them. Nay, call us ten times frail;
For we are soft as our complexions are,
And credulous to false prints.

Ang. I think it well:
And from this testimony of your own sex,
(Since, I suppose, we are made to be no stronger
Than faults may shake our frames,) let me be bold;—
I do arrest your words: Be that you are,
That is, a woman; if you be more, you're none;
If you be one, (as you are well express'd
By all external warrants,) show it now,
By putting on the destin'd livery.

Isab. I have no tongue but one: gentle my lord,
Let me entreat you speak the former language.

Ang. Plainly conceive, I love you.

Isab. My brother did love Juliet; and you tell me
That he shall die for it.

¹ The general—the people.

Your answer—for you to answer.

² All-binding—the original has *all-building*.

⁴ The original has "that longing *have* been sick for," changed into the ordinary reading, "that longing *I have* been sick for." Considering that *longing* is here used as a substantive, we ventured on the reading of *had* for *have*.

This passage is exceedingly difficult; but its obscurity is not lessened by the change which has been adopted by modern editors, "Owe, and succeed *thy* weakness." When Angelo says, "We are all frail," he makes a confession of his own frailty, and of that particular frailty of which, from the tenor of what has preceded, Isabella begins to suspect him. She answers, otherwise let my brother die, if we be not all frail—if he be not a feodary,—one holding by the same tenure as the rest of mankind,—and only *he* be found to own and succeed *thy* weakness, which thou hast confessed by implication.

Ang. He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love.

Isab. I know, your virtue hath a licence in't,
Which seems a little fouler than it is,
To pluck on others.

Ang. Believe me, on mine honour,
My words express my purpose.

Isab. Ha! little honour to be much believ'd,
And most pernicious purpose!—Seeming, seeming!—
I will proclaim thee, Angelo; look for't:
Sign me a present pardon for my brother,
Or, with an outstretch'd throat, I'll tell the world
Aloud, what man thou art.

Ang. Who will believe thee, Isabel?
My unsoil'd name, the austereness of my life,
My vouch against you, and my place i' the state,
Will so your accusation overweigh,
That you shall stifle in your own report,
And smell of calumny. I have begun;
And now I give my sensual race the rein:
Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite;
Lay by all nicety, and prolixious blushes,
That banish what they sue for; redeem thy brother
By yielding up thy body to my will;
Or else he must not only die the death,
But thy unkindness shall his death draw out
To lingering sufferance: answer me to-morrow,
Or, by the affection that now guides me most,
I'll prove a tyrant to him: As for you,
Say what you can, my false o'erweighs you true.

[*Exit.*]

Isab. To whom should I complain? Did I tell this,
Who would believe me? O perilous mouths,
That bear in them one and the self-same tongue,
Either of condemnation or approval!
Bidding the law make court'sy to their will;
Hooking both right and wrong to the appetite,
To follow as it draws! I'll to my brother:
Though he hath fallen by prompture¹ of the blood,
Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour,
That had he twenty heads to tender down
On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up,
Before his sister should her body stoop
To such abhorr'd pollution.
Then Isabel, live chaste, and, brother, die:
More than our brother is our chastity.
I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request,
And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest.

[*Exit.*]

RECENT NEW READING.

Sc. II. p. 360.—“If He, which is the *top* of judgment, should.” “If He, which is the *God* of judgment, should.”—*Collier*.

The MS. Corrector changes *top* to *God*, which Mr. Collier calls a bold and striking emendation. Mr. Dyce says, in his “Few Notes on Shakspeare,” “What Mr. Collier calls ‘a bold and striking emendation’ deserves rather to be characterized as rash and wanton in the extreme.” Dante, as Mr. Dyce points out, uses the same expression in reference to the Almighty:—

“Che cima di giudicio.”

Which, we may add, Mr. Cary translates, “the sacred height of judgment,” quoting, in a note, this passage from Shakspeare.

¹ *Prompture*—suggestion.

Keep. Warburton says, “The sense of the lines in this reading is a direct persuasive to suicide;” and he proposes to read *reck*—care for. *Keep* was anciently used in this very sense. In Wiclif's translation of the Bible, the fortieth verse of the tenth chapter of St. Luke is thus rendered: “And she stood, and said, Lord, takest thou no *keep* that my sister hath left me alone to serve?” In the authorised version the word *care* is substituted for *keep*.

³ *Dost*. Hammer improperly changed the old reading to *do*, conceiving that “skiey influences” was the nominative case. Porson restored what we think the proper reading, although Mr. Dyce asks what Porson was thinking of. He was thinking that *Life* was the personified entity to be reasoned with. *Thou* art a breath, (servile to all the skiey influences,) that *dost* (properly so in connection with *thou*) this habitation (the body) hourly afflict. The *Thous* throughout the speech are addressed to *Life*—not to Claudio, as might be supposed.

⁴ Johnson says, “*Worm* is put for any creeping thing or serpent. Shakspeare

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Room in the Prison.

Enter DUKE, CLAUDIO, and Provost.

Duke. So, then you hope of pardon from lord Angelo?

Claud. The miserable have no other medicine,
But only hope:

I have hope to live, and am prepar'd to die.

Duke. Be absolute for death; either death, or life,
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with *Life*:
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep:² a breath thou art,
Servile to all the skiey influences,
That dost³ this habitation, where thou keep'st,
Hourly afflict: merely, thou art death's fool;⁴
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
And yet runn'st toward him still: Thou art not noble;
For all the accommodations that thou bear'st,
Are nurs'd by baseness: Thou art by no means valiant;
For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
Of a poor worm:⁴ Thy best of rest is sleep,
And that thou oft provok'st; yet grossly fear'st
Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thyself;
For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains
That issue out of dust: Happy thou art not:
For what thou hast not still thou striv'st to get;
And what thou hast, forgett'st: Thou art not certain;
For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
After the moon: If thou art rich, thou art poor;
For, like an ass whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee: Friend hast thou none;
For thine own bowels, which do call thee sire,
The mere effusion of thy proper loins,
Do curse the gout, serpigo, and the rheum,
For ending thee no sooner: Thou hast nor youth, nor age;
But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,
Dreaming on both: for all thy blessed youth
Becomes as aged,^b and doth beg the alms
Of palsied eld;⁵ and when thou art old, and rich,
Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,
To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in this,
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
Lie hid more thousand deaths: yet death we fear,
That makes these odds all even.

Claud. I humbly thank you.
To sue to live, I find I seek to die;
And seeking death find life: Let it come on.

Enter ISABELLA.

Isab. What, ho! Peace here; grace and good company!

Prov. Who's there? come in: the wish deserves a welcome.

Duke. Dear sir, ere long I'll visit you again.

Claud. Most holy sir, I thank you.

Isab. My business is a word or two with Claudio.

supposes falsely, but according to the vulgar notion, that a serpent wounds with his tongue, and that his tongue is forked.” It appears to us that the fear here described is that of the *worm of the grave*, and that the next sentence is an enforcement of the same idea. Throughout this speech the antagonist principle of life is kept constantly in view:—

“Merely, thou art death's fool.”

“And death unloads thee.”

“What's yet in this,
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
Lie hid more thousand deaths.”

Eld—old age, or old people.

Prov. And very welcome. Look, signior, here's your sister.

Duke. Provost, a word with you.

Prov. As many as you please.

Duke. Bring me to hear them speak, where I may be conceal'd.¹

[*Exeunt DUKE and Provost.*]

Claud. Now, sister, what's the comfort?

Isab. Why, as all comforts are; most good, most good² indeed:

Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,
Intends you for his swift ambassador,
Where you shall be an everlasting leiger:³
Therefore your best appointment make with speed;
To-morrow you set on.

Claud. Is there no remedy?

Isab. None, but such remedy as, to save a head,
To cleave a heart in twain.

Claud. But is there any?

Isab. Yes, brother, you may live;
There is a devilish mercy in the judge,
If you'll implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you till death.

Claud. Perpetual durance?

Isab. Ay, just, perpetual durance; a restraint,
Though all the world's vastidity you had,
To a determin'd scope.

Claud. But in what nature?

Isab. In such a one as (you consenting to't)
Would bark your honour from that trunk you bear,
And leave you naked.

Claud. Let me know the point.

Isab. O, I do fear thee, Claudio; and I quake,
Lest thou a feverous life shouldst entertain,
And six or seven winters more respect
Than a perpetual honour. Dar'st thou die?
The sense of death is most in apprehension;
And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.⁴

Claud. Why give you me this shame?
Think you I can a resolution fetch
From flowery tenderness? If I must die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms.

¹ The reading of the original folio is—

"Bring them to hear me speak, where I may be conceal'd."

This is clearly an error; for the Duke does not desire that Claudio and his sister should hear him speak, but that being concealed he should hear them. The second folio corrects this manifest error, and at the same time creates another error:—

"Bring them to speak, where I may be conceal'd, yet hear them."

This is the usual reading; yet it is clearly wrong; for the Duke and the Provost go out to the place of concealment, whilst Claudio and his sister remain. The transposition of the pronouns in the original line gives the meaning.

² The emphatic repetition of *most good*, which occurs in the original, is sometimes got rid of upon Steevens's principle of allegiance to ten syllables.

³ *Leiger*. The commentators appear to have overlooked that the use of the word *leiger* is distinctly associated with the image of an *ambassador* in the preceding line. A *leiger ambassador* was a resident ambassador—not one sent on a brief and special mission. There is a passage in Lord Bacon which gives us this meaning distinctly: "*Leiger ambassadors*, or agents, were sent to *remain* in or near the courts of those princes or states, to observe their motions, or to hold correspondence with them." The same association of ideas is carried forward in the word *appointment*, which Steevens explains as preparation for death. But the word especially belongs to an ambassador, as we find in Burnet: "He had the *appointments* of an ambassador, but would not take the character."

⁴ *Precise*. The original folio gives us the meaningless word *prenzie*, not only here, but in the subsequent line,—"In *prenzie guards*." Warburton proposes to read *priestly*; Steevens and Malone, following the second folio, give us *princely*. It appears to us that, having to choose some word which would have the double merit of agreeing with the sense of the passage and being similar in the number and form of the letters, nothing can be more unfortunate than the correction of *princely*. Warburton's *priestly* is much nearer the meaning intended to be conveyed. Tieck has suggested, as we think very happily, the word *precise*. It will be seen at once that this word has a much closer resemblance to *prenzie* than either of the others:—

prenzie.
precise.
princelie.
priestlie.

Angelo has already been called *precise*; and the term, so familiar to Shakspeare's

Isab. There spake my brother; there my father's grave
Did utter forth a voice! Yes, thou must die:
Thou art too noble to conserve a life
In base appliances. This outward-sainted deputy,—
Whose settled visage and deliberate word
Nips youth i' the head, and follies doth emmew,
As falcon doth the fowl,—is yet a devil;
His filth within being cast, he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.

Claud. The precise⁴ Angelo?

Isab. O, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,
The damned'st body to invest and cover
In precise guards! Dost thou think, Claudio,
If I would yield him my virginity,
Thou might'st be freed?

Claud. O, heavens! it cannot be.

Isab. Yes, he would give't thee, from this rank offence,
So to offend him still: This night's the time
That I should do what I abhor to name,
Or else thou diest to-morrow.

Claud. Thou shalt not do 't.

Isab. O, were it but my life,
I'd throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin.

Claud. Thanks, dear Isabel.

Isab. Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-morrow.

Claud. Yes.—Has he affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the law by the nose,
When he would force it? Sure it is no sin;
Or of the deadly seven it is the least.

Isab. Which is the least?

Claud. If it were damnable, he, being so wise,
Why would he for the momentary trick
Be perdurably fin'd?—O Isabel!

Isab. What says my brother?

Claud. Death is a fearful thing.

Isab. And shamed life a hateful.

Claud. Ay, but to die, and go we know not where
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted⁵ spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions⁶ of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about

contemporaries, of *precisian*, would make Claudio's epithet perfectly appropriate and intelligible. It appears to us that we must adopt the same change in both instances. *Princely guards*—understanding by guards the trimmings of a robe—certainly does not give us the meaning of the poet: it only says, the worst man may wear a rich robe: *priestly* is here again much better. But *precise guards* distinctly gives us the formal trimmings of the scholastic robe, to which Milton alludes in "*Comus*:"—

"O foolishness of men! that lend their ears
To those budge doctors of the Stoic fur,
And fetch their precepts from the Cynic tub."

Delighted. This epithet has been changed to *dilated*; and it has been proposed to read *benighted*, and *delinquent*. Warburton explains "the delighted spirit" to mean the soul once accustomed to delight. We agree with the learned and agreeable writer of an article on Farmer, published in *Fraser's Magazine*, that Warburton's interpretation is "rather strained;" but we cannot recommend his own suggestion of *delated*. We are indebted to an anonymous correspondent for an explanation which, if not quite unexceptionable, has certainly the merit of great ingenuity:—"Does not the word *delighted* (*de-lighted*) mean removed from the regions of light, which is a strictly classic use of the prepositive particle *de*, and very frequent in Shakspeare?" Our correspondent gives us a passage from Giles Fletcher in support of this explanation:—

"The sun
Wrapp'd in a sable cloud from mortal eyes,
The hasty stars at noon begin to rise,
And headlong to his early roost the sparrow flies.
But, soon as he again *deshadow'd* is,
Restoring the blind world his blemish'd sight,
As though another day were newly his,
The cozen'd birds busily take their flight,
And wonder at the shortness of the night."

The Eclipse.

He adds:—

"The word '*deshadowed*' is here used in a sense precisely antagonistic to '*delighted*,' viz., 'removed from the shade.'"

⁶ *Regions*. The original has *region*; as, in a subsequent line, it has *thought*. We are not quite satisfied with the change; but, in a passage like this, which is familiar to every one, the slightest deviation from the received text produces an unpleasant feeling to the reader.

The pendent world ; or to be worse than worst
Of those, that lawless and incertain thoughts
Imagine howling !—'tis too horrible !
The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

Isab. Alas ! alas !

Claud. Sweet sister, let me live :
What sin you do to save a brother's life,
Nature dispenses with the deed so far,
That it becomes a virtue.

Isab. O, you beast !
O, faithless coward ! O, dishonest wretch !
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice ?
Is 't not a kind of incest, to take life
From thine own sister's shame ? What should I think ?
Heaven shield, my mother play'd my father fair !
For such a warped slip of wilderness¹
Ne'er issued from his blood. Take my defiance ;
Die ; perish ! might but my bending down
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed :
I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,
No word to save thee.

Claud. Nay, hear me, Isabel.

Isab. O, fie, fie, fie !
Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade :
Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd :
'Tis best that thou diest quickly. [Going.]

Claud. O hear me, Isabella.

Re-enter DUKE.

Duke. Vouchsafe a word, young sister, but one word.

Isab. What is your will ?

Duke. Might you dispense with your leisure, I would by
and by have some speech with you : the satisfaction I
would require is likewise your own benefit.

Isab. I have no superfluous leisure ; my stay must be
stolen out of other affairs ; but I will attend you awhile.

Duke. [To CLAUDIO, aside.] Son, I have overheard what
hath passed between you and your sister. Angelo had
never the purpose to corrupt her ; only he hath made an
assay of her virtue, to practise his judgment with the
disposition of natures ; she, having the truth of honour in
her, hath made him that gracious denial which he is most
glad to receive : I am confessor to Angelo, and I know
this to be true ; therefore prepare yourself to death : Do
not satisfy your resolution with hopes that are fallible :
to-morrow you must die ; go to your knees, and make
ready.

Claud. Let me ask my sister pardon. I am so out of
love with life, that I will sue to be rid of it.

Duke. Hold you there : farewell. [Exit CLAUDIO.]

Re-enter Provost.

Provost, a word with you.

Prov. What's your will, father ?

Duke. That now you are come you will be gone : Leave
me awhile with the maid ; my mind promises with my
habit no loss shall touch her by my company.

Prov. In good time.² [Exit Provost.]

Duke. The hand that hath made you fair hath made you
good : the goodness that is cheap in beauty makes beauty
brief in goodness ; but grace, being the soul of your com-
plexion, should keep the body of it ever fair. The assault
that Angelo hath made to you, fortune hath conveyed to

my understanding ; and, but that frailty hath examples
for his falling, I should wonder at Angelo. How will you
do to content this substitute, and to save your brother ?

Isab. I am now going to resolve him : I had rather my
brother die by the law, than my son should be unlawfully
born. But O, how much is the good duke deceived in
Angelo ! If ever he return, and I can speak to him, I will
open my lips in vain, or discover his government.

Duke. That shall not be much amiss : Yet, as the matter
now stands, he will avoid your accusation ; he made trial
of you only.—Therefore, fasten your ear on my advisings ;
to the love I have in doing good. A remedy presents itself.
I do make myself believe that you may most uprightly
do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit ; redeem your
brother from the angry law ; do no stain to your own
gracious person ; and much please the absent duke, if,
peradventure, he shall ever return to have hearing of this
business.

Isab. Let me hear you speak further ; I have spirit to do
anything that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit.

Duke. Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful. Have
you not heard speak of Mariana, the sister of Frederick,
the great soldier, who miscarried at sea ?

Isab. I have heard of the lady, and good words went
with her name.

Duke. She should this Angelo have married ; was
affianced to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed :
between which time of the contract and limit of the
solemnity, her brother Frederick was wracked at sea,
having in that perished vessel the dowry of his sister.
But mark, how heavily this befel to the poor gentle-
woman : there she lost a noble and renowned brother,
in his love toward her ever most kind and natural ; with
him the portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriage-
dowry ; with both, her combinate³ husband, this well-
seeming Angelo.

Isab. Can this be so ? Did Angelo so leave her ?

Duke. Left her in her tears, and dried not one of them
with his comfort ; swallowed his vows whole, pretending,
in her, discoveries of dishonour ; in few, bestowed her on
her own lamentation, which she yet wears for his sake ;
and he, a marble to her tears, is washed with them, but
relents not.

Isab. What a merit were it in death, to take this poor
maid from the world ! What corruption in this life, that
it will let this man live !—But how out of this can she
avail ?

Duke. It is a rupture that you may easily heal ; and the
cure of it not only saves your brother, but keeps you from
dishonour in doing it.

Isab. Show me how, good father.

Duke. This fore-named maid hath yet in her the con-
tinuance of her first affection ; his unjust unkindness, that
in all reason should have quenched her love, hath, like
an impediment in the current, made it more violent and
unruly. Go you to Angelo ; answer his requiring with a
plausible obedience ; agree with his demands to the point :
only refer yourself to this advantage,—first, that your stay
with him may not be long ; that the time may have all
shadow and silence in it ; and the place answer to con-
venience : this being granted in course, now follows all :—
we shall advise this wronged maid to stand up your
appointment, go in your place ; if the encounter acknow-
ledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recom-
pense : and here, by this, is your brother saved, your
honour untainted, the poor Mariana advantaged, and the
corrupt deputy scaled.⁴ The maid will I frame, and make
fit for his attempt. If you think well to carry this as you
may, the doubleness of the benefit defends the deceit from
reproof. What think you of it ?

¹ Wilderness—wildness.

² In good time—very well—à la bonne heure.

³ Combinat—betrothed.

⁴ Scaled. To scale is to weigh.

Isab. The image of it gives me content already ; and, I trust, it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

Duke. It lies much in your holding up : Haste you speedily to Angelo ; if for this night he entreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction. I will presently to St. Luke's ; there, at the moated grange, resides this dejected Mariana :^d At that place call upon me ; and despatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly.

Isab. I thank you for this comfort : Fare you well, good father. *[Exeunt severally.]*

SCENE II.—*The Street before the Prison.*

Enter DUKE, as a Friar ; to him ELBOW, Clown, and Officers.

Elb. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard.

Duke. O, heavens ! what stuff is here ?

Clo. 'Twas never merry world, since, of two usuries, the merriest was put down, and the worsen allowed by order of law a furred gown to keep him warm ; and furred with fox and lamb-skins too, to signify, that craft, being richer than innocency, stands for the facing.

Elb. Come your way, sir :—Bless you, good father friar.

Duke. And you, good brother father :¹ What offence hath this man made you, sir ?

Elb. Marry, sir, he hath offended the law ; and, sir, we take him to be a thief too, sir ; for we have found upon him, sir, a strange pick-lock, which we have sent to the deputy.

Duke. Fie, sirrah ; a bawd, a wicked bawd !

The evil that thou causest to be done,
That is thy means to live : Do thou but think
What 'tis to cram a maw, or clothe a back,
From such a filthy vice : say to thyself,—
From their abominable and beastly touches
I drink, I eat, array myself, and live.

Canst thou believe thy living is a life,
So stinkingly depending ? Go, mend, go, mend.

Clo. Indeed, it does stink in some sort, sir ; but yet, sir, I would prove—

Duke. Nay, if the devil have given thee proofs for sin,
Thou wilt prove his. Take him to prison, officer.
Correction and instruction must both work,
Ere this rude beast will profit.

Elb. He must before the deputy, sir ; he has given him warning : the deputy cannot abide a whoremaster ; if he be a whoremonger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

Duke. That we were all, as some would seem to be,
From our faults, as faults from seeming, free !

Enter LUCIO.

Elb. His neck will come to your waist, a cord, sir.

Clo. I spy comfort ; I cry, bail : Here's a gentleman, and a friend of mine.

Lucio. How now, noble Pompey ? What, at the wheels² of Cæsar ? Art thou led in triumph ? What, is there none of Pygmalion's images, newly made woman, to be had now, for putting the hand in the pocket and extracting it clutched ? What reply ? Ha ? What sayest thou to this tune, matter, and method ? Is 't not drowned i' the last

rain ? Ha ? What sayest thou, trot ? Is the world as it was, man ? Which is the way ? Is it sad, and few words ? Or how ? The trick of it ?

Duke. Still thus, and thus ! still worse !

Lucio. How doth my dear morsel, thy mistress ? Procures she still ? Ha ?

Clo. Troth, sir, she hath eaten up all her beef, and she is herself in the tub.

Lucio. Why, 'tis good ; it is the right of it : it must be so : Ever your fresh whore, and your powdered bawd : An unshunned consequence ; it must be so : Art going to prison, Pompey ?

Clo. Yes, faith, sir.

Lucio. Why 'tis not amiss, Pompey : Farewell ; Go ; say, I sent thee thither. For debt, Pompey ? Or how ?

Elb. For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

Lucio. Well, then imprison him : If imprisonment be the due of a bawd, why, 'tis his right : Bawd is he, doubtless, and of antiquity too : bawd-born. Farewell, good Pompey : Commend me to the prison, Pompey : You will turn good husband now, Pompey ; you will keep the house.³

Clo. I hope, sir, your good worship will be my bail.

Lucio. No, indeed, will I not, Pompey ; it is not the wear. I will pray, Pompey, to increase your bondage : if you take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more : Adieu, trusty Pompey.—Bless you, friar.

Duke. And you.

Lucio. Does Bridget paint still, Pompey ? Ha ?

Elb. Come your ways, sir ; come.

Clo. You will not bail me then, sir ?

Lucio. Then, Pompey,—nor now.—What news abroad, friar ? What news ?

Elb. Come your ways, sir ; come.

Lucio. Go,—to kennel, Pompey, go :

[Exeunt ELBOW, Clown, and Officers.]

What news, friar, of the duke ?

Duke. I know none : Can you tell me of any ?

Lucio. Some say he is with the emperor of Russia ; other some, he is in Rome : But where is he, think you ?

Duke. I know not where : But wheresoever, I wish him well.

Lucio. It was a mad fantastical trick of him, to steal from the state, and usurp the beggary he was never born to. Lord Angelo dukes it well in his absence ; he puts transgression to 't.

Duke. He does well in 't.

Lucio. A little more lenity to lechery would do no harm in him : something too crabbed that way, friar.

Duke. It is too general a vice, and severity must cure it.

Lucio. Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred ; it is well allied : but it is impossible to extirp it quite, friar, till eating and drinking be put down. They say, this Angelo was not made by man and woman, after this downright way of creation : Is it true, think you ?

Duke. How should he be made then ?

Lucio. Some report a sea-maid spawned him :—Some, that he was begot between two stockfishes :—But it is certain, that when he makes water, his urine is congealed ice ; that I know to be true : and he is a motion generative, that's infallible.

Duke. You are pleasant, sir ; and speak apace.

Lucio. Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a cod-piece to take away the life of a man ! Would the duke, that is absent, have done this ? Ere he would have hanged a man for the getting a hundred bastards, he would have paid for the nursing a thousand :

¹ Shakspeare knew something of the primitive meanings of words. *Friar* is a corruption of the French *frère* ; and Tyrwhitt shows us how the Duke's joke would read in French :—"Dieu vous bénisse, mon père frère. Et vous aussi, mon frère père."

² *Wheels*. We have here a remarkable example how an apparently slight error—the omission or substitution of a letter—creeps into repeated editions of many books, and destroys the force of a passage. We cannot trace where the error

began ; but we once invariably found *heels* instead of *wheels*, which is the original word, and of the propriety of which there can be no doubt.

³ This passage supports Dr. Jamieson's etymology of *husband*, who is of opinion that the terminating syllable, *band*, is not from the Anglo-Saxon *bind-an*, to bind ; but from *buand*, *buende*, the past participle of *bu-an*, *by-an*, habitare, colere.

He had some feeling of the sport; he knew the service, and that instructed him to mercy.

Duke. I never heard the absent duke much detected for women; he was not inclined that way.

Lucio. O, sir, you are deceived.

Duke. 'Tis not possible.

Lucio. Who? not the duke: yes, your beggar of fifty;—and his use was, to put a ducat in her clack-dish: the duke had crotchets in him: He would be drunk too; that let me inform you.

Duke. You do him wrong, surely.

Lucio. Sir, I was an inward¹ of his: A shy fellow was the duke: and, I believe, I know the cause of his withdrawing.

Duke. What, I prithee, might be the cause?

Lucio. No,—pardon;—'tis a secret must be locked within the teeth and the lips: but this I can let you understand,—The greater file of the subject² held the duke to be wise.

Duke. Wise? why, no question but he was.

Lucio. A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

Duke. Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaking; the very stream of his life, and the business he hath helmed,³ must, upon a warranted need, give him a better proclamation. Let him be but testimonied in his own bringings forth, and he shall appear to the envious, a scholar, a statesman, and a soldier: Therefore, you speak unskilfully; or, if your knowledge be more, it is much darkened in your malice.

Lucio. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duke. Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love.

Lucio. Come, sir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But, if ever the duke return, (as our prayers are he may,) let me desire you to make your answer before him: If it be honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it: I am bound to call upon you; and, I pray you, your name.

Lucio. Sir, my name is Lucio; well known to the duke.

Duke. He shall know you better, sir, if I may live to report you.

Lucio. I fear you not.

Duke. O, you hope the duke will return no more; or you imagine me too unhurtful an opposite.⁴ But, indeed, I can do you little harm: you'll forswear this again.

Lucio. I'll be hanged first: thou art deceived in me, friar. But no more of this: Canst thou tell me if Claudio die to-morrow, or no?

Duke. Why should he die, sir?

Lucio. Why? for filling a bottle with a tundish. I would the duke, we talk of, were returned again: this ungenitured agent will unpeople the province with continency; sparrows must not build in his house-eaves, because they are lecherous. The duke yet would have dark deeds darkly answered; he would never bring them to light: would he were returned! Marry, this Claudio is condemned for untrussing. Farewell, good friar; I prithee, pray for me. The duke, I say to thee again, would eat mutton on Fridays. He's now past it; yet, and I say to thee, he would mouth with a beggar, though she smelt brown bread and garlic: say, that I said so. Farewell. [*Exit.*]

Duke. No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure 'scape; back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes: What king so strong,
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?
But who comes here?

Enter ESCALUS, Provost, Bawd, and Officers.

Escal. Go, away with her to prison.

Bawd. Good my lord, be good to me; your honour is accounted a merciful man: good my lord.

Escal. Double and treble admonition, and still forfeit⁵ in the same kind? This would make mercy swear, and play the tyrant.

Prov. A bawd of eleven years' continuance, may it please your honour.

Bawd. My lord, this is one Lucio's information against me: mistress Kate Keep-down was with child by him in the duke's time; he promised her marriage; his child is a year and a quarter old, come Philip and Jacob: I have kept it myself; and see how he goes about to abuse me.

Escal. That fellow is a fellow of much licence:—let him be call'd before us.—Away with her to prison: Go to; no more words. [*Exeunt Bawd and Officers.*] Provost, my brother Angelo will not be altered, Claudio must die to-morrow: let him be furnished with divines, and have all charitable preparation: if my brother wrought by my pity, it should not be so with him.

Prov. So please you, this friar hath been with him, and advised him for the entertainment of death.

Escal. Good even, good father.

Duke. Bliss and goodness on you!

Escal. Of whence are you?

Duke. Not of this country, though my chance is now
To use it for my time: I am a brother
Of gracious order, late come from the see,
In special business from his holiness.

Escal. What news abroad i' the world?

Duke. None, but that there is so great a fever on goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure it: novelty is only in request; and it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of course, as it is virtuous to be constant in any undertaking. There is scarce truth enough alive to make societies secure; but security⁶ enough to make fellowships accursed: much upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world. This news is old enough, yet it is every day's news. I pray you, sir, of what disposition was the duke?

Escal. One, that, above all other strifes, contended especially to know himself.

Duke. What pleasure was he given to?

Escal. Rather rejoicing to see another merry, than merry at anything which professed to make him rejoice: a gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his events, with a prayer they may prove prosperous; and let me desire to know how you find Claudio prepared. I am made to understand that you have lent him visitation.

Duke. He professes to have received no sinister measure from his judge, but most willingly humbles himself to the determination of justice: yet had he framed to himself, by the instruction of his frailty, many deceiving promises of life; which I, by my good leisure, have discredited to him, and now is he resolved to die.

Escal. You have paid the heavens your function, and the prisoner the very debt of your calling. I have laboured for the poor gentleman to the extremest shore of my modesty; but my brother justice have I found so severe, that he hath forced me to tell him, he is indeed—justice.

Duke. If his own life answer the straitness of his proceeding, it shall become him well; wherein if he chance to fail he hath sentenced himself.

Escal. I am going to visit the prisoner: Fare you well.

Duke. Peace be with you!

[*Exeunt ESCALUS and Provost.*]

¹ *Inward*—intimate.

² The greater number of the people.

³ *Helmed*—steered through.

⁴ *Opposite*—adversary.

⁵ *Forfeit*—transgress.

⁶ *Security*—legal security—surety.

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Prison.**Enter Provost and Clown.*

Prov. Come hither, sirrah : Can you cut off a man's head ?

Clo. If the man be a bachelor, sir, I can : but if he be a married man, he is his wife's head, and I can never cut off a woman's head.

Prov. Come, sir, leave me your snatches, and yield me a direct answer. To-morrow morning are to die Claudio and Barnardine : Here is in our prison a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper : if you will take it on you to assist him, it shall redeem you from your gyves ; if not, you shall have your full time of imprisonment, and your deliverance with an unpitied whipping ; for you have been a notorious bawd.

Clo. Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd, time out of mind ; but yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman. I would be glad to receive some instruction from my fellow partner.

Prov. What ho, Abhorson ! Where's Abhorson, there ?

Enter ABHORSON.

Abhor. Do you call, sir ?

Prov. Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you to-morrow in your execution : If you think it meet, compound with him by the year, and let him abide here with you ; if not, use him for the present, and dismiss him : He cannot plead his estimation with you ; he hath been a bawd.

Abhor. A bawd, sir ? Fie upon him, he will discredit our mystery.

Prov. Go to, sir ; you weigh equally ; a feather will turn the scale. *[Exit.]*

Clo. Pray, sir, by your good favour, (for, surely, sir, a good favour you have, but that you have a hanging look,) do you call, sir, your occupation a mystery ?

Abhor. Ay, sir ; a mystery.

Clo. Painting, sir, I have heard say, is a mystery ; and your whores, sir, being members of my occupation, using painting, do prove my occupation a mystery : but what mystery there should be in hanging, if I should be hanged, I cannot imagine.

Abhor. Sir, it is a mystery.

Clo. Proof ?

Abhor. Every true man's apparel fits your thief——

Clo. If it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough ; if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough : so every true man's apparel fits your thief.¹

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. Are you agreed ?

Clo. Sir, I will serve him ; for I do find your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd ; he doth oftener ask forgiveness.

Prov. You, sirrah, provide your block and your axe, to-morrow four o'clock.

Abhor. Come on, bawd ; I will instruct thee in my trade ; follow.

Clo. I do desire to learn, sir ; and, I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find me

yare :² for, truly, sir, for your kindness I owe you a good turn.

Prov. Call hither Barnardine and Claudio :

[Exeunt Clown and ABHORSON.]

One has my pity ; not a jot the other,
Being a murderer, though he were my brother.

Enter CLAUDIO.

Look, here's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death
'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow
Thou must be made immortal. Where's Barnardine ?

Claud. As fast lock'd up in sleep, as guiltless labour
When it lies starkly³ in the traveller's bones :
He will not wake.

Prov. Who can do good on him
Well, go, prepare yourself. But hark, what noise

Heaven give your spirits comfort ! *[Knocking within.]*
[Exit CLAUDIO.]

By and by :—

I hope it is some pardon, or reprieve,
For the most gentle Claudio.—Welcome, father.

Enter DUKE.

Duke. The best and wholesomest spirits of the night
Envelop you, good provost ! Who call'd here of late ?

Prov. None, since the curfew rung.

Duke. Not Isabel !

Prov. No.

Duke. They will then, ere't be long.

Prov. What comfort is for Claudio ?

Duke. There's some in hope.

Prov. It is a bitter deputy.

Duke. Not so, not so ; his life is parallel'd
Even with the stroke and line of his great justice ;
He doth with holy abstinence subdue
That in himself, which he spurs on his power
To qualify⁴ in others : were he meal'd⁵
With that which he corrects, then were he tyrannous ;
But this being so, he's just. Now are they come.—

[Knocking within.—Provost goes out.]

This is a gentle provost : Seldom, when
The steeled gaoler is the friend of men.
How now ? What noise ? That spirit's possess'd with
haste,

That wounds the unsisting⁶ postern with these strokes.

Provost returns, speaking to one at the door.

Prov. There he must stay, until the officer
Arise to let him in ; he is call'd up.

Duke. Have you no countermand for Claudio yet,
But he must die to-morrow ?

Prov. None, sir, none.

Duke. As near the dawning, provost, as it is,
You shall hear more ere morning.

Prov. Haply
You something know ; yet, I believe, there comes
No countermand ; no such example have we :
Besides, upon the very siege⁷ of justice,
Lord Angelo hath to the public ear
Profess'd the contrary.

¹ Yare—ready, nimble.

² Starkly—stiffly.

³ Qualify—moderate.

⁴ Meal'd—compounded—from *mesler*.

⁵ Unsisting. This is one of Shakspeare's Latinisms, by which he means, never at rest, from *sisto*, to stand still. Blackstone suggested this meaning. Rowe gave us *unresisting*, and Hanmer *unresting*.

⁶ Siege—seat.

¹ We divide this assertion and proof between the two characters, as in the original. The whole of the elaborate argument is given by several editors to Abhorson ; but this piece of oratory is not at all characteristic of his sententious gravity. Warburton thinks that something has been omitted ; but it appears to us that, when the Clown asks for "proof" that "hanging is a mystery," the hangman commences his exposition with an account of the thief's clothes,—the link of fellowship between them ; and, proceeding slowly and logically, is interrupted by the lively Clown, explaining his first postulate. They are then both interrupted by the entrance of the Provost.

Enter a Messenger.

This is his lordship's man.

Duke. And here comes Claudio's pardon.¹

Mess. My lord hath sent you this note; and by me this further charge, that you swerve not from the smallest article of it, neither in time, matter, or other circumstance. Good morrow; for, as I take it, it is almost day.

Prov. I shall obey him. [*Exit Messenger.*]

Duke. This is his pardon purchas'd by such sin, [*Aside.*]
For which the pardoner himself is in:
Hence hath offence his quick celerity,
When it is born in high authority:
When vice makes mercy, mercy's so extended,
That for the fault's love is the offender friended.—
Now, sir, what news?

Prov. I told you: Lord Angelo, belike, thinking me remiss in mine office, awakens me with this unwonted putting on:² methinks, strangely; for he hath not used it before.

Duke. Pray you, let's hear.

Prov. [*Reads.*]

"Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by four of the clock; and, in the afternoon, Barnardine: for my better satisfaction, let me have Claudio's head sent me by five. Let this be duly performed; with a thought, that more depends on it than we must yet deliver. Thus fail not to do your office, as you will answer it at your peril."

What say you to this, sir?

Duke. What is that Barnardine, who is to be executed in the afternoon?

Prov. A Bohemian born; but here nursed up and bred: one that is a prisoner nine years old.³

Duke. How came it, that the absent duke had not either delivered him to his liberty, or executed him? I have heard it was ever his manner to do so.

Prov. His friends still wrought reprieves for him: And, indeed, his fact, till now in the government of lord Angelo, came not to an undoubtful proof.

Duke. Is it now apparent?

Prov. Most manifest, and not denied by himself.

Duke. Hath he borne himself penitently in prison? How seems he to be touched?

Prov. A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully, but as a drunken sleep; careless, reckless, and fearless of what's past, present, or to come; insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal.

Duke. He wants advice.

Prov. He will hear none; he hath evermore had the liberty of the prison; give him leave to escape hence, he would not: drunk many times a day, if not many days entirely drunk. We have very often awaked him, as if to carry him to execution, and showed him a seeming warrant for it: it hath not moved him at all.

Duke. More of him anon. There is written in your brow, provost, honesty and constancy: if I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me; but in the boldness of my cunning, I will lay myself in hazard. Claudio, whom here you have warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than Angelo who hath sentenced him: To make you understand this in a manifested effect, I crave but four days' respite; for the which you are to do me both a present and a dangerous courtesy.

Prov. Pray, sir, in what?

Duke. In the delaying death.

¹ We venture to make an alteration in the person speaking these two lines. In the original the Duke says, "This is his lordship's man;" whereas it is not very likely that the Duke would either know the man, or, in his assumed capacity of a friar, would recognise him. But it is still less likely that the Provost, who has so strongly expressed his opinion that Angelo would be unrelenting, and who subsequently says, "I told you," should, upon the very appearance of a messenger, exclaim, "And here comes Claudio's pardon."

² Putting on—incitement.

³ Nine years old—during nine years.

Prov. Alack! how may I do it? having the hour limited; and an express command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of Angelo? I may make my case as Claudio's, to cross this in the smallest.

Duke. By the vow of mine order I warrant you, if my instructions may be your guide. Let this Barnardine be this morning executed, and his head borne to Angelo.

Prov. Angelo hath seen them both, and will discover the favour.

Duke. O, death's a great disguiser: and you may add to it. Shave the head, and tie the beard; and say, it was the desire of the penitent to be so bared before his death: You know the course is common. If anything fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good fortune, by the saint whom I profess, I will plead against it with my life.

Prov. Pardon me, good father: it is against my oath.

Duke. Were you sworn to the duke, or to the deputy?

Prov. To him, and to his substitutes.

Duke. You will think you have made no offence, if the duke avouch the justice of your dealing?

Prov. But what likelihood is in that?

Duke. Not a resemblance, but a certainty. Yet since I see you fearful, that neither my coat, integrity, nor persuasion, can with ease attempt you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look you, sir, here is the hand and seal of the duke. You know the character, I doubt not; and the signet is not strange to you.

Prov. I know them both.

Duke. The contents of this is the return of the duke; you shall anon over-read it at your pleasure: where you shall find, within these two days he will be here. This is a thing that Angelo knows not: for he this very day receives letters of strange tenor: perchance, of the duke's death; perchance, entering into some monastery; but, by chance, nothing of what is writ. Look, the unfolding star calls up the shepherd. Put not yourself into amazement, how these things should be: all difficulties are but easy when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine's head: I will give him a present shrift, and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amazed: but this shall absolutely resolve you. Come away; it is almost clear dawn. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Another Room in the same.

Enter Clown.

Clo. I am as well acquainted here, as I was in our house of profession: one would think it were mistress Overdone's own house, for here be many of her old customers. First, here's young master Rash; he's in for a commodity of brown paper^b and old ginger, ninescore and seventeen pounds; of which he made five marks, ready money: marry, then, ginger was not much in request, for the old women were all dead. Then is there here one master Caper, at the suit of master Three-pile the mercer, for some four suits of peach-coloured satin, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we here young Dizy, and young master Deep-vow, and master Copper-spur, and master Starve-lackey the rapier and dagger-man, and young Drop-heir that killed lusty Pudding, and master Forthright the tilter, and brave master Shoe-tie the great traveller, and wild Half-can that stabbed Pots, and, I think, forty more; all great doers in our trade, and are now for the Lord's sake.⁴

⁴ Pope reads "now *in* for the Lord's sake." But the meaning is, they are now dependent upon charity—crying to passengers for the Lord's sake, out of a grated window. The words are given in Nashe's "Apologie for Pierce Pennilesse," 1593; and we find them also in Davies's epigrams:—

"Good gentle writers, for the Lord's sake, for the Lord's sake,
Like Ludgate prisoner, lo, I, begging make
My moan."

Malone restored the original passage, and cited these illustrations.

Enter ABHORSON.

Abhor. Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

Clo. Master Barnardine! you must rise and be hanged, master Barnardine!

Abhor. What, ho, Barnardine!

Barnar. [*Within.*] A pox o' your throats! Who makes that noise there? What are you?

Clo. Your friends, sir; the hangman: You must be so good, sir, to rise and be put to death.

Barnar. [*Within.*] Away, you rogue, away; I am sleepy.

Abhor. Tell him he must awake, and that quickly too.

Clo. Pray, master Barnardine, awake till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.

Abhor. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Clo. He is coming, sir, he is coming; I hear his straw rustle.

Enter BARNARDINE.

Abhor. Is the axe upon the block, sirrah?

Clo. Very ready, sir.

Barnar. How now, Abhorson? what's the news with you?

Abhor. Truly, sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers; for, look you, the warrant's come.

Barnar. You rogue, I have been drinking all night, I am not fitted for't.

Clo. O, the better, sir; for he that drinks all night, and is hanged betimes in the morning, may sleep the sounder all the next day.

Enter DUKE.

Abhor. Look you, sir, here comes your ghostly father. Do we jest now, think you?

Duke. Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you, and pray with you.

Barnar. Friar, not I; I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains with billets: I will not consent to die this day, that's certain.

Duke. O, sir, you must; and therefore, I beseech you, look forward on the journey you shall go.

Barnar. I swear, I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion.

Duke. But hear you,—

Barnar. Not a word; if you have anything to say to me, come to my ward; for thence will not I to-day. [*Exit.*]

Enter Provost.

Duke. Unfit to live, or die: O, gravel heart!—After him, fellows; bring him to the block.

[*Exeunt ABHORSON and Clown.*]

Prov. Now, sir, how do you find the prisoner?

Duke. A creature unprepar'd, unmeet for death; And to transport him in the mind he is Were damnable.

Prov. Here in the prison, father, There died this morning of a cruel fever One Ragozine, a most notorious pirate, A man of Claudio's years; his beard, and head, Just of his colour: What if we do omit

Yonder. The original is *yond*, in which the printer no doubt followed the contraction of the writer. But in modern editions we have the *under* generation, "which change," Johnson says, "was made by Hammer with true judgment." Shakspeare has, indeed, in Richard II., alluded to the *antipodes* in a poetical figure:—

—"When the searching eye of heaven is hid
Behind the globe, and lights the lower world."

But what is gained in the passage before us by perplexing the time when the Duke assures the Provost he shall find his safety manifested? The scene takes place before the dawning: Claudio is to be executed by four of the clock; the Duke says—

This reprobate, till he were well inclined;
And satisfy the deputy with the visage
Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio?

Duke. O, 'tis an accident that heaven provides!
Despatch it presently; the hour draws on
Prefix'd by Angelo: See this be done,
And sent according to command; whiles I
Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die.

Prov. This shall be done, good father, presently.
But Barnardine must die this afternoon;
And how shall we continue Claudio,
To save me from the danger that might come,
If he were known alive?

Duke. Let this be done:—
Put them in secret holds, both Barnardine and Claudio:
Ere twice the sun hath made his journal greeting
To yonder¹ generation, you shall find
Your safety manifested.

Prov. I am your free dependant.

Duke. Quick, despatch,
And send the head to Angelo. [*Exit Provost.*]
Now will I write letters to Angelo,—
The provost, he shall bear them,—whose contents
Shall witness to him I am near at home;
And that, by great injunctions I am bound
To enter publicly: him I'll desire
To meet me at the consecrated fount,
A league below the city; and from thence,
By cold gradation and weal-balanced form,
We shall proceed with Angelo.

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. Here is the head; I'll carry it myself.

Duke. Convenient is it: make a swift return;
For I would commune with you of such things
That want no ear but yours.

Prov. I'll make all speed. [*Exit.*]

Isab. [*Within.*] Peace, ho, be here!

Duke. The tongue of Isabel:—She's come to know,
If yet her brother's pardon be come hither:
But I will keep her ignorant of her good,
To make her heavenly comforts of despair
When it is least expected.

Enter ISABELLA.

Isab. Ho, by your leave.

Duke. Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter.

Isab. The better, given me by so holy a man.

Hath yet the deputy sent my brother's pardon?

Duke. He hath releas'd him, Isabel, from the world;
His head is off, and sent to Angelo.

Isab. Nay, but it is not so.

Duke. It is no other:

Show your wisdom, daughter, in your close patience.

Isab. O, I will to him, and pluck out his eyes.

Duke. You shall not be admitted to his sight.

Isab. Unhappy Claudio! Wretched Isabel!
Injurious world! Most damned Angelo!

Duke. This nor hurts him nor profits you a jot;
Forbear it therefore; give your cause to heaven.
Mark what I say; which you shall find

"As near the dawning, provost, as it is,
You shall hear more ere morning."

Subsequently, when the morning is come, Isabella is told "the Duke comes home to-morrow." Speaking, then, in the dark prison, before sunrise, nothing can be more explicit than the Duke's statement that before the sun has twice made his daily greeting to *yonder* generation,—that is, to the life without the walls,—the Provost shall be assured of his safety. But at the time when he was speaking it would be evening at the antipodes; and if the Provost waited for his safety till the sun had twice risen upon the *under* generation, he would have to wait till a third day before he received that assurance: and this contradicts what is afterwards said of *to-morrow*.

By every syllable, a faithful verity:
The duke comes home to-morrow;—nay, dry your eyes;
One of our convent, and his confessor,
Gives me this instance: already he hath carried
Notice to Escalus and Angelo;
Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,
There to give up their power. If you can, pace your
wisdom

In that good path that I would wish it go;
And you shall have your bosom¹ on this wretch,
Grace of the duke, revenges to your heart,
And general honour.

Isab. I am directed by you.

Duke. This letter then to friar Peter give;
'Tis that he sent me of the duke's return:
Say, by this token, I desire his company
At Mariana's house to-night. Her cause, and yours,
I'll perfect him withal: and he shall bring you
Before the duke; and to the head of Angelo
Accuse him home, and home. For my poor self,
I am combined² by a sacred vow,
And shall be absent. Wend you with this letter:
Command these fretting waters from your eyes
With a light heart; trust not my holy order,
If I pervert your course.—Who's here?

Enter LUCIO.

Lucio. Good even!

Friar, where is the provost?

Duke. Not within, sir.

Lucio. O, pretty Isabella, I am pale at mine heart, to see
thine eyes so red: thou must be patient: I am fain to dine
and sup with water and bran; I dare not for my head fill
my belly; one fruitful meal would set me to 't: But they
say the duke will be here to-morrow. By my troth, Isabel,
I loved thy brother; if the old fantastical duke of dark
corners had been at home, he had lived.

[*Exit ISABELLA.*

Duke. Sir, the duke is marvellous little beholden to your
reports; but the best is, he lives not in them.

Lucio. Friar, thou knowest not the duke so well as I do:
he's a better woodman than thou takest him for.

Duke. Well, you'll answer this one day. Fare ye well.

Lucio. Nay, tarry; I'll go along with thee; I can tell
thee pretty tales of the duke.

Duke. You have told me too many of him already, sir, if
they be true; if not true, none were enough.

Lucio. I was once before him for getting a wench with
child.

Duke. Did you such a thing?

Lucio. Yes, marry, did I: but I was fain to forswear it;
they would else have married me to the rotten medlar.

Duke. Sir, your company is fairer than honest: Rest you
well.

Lucio. By my troth, I'll go with thee to the lane's end:
If bawdy talk offend you, we'll have very little of it. Nay,
friar, I am a kind of burr, I shall stick. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—A Room in Angelo's House.

Enter ANGELO and ESCALUS.

Escal. Every letter he hath writ hath disvouched other.

Ang. In most uneven and distracted manner. His
actions show much like to madness: pray heaven, his
wisdom be not tainted! And why meet him at the gates,
and re-deliver our authorities there?

Escal. I guess not.

Ang. And why should we proclaim it in an hour before
his entering, that, if any crave redress of injustice, they
should exhibit their petitions in the street?

Escal. He shows his reason for that: to have a despatch
of complaints; and to deliver us from devices hereafter,
which shall then have no power to stand against us.

Ang. Well, I beseech you, let it be proclaim'd:
Betimes i' the morn, I'll call you at your house:
Give notice to such men of sort and suit,
As are to meet him.

Escal. I shall, sir: fare you well. [*Exit.*

Ang. Good night.—

This deed unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant,
And dull to all proceedings. A deflower'd maid!
And by an eminent body, that enforc'd
The law against it!—But that her tender shame
Will not proclaim against her maiden loss,
How might she tongue me? Yet reason dares her No;³
For my authority bears of a credent bulk,⁴
That no particular scandal once can touch,
But it confounds the breather. He should have liv'd,
Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous sense,
Might, in the times to come, have ta'en revenge,
By so receiving a dishonour'd life,
With ransom of such shame. 'Would yet he had liv'd!
Alack, when once our grace we have forgot,
Nothing goes right; we would, and we would not. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—Fields without the Town.

Enter DUKE in his own habit, and Friar PETER.

Duke. These letters at fit time deliver me.

[*Giving letters.*

The provost knows our purpose, and our plot.
The matter being afoot, keep your instruction,
And hold you ever to our special drift;
Though sometimes you do blench from this to that,
As cause doth minister. Go, call at Flavius' house,
And tell him where I stay: give the like notice
To Valentinus, Rowland, and to Crassus,
And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate;
But send me Flavius first.

F. Peter. It shall be speeded well.

[*Exit Friar.*

Enter VARRIUS.

Duke. I thank thee, Varrius; thou hast made good haste:
Come, we will walk: There's other of our friends
Will greet us here anon, my gentle Varrius. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—Street near the City Gate.

Enter ISABELLA and MARIANA.

Isab. To speak so indirectly I am loath;
I would say the truth; but to accuse him so,
That is your part: yet I am advis'd to do it;
He says, to veil full purpose.⁵

Mari. Be rul'd by him.

Isab. Besides, he tells me, that, if peradventure,
He speak against me on the adverse side,
I should not think it strange; for 'tis a physis
That's bitter to sweet end.

Mari. I would, friar Peter—

Isab. O, peace; the friar is come.

¹ *Bosom*—wish—heart's desire.

² *Combined*—bound.

³ Reason, which is here personified, dares her with the *no* which forbids her to speak.

⁴ This is ordinarily printed bears *off* a credent bulk. We follow the original: *bears* is used in the sense of figures—is seen.

⁵ *To veil full purpose*—to conceal the whole extent of his purpose.

Enter Friar PETER.

F. Peter. Come, I have found you out a stand most fit,
Where you may have such vantage on the duke,
He shall not pass you : Twice have the trumpets sounded ;
The generous¹ and gravest citizens
Have hent the gates, and very near upon
The duke is ent'ring ; therefore hence, away. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—A public Place near the City Gate.

MARIANA (*veiled*), ISABELLA, and PETER, at a distance.
Enter at opposite sides, DUKE, VARRIUS, Lords ;
ANGELO, ESCALUS, LUCIO, Provost, Officers, and
Citizens.

Duke. My very worthy cousin, fairly met :—
Our old and faithful friend, we are glad to see you.

Ang. and Escal. Happy return be to your royal grace !

Duke. Many and hearty thankings to you both.
We have made inquiry of you ; and we hear
Such goodness of your justice, that our soul
Cannot but yield you forth to public thanks,
Forerunning more requital.

Ang. You make my bonds still greater.

Duke. O, your desert speaks loud ; and I should wrong it,
To lock it in the wards of covert bosom,
When it deserves with characters of brass
A fortified residence, 'gainst the tooth of time,
And rasure of oblivion. Give me your hand,
And let the subject see, to make them know
That outward courtesies would fain proclaim
Favours that keep within.—Come, Escalus ;
You must walk by us on our other hand ;
And good supporters are you.

PETER and ISABELLA come forward.

F. Peter. Now is your time ; speak loud, and kneel before
him.

Isab. Justice, O royal duke ! Vail² your regard
Upon a wrong'd, I would fain have said, a maid !
O worthy prince, dishonour not your eye
By throwing it on any other object,
Till you have heard me in my true complaint,
And given me, justice, justice, justice, justice !

Duke. Relate your wrongs : In what ? By whom ? Be
brief :
Here is lord Angelo shall give you justice !
Reveal yourself to him.

Isab. O, worthy duke,
You bid me seek redemption of the devil :
Hear me yourself ; for that which I must speak
Must either punish me, not being believ'd,
Or wring redress from you : hear me, O, hear me, here.

Ang. My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm :

She hath been a suitor to me for her brother,
Cut off by course of justice !

Isab. By course of justice

Ang. And she will speak most bitterly and strange.

Isab. Most strange, but yet most truly, will I speak :
That Angelo's forsworn ; is it not strange ?
That Angelo's a murderer ; is't not strange ?
That Angelo is an adulterous thief,
An hypocrite, a virgin-violator ;
Is it not strange, and strange ?

Duke. Nay, it is ten times strange.

Isab. It is not truer he is Angelo,
Than this is all as true as it is strange,
Nay, it is ten times true ; for truth is truth
To the end of reckoning.

Duke. Away with her ;—Poor soul,
She speaks this in the infirmity of sense.

Isab. O prince, I conjure thee, as thou believ'st
There is another comfort than this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion
That I am touch'd with madness ; make not impossible
That which but seems unlike : 'tis not impossible
But one, the wicked'st caitiff on the ground,
May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute,
As Angelo ; even so may Angelo,
In all his dressings, characts,³ titles, forms,
Be an arch-villain ; believe it, royal prince,
If he be less, he's nothing ; but he's more,
Had I more name for badness.

Duke. By mine honesty,
If she be mad, as I believe no other,
Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense.
(Such a dependency of thing on thing.)
As e'er I heard in madness.

Isab. O, gracious duke,
Harp not on that : nor do not banish reason
For inequality ;⁴ but let your reason serve
To make the truth appear where it seems hid ;
And hide the false seems true.

Duke. Many that are not mad,
Have, sure, more lack of reason.—What would you say ?

Isab. I am the sister of one Claudio,
Condemn'd upon the act of fornication
To lose his head ; condemn'd by Angelo :
I, in probation of a sisterhood,
Was sent to by my brother : One Lucio
As then the messenger ;—

Lucio. That's I, an't like your grace :
I came to her from Claudio, and desir'd her
To try her gracious fortune with lord Angelo,
For her poor brother's pardon.

Isab. That's he, indeed.

Duke. You were not bid to speak.

Lucio. No, my good lord ;
Nor wish'd to hold my peace.

Duke. I wish you now then ;
Pray you, take note of it : and when you have
A business for yourself, pray heaven, you then
Be perfect.

Lucio. I warrant your honour.

Duke. The warrant's for yourself ; take heed to it.

Isab. This gentleman told somewhat of my tale.

frame of sense." Angelo has said that her wits are not firm : the Duke has said,
"She speaks in the infirmity of sense." She conjures him—

"That thou neglect me not, with that opinion
That I am touch'd with madness ; make not impossible
That which but seems unlike."

The exclamation—

"Harp not on that : nor do not banish reason
For inequality."

is the final appeal which compels the Duke to hearken.

¹ Generous is here used in its Latin sense.

² Vail—lower.

³ Characts—inscriptions, official designations.

⁴ Inequality. The MS. Corrector changes *inequality* for *incredulity* ; to which Mr. Collier adds, that "*incredulity* is the real word," and that "*inequality* could not be right." We are entirely opposed to such an opinion. The word *inequality* is a word pregnant with Shakspeare's wonderful metaphysical subtlety. The meaning of the passage is ruined by the substitution of *incredulity*. Why should Isabella ask the Duke to put aside incredulity ? She does not tell the Duke, as Mr. Collier says, to give his own reason fair play—that comes afterwards. But she asks him not to assume that *she* is wanting in reason—not to banish reason for inequality between what he considers an insane idea supported by the "oddest

Lucio. Right.

Duke. It may be right; but you are in the wrong
To speak before your time.—Proceed.

Isab. I went
To this pernicious caitiff deputy.

Duke. That's somewhat madly spoken.

Isab. Pardon it;
The phrase is to the matter.

Duke. Mended again: the matter:—Proceed.

Isab. In brief,—to set the needless process by,
How I persuaded, how I pray'd, and kneel'd,
How he refell'd me, and how I replied;
(For this was of much length,) the vile conclusion
I now begin with grief and shame to utter:
He would not, but by gift of my chaste body
To his concupiscible intemperate lust,
Release my brother; and, after much debatement,
My sisterly remorse confutes mine honour,
And I did yield to him: But the next morn betimes,
His purpose surfeiting, he sends a warrant
For my poor brother's head.

Duke. This is most likely!

Isab. O, that it were as like¹ as it is true!

Duke. By heaven, fond wretch, thou know'st not what
thou speak'st;

Or else thou art suborn'd against his honour,
In hateful practice:² First, his integrity
Stands without blemish:—next, it imports no reason,
That with such vehemency he should pursue
Faults proper to himself: if he had so offended,
He would have weigh'd thy brother by himself,
And not have cut him off: Some one hath set you on;
Confess the truth, and say by whose advice
Thou cam'st here to complain.

Isab. And is this all?
Then, oh, you blessed ministers above,
Keep me in patience; and, with ripen'd time,
Unfold the evil which is here wrapp'd up
In countenance!³—Heaven shield your grace from woe,
As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbeliev'd go!

Duke. I know you'd fain be gone:—An officer!
To prison with her:—Shall we thus permit
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall
On him so near us? This needs must be a practice.—
Who knew of your intent, and coming hither?

Isab. One that I would were here, friar Lodowick.

Duke. A ghostly father, belike: Who knows that Lodowick?

Lucio. My lord, I know him; 'tis a meddling friar.
I do not like the man: had he been lay, my lord,
For certain words he spake against your grace
In your retirement, I had swing'd him soundly.

Duke. Words against me? This' a good friar, belike!
And to set on this wretched woman here
Against our substitute!—Let this friar be found.

Lucio. But yesternight, my lord, she and that friar
I saw them at the prison: a saucy friar,
A very scurvy fellow.

F. Peter. Blessed be your royal grace!
I have stood by, my lord, and I have heard
Your royal ear abus'd: First, hath this woman
Most wrongfully accus'd your substitute;
Who is as free from touch or soil with her,
As she from one ungot.

Duke. We did believe no less.
Know you that friar Lodowick that she speaks of?

F. Peter. I know him for a man divine and holy;

Not scurvy, nor a temporary meddler,⁴
As he's reported by this gentleman;
And, on my trust, a man that never yet
Did, as he vouches, misreport your grace.

Lucio. My lord, most villainously; believe it.

F. Peter. Well, he in time may come to clear himself.
But at this instant he is sick, my lord,
Of a strange fever: Upon his mere⁵ request
(Being come to knowledge that there was complaint
Intended 'gainst lord Angelo), came I hither,
To speak, as from his mouth, what he doth know
Is true, and false; and what he with his oath,
And all probation, will make up full clear,
Whensoever he's convented. First, for this woman;
(To justify this worthy nobleman,
So vulgarly⁶ and personally accus'd,)
Her shall you hear disproved to her eyes,
Till she herself confess it.

Duke. Good friar, let's hear it.

[ISABELLA is carried off, guarded; and
MARIANA comes forward.]

Do you not smile at this, lord Angelo?—
O heaven! the vanity of wretched fools!
Give us some seats.—Come, cousin Angelo;
In this I'll be impartial;⁷ be you judge
Of your own cause.—Is this the witness, friar?
First, let her show her face; and, after, speak.

Mari. Pardon, my lord; I will not show my face,
Until my husband bid me.

Duke. What, are you married?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. Are you a maid?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. A widow then?

Mari. Neither, my lord.

Duke. Why you
Are nothing then:—Neither maid, widow, nor wife?

Lucio. My lord, she may be a punk; for many of them
are neither maid, widow, nor wife.

Duke. Silence that fellow: I would he had some cause
To prattle for himself.

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Mari. My lord, I do confess I ne'er was married;
And, I confess, besides, I am no maid:
I have known my husband; yet my husband knows not,
That ever he knew me.

Lucio. He was drunk then, my lord; it can be no better.

Duke. For the benefit of silence, would thou wert so too!

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Duke. This is no witness for lord Angelo.

Mari. Now I come to't, my lord:
She, that accuses him of fornication,
In self-same manner doth accuse my husband;
And charges him, my lord, with such a time,
When I'll depose I had him in mine arms,
With all the effect of love.

Ang. Charges she more than me?

Mari. Not that I know.

Duke. No? you say, your husband.

Mari. Why, just, my lord, and that is Angelo,
Who thinks he knows that he ne'er knew my body,
But knows he thinks that he knows Isabel's.

Ang. This is a strange abuse:—Let's see thy face.

Mari. My husband bids me; now I will unmask.

[Unveiling.]

This is that face, thou cruel Angelo,
Which once thou swor'st was worth the looking on:

¹ Like is here used in the sense of *probable*.

² Practice—craft, subornation.

³ Countenance—false appearance.

⁴ Lucio had denounced the "ghostly father" as "a meddling friar;" he is here defended as one that does not meddle with passing events.

⁵ Mere—sole, unmixed, absolute.

⁶ Vulgarly—publicly.

⁷ Impartial. *Im* was frequently used as an augmentative particle; and the meaning therefore is *very partial*. We have the same sense in the early copy of *Romeo and Juliet*:—

"Cruel, unjust, *imperial* destinies."

This is the hand which, with a vow'd contract,
Was fast belock'd in thine: this is the body
That took away the match from Isabel,
And did supply thee at thy garden-house,
In her imagin'd person.

Duke. Know you this woman?

Lucio. Carnally, she says.

Duke. Sirrah, no more.

Lucio. Enough, my lord.

Ang. My lord, I must confess I know this woman;
And, five years since, there was some speech of marriage
Betwixt myself and her; which was broke off,
Partly, for that her promised proportions
Came short of composition;¹ but, in chief,
For that her reputation was disvalued
In levity: since which time of five years,
I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her,
Upon my faith and honour.

Mari. Noble prince,
As there comes light from heaven, and words from breath,
As there is sense in truth, and truth in virtue,
I am affianc'd this man's wife, as strongly
As words could make up vows: and, my good lord,
But Tuesday night last gone, in his garden-house,
He knew me as a wife: As this is true
Let me in safety raise me from my knees;
Or else for ever be confix'd here,
A marble monument!

Ang. I did but smile till now;
Now, good my lord, give me the scope of justice;
My patience here is touch'd: I do perceive,
These poor informal² women are no more
But instruments of some more mightier member,
That sets them on: Let me have way, my lord,
To find this practice out.

Duke. Ay, with my heart;
And punish them unto your height of pleasure.—
Thou foolish friar; and thou pernicious woman,
Compact with her that's gone! think'st thou, thy oaths,
Though they would swear down each particular saint,
Were testimonies against his worth and credit,
That's seal'd in approbation?—You, lord Escalus,
Sit with my cousin; lend him your kind pains
To find out this abuse, whence 'tis deriv'd:
There is another friar that set them on;
Let him be sent for.

F. Peter. Would he were here, my lord; for he, indeed,
Hath set the women on to this complaint:
Your provost knows the place where he abides,
And he may fetch him.

Duke. Go, do it instantly.—[*Exit Provost.*]
And you, my noble and well-warranted cousin,
Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth,
Do with your injuries as seems you best,
In any chastisement: I for awhile
Will leave you; but stir not you, till you have
Well determin'd upon these slanderers.

Escal. My lord, we'll do it thoroughly.—[*Exit DUKE.*]
Signior Lucio, did not you say you knew that friar Lodo-
wick to be a dishonest person?

Lucio. *Cucullus non facit monachum*: honest in nothing,
but in his clothes; and one that hath spoke most villainous
speeches of the duke.

Escal. We shall entreat you to abide here till he come,
and enforce them against him: we shall find this friar a
notable fellow.

Lucio. As any in Vienna, on my word.

Escal. Call that same Isabel here once again; [*to an
Attendant.*] I would speak with her: Pray you, my lord,

give me leave to question; you shall see how I'll handle
her.

Lucio. Not better than he, by her own report.

Escal. Say you?

Lucio. Marry, sir, I think if you handled her privately,
she would sooner confess: perchance, publicly she'll be
ashamed.

*Re-enter Officers, with ISABELLA; the DUKE, in the Friar's
habit, and Provost.*

Escal. I will go darkly to work with her.

Lucio. That's the way; for women are light at midnight.

Escal. Come on, mistress: [*to ISABELLA*] here's a gentle-
woman denies all that you have said.

Lucio. My lord, here comes the rascal I spoke of; here
with the provost.

Escal. In very good time:—speak not you to him, till we
call upon you.

Lucio. Mum.

Escal. Come, sir: Did you set these women on to slander
lord Angelo? they have confessed you did.

Duke. 'Tis false.

Escal. How! know you where you are?

Duke. Respect to your great place! and let the devil
Be sometime honour'd for his burning throne:—
Where is the duke? 'tis he should hear me speak.

Escal. The duke's in us; and we will hear you speak:
Look you speak justly.

Duke. Boldly, at least: But, O, poor souls,
Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox?
Good night to your redress. Is the duke gone?
Then is your cause gone too. The duke's unjust
Thus to retort your manifest appeal,
And put your trial in the villain's mouth,
Which here you come to accuse.

Lucio. This is the rascal; this is he I spoke of.

Escal. Why, thou unreverend and unhallow'd friar!
Is 't not enough thou hast suborn'd these women,
To accuse this worthy man? but, in foul mouth,
And in the witness of his proper ear,
To call him villain? and then to glance from him
To the duke himself, to tax him with injustice?
Take him hence; to the rack with him:—We'll touze you
Joint by joint,—but we will know his³ purpose:
What! unjust?

Duke. Be not so hot; the duke
Dare no more stretch this finger of mine, than he
Dare rack his own; his subject am I not,
Nor here provincial: My business in this state
Made me a looker-on here in Vienna,
Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble,
Till it o'errun the stew: laws, for all faults;
But faults so countenanc'd, that the strong statutes
Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,
As much in mock as mark.

Escal. Slander to the state! Away with him to prison.

Ang. What can you vouch against him, signior Lucio?
Is this the man that you did tell us of?

Lucio. 'Tis he, my lord. Come hither, goodman bald-
pate: Do you know me?

Duke. I remember you, sir, by the sound of your voice:
I met you at the prison, in the absence of the duke.

Lucio. O did you so? And do you remember what you
said of the duke?

Duke. Most notably, sir.

Lucio. Do you so, sir? And was the duke a flesh-
monger, a fool, and a coward, as you then reported him
to be?

¹ *Composition*—agreement.

Informal—without sense.

³ *His*. So the original copy, but generally printed *this*. Boswell very sensibly
says that, after having threatened the supposed friar, "We'll touze you joint by
joint," Escalus addresses the close of the sentence to the bystanders.

Duke. You must, sir, change persons with me, ere you make that my report: you, indeed, spoke so of him; and much more, much worse.

Lucio. O thou damnable fellow! Did not I pluck thee by the nose for thy speeches?

Duke. I protest I love the duke, as I love myself.

Ang. Hark! how the villain would close now, after his treasonable abuses.

Escal. Such a fellow is not to be talked withal:—Away with him to prison:—Where is the provost?—Away with him to prison; lay bolts enough upon him: let him speak no more:—Away with those giglots¹ too, and with the other confederate companion.

[*The Provost lays hands on the DUKE.*]

Duke. Stay, sir; stay awhile.

Ang. What! resists he? Help him, Lucio.

Lucio. Come, sir; come, sir; come, sir; foh, sir: Why, you bald-pated, lying rascal! you must be hooded, must you? Show your knave's visage, with a pox to you! show your sheep-biting face, and be hanged an hour! Will't not off? [*Pulls off the Friar's hood, and discovers the DUKE.*]

Duke. Thou art the first knave that e'er made a duke.—First, provost, let me bail these gentle three:—Sneak not away, sir; [*to LUCIO*] for the friar and you must have a word anon:—lay hold on him.

Lucio. This may prove worse than hanging.

Duke. What you have spoke, I pardon; sit you down.—

[*To ESCALUS.*]

We'll borrow place of him:—Sir, by your leave

[*To ANGELO.*]

Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence,
That yet can do thee office? If thou hast,
Rely upon it till my tale be heard,
And hold no longer out.

Ang. O my dread lord,
I should be guiltier than my guiltiness,
To think I can be undiscernible,
When I perceive your grace, like power divine,
Hath look'd upon my passes.² Then, good prince,
No longer session hold upon my shame,
But let my trial be mine own confession:
Immediate sentence then, and sequent death,
Is all the grace I beg.

Duke. Come hither, Mariana:—
Say, wast thou e'er contracted to this woman?

Ang. I was, my lord.

Duke. Go take her hence, and marry her, instantly.—
Do you the office, friar; which consummate,
Return him here again:—Go with him, provost.

[*Excunt ANGELO, MARIANA, PETER, and Provost.*]

Escal. My lord, I am more amaz'd at his dishonour,
Than at the strangeness of it.

Duke. Come hither, Isabel
Your friar is now your prince: As I was then
Advertising, and holy to your business,
Not changing heart with habit, I am still
Attorney'd at your service.

Isab. O give me pardon,
That I, your vassal, have employ'd and pain'd
Your unknown sovereignty.

Duke. You are pardon'd, Isabel:
And now, dear maid, be you as free to us.
Your brother's death, I know, sits at your heart;
And you may marvel, why I obscur'd myself,
Labouring to save his life; and would not rather
Make rash remonstrance of my hidden power,
Than let him so be lost: O most kind maid,
It was the swift celerity of his death,

Which I did think with slower foot came on
That brain'd my purpose: But, peace be with him!
That life is better life, past fearing death,
Than that which lives to fear: make it your comfort,
So happy is your brother.

Re-enter ANGELO, MARIANA, PETER, and Provost.

Isab.

I do, my lord.

Duke. For this new-married man, approaching here,
Whose salt imagination yet hath wrong'd
Your well-defended honour, you must pardon
For Mariana's sake: but as he adjudg'd your brother,
(Being criminal, in double violation
Of sacred chastity, and of promise-breach
Thereon dependent, for your brother's life,)
The very mercy of the law cries out
Most audible, even from his proper tongue,
An Angelo for Claudio, death for death.
Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure;
Like doth quit like, and *Measure* still for *Measure*.
Then, Angelo, thy fault thus manifested,—
Which, though thou wouldst deny, denies thee vantage:
We do condemn thee to the very block
Where Claudio stoop'd to death, and with like haste;
Away with him.

Mari. O, my most gracious lord,
I hope you will not mock me with a husband!

Duke. It is your husband mock'd you with a husband:
Consenting to the safeguard of your honour,
I thought your marriage fit; else imputation,
For that he knew you, might reproach your life,
And choke your good to come: for his possessions,
Although by confiscation³ they are ours,
We do instate and widow you withal,
To buy you a better husband.

Mari. O, my dear lord,
I crave no other, nor no better man.

Duke. Never crave him; we are definitive.

Mari. Gentle, my liege,— [*Kneeling.*]

Duke. You do but lose your labour;
Away with him to death.—Now, sir, [*to LUCIO*] to you.

Mari. O, my good lord!—Sweet Isabel, take my part;
Lend me your knees, and all my life to come
I'll lend you all my life to do you service.

Duke. Against all sense you do importune her:
Should she kneel down, in mercy of this fact,
Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break,
And take her hence in horror.

Mari. Isabel,
Sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me;
Hold up your hands, say nothing, I'll speak all.
They say, best men are moulded out of faults;
And, for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad: so may my husband.
O, Isabel! will you not lend a knee?

Duke. He dies for Claudio's death.

Isab. Most bounteous sir,
[*Kneeling.*]

Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd,
As if my brother liv'd: I partly think,
A due sincerity govern'd his deeds,
Till he did look on me; since it is so,
Let him not die: My brother had but justice
In that he did the thing for which he died:
For Angelo,
His act did not o'ertake his bad intent;
And must be buried but as an intent

¹ *Giglots*—wantons. So in King Henry VI., Part I.:—

—“Young Talbot was not born
To be the pillage of a *giglot* wench.”

² *Passes* has been explained as *devices*. We believe it is used in the same sense as the word *passages*.

³ *Confiscation*. This is the reading of the second folio; the original has *confutation*.

That perish'd by the way : thoughts are no subjects ;
Intentions but merely thoughts.

Mari. Merely, my lord.

Duke. Your suit's unprofitable ; stand up, I say.—
I have bethought me of another fault :—
Provost, how came it Claudio was beheaded
At an unusual hour ?

Prov. It was commanded so.

Duke. Had you a special warrant for the deed ?

Prov. No, my good lord ; it was by private message.

Duke. For which I do discharge you of your office :
Give up your keys.

Prov. Pardon me, noble lord :

I thought it was a fault, but knew it not ;
Yet did repent me, after more advice :
For testimony whereof, one in the prison,
That should by private order else have died,
I have reserv'd alive.

Duke. What's he ?

Prov. His name is Barnardine.

Duke. I would thou hadst done so by Claudio.—
Go, fetch him hither ; let me look upon him. [Exit Provost.]

Escal. I am sorry, one so learned and so wise
As you, lord Angelo, have still appear'd,
Should slip so grossly, both in the heat of blood,
And lack of temper'd judgment afterward.

Ang. I am sorry that such sorrow I procure :
And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart,
That I crave death more willingly than mercy ;
'Tis my deserving, and I do entreat it.

Re-enter Provost, BARNARDINE, CLAUDIO, and JULIET.

Duke. Which is that Barnardine ?

Prov. This, my lord.

Duke. There was a friar told me of this man :—
Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn soul,
That apprehends no further than this world,
And squar'st thy life according. Thou'rt condemn'd ;
But, for those earthly faults, I quit them all ;
And pray thee, take this mercy to provide
For better times to come :—Friar, advise him ;
I leave him to your hand.—What muffled fellow's that ?

Prov. This is another prisoner that I sav'd,
That should have died when Claudio lost his head ;
As like almost to Claudio, as himself.

[Unmuffles CLAUDIO.]

Duke. If he be like your brother, [to ISABELLA] for his
sake

Is he pardon'd : And, for your lovely sake,
Give me your hand, and say you will be mine ;
He is my brother too : But fitter time for that.
By this, lord Angelo perceives he's safe ;
Methinks, I see a quick'ning in his eye :—
Well, Angelo, your evil quits¹ you well :
Look that you love your wife ; her worth worth yours.—
I find an apt remission in myself :
And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon :—
You, sirrah, [to LUCIO] that knew me for a fool, a coward,
One all of luxury, an ass, a madman ;
Wherein have I so deserv'd of you,
That you extol me thus ?

Lucio. 'Faith, my lord, I spoke it but according to the
trick :² If you will hang me for it, you may, but I had
rather it would please you I might be whipped.

Duke. Whipp'd first, sir, and hang'd after.
Proclaim it, provost, round about the city ;
If any woman's wrong'd by this lewd fellow,
(As I have heard him swear himself there's one
Whom he begot with child,) let her appear,
And he shall marry her : the nuptial finish'd,
Let him be whipp'd and hang'd.

Lucio. I beseech your highness, do not marry me to a
whore ! Your highness said even now, I made you a duke ;
good my lord, do not recompense me in making me a
cuckold.

Duke. Upon mine honour, thou shalt marry her.
Thy slanders I forgive ; and therewithal
Remit thy other forfeits :—Take him to prison :
And see our pleasure herein executed.

Lucio. Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing to death,
whipping, and hanging.

Duke. Slandering a prince deserves it.—
She, Claudio, that you wrong'd, look you restore.
Joy to you, Mariana !—love her, Angelo ;
I have confess'd her, and I know her virtue.
Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much goodness :
There's more behind that is more grate. ³
Thanks, provost, for thy care and secrecy ;
We shall employ thee in a worthier place :—
Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home
The head of Ragozine for Claudio's ;
The offence pardons itself.—Dear Isabel,
I have a motion much imports your good ;
Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline,
What's mine is yours and what is yours is mine :
So, bring us to our palace ; where we'll show
What's yet behind, that's meet you all should know.

[Exeunt.]

ILLUSTRATIONS TO MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

ACT I.

^a SCENE II.—“ Lucio. *I think thou never wast where grace was said.*

² Gent. *No ? a dozen times at least.*

¹ Gent. *What ? in metre ?*”

THERE can be no doubt that *in metre* can have no other reference
than to the ancient metrical graces, to be said or sung,—sometimes
accompanied by some old monastic chant, such as we still hear in
Non nobis, Domine. We have seen a drawing of an ancient *knife*,
upon the blade of which a Latin metrical grace is engraved, with
the notes to which it was to be sung.

Quits—requisites.

According to the trick is not, as Johnson interprets it, according to the
habitual practice of the speaker ; but after the fashion of banter and exaggeration,

^b SCENE IV.—“*Even like an o'ergrown lion in a cave,
That goes not out to prey.*”

The passage in the Book of Job, chap. iv. ver. 11, probably sug-
gested this image : “ The old lion perisheth for lack of prey.”

ACT II.

^a SCENE I.—“*They are not China dishes, but very good dishes.*”

In the first scene of Massinger's “ Renegado,” the servant of the
disguised Venetian gentleman tells his master that his wares

which was thought to be as much an indication of cleverness in Shakspeare's time
as in ours.

³ *More grate*—more to be rejoiced in.

"Are safe unladen; not a crystal crack'd,
Or China dish needs soldering."

China dishes were not uncommon things in the days of Elizabeth and James. We captured them on board the Spanish carracks, and we purchased them from Venice. Cromwell imposed a duty on China dishes, so that they had in his time become a regular article of commerce.

ACT III.

^a SCENE I.—"*Merely, thou art death's fool.*"

Cerimon, the good physician in Pericles, says that the study and practice of the healing art afford

"A more content in course of true delight
Than to be thirsty after tottering honour,
Or tie my treasure up in silken bags,
To please the fool and death."

In both these passages there is undoubtedly an allusion to certain ancient representations of Death and the Fool. It has been clearly shown that Warburton was mistaken in asserting that these characters occurred in the old Moralities. The idea was probably suggested to Shakspeare by some of the celebrated engravings of "the Dance of Death," with which he must have been familiar. In Stow's "Survey of London," 1618, there is an initial letter exhibiting a contest between Death and the Fool, which Mr. Douce says is copied from one of a set of initials used by the Basil printers in the sixteenth century.

^b SCENE I.—"*For all thy blessed youth,*" &c.

Warburton proposed a singular emendation of this passage:—

"For *pall'd*, thy *blazed* youth
Becomes *assuaged*."

Probably the original idea, or the critic's refinement on it, suggested Byron's exquisite "stanzas for music," commencing—

"There's not a joy the world can give like that it takes away,
When the glow of early thought declines in feeling's dull decay."

^c SCENE I.—"*The poor beetle, that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.*"

These lines, taken apart from the context, would indicate that the bodily pain, such as is attended with death, is felt with equal severity by a giant and a beetle. The physiologists tell us that this is not true; and that the nervous system of a beetle does not allow it to feel pain so acutely as that of a man. We hope this is correct; but we are not sure that Shakspeare meant to refine quite so much as the entomologists are desirous to believe. "It is somewhat amusing," says a writer in the *Entomological Magazine*, "that his words should, in this case, be entirely wrested from their original purpose. His purpose was to show how little a man feels in dying; that the sense of death is most in apprehension, not in the act; and that even a beetle, which feels so little, feels as much as a giant does. The less, therefore, the beetle is supposed to feel, the more force we give to the sentiment of Shakspeare."

^d SCENE I.—"*At the moated grange resides this dejected Mariana.*"

In a poem by Mr. Tennyson the idea of loneliness and desolation, suggested by these simple words of Shakspeare, is worked out with the most striking effect. We have great pleasure in extracting some of these beautiful verses, which have been described as exhibiting "the power of creating scenery in keeping with some state of human feeling, so fitted to it as to be the embodied symbol of it, and to summon up the state of feeling itself with a force not to be surpassed by anything but reality."

"With blackest moss the flower-pots
Were thickly crusted, one and all;
The rusted nails fell from the knots
That held the peach to the garden-wall."

The broken sheds look'd sad and strange,
Unlifted was the clinking latch,
Weeded and worn the ancient thatch
Upon the lonely moated grange.
She only said, 'My life is dreary—
He cometh not,' she said;
She said, 'I am aweary, aweary;
I would that I were dead!'

* * *
"Upon the middle of the night,
Waking she heard the night-fowl crow;
The cock sung out an hour ere light:
From the dark fen the oxen's low
Came to her: without hope of change,
In sleep she seem'd to walk forlorn,
Till cold winds woke the grey-eyed morn
About the lonely moated grange.
She only said, 'The day is dreary—
He cometh not,' she said;
She said, 'I am aweary, aweary;
I would that I were dead!'

"About a stone-cast from the wall,
A sluice with blacken'd waters slept,
And o'er it many, round and small,
The cluster'd marish mosses crept.
Hard by a poplar shook alway,
All silver-green with gnarled bark:
For leagues no other tree did dark
The level waste, the rounding grey.
She only said, 'My life is dreary—
He cometh not,' she said;
She said, 'I am aweary, aweary;
I would that I were dead!'

* * *
"All day within the dreamy house
The doors upon their hinges creak'd;
The blue-fly sung i' the pane; the mouse
Behind the mould'ring wainscot shriek'd,
Or from the crevice peer'd about.
Old faces glimmer'd through the doors,
Old footsteps trod the upper floors,
Old voices call'd her from without.
She only said, 'My life is dreary—
He cometh not,' she said;
She said, 'I am aweary, aweary;
I would that I were dead!'

"The sparrow's chirrup on the roof,
The slow clock ticking, and the sound
Which to the wooing wind aloof
The poplar made, did all confound
Her sense; but most she loath'd the hour
When the thick-moted sunbeam lay
Athwart the chambers, and the day
Down-slop'd was westering in his bower.
Then said she, 'I am very dreary—
He will not come,' she said;
She wept, 'I am aweary, aweary;
O God! that I were dead!'"

ACT IV.

^a SCENE I.—"*Take, oh take those lips away.*"

This charming lyric, as sung to Mariana, would appear perfect in itself, but from two circumstances: first, Mariana says, "Break off thy song," which would lead one to infer that, as we find it in the text, it is not complete; secondly, we have the song, apparently complete, in the tragedy of "Rollo Duke of Normandy," ascribed to Fletcher, and printed in Beaumont and Fletcher's works. We give the song as it stands in that play:—

"Take, oh, take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn,
And those eyes, like break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn;
But my kisses bring again,
Seals of love, tho' seal'd in vain."

Hide, oh, hide those hills of snow,
Which thy frozen bosom bears,
On whose tops the pinks that grow
Are yet of those that April wears;
But first set my poor heart free,
Bound in those icy chains by thee."

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTICE.

The question then arises, is the song to be attributed to Shakspeare, or to Fletcher? Malone justly observes that all the songs introduced in our author's plays appear to have been his own composition. The idea in the line—

“Seals of love, but seal'd in vain,”

is found in the 142nd Sonnet :—

——“not from those lips of thine,
That have profan'd their scarlet ornaments,
And seal'd false bonds of love, as oft as mine.”

The image is also repeated in the *Venus and Adonis*. Weber, the editor of Beaumont and Fletcher, is of opinion that the first stanza was Shakspeare's, and that Fletcher added the second. There is no evidence, we apprehend, external or internal, by which the question can be settled.

“SCENE III.—“*He's in for a commodity of brown paper,*” &c.

The old comedies are full of allusions to the practice of the usurer

—so notorious as to acquire him the name of the *brown-paper merchant*—of stipulating to make his advance partly in money and partly in goods, which goods were sometimes little more than packages of brown paper. The most minute description of these practices is given in a pamphlet by Nashe, published in 1594 :—“He (a usurer) falls acquainted with gentlemen, frequents ordinaries and dining-houses daily, where, when some of them at play have lost all their money, he is very diligent at hand, on their chains and bracelets, or jewels, to lend them *half the value*. Now this is the nature of young gentlemen, that where they have broke the ice, and borrowed once, they will come again the second time; and that these young foxes know as well as the beggar knows his dish. But at the second time of their coming it is doubtful to say whether they shall have money or no. The world grows hard, and we are all mortal; let him make him any assurance before a judge, and they shall have some hundred pounds *per consequence*, in *silks and velvets*. The third time if they come, they shall have *baser commodities*: the fourth time, *lute-strings* and *grey paper*.”

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTICE.

“LOOK, the unfolding star calls up the shepherd.” In the midst of the most business-like and familiar directions occur these eight words of the highest poetry. By a touch almost magical Shakspeare takes us in an instant out of that dark prison, where we have been surrounded with crime and suffering, to make us see the morning star bright over the hills, and hear the tinkle of the sheep-bell in the folds, and picture the shepherd bidding the flock go forth to pasture, before the sun has lighted up the dewy lawns. In the same way, throughout this very extraordinary drama, in which the whole world is represented as one great prison-house, full of passion, and ignorance, and sorrow, we have glimpses every now and then of something beyond, where there shall be no alternations of mildness and severity, but a condition of equal justice, serene as the valley under “the unfolding star,” and about to rejoice in the dayspring.

The little passage which we have quoted is one amongst the numberless poetical gems which are scattered up and down this comedy with a profusion such as only belongs to one poet. It has been said of Shakspeare, “He is the text for the moralist and the philosopher. His bright wit is cut out ‘into little stars;’ his solid masses of knowledge are meted out in morsels and proverbs; and, thus distributed, there is scarcely a corner which he does not illuminate, or a cottage which he does not enrich.”* This play appears to us especially glittering with these “little stars.” We cannot open a scene in which we do not encounter some passage that has set us thinking at some moment of our lives. Of such distinct passages, which the memory never parts from, the following will be recognised by all as familiar friends :—

“Heaven doth with us as we with torches do;
Not light them for themselves: for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, ’twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch’d
But to fine issues.”

“Reason thus with life:
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep: a breath thou art,
(Servile to all the skiey influences),
That dost this habitation, where thou keep’st,
Hourly afflict.”

“Merciful heaven!
Thou rather, with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt,
Splitt’st the unvedgeable and gnarled oak,
Than the soft myrtle: But man, proud man!
Dress’d in a little brief authority;
Most ignorant of what he’s most assur’d,

His glassy essence,—like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
As make the angels weep.”

These and similar passages are imbued with the writer's philosophy. They form a part of the system upon which the play is written. But, opposed to these, there are many single sentences scattered through this drama which, so far from dwelling on with pleasure, we hurry past—which we like not to look upon again—which *appear* to be mere grossnesses. They are, nevertheless, an integral portion of the drama—they, also, form part of the system upon which the play is written. What is true of single passages is true of single scenes. Those between Isabella and Angelo, and Isabella and Claudio, are unsurpassed in the Shakspearean drama for force and beauty, and the delicate management of a difficult subject. But there are other scenes which appear simply revolting, such as those in which the Clown is conspicuous; and even Barnardine, one of the most extraordinary of Shakspeare's creations, will produce little beyond disgust in the casual reader. But these have, nevertheless, not crept into this drama by accident—certainly not from the desire “to make the unskilful laugh.” Perhaps the effect of their introduction, coupled with the general subject of the dramatic action, is to render the entire comedy not pleasurable. Coleridge says, “This play, which is Shakspeare's throughout, is to me the most painful—say, rather, the only painful—part of his genuine works.” This is a strong opinion; and, upon the whole, a just one. But it requires explanation.

The general outline of the story upon which *Measure for Measure* is founded is presented to us in such different forms, and with reference to such distinct times and persons, that, whether historically true or not, we can have no doubt of its universal interest. It is told of an officer of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy; of Oliver *le Diable*, the wicked favourite of Louis XI.; of Colonel Kirke, in our own country; of a captain of the Duke of Ferrara. In all these cases an unhappy woman sacrifices her own honour for the promised safety of one she loves; and in all, with the exception of the case of Colonel Kirke, the abuser of authority is punished with death. Whatever interest may attach to the narrative of such an event, it is manifest that the dramatic conduct of such a story is full of difficulty, especially in a scrupulous age. But the public opinion, which, in this particular, would operate upon a dramatist in our own day, would not affect a writer for the stage in the times of Elizabeth and James; and, in point of fact, plots far more offensive became the subject of very popular dramas long after the times of Shakspeare. It appears to us that, adopting such a subject in its general bearings, he

* *Retrospective Review*, vol. vii. p. 381.

has managed it with uncommon adroitness by his deviations from the accustomed story. By introducing a contrivance by which the heroine is not sacrificed, he preserves our respect for her, which would be involuntarily lost if she fell, even though against her own will; and by this management he is also enabled to spare the great offender without an unbearable violation of our sense of justice. But there was a higher aim in this even than the endeavour to produce a great dramatic effect.

It may be convenient if we first regard this comedy as a work of art, constructed with reference to the production of such dramatic effect. Without referring, then, to the peculiar character of the Duke, and his secret objects in delegating "mercy and mortality" to Angelo, we have to look only at the sudden and severe sentence which the fault of Claudio has called down upon him, and at the circumstances which arise out of the intervention of Isabella to procure a remission of his punishment. This is the simple view of the matter which we find in the novel of Cinthio, in Whetstone's play of "Promos and Cassandra," and in the pseudo-historical stories which deal with the same popular legend. It is in this point of view that we may consider the character of Isabella, acting upon one single and direct principle, without reference to the machinery of which she afterwards forms a part for carrying out the complicated management of the Duke. She is a being separated from all the evil influences—criminal, or ignorant, or weak—by which she is surrounded. In the eyes of the habitual profligate with whom she comes in contact she is

"a thing ensky'd and sainted."

In the eyes of the tempter her purity is her most fearful charm. To her a more strict restraint than is laid upon the votaries of St. Clare would be a benefit, and not an evil. To the subjection of all rebellious thoughts in herself, to the cultivation of the spiritual parts of her nature, is she dedicated. She weeps for her brother; but she shrinks from the thought of going out of her own peculiar region to become his advocate:—

"Alas! what poor
Ability's in me to do him good?"

When she has taken her resolution she is still doubtful of herself:—

"I'll see what I can do."

Few and timid are her words to Lucio; shrinking and half ashamed is her first application to Angelo. She is as severe in her abstract view of guilt as the stern deputy himself:—

"There is a vice that most I do abhor,
And most desire should meet the blow of justice."

At the first repulse she is abashed and would retire. She is the cloistress, to whom it appears that to plead for guilt has the semblance of excusing it; but she gradually warms into sympathy and earnestness. She recollects that mercy, as well as justice, is amongst the divine attributes. She first ventures upon the enunciation of a general truth:—

"No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace
As mercy does."

But this general truth leads her to the declaration of the *higher* truth which she has most studied:—

"Alas! alas!
Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once;
And He that might the vantage best have took
Found out the remedy: How would you be,
If He, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you as you are? O, think on that;
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made."

From this moment she is self-possessed; and she stands before the organ of power pouring forth an impassioned eloquence with all the authority of a heavenly messenger. Then she is bold, even to the point of attacking the self-consciousness of the individual judge:—

"Go to your bosom;
Knock there: and ask your heart what it doth know
That's like my brother's fault: if it confess

A natural guiltiness, such as is his,
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life."

And at last, when she believes he will relent, she offers him no thanks, she supplicates him with no tears; but she promises him the reward of

"true prayers,
That shall be up at heaven, and enter there,
Ere sunrise."

The foundation of Isabella's character is *religion*. In the second scene with Angelo the same spirit breathes in every line. Her humility—

"Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciously to know I am no better;"—

her purity, which cannot understand the oblique purposes of the corrupt deputy;—her martyr-like determination when the hateful alternative is proposed to her—

"Were I under the terms of death,
The impression of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,
And strip myself to death, as to a bed
That longing had been sick for, ere I'd yield;"—

her simplicity, that believes for a moment that virtue has only to denounce wickedness to procure its fall;—her confidence in her brother's "mind of honour:"—all these are the results of the same mental discipline. Most fearfully is her endurance tried when she has to tell Claudio upon what terms his life may be spared. The unhappy man has calmly listened to the philosophical homily of the Duke, in which he finds what is really somewhat difficult to find in such general exhortations to patience and fortitude:—

"To sue to live, I find I seek to die;
And seeking death find life."

He is to be sorely tempted; and his sister knows that he wants the one sustaining power which can resist temptation:—

"O, I do fear thee, Claudio; and I quake,
Lest thou a feverous life shouldst entertain,
And six or seven winters more respect
Than a perpetual honour."

Is her burst of passion, when her fears become true, and he utters the sophistry—

"What sin you do to save a brother's life,
Nature dispenses with the deed so far,
That it becomes a virtue;"—

is that terrible indignation, "Take my defiance," unnatural or unjust in a mind so constituted and so educated? The alternative was not for innocence to welcome death, but for purity to be reconciled to pollution. Of this trait in Isabella's character Mrs. Jameson has truly and beautifully remarked:—

"Nor should we fail to remark the deeper interest which is thrown round Isabella by one part of her character, which is betrayed, rather than exhibited, in the progress of the action; and for which we are not at first prepared, though it is so perfectly natural. It is the strong under-current of passion and enthusiasm flowing beneath this calm and saintly self-possession; it is the capacity for high feeling, and generous and strong indignation, veiled beneath the sweet austere composure of the religious recluse, which, by the very force of contrast, powerfully impress the imagination. As we see in real life that where, from some external or habitual cause, a strong control is exercised over naturally quick feelings and an impetuous temper, they display themselves with a proportionate vehemence when that restraint is removed; so the very violence with which her passions burst forth, when opposed or under the influence of strong excitement, is admirably characteristic."

The leading idea, then, of the character of Isabella is that of one who abides the direst temptation which can be presented to a youthful, innocent, unsuspecting, and affectionate woman—the temptation of saving the life of one most dear by submitting to a shame which the sophistry of self-love might represent as scarcely criminal. It is manifest that all other writers who have treated the subject have

conceived that the temptation could not be resisted. Shakspeare alone has confidence enough in female virtue to make Isabella never for a moment even doubt of her proper course. But he has based this virtue, most unquestionably, upon the very highest principle upon which any virtue can be built. The character of Angelo is the antagonist to that of Isabella. In a city of licentiousness he is

"A man of stricture and firm abstinence."

He is

"precise;
Stands at a guard with envy; scarce confesses
That his blood flows."

He is one who

"Doth rebate and blunt his natural edge
With profits of the mind, study and fast."

But he wanted the one sustaining principle by which Isabella was upheld. Ulrici has sketched his character vigorously and truly:—"Angelo, who makes profession of a rigorous moral purity, boasts continually of his virtue, urges chastisement and severity, and inexorably persecutes sin and weakness—who, in fact, has also the will to be what he seems—even he falls from his arrogant height, in a far worse manner, into the same crime that, contrary to his pledged word, he would punish with the full severity of the law. Once subdued by human weakness, he becomes the basest hypocrite and deceiver. The vain self-trusting virtue shows itself in him in its thorough weakness and inanity."

After Shakspeare had conceived the character of Isabella, and in that conception had made it certain that her virtue must pass unscathed through the fire, he had to contrive a series of incidents by which the catastrophe should proceed onward through all the stages of Angelo's guilt of intention, and terminate in his final exposure. Mr. Hallam says, "There is great skill in the invention of Mariana, and without this the story could not have anything like a satisfactory termination." But there is great skill also in the management of the incident in the Duke's hands, as well as in the invention; and this is produced by the wonderful propriety with which the character of the Duke is drawn. He is described by Hazlitt as a very imposing and mysterious stage character, absorbed in his own plots and gravity. This is said depreciatingly. But it is precisely this sort of character that Shakspeare meant to put in action. Chalmers has a random hit, which comes, we think, something near the truth. "The commentators seem not to have remarked that the character of the Duke is a very accurate delineation of that of King James." James was a pedant, and the Duke is a philosopher; but there is the same desire in each to get behind the curtain and pull the strings which move the puppets. We are not sure that Angelo's flattery did not save him, as much as Isabella's intercession:—

"O my dread lord,
I should be guiltier than my guiltiness,
To think I can be undiscernible,
When I perceive your grace, like power divine,
Hath look'd upon my passes."

As a ruler of men the Duke is weak, and he knows his own weakness:—

"Fri. It rested in your grace
To unloose this tied-up justice, when you pleas'd:
And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd
Than in lord Angelo.
Duke. I do fear, too dreadful:
Sith 'twas my fault to give the people scope,
'Twould be my tyranny to strike and gall them
For what I bid them do."

And yet he does really strike and gall them through another; but he saves himself the labour and the slander.

And here, then, as it appears to us, we have a key to the purpose of the poet in the introduction of what constitutes the most unpleasant portion of this play—the exhibition of a very gross general profligacy. There is an atmosphere of impurity hanging like a dense fog over the city of the poet. The philosophical ruler, the saintly votaress, and the sanctimonious deputy appear to belong to another

region than that in which they move. The grossness is not merely described or inferred; but we see those who minister to the corruptions, and we are brought in contact with the corrupted. This, possibly, was not necessary for the higher dramatic effects of the comedy; but it was necessary for those lessons of political philosophy which we think Shakspeare here meant to inculcate, and which he appears to us on many occasions to have kept in view in his later plays. Mr. Hallam has most truly said of Measure for Measure that "the depths and intricacies of being which he (Shakspeare) has searched and sounded with intense reflection, perplex and harass him." In this play he manifests, as we apprehend, his philosophical view of a corrupt state of manners fostered by weak government; but the subject is scarcely dramatic, and it struggles with his own proper powers. Here we have an exhibition of crimes of passion and crimes of ignorance. There stands the Duke, the representative of a benevolent and tolerant executive power which does not meddle with the people,—which subjects them to no harsh restrictions,—which surrounds them with no biting penalties; but which utterly fails in carrying out the essential principle of government when it disregards prevention, and sees no middle course between neglect and punishment. A new system is to be substituted; the *laissez faire* is to be succeeded by the "axe upon the block, very ready;" and then come all the commonplaces by which a reign of terror is to be defended:—

"We must not make a scarecrow of the law,
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,
And let it keep one shape, till custom make it
Their perch, and not their terror."

* * * * *
"The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept:
Those many had not dared to do that evil,
If the first that did the edict infringe
Had answer'd for his deed; now, 'tis awake."

The philosophical poet sweeps these saws away with an indignation which is the more emphatic as coming from the mouth of the only truly moral character of the whole drama:—

"Could great men thunder
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,
For every pelting, petty officer,
Would use his heaven for thunder: nothing but thunder."

But he does more—he exhibits to us the every-day working of the hot fit succeeding the cold of legislative and executive power. It works always with injustice. The Duke of the comedy is behind the scenes, and sees how it works. The weak governor resumes his authority, and with it he must resume his principles, and he therefore pardons all. The mouth-repenting deputy and the callous ruffian, they each escape. We forget; he does not pardon *all*; the prating coxcomb, who has spoken slander of his own person, is alone punished. Was this accident in the poet? Great crimes may be looked over by weak governments, but the pettiest libeller of power is inevitably punished. The catastrophe of this comedy necessarily leaves upon the mind an unsatisfactory impression. Had Angelo been adequately punished it would have been more unsatisfactory. When the Duke took the management of the affair into his own hands, and averted the consequences of Angelo's evil intentions by a series of deceptions, he threw away the power of punishing those evil intentions. We agree with Coleridge that the pardon and marriage of Angelo "baffle the strong indignant claims of justice;" but we cannot see how it could be otherwise. The poet, as it appears to us, exhibits to the end the inadequacy of human laws to enforce public morals upon a system of punishment. But he has not forgotten to exhibit to us incidentally the most beautiful lessons of tolerance; not using Measure for Measure in the sense of the *jus talionis*, but in a higher spirit—that spirit which moves Isabella to supplicate for mercy towards him who had most wronged her:—

"Most bounteous sir,
Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd,
As if my brother liv'd: I partly think,
A due sincerity govern'd his deeds,
Till he did look on me; since it is so,
Let him not die."

WINTER'S TALE.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

STATE OF THE TEXT, AND CHRONOLOGY, OF THE WINTER'S TALE.

WE have no edition of the Winter's Tale prior to that of the folio of 1623; nor was it entered upon the registers of the Stationers' Company previous to the entry by the proprietors of the folio. The original text, which is divided into acts and scenes, is remarkably correct; and although the involved construction which is peculiar to Shakspeare's later writings, and the freedom of versification which contrasts with the regularity of his earlier works, have occasionally tempted some commentators to try their hands at emendation, the ordinary text is upon the whole pretty accurate. We have endeavoured, as in all other instances, completely to restore the original text, wherever possible.

Chalmers has assigned the Winter's Tale to 1601. The play contains this passage:—

"If I could find example
Of thousands that had struck anointed kings
And flourish'd after, I'd not do't: but since
Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment, bears not one,
Let villainy itself forswear 't."

"These lines," says Chalmers, "were called forth by the occasion of the conspiracy of Essex." "No," says Malone, "these lines could never have been intended for the ear of her who had deprived the Queen of Scots of her life. To the son of Mary they could not but have been agreeable." Upon this ground he assigned the comedy to 1604. There is a third critic, of much higher acuteness than the greater number of those who have given us speculations on the chronology of Shakspeare's plays,—we mean Horace Walpole, whose conjecture is so ingenious and amusing that we copy it without abridgment:—

"The Winter's Tale may be ranked among the historic plays of Shakspeare, though not one of his numerous critics and commentators has discovered the drift of it. It was certainly intended (in compliment to Queen Elizabeth) as an indirect apology for her mother, Anne Boleyn. The address of the poet appears nowhere to more advantage. The subject was too delicate to be exhibited on the stage without a veil; and it was too recent, and touched the queen too nearly, for the bard to have ventured so home an allusion on any other ground than compliment. The unreasonable jealousy of Leontes, and his violent conduct in consequence, form a true portrait of Henry VIII., who generally made the law the engine of his boisterous passions. Not only the general plan of the story is most applicable, but several passages are so marked that they touch the real history nearer than the fable. Hermione, on her trial, says,

'For honour,
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I stand for.'

This seems to be taken from the very letter of Anne Boleyn to the king before her execution, where she pleads for the infant princess his daughter. Mamilius, the young prince, an unnecessary character, dies in his infancy; but it confirms the allusion, as Queen Anne, before Elizabeth, bore a still-born son. But the most striking passage, and which had nothing to do in the tragedy but as it pictured Elizabeth, is where Paulina, describing the new-born princess, and her likeness to her father, says, '*She has the very trick of his frown.*' There is one sentence, indeed, so applicable, both to Elizabeth and her father, that I should suspect the poet inserted it after her death. Paulina, speaking of the child, tells the king—

'Tis yours;
And might we lay the old proverb to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the worse.'

The Winter's Tale was, therefore, in reality a second part of Henry VIII."

Plausible as this may appear, the conjecture falls to the ground when we consider that Shakspeare adopted all that part of the plot of this comedy which relates to the "unreasonable jealousy of Leontes" from a novel, of which we have an edition as early as 1588. Robert Greene, the author of "Pandosto," could scarcely have intended his story as "a compliment to Queen Elizabeth" and a "true portrait of Henry VIII.," for he makes the jealous king of his novel terminate his career with suicide. In truth, as we have repeatedly inferred, questions such as this are very pretty conundrums, and worthy to be cherished as the amusement of elderly gentlemen who have outlived their relish for early sports, and leave to others who are less careful of their dignity to

"Play at push-pin with the boys."

Beyond this they are for the most part worthless.

In the absence of any satisfactory internal evidence of the date of this comedy, beyond that furnished by the general character of the language and versification, it was at length pointed out by Malone that an entry in the office-book of Sir Henry Herbert, Master of the Revels in 1623, mentions "an old play called Winter's Tale, formerly allowed of by Sir George Bucke and likewise by me." Sir George Bucke first exercised the office of Master of the Revels in 1610. The play, therefore, could not have been earlier than this year; and Mr. Collier has produced conclusive evidence that it was acted in 1611, by publishing some very curious extracts from a manuscript entitled "a book of plays, and notes thereof, for common policy," kept by Dr. Symon Forman, and discovered some few years ago in the Bodleian Library. Forman saw the Winter's Tale acted on the 15th of May, 1611, at Shakspeare's theatre, the Globe. It was most probably then a new play; for he is very minute in his description of the plot.

"Observe there how Leontes, King of Sicilia, was overcome with jealousy of his wife with the King of Bohemia, his friend that came to see him; and how he contrived his death, and would have had his cupbearer to have poisoned him, who gave the King of Bohemia warning thereof, and fled with him to Bohemia.

"Remember, also, how he sent to the oracle of Apollo, and the answer of Apollo that she was guiltless, and that the king was jealous, &c., and how, except the child was found again that was lost, the king should die without issue; for the child was carried into Bohemia, and there laid in a forest, and brought up by a shepherd. And the King of Bohemia's son married that wench, and how they fled into Sicilia to Leontes; and the shepherd having showed the letter of the nobleman whom Leontes sent, it was that child, and by the jewels found about her she was known to be Leontes' daughter, and was then sixteen years old.

"Remember, also, the rogue that came in all tattered, like Coll Pipin, and how he feigned him sick and to have been robbed of all he had, and how he cozened the poor man of all his money, and after came to the sheep-shear with a pedlar's pack, and there cozened them again of all their money. And how he changed apparel with the King of Bohemia's son, and then how he turned courtier, &

"Beware of trusting feigned beggars or fawning fellows." *

SUPPOSED SOURCE OF THE PLOT.

The novel of Robert Greene, called "Pandosto," and "The History of Dorastus and Fawnia," which Shakspeare undoubtedly followed, with very few important deviations, in the construction of the plot of his Winter's Tale, is a small book, occupying fifty-nine pages in the reprint, with an Introductory Notice by Mr. Collier.†

It was a work of extraordinary popularity, there being fourteen editions known to exist. Of the nature of Shakspeare's obligations to this work, Mr. Collier thus justly speaks :—

"Robert Greene was a man who possessed all the advantages of education : he was a graduate of both Universities—he was skilled in ancient learning and in modern languages—he had, besides, a prolific imagination, a lively and elegant fancy, and a grace of expression rarely exceeded; yet, let any person well acquainted with *The Winter's Tale* read the novel of 'Pandosto,' upon which it was founded, and he will be struck at once with the vast pre-eminence of Shakspeare, and with the admirable manner in which he has converted materials supplied by another to his own use. The bare outline of the story (with the exception of Shakspeare's miraculous conclusion) is nearly the same in both ; but this is all they have in common, and Shakspeare may be said to have scarcely adopted a single hint for his descriptions, or a line for his dialogue ; while in point of passion and sentiment Greene is cold, formal, and artificial—the very opposite of everything in Shakspeare."

Without wearying the reader with any very extensive comparisons of the novel and the drama, we shall run through the production of Greene, to which our great poet has incidentally imparted a real interest ; and in doing so we shall take occasion so to analyze the action and characterization of the *Winter's Tale* as to supersede the necessity for a Supplementary Notice.

"In the country of Bohemia," says the novel, "there reigned a king called Pandosto." The Leontes of Shakspeare is the Pandosto of Greene. The Polixenes of the play is Egistus in the novel :—

"It so happened that Egistus, King of Sicilia, who in his youth had been brought up with Pandosto, desirous to show that neither tract of time nor distance of place could diminish their former friendship, provided a navy of ships, and sailed into Bohemia to visit his old friend and companion."

Here, then, we have the scene of the action reversed. The jealous king is of Bohemia,—his injured friend of Sicilia. But the visitor sails into Bohemia. We have noticed this point under the head *Costume*, and shall be content to refer the reader to what we have there said. The wife of Pandosto is Bellaria ; and they have a young son called Garinter. Pandosto becomes jealous, slowly, and by degrees ; and there is at least some want of caution in the queen to justify it :—

"Bellaria noting in Egistus a princely and bountiful mind, adorned with sundry and excellent qualities, and Egistus finding in her a virtuous and courteous disposition, there grew such a secret uniting of their affections, that the one could not well be without the company of the other."

The great author of *Othello* would not deal with jealousy after this fashion. He had already produced that immortal portrait

"Of one, not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
Perplex'd in the extreme."

He had now to exhibit the distractions of a mind to which jealousy was native ; to depict the terrible access of passion, uprooting in a moment all deliberation, all reason, all gentleness. The instant the idea enters the mind of Leontes, the passion is at its height :—

"I have *tremor cordis* on me :—my heart dances."

Very different is the jealous king of Greene :—

"These and such-like doubtful thoughts, a *long time smothering* in his stomach, began at last to kindle in his mind a secret mistrust, which, increased by suspicion, grew at last to a flaming jealousy that so tormented him as he could take no rest."

Coleridge has described the jealousy of Leontes with incomparable truth of analysis :—

"The idea of this delightful drama is a genuine jealousy of disposition, and it should be immediately followed by the perusal of *Othello*, which is the direct contrast of it in every particular. For jealousy is a vice of the mind, a culpable tendency of the temper, having certain well-known and well-defined effects and concomitants, all of which are visible in Leontes, and, I boldly say, not one of which marks its presence in *Othello* ;—such as, first, an excitability by the most inadequate causes, and an eagerness to snatch at proofs ; secondly, a grossness of conception, and a disposition to degrade the object of the passion by sensual fancies and images ; thirdly, a sense of shame of his own feelings, exhibited in a solitary moodiness of humour, and yet, from the violence of the passion, forced to utter itself, and therefore catching occasions to ease the mind by ambiguities, equivokes, by talking to those who cannot, and who are known not to be able to, understand what is said to them,—in short, by soliloquy in the form of dialogue, and hence a confused, broken, and fragmentary manner ; fourthly, a dread of vulgar ridicule, as distinct from a high sense of honour, or of a mistaken sense of

duty ; and lastly, and immediately consequent on this, a spirit of selfish vindictiveness."*

The action of the novel and that of the drama continue in a pretty equal course. Pandosto tampers with his cupbearer, Franion, to poison Egistus ; and the cupbearer, terrified at the fearful commission, reveals the design to the object of his master's hatred. Eventually they escape together :—

"Egistus, fearing that delay might breed danger, and willing that the grass should not be cut from under his feet, taking bag and baggage, by the help of Franion, conveyed himself and his men out at a postern gate of the city, so secretly and speedily, that without any suspicion they got to the sea-shore ; where, with many a bitter curse, taking their leave of Bohemia, they went aboard."

Bellaria is committed to prison, where she gives birth to a daughter. The guard

"carried the child to the king, who, quite devoid of pity, commanded that without delay it should be put in the boat, having neither sail nor rudder to guide it, and so to be carried into the midst of the sea, and there left to the wind and wave as the destinies please to appoint."

The queen appeals to the oracle of Apollo ; and certain lords are sent to Delphos, where they receive this decree :—

SUSPICION IS NO PROOF : JEALOUSY IS AN UNEQUAL JUDGE : BELLARIA IS CHASTE ; EGISTUS BLAMELESS : FRANION A TRUE SUBJECT ; PANDOSTO TREACHEROUS : HIS BABE INNOCENT, AND THE KING SHALL LIVE WITHOUT AN HEIR, IF THAT WHICH IS LOST BE NOT FOUND.

On their return, upon an appointed day, the queen was "brought in before the judgment-seat." Shakspeare has followed a part of the tragical ending of this scene ; but he preserves his injured Hermione, to be reunited to her daughter after years of solitude and suffering.

"Bellaria had no sooner said but the king commanded that one of his dukes should read the contents of the scroll, which, after the commons had heard, they gave a great shout, rejoicing and clapping their hands that the queen was clear of that false accusation. But the king, whose conscience was a witness against him of his witless fury and false suspected jealousy, was so ashamed of his rash folly that he entreated his nobles to persuade Bellaria to forgive and forget these injuries ; promising not only to show himself a loyal and loving husband, but also to reconcile himself to Egistus and Franion : revealing then before them all the cause of their secret flight, and how treacherously he thought to have practised his death, if the good mind of his cupbearer had not prevented his purpose. As thus he was relating the whole matter, there was word brought him that his young son Garinter was suddenly dead, which news so soon as Bellaria heard, surcharged before with extreme joy and now suppressed with heavy sorrow, her vital spirits were so stopped that she fell down presently dead, and could never be revived."

Greene mentions only the existence and the death of the king's son. The dramatic exhibition of Mamillius by Shakspeare is amongst the most charming of his sketches. The affection of the father for his boy in the midst of his distraction, and the tenderness of the poor child, to whom his father's ravings are unintelligible—

"I am like you, they say,"—

are touches of nature such as only one man has produced. How must he have studied the inmost character of childhood, to have given us the delicious little scene of the second act :—

"Her. What wisdom stirs amongst you ? Come, sir, now, I am for you again : Pray you, sit by us, And tell 's a tale.

Mam. Merry, or sad, shall 't be ?

Her. As merry as you will.

Mam. A sad tale's best for winter : I have one of sprites and goblins.

Her. Let 's have that, good sir. Come on, sit down :—Come on, and do your best To fright me with your sprites : you're powerful at it.

Mam. There was a man,—

Her. Nay, come, sit down ; then on.

Mam. Dwelt by a churchyard ;—I will tell it softly ; Yon crickets shall not hear it.

Her. Come on then, And give 't me in mine ear."

It requires the subsequent charm of a Perdita to put that poor boy out of our thoughts.

The story of the preservation of the deserted infant is prettily told in the novel :—

“It fortune'd a poor mercenary shepherd that dwelt in Sicilia, who got his living by other men's flocks, missed one of his sheep, and thinking it had strayed into the covert that was hard by, sought very diligently to find that which he could not see, fearing either that the wolves or eagles had undone him (for he was so poor as a sheep was half his substance), wandered down towards the sea-cliffs to see if perchance the sheep was browsing on the sea-ivy, whereon they greatly do feed; but not finding her there, as he was ready to return to his flock, he heard a child cry, but, knowing there was no house near, he thought he had mistaken the sound, and that it was the bleating of his sheep. Wherefore looking more narrowly, as he cast his eye to the sea he spied a little boat, from whence, as he attentively listened, he might hear the cry to come. Standing a good while in amaze, at last he went to the shore, and, wading to the boat, as he looked in he saw the little babe lying all alone ready to die for hunger and cold, wrapped in a mantle of scarlet richly embroidered with gold, and having a chain about the neck.”

Although the circumstances of the child's exposure are different, Shakspeare adopts the shepherd's discovery pretty literally. He even makes him about to seek his sheep by the sea-side, "browsing on the sea-ivy." The infant in the novel is taken to the shepherd's home, and is brought up by his wife and himself under the name of Fawnia. In a narrative the lapse of sixteen years may occur without any violation of propriety. The shepherd of Greene, every night at his coming home, would sing to the child and dance it on his knee ; then, a few lines onward, the little Fawnia is seven years old ; and, very shortly,

“when she came to the age of sixteen years, she so increased with exquisite perfection both of body and mind, as her natural disposition did bewray that she was born of some high parentage.”

These changes, we see, are gradual. But in a drama, whose action depends upon a manifest lapse of time, there must be a sudden transition. Shakspeare is perfectly aware of the difficulty; and he diminishes it by the introduction of Time as a Chorus:—

“Impute it not a crime
To me, or my swift passage, that I slide
O’er sixteen years, and leave the growth untried
Of that wide gap ; since it is in my power
To o’erthrow law, and in one self-born hour
To plant and o’erwhelm custom.”

Lyly, without such an apology, gives us a lapse of forty years in his "Endymion." Dryden and Pope depreciated the *Winter's Tale*; and no doubt this violation of the unity of time was one of the causes which blinded them to its exquisite beauties. But Dr. Johnson, without any special notice of the case before us, has made a triumphant defence, against the French critics, of Shakspeare's general disregard of the unities of time and place :—

“By supposition, as place is introduced, time may be extended; the time required by the fable elapses for the most part between the acts; for, of so much of the action as is represented, the real and poetical duration is the same. If, in the first act, preparations for war against Mithridates are represented to be made in Rome, the event of the war may, without absurdity, be represented in the catastrophe as happening in Pontus. We know that there is neither war nor preparation for war; we know that we are neither in Rome nor Pontus,—that neither Mithridates nor Lucullus is before us. The drama exhibits successive imitations of successive actions, and why may not the second imitation represent an action that happened years after the first, if it be so connected with it that nothing but time can be supposed to intervene? Time is, of all modes of existence, most obsequious to the imagination; a lapse of years is as easily conceived as a passage of hours. In contemplation we easily contract the time of real actions, and therefore willingly permit it to be contracted when we only see their imitation.” *

Shakspeare has exhibited his consummate art in opening the fourth act with Polixenes and Camillo, of whom we have lost sight since the end of the first. Had it been otherwise,—had he brought Autolycus, and Florizel, and Perdita, at once upon the scene,—the continuity of action would have been destroyed ; and the commencement of the fourth act would have appeared as the commencement of a new play. Shakspeare made the difficulties of his plot bend to his art ; instead of wanting art, as Ben Jonson says. Autolycus and the Clown prepare us for Perdita ; and when the third scene opens, what a beautiful vision lights upon this earth ! There perhaps never was such a

union of perfect simplicity and perfect grace as in the character of Perdita. What an exquisite idea of her mere personal appearance is presented in Florizel's rapturous exclamation,—

“ When you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
 Nothing but that ! ”

Greene, in describing the beauties of his shepherdess, deals only in generalities :—

“It happened not long after this that there was a meeting of all the farmers’ daughters in Sicilia, whither Fawnia was also bidden as the mistress of the feast, who, having attired herself in her best garments, went among the rest of her companions to the merry meeting, there spending the day in such homely pastimes as shepherds use. As the evening grew on and their sports ceased, each taking their leave at other, Fawnia, desiring one of her companions to bear her company, went home by the flock to see if they were well folded; and, as they returned, it fortuned that Dorastus (who all that day had been hawking, and killed store of game) encountered by the way these two maids, and, casting his eye suddenly on Fawnia, he was half afraid, fearing that with Acteon he had seen Diana, for he thought such exquisite perfection could not be found in any mortal creature. As thus he stood in amaze, one of his pages told him that the maid with the garland on her head was Fawnia, the fair shepherd whose beauty was so much talked of in the court. Dorastus, desirous to see if nature had adorned her mind with any inward qualities, as she had decked her body with outward shape, began to question with her whose daughter she was, of what age, and how she had been trained up? who answered him with such modest reverence and sharpness of wit, that Dorastus thought her outward beauty was but a counterfeit to darken her inward qualities, wondering how so courtly behaviour could be found in so simple a cottage, and cursing fortune that had shadowed wit and beauty with such hard fortune.”

But Greene was unequal to conceive the grace of mind which distinguishes Perdita :—

“ Sir, my gracious lord,
To chide at your extremes it not becomes me ;
O, pardon, that I name them : your high self,
The gracious mark o’ the land, you have obscur’d—
With a swain’s wearing ; and me, poor lowly maid,
Most goddess-like prank’d up.”

Contrast this with Greene :—

“Fawnia, poor soul, was no less joyful that, being a shepherd, fortune had favoured her so as to reward her with the love of a prince, *hoping in time to be advanced* from the daughter of a poor farmer to be the wife of a rich king.”

Here we see a vulgar ambition, rather than a deep affection. Fawnia, in the hour of discovery and danger, was quite incapable of exhibiting the feminine dignity of Perdita:—

“ I was not much afraid : for once, or twice,
I was about to speak ; and tell him plainly,
The self-same sun that shines upon his court
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike.—Will ’t please you, sir, be gone ?
[To FLORIZEL.
I told you what would come of this : ’Beseech you,
Of your own state take care : this dream of mine,
Being now awake, I’ll queen it no inch farther,
But milk my ewes, and weep.”

This is something higher than the sentiment of a “queen of curds and cream.”

In the novel we have no trace of the interruption by the father of the princely lover, in the disguise of a guest at the shepherd's cottage. Dorastus and Fawnia flee from the country without the knowledge of the king. The ship in which they embark is thrown by a storm upon the coast of Bohemia. Messengers are despatched in search of the lovers ; and they arrive in Bohemia with the request of Egistus that the companions in the flight of Dorastus shall be put to death. The secret of Fawnia's birth is discovered by the shepherd, and her father recognises her. But the previous circumstances exhibit as much grossness of conception on the part of the novelist, as the different management of the catastrophe shows the matchless skill and taste of the dramatist. We forgive Leontes for his early folly and wickedness ; for during sixteen years has his remorse been bitter and his affection constant. The pathos of the following passage is truly Shaksperian :—

"*Leon.* Whilst I remember
Her, and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemishes in them ; and so still think of

The wrong I did myself: which was so much,
That heirless it hath made my kingdom; and
Destroy'd the sweet'st companion that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of.

Paul. True, too true, my lord:
If, one by one, you wedded all the world,
O, from the all that are took something good,
To make a perfect woman, she, you kill'd,
Would be unparallel'd.

Leon. I think so. Kill'd!
She I kill'd! I did so: but thou strik'st me
Sorely, to say I did; it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue as in my thought. Now, good now,
Say so but seldom."

The appropriateness of the title of the *Winter's Tale* has been prettily illustrated by Ulrici:—

"From the point of view taken in this drama, life appears like a singular and serene, even while shuddering, winter's tale, related by the flickering light of the fire in a rough boisterous night, in still and homelike trustiness, by an old grandmother to a listening circle of children and grandchildren, while the warm, secure, and happy feeling of the assembly mixes itself with a sense of the fear and the dread of the related adventures and the cold wretched night without. But this arises only through the secret veil which lies over the power of chance, and which is here spread over the whole. It appears serene, because everywhere glimmers through this veil the bright joyful light of a futurity leading all to good; because we continually feel that the unhealthy darkness of the present will be again thrown off even through as obscure an inward necessity."

COSTUME.

This comedy is so thoroughly taken out of the region of the literal, that it would be worse than idle to talk of its costume. When the stage-manager shall be able to reconcile the contradictions, chronological and geographical, with which it abounds, he may decide whether the characters should wear the dress of the ancient or the modern world, and whether the architectural scenes should partake most of the Grecian style of the times of the Delphic oracle, or of the Italian in the more familiar days of Julio Romano. We cannot assist him in this difficulty. It may be sufficient for the reader of this delicious play to know that he is purposely taken out of the empire of the real;—to wander in some poetical sphere where Bohemia is but a name for a wild country upon the sea, and the oracular voices of the pagan world are heard amidst the merriment of "Whitsun pastorals" and the solemnities of "Christian burial;" where the "Emperor of Russia" represents some dim conception of a mighty monarch of far-off lands; and "that rare Italian master, Julio Romano," stands as the abstract personification of excellence

in art. It is quite impossible to imagine that he who, when it was necessary to be precise, as in the Roman plays, has painted manners with a truth and exactness which have left at an immeasurable distance such *imitations* of ancient manners as the learned Ben Jonson has produced,—that he should have perplexed this play with such anomalies through ignorance or even carelessness. There can be no doubt that the most accomplished scholars amongst our early dramatists, when dealing with the legendary and the romantic, purposely committed these anachronisms. Greene, as we have shown, of whose scholarship his friends boasted, makes a ship sail from Bohemia in the way that Shakspeare makes a ship wrecked upon a Bohemian coast. When Jonson, therefore, in his celebrated conversation with Drummond of Hawthornden, said "Shakspeare wanted art, and sometimes sense, for in one of his plays he brought in a number of men saying they had suffered shipwreck in Bohemia, where is no sea near by a hundred miles," he committed the unfairness of imputing to Shakspeare the fault, if fault it be, which he knew to be the common property of the romantic drama. Gifford, in a note upon this passage in his "Life of Jonson," says, "No one ever read the play without noticing the 'absurdity,' as Dr. Johnson calls it; yet for this simple truism, for this casual remark in the freedom of conversation, Jonson is held up to the indignation of the world, as if the *blunder* was invisible to all but himself." We take no part in the stupid attempt of Shakspeare's commentators to show that Jonson treated his great contemporary with a paltry jealousy; but we object to Jonson, in the instance before us, talking of Shakspeare wanting "sense," as we object to Gifford speaking of the anachronism as a "blunder." It is absurd to imagine that Shakspeare did not know better. Mr. Collier has quoted a passage from Taylor, the water-poet, who published his journey to Prague, in which the honest waterman laughs at an alderman who "catches me by the goll, demanding if Bohemia be a great town, whether there be any meat in it, and whether the last fleet of ships be arrived there." Mr. Collier infers that Taylor "ridicules a vulgar error of the kind committed by Shakspeare. We rather think that he meant to ridicule very gross ignorance generally; and we leave our readers to take their choice of placing Greene and Shakspeare in the same class with Taylor's "Gregory Gandergoose, an Alderman of Gotham," or of believing that a confusion of time and place was considered (whether justly is not here the question) a proper characteristic of the legendary drama—such as *A Winter's Tale*.

WINTER'S TALE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

LEONTES, *King of Sicilia.*
MAMILLIUS, *his son.*
CAMILLO, } *Sicilian lords.*
ANTIGONUS, }
CLEOMENES, }
DION, }
Another Sicilian lord.
ROGERO, *a Sicilian gentleman.*
An Attendant on the young Prince Mamillius.
Officers of a Court of Judicature.
POLIXENES, *King of Bohemia.*
FLORIZEL, *his son.*
ARCHIDAMUS, *a Bohemian lord.*
A Mariner.
Gaoler.
An old Shepherd, reputed father of Perdita.

Clown, his son.
Servant to the old shepherd.
AUTOLYCUS, *a rogue.*
Time, *as Chorus.*

HERMIONE, *Queen to Leontes.*
PERDITA, *daughter to Leontes and Hermione.*
PAULINA, *wife to Antigonus.*
EMILIA, *a lady,* } *attending the Queen.*
Two other ladies, }
MOPSA, } *shepherdesses.*
DORCAS, }

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants ; Satyrs for a Dance ; Shepherds, Shepherdesses, Guards, &c.

SCENE,—*sometimes in SICILIA, sometimes in BOHEMIA.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Sicilia. An Antchamber in Leontes' Palace.*

Enter CAMILLO and ARCHIDAMUS.

Arch. If you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia and your Sicilia.

Cam. I think, this coming summer, the king of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our entertainment shall shame us we will be justified in our loves: for, indeed,—

Cam. 'Beseech you,—

Arch. Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence—in so rare—I know not what to say.—We will give you sleepy drinks, that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficiency, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

Cam. You pay a great deal too dear for what's given freely.

Arch. Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot show himself over-kind to Bohemia. They were trained together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities, and royal necessities, made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, have been royally attorneyed, with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies; that they have seemed to be together, though absent; shook hands, as over a vast;¹ and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The heavens continue their loves!

Arch. I think there is not in the world either malice, or matter, to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young prince Mamillius; it is a gentleman of the greatest promise that ever came into my note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him: It is a gallant child; one that, indeed, physics the subject,

¹ *Vast.* So the folio of 1623. That of 1632 reads *vast sea*. In Pericles we have the line—

"Thou God of this great *vast*, rebuke the surges."

In the text *vast* probably has the meaning of great space.

makes old hearts fresh; they that went on crutches ere he was born desire yet their life, to see him a man.

Arch. Would they else be content to die?

Cam. Yes; if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

Arch. If the king had no son they would desire to live on crutches till he had one. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room of State in the Palace.*

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, CAMILLO, and Attendants.

Pol. Nine changes of the wat'ry star have been
The shepherd's note, since we have left our throne
Without a burden: time as long again
Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks;
And yet we should, for perpetuity,
Go hence in debt: And therefore, like a cipher
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply,
With one we-thank-you, many thousands more
That go before it.

Leon. Stay your thanks awhile;
And pay them when you part.

Pol. Sir, that's to-morrow.
I am question'd by my fears, of what may chance,
Or breed upon our absence: That may blow
No sneaping winds at home, to make us say,
"This is put forth too truly!"² Besides, I have stay'd
To tire your royalty.

Leon. We are tougher, brother,
Than you can put us to't.

Pol. No longer stay.

Leon. One seven-night longer.

Pol. Very sooth, to-morrow.

Leon. We'll part the time between's then: and in that
I'll no gainsaying.

Pol. Press me not, 'beseech you, so;
There is no tongue that moves, none, none i' the world,
So soon as yours, could win me: so it should now,
Were there necessity in your request, although
'Twere needful I denied it. My affairs

² The construction of this passage is somewhat involved; but the meaning is, O that no sneaping (ruffling) winds at home may blow, to make us say my presages were too true.

Do even drag me homeward : which to hinder
Were, in your love, a whip to me ; my stay,
To you a charge and trouble : to save both,
Farewell, our brother.

Leon. Tongue-tied, our queen ? speak you.

Her. I had thought, sir, to have held my peace, until
You had drawn oaths from him, not to stay. You, sir,
Charge him too coldly : Tell him, you are sure
All in Bohemia's well : this satisfaction
The by-gone day proclaim'd ; say this to him,
He's beat from his best ward.

Leon. Well said, Hermione.

Her. To tell he longs to see his son, were strong :
But let him say so then, and let him go ;
But let him swear so, and he shall not stay,
We'll thwack him hence with distaffs.—
Yet of your royal presence [*to POLIXENES*] I'll adventure
The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia
You take my lord, I'll give him my commission,
To let him there a month,¹ behind the gest²
Prefix'd for's parting : yet, good deed,³ Leontes,
I love thee not a jar o' the clock⁴ behind
What lady she her lord.—You'll stay ?

Pol. No, madam.

Her. Nay, but you will ?

Pol. I may not, verily.

Her. Verily !

You put me off with limber vows : But I,
Though you would seek to unsphere the stars with oaths,
Should yet say, "Sir, no going." Verily,
You shall not go ; a lady's verily is
As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet ?
Force me to keep you as a prisoner,
Not like a guest ; so you shall pay your fees,
When you depart, and save your thanks. How say you ?
My prisoner ? or my guest ? by your dread verily,
One of them you shall be.

Pol. Your guest then, madam :
To be your prisoner should import offending ;
Which is for me less easy to commit,
Than you to punish.

Her. Not your gaoler then,
But your kind hostess. Come, I'll question you
Of my lord's tricks, and yours, when you were boys ;
You were pretty lordings then.

Pol. We were, fair queen,
Two lads, that thought there was no more behind
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal.

Her. Was not my lord the verier wag o' the two ?

Pol. We were as twinn'd lambs, that did frisk i' the sun,
And bleat the one at the other : What we chang'd
Was innocence for innocence ; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing, nor dream'd
That any did : Had we pursued that life,
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd heaven
Boldly, "Not guilty ;" the imposition clear'd,
Hereditary ours.

Her. By this we gather,
You have tripp'd since.

Pol. O my most sacred lady,
Temptations have since then been born to us : for

In those unfledg'd days was my wife a girl ;
Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes
Of my young play-fellow.

Her. Grace to boot !

Of this make no conclusion ; lest you say
Your queen and I are devils : Yet, go on ;
The offences we have made you do we'll answer ;
If you first sinn'd with us, and that with us
You did continue fault, and that you slipp'd not
With any but with us.

Leon. Is he won yet ?

Her. He'll stay, my lord.

Leon. At my request, he would not.
Hermione, my dearest, thou never spok'st
To better purpose.

Her. Never ?

Leon. Never, but once.

Her. What ? have I twice said well ? when was't before ?
I prithee, tell me : Cram us with praise, and make us
As fat as tame things : One good deed dying tongueless
Slaughters a thousand, waiting upon that.
Our praises are our wages : You may ride us,
With one soft kiss, a thousand furlongs, ere
With spur we heat an acre. But to the goal ;—
My last good deed was to entreat his stay ;
What was my first ? it has an elder sister,
Or I mistake you : O, would her name were Grace !
But once before I spoke to the purpose : When ?
Nay, let me have't ; I long.

Leon. Why, that was when
Three crabbed months had sour'd themselves to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,
And clap thyself my love ;⁵ then didst thou utter,
"I am yours for ever."

Her. It is Grace, indeed.—
Why, lo you now I have spoke to the purpose twice ;
The one for ever earn'd a royal husband ;
The other, for some while a friend.

[*Giving her hand to POLIXENES.*

Leon. Too hot, too hot : [*Aside.*
To mingle friendship far, is mingling bloods.
I have *tremor cordis* on me :—my heart dances ;
But not for joy,—not joy.—This entertainment
May a free face put on ; derive a liberty
From heartiness, from bounty's fertile bosom,⁶
And well become the agent : it may, I grant :
But to be paddling palms, and pinching fingers,
As now they are ; and making practis'd smiles,
As in a looking-glass ;—and then to sigh, as 'twere
The mort o' the deer ;⁷ O, that is entertainment
My bosom likes not, nor my brows.—Mamillius,
Art thou my boy ?

Mam. Ay, my good lord.

Leon. I' fecks ?
Why, that's my bawcock. What, hast smutch'd thy nose ?—
They say it's a copy out of mine. Come, captain,
We must be neat ; not neat, but cleanly, captain :
And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf,
Are all call'd neat.—Still virginalling

[*Observing POLIXENES and HERMIONE.*
Upon his palm ?^a—How now, you wanton calf ?
Art thou my calf ?

Mam. Yes, if you will, my lord.

¹ To *let* is to hinder ; and it is probably here used as a reflective verb—to stay himself.

² *Gest* is literally a lodging ; and the houses or towns where a prince had assigned to stop in his progress, and of which a list was prepared with dates, was so called. We have the expression in Webster sufficiently clear :—

"Like the *gesse* in the progress ;
You know where you shall find me."

³ *Good deed*—indeed.

⁴ *Jar o' the clock*—the ticking of the pendulum.

⁵ This was part of the troth-pledge. So in King John :—

"It likes us well ; young princes, close your hands."

And in Henry V. :—

"And so, *clap hands*, and a bargain."

Bounty's fertile bosom. Hanmer's correction of the original, *bounty, fertile bosom.*

⁷ *The mort o' the deer*—the prolonged note of the hunter's horn at the death of the deer.

Leon. Thou want'st a rough pash,¹ and the shoots that I have,

To be full like me:—yet, they say we are
Almost as like as eggs; women say so,
That will say anything: But were they false
As o'er-dyed blacks,² as wind, as waters; false
As dice are to be wish'd, by one that fixes
No bourn 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true
To say this boy were like me.—Come, sir page,
Look on me with your welkin eye:³ Sweet villain!
Most dear'st! my collop!—Can thy dam?—may't be?
Affection! thy intention⁴ stabs the centre:
Thou dost make possible things not so held,
Communicat'st with dreams;—(How can this be?)—
With what's unreal thou coactive art,
And fellow'st nothing: Then, 'tis very credent,
Thou may'st co-join with something; and thou dost;
(And that beyond commission; and I find it,)
And that to the infection of my brains,
And hardening of my brows.

Pol. What means Sicilia?

Her. He something seems unsettled.

Pol. Ho!⁵ my lord!

Leon. What cheer? how is't with you, best brother?⁶

Her. You look

As if you held a brow of much distraction:
Are you mov'd, my lord?

Leon. No, in good earnest.—

How sometimes nature will betray its folly,
Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime
To harder bosoms! Looking on the lines
Of my boy's face, methoughts,⁷ I did recoil
Twenty-three years; and saw myself unbreech'd,
In my green velvet coat; my dagger muzzled,
Lest it should bite its master, and so prove,
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous.
How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
This quash, this gentleman:—Mine honest friend,
Will you take eggs for money?⁸

Mam. No, my lord, I'll fight.

Leon. You will? why, happy man be his dole!⁸—My brother,

Are you so fond of your young prince, as we
Do seem to be of ours?

Pol. If at home, sir,
He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter:
Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy;
My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all:
He makes a July's day short as December;
And, with his varying childness, cures in me
Thoughts that would thicken my blood.

Leon. So stands this squire
Offic'd with me: We two will walk, my lord,
And leave you to your graver steps.—Hermione,
How thou lov'st us, show in our brother's welcome;
Let what is dear in Sicily be cheap:
Next to thyself, and my young rover, he's
Apparent to my heart.⁹

Her. If you would seek us,
We are yours i' the garden: Shall's attend you there?

Leon. To your own bents dispose you: you'll be found,

Be you beneath the sky:—I am angling now,
Though you perceive me not how I give line.
Go to, go to!

[*Aside.* Observing POLIXENES and HERMIONE.

How she holds up the neb, the bill to him!
And arms her with the boldness of a wife
To her allowing husband! Gone already;
Inch-thick, knee-deep, o'er head and ears a fork'd one.

[*Exeunt* POLIXENES, HERMIONE, and Attendants.

Go, play, boy, play;—thy mother plays, and I
Play too; but so disgrac'd a part, whose issue
Will hiss me to my grave; contempt and clamour
Will be my knell.—Go, play, boy, play;—There have been,
Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckolds ere now;
And many a man there is, even at this present,
Now, while I speak this, holds his wife by the arm,
That little thinks she has been sluic'd in his absence,
And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by
Sir Smile, his neighbour: nay, there's comfort in't,
Whiles other men have gates, and those gates open'd,
As mine, against their will: Should all despair
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
Would hang themselves. Physic for't there's none;
It is a bawdy planet, that will strike
Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powerful, think it,
From east, west, north, and south: Be it concluded,
No barricado for a belly; know it;
It will let in and out the enemy,
With bag and baggage: many thousand of us
Have the disease, and feel't not. How now, boy
Mam. I am like you, they say.

Leon. Why, that's some comfort.—

What! Camillo there?

Cam. Ay, my good lord.

Leon. Go play, Mamillius; thou'rt an honest man.—

[*Exit* MAMILLIUS.

Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.

Cam. You had much ado to make his anchor hold:
When you cast out, it still came home.

Leon. Didst note it?

Cam. He would not stay at your petitions; made
His business more material.

Leon. Didst perceive it?—
They're here with me already; whispering, rounding,⁹
"Sicilia is a—so-forth:" 'Tis far gone,
When I shall gust it last.—How came't, Camillo,
That he did stay?

Cam. At the good queen's entreaty.

Leon. At the queen's, be't: good, should be pertinent:
But so it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any understanding pate but thine?
For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in
More than the common blocks:—Not noted, is't,
But of the finer natures? by some severals
Of head-piece extraordinary? lower messes⁴
Perchance are to this business purblind? say.

Cam. Business, my lord? I think, most understand
Bohemia stays here longer.

Leon. Ha!

Cam. Stays here longer.

Leon. Ay, but why?

¹ *Pash.* In the midland counties the tuft of hair between the horns of a bull is called the *pash*. The correct application of the local word is evident when we observe that Leontes has just said "Art thou my calf?"

² *O'er-dyed blacks*—cloths dyed black a second time, or cloths originally of another colour dyed black; and so, false, because impaired in quality.

³ *Welkin eye*—blue eye.

⁴ *Affection* is imagination; *intention*, eagerness of attention.

⁵ *How!* in folio; *Ho!* according to Mr. Dyce.

⁶ We restore this line to Leontes, according to the original. On the authority of Hanmer and Steevens, the passage has been printed as follows:—

"*Pol.* How, my lord?
What cheer? how is't with you, best brother?"

It is impossible, we think, for any alteration to be more tasteless than this, and more destructive of the spirit of the author. Leontes, even in his moody reverie, has his eye fixed upon his queen and Polixenes; and when he is addressed by the latter with "Ho! my lord!" he replies, with a forced gaiety—

"What cheer? how is't with you?"

The addition of "best brother" is, we apprehend, meant to be uttered in a tone of bitter irony. All this is destroyed by making the line merely a prolongation of the inquiry of Polixenes.

⁷ *Methoughts*—a form found in old writers—Cambridge edition.

⁸ A proverbial expression; meaning, may his lot (dole) be happy.

⁹ *Rounding*—telling secretly.

Cam. To satisfy your highness, and the entreaties
Of our most gracious mistress.

Leon. Satisfy
The entreaties of your mistress?—satisfy?—
Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,
With all the nearest things to my heart, as well
My chamber-councils: wherein, priest-like, thou
Hast cleans'd my bosom; I from thee departed
Thy penitent reform'd: but we have been
Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd
In that which seems so.

Cam. Be it forbid, my lord!

Leon. To bide upon 't;—Thou art not honest: or,
If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a coward;
Which hoxes¹ honesty behind, restraining
From course requir'd: Or else thou must be counted
A servant grafted in my serious trust,
And therein negligent: or else a fool,
That seest a game play'd home, the rich stake drawn,
And tak'st it all for jest.

Cam. My gracious lord,
I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful;
In every one of these no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
Among the infinite doings of the world,
Sometimes puts forth: In your affairs, my lord,
If ever I were wilful-negligent,
It was my folly; if industriously
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Against the non-performance, 'twas a fear
Which oft infects the wisest: these, my lord,
Are such allow'd infirmities, that honesty
Is never free of. But, 'beseech your grace,
Be plainer with me: let me know my trespass
By its own visage: if I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine.

Leon. Have you not seen, Camillo
(But that's past doubt—you have; or your eye-glass
Is thicker than a cuckold's horn;) or heard,
(For, to a vision so apparent, rumour
Cannot be mute,) or thought, (for cogitation
Resides not in that man that does not think,²)
My wife is slippery? If thou wilt confess,
(Or else be impudently negative,
To have nor eyes, nor ears, nor thought,) then say,
My wife's a hobbyhorse; deserves a name
As rank as any flax-wench, that puts to
Before her troth-plight: say it, and justify it.

Cam. I would not be a stander-by, to hear
My sovereign mistress clouded so, without
My present vengeance taken: 'Shrew my heart,
You never spoke what did become you less
Than this: which to reiterate, were sin
As deep as that, though true.

Leon. Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses?
Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career
Of laughter with a sigh? (a note infallible
Of breaking honesty:) horsing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift?
Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? and all eyes blind
With the pin and web,³ but theirs, theirs only,
That would unseen be wicked? is this nothing?

Why, then the world, and all that's in 't, is nothing;
The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these nothings,
If this be nothing.

Cam. Good my lord, be cur'd
Of this diseas'd opinion, and betimes;
For 'tis most dangerous.

Leon. Say, it be; 'tis true.

Cam. No, no, my lord.

Leon. It is; you lie, you lie:
I say, thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee;
Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave;
Or else a hovering temporizer, that
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,
Inclining to them both: Were my wife's liver
Infected as her life, she would not live
That running of one glass.

Cam. Who does infect her?

Leon. Why he, that wears her like her medal, hanging
About his neck, Bohemia: Who—if I
Had servants true about me, that bare eyes
To see alike mine honour as their profits,
Their own particular thrifts,—they would do that
Which should undo more doing: Ay, and thou,
His cupbearer,—whom I from meaner form
Have bench'd and rear'd to worship; who may'st see
Plainly, as heaven sees earth, and earth sees heaven,
How I am galled,—might'st bespice a cup,
To give mine enemy a lasting wink;
Which draught to me were cordial.

Cam. Sir, my lord,
I could do this; and that with no rash potion,
But with a ling'ring dram, that should not work
Maliciously like poison: But I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,
So sovereignly being honourable.
I have lov'd thee,—

Leon. Make that thy question, and go rot!⁴
Dost think, I am so muddy, so unsettled,
To appoint myself in this vexation? sully
The purity and whiteness of my sheets,
Which to preserve is sleep; which being spotted,
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps?
Give scandal to the blood o' the prince my son,
Who I do think is mine, and love as mine;
Without ripe moving to 't?—Would I do this?
Could man so blench?

Cam. I must believe you, sir;
I do; and will fetch off Bohemia for 't:
Provided, that when he's remov'd, your highness
Will take again your queen, as yours at first;
Even for your son's sake; and, thereby, for sealing
The injury of tongues, in courts and kingdoms
Known and allied to yours.

Leon. Thou dost advise me,
Even so as I mine own course have set down:
I'll give no blemish to her honour, none.

Cam. My lord,
Go then; and with a countenance as clear
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia,
And with your queen: I am his cupbearer;
If from me he have wholesome beverage,
Account me not your servant.

Leon. This is all:
Do 't, and thou hast the one half of my heart;
Do 't not, thou splitt'st thine own.

¹ *Hoxes.* To *hox* is to hamstring—to *hough*.

² We print this as in the original. Theobald defends his well-known line of
"None but himself can be his parallel,"

by this example; and Pope—perhaps to rob Theobald of his authority—reads—

"for cogitation
Resides not in that man that does not think *it*."

Malone justly shows that the addition of *it* is unnecessary; that this is not an abstract proposition; and that the words "my wife is slippery," though disjoined from "think" by the parenthesis, are evidently to be received in construction with that verb.

³ The *pin and web* was the cataract in the eye.

⁴ Disregarding Camillo's "I have lov'd thee," Leontes is enraged at his making a question of the alleged dishonour of his "dread mistress."

Cam. I'll do 't, my lord.

Leon. I will seem friendly, as thou hast advis'd me.

[*Exit.*]

Cam. O miserable lady!—But, for me,
What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner
Of good Polixenes: and my ground to do 't
Is the obedience to a master; one,
Who, in rebellion with himself, will have
All that are his so too.—To do this deed,
Promotion follows: If I could find example
Of thousands that had struck anointed kings
And flourish'd after, I'd not do 't: but since
Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment, bears not one,
Let villainy itself forswear 't. I must
Forsake the court: to do 't, or no, is certain
To me a break-neck. Happy star, reign now!
Here comes Bohemia.

Enter POLIXENES.

Pol. This is strange! methinks,
My favour here begins to warp. Not speak?—
Good day, Camillo.

Cam. Hail, most royal sir!

Pol. What is the news i' the court?

Cam. None rare, my lord.

Pol. The king hath on him such a countenance
As he had lost some province, and a region
Lov'd as he loves himself: even now I met him
With customary compliment; when he,
Wafting his eyes to the contrary, and falling
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me; and
So leaves me, to consider what is breeding
That changes thus his manners.

Cam. I dare not know, my lord.

Pol. How! dare not? do not? Do you know, and dare
not?

Be intelligent to me.¹ 'Tis thereabouts;
For, to yourself, what you do know you must;
And cannot say, you dare not. Good Camillo,
Your chang'd complexions are to me a mirror,
Which shows me mine chang'd too: for I must be
A party in this alteration, finding
Myself thus alter'd with it.

Cam. There is a sickness
Which puts some of us in distemper; but
I cannot name the disease; and it is caught
Of you that yet are well.

Pol. How caught of me?
Make me not sighted like the basilisk:
I have look'd on thousands who have sped the better
By my regard, but kill'd none so. Camillo—
As you are certainly a gentleman; thereto
Clerk-like, experienc'd, which no less adorns
Our gentry, than our parents' noble names,
In whose success² we are gentle,—I beseech you,
If you know aught which does behove my knowledge
Thereof to be inform'd, imprison it not
In ignorant concealment.

Cam. I may not answer.

Pol. A sickness caught of me, and yet I well!
I must be answer'd.—Dost thou hear, Camillo,
I conjure thee, by all the parts of man
Which honour does acknowledge,—whereof the least
Is not this suit of mine,—that thou declare
What incidency thou dost guess of harm

Is creeping toward me; how far off, how near;
Which way to be prevented, if to be;
If not, how best to bear it.

Cam. Sir, I will tell you;
Since I am charg'd in honour, and by him
That I think honourable: Therefore, mark my counsel;
Which must be even as swiftly follow'd as
I mean to utter it; or both yourself and me
Cry "lost," and so good night.

Pol. On, good Camillo.

Cam. I am appointed him to murder you.

Pol. By whom, Camillo?

Cam.

By the king.

Pol.

For what?

Cam. He thinks, nay, with all confidence, he swears,
As he had seen 't or been an instrument
To vice you to 't,—that you have touch'd his queen
Forbiddenly.

Pol. O, then my best blood turn
To an infected jelly; and my name
Be yok'd with his that did betray the Best!³
Turn then my freshest reputation to
A savour that may strike the dullest nostril
Where I arrive; and my approach be shunn'd,
Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st infection
That e'er was heard, or read!

Cam. Swear his thought over⁴
By each particular star in heaven, and
By all their influences, you may as well
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,
As, or by oath, remove, or counsel, shake
The fabric of his folly; whose foundation
Is pil'd upon his faith, and will continue
The standing of his body.

Pol. How should this grow?

Cam. I know not: but, I am sure, 'tis safer to
Avoid what's grown than question how 'tis born.
If therefore you dare trust my honesty,—
That lies enclosed in this trunk, which you
Shall bear along impawn'd,—away to-night.
Your followers I will whisper to the business:
And will, by twos, and threes, at several posterns,
Clear them o' the city: For myself, I'll put
My fortunes to your service, which are here
By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain;
For, by the honour of my parents, I
Have utter'd truth: which, if you seek to prove,
I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer
Than one condemn'd by the king's own mouth, thereon
His execution sworn.

Pol. I do believe thee;
I saw his heart in his face. Give me thy hand;
Be pilot to me, and thy places⁵ shall
Still neighbour mine: My ships are ready, and
My people did expect my hence departure
Two days ago.—This jealousy
Is for a precious creature: as she's rare,
Must it be great; and, as his person's mighty,
Must it be violent: and as he does conceive
He is dishonour'd by a man which ever
Profess'd to him, why, his revenges must
In that be made more bitter. Fear o'ershades me:
Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing
Of his ill-ta'en suspicion! Come, Camillo;
I will respect thee as a father; if
Thou bear'st my life off hence: Let us avoid.

¹ We point this as in the original. The general reading is—

"Do you know, and dare not
Be intelligent to me?"

² Success—succession.

³ We print *Best* with a capital as in the folio. The allusion is to Judas. The sentence against excommunicated persons contains a clause that they should have part with that betrayer.

⁴ Over-swear his thought.

⁵ Places—honours.

Cam. It is in mine authority to command
The keys of all the posterns: Please your highness
To take the urgent hour: come, sir, away. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Sicilia. *The Palace.*

Enter HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, and Ladies.

Her. Take the boy to you: he so troubles me
'Tis past enduring.

1 Lady. Come, my gracious lord.
Shall I be your play-fellow?

Mam. No, I'll none of you.

1 Lady. Why, my sweet lord?

Mam. You'll kiss me hard; and speak to me as if
I were a baby still.—I love you better.

2 Lady. And why so, my lord?¹

Mam. Not for because
Your brows are blacker; yet black brows, they say,
Become some women best; so that there be not
Too much hair there, but in a semi-circle,
Or a half-moon made with a pen.

2 Lady. Who taught you this?

Mam. I learn'd it out of women's faces.—Pray now
What colour are your eye-brows?

1 Lady. Blue, my lord.

Mam. Nay, that's a mock; I have seen a lady's nose
That has been blue, but not her eye-brows.

2 Lady. Hark ye:
The queen, your mother, rounds apace: we shall
Present our services to a fine new prince,
One of these days; and then you'd wanton with us,
If we would have you.

1 Lady. She is spread of late
Into a goodly bulk: Good time encounter her!

Her. What wisdom stirs amongst you? Come, sir, now
I am for you again: Pray you, sit by us,
And tell's a tale.

Mam. Merry, or sad, shall 't be?

Her. As merry as you will.

Mam. A sad tale's best for winter:
I have one of sprites and goblins.

Her. Let's have that, good sir.
Come on, sit down:—Come on, and do your best
To fright me with your sprites: you're powerful at it.

Mam. There was a man,—

Her. Nay, come, sit down; then on.

Mam. Dwelt by a church-yard;—I will tell it softly;
Yon crickets shall not hear it.

Her. Come on then,
And give't me in mine ear.

Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, and others.

Leon. Was he met there? his train? Camillo with him?

1 Lord. Behind the tuft of pines I met them; never
Saw I men scour so on their way: I ey'd them
Even to their ships.

Leon. How bless'd am I
In my just censure!—in my true opinion!—
Alack, for lesser knowledge!—How accurs'd
In being so bless'd!—There may be in the cup
A spider steep'd,² and one may drink; depart,

And yet partake no venom; for his knowledge
Is not infected: but if one present
The abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides,
With violent hefts:³—I have drunk, and seen the spider.
Camillo was his help in this, his pander:—
There is a plot against my life, my crown;
All's true that is mistrusted:—that false villain,
Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him:
He has discover'd my design, and I
Remain a pinch'd thing;⁴ yea, a very trick
For them to play at will:—How came the posterns
So easily open?

1 Lord. By his great authority;
Which often hath no less prevail'd than so,
On your command.

Leon. I know 't too well.—
Give me the boy; I am glad you did not nurse him:
Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.

Her. What is this? sport?

Leon. Bear the boy hence, he shall not come about her;
Away with him:—and let her sport herself
With that she's big with: for 'tis Polixenes
Has made thee swell thus.

Her. But I'd say, he had not,
And, I'll be sworn, you would believe my saying,
Howe'er you lean to the nayward.

Leon. You, my lords,
Look on her, mark her well; be but about
To say "she is a goodly lady," and
The justice of your hearts will thereto add,
" 'Tis pity she's not honest, honourable: "
Praise her but for this her without-door form,
(Which, on my faith, deserves high speech,) and straight
The shrug, the hum, or ha; these petty brands
That calumny doth use:—O, I am out,
That mercy does; for calumny will sear
Virtue itself: these shrugs, these hums, and ha's,
When you have said she's goodly, come between,
Ere you can say she's honest: But be 't known,
From him that has most cause to grieve it should be,
She's an adultress.

Her. Should a villain say so,
The most replenish'd villain in the world,
He were as much more villain: you, my lord,
Do but mistake.

Leon. You have mistook, my lady,
Polixenes for Leontes: O thou thing,
Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,
Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,
Should a like language use to all degrees,
And mannerly distinguishment leave out
Betwixt the prince and beggar!—I have said,
She's an adultress; I have said, with whom:
More, she's a traitor; and Camillo is
A federary⁵ with her; and one that knows
What she should shame to know herself,
But with her most vile principal, that she's
A bed-swerger, even as bad as those
That vulgars give bold'st⁶ titles; ay, and privy
To this their late escape.

Her. No,⁷ by my life,
Privy to none of this: How will this grieve you
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that

¹ The general reading is, *my good lord*. Some thirty lines lower down we find "Let's have that, good sir." In this passage *good* is left out in the modern editions. The reason which Steevens gives for thus corrupting the text is singularly amusing:—"The epithet *good*, which is wanting in the old copies, is transplanted (*for the sake of metre*) from a redundant speech in the following page."

² There was a popular notion that spiders were poisonous. One of the witnesses against the Countess of Somerset, in the affair of Sir Thomas Overbury, says, "The Countess wished me to get the strongest poison I could, &c. Accordingly I bought seven great spiders and cantharides."

³ *Hefts*—heavings.

⁴ A *pinch'd thing*. Heath explains this as "a mere child's baby, a thing pinched out of clouts." This is surely a forced interpretation, although *pinch'd* may convey the meaning of one made petty and contemptible, shrunk up, pinched, as we say, by poverty or hunger.

⁵ *Federary*—confederate; the same as feodary.

⁶ *Bold'st*. Steevens has minced this into *bold*.

⁷ *No*. The emphatic *no*, with a pause such as a judicious actor would supply, is turned in all modern editions into *no, no*.

You thus have publish'd me! Gentle my lord,
You scarce can right me thoroughly then, to say
You did mistake.

Leon. No; if I mistake
In those foundations which I build upon,
The centre is not big enough to bear
A schoolboy's top.—Away with her to prison:
He who shall speak for her is afar off¹ guilty,
But that he speaks.

Hcr. There's some ill planet reigns:
I must be patient, till the heavens look
With an aspect more favourable.—Good my lords,
I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are; the want of which vain dew,
Perchance, shall dry your pities: but I have
That honourable grief lodg'd here, which burns
Worse than tears drown: 'Beseech you all, my lords,
With thoughts so qualified as your charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me;—and so
The king's will be perform'd!

Leon. Shall I be heard?

[To the Guards.]

Hcr. Who is 't that goes with me?—'Beseech your high-
ness,

My women may be with me; for, you see,
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools;
There is no cause: when you shall know your mistress
Has deserv'd prison, then abound in tears,
As I come out: this action I now go on
Is for my better grace.—Adieu, my lord;
I never wish'd to see you sorry; now,
I trust, I shall.—My women, come; you have leave.

Leon. Go, do our bidding; hence.

[Exeunt QUEEN and Ladies.]

¹ *Lord.* 'Beseech your highness, call the queen again.

Ant. Be certain what you do, sir; lest your justice
Prove violence: in the which three great ones suffer,
Yourself, your queen, your son.

¹ *Lord.* For her, my lord,
I dare my life lay down, and will do 't, sir,
Please you t' accept it, that the queen is spotless
I' the eyes of heaven, and to you; I mean,
In this which you accuse her.

Ant. If it prove
She's otherwise, I'll keep my stables where
I lodge my wife; I'll go in couples with her;
Than² when I feel and see her, no further trust her;
For every inch of woman in the world,
Ay, every dram of woman's flesh, is false,
If she be.

Leon. Hold your peaces.

¹ *Lord.* Good my lord,—

Ant. It is for you we speak, not for ourselves:
You are abus'd, and by some putter-on,
That will be damn'd for 't; 'would I knew the villain,
I would land-damn³ him: Be she honour-flaw'd—
I have three daughters; the eldest is eleven;
The second, and the third, nine, and some five;⁴
If this prove true, they'll pay for 't: by mine honour,
I'll geld them all: fourteen they shall not see,
To bring false generations: they are co-heirs;
And I had rather glib myself than they
Should not produce fair issue.

Leon. Cease; no more.
You smell this business with a sense as cold

As is a dead man's nose: but I do see 't,⁵ and feel 't,
As you feel doing thus; and see withal
The instruments that feel.⁶

Ant. If it be so,
We need no grave to bury honesty;
There's not a grain of it, the face to sweeten
Of the whole dungy earth.

Leon. What! lack I credit?

¹ *Lord.* I had rather you did lack than I, my lord,
Upon this ground: and more it would content me
To have her honour true, than your suspicion;
Be blam'd for 't how you might.

Leon. Why, what need we
Commune with you of this? but rather follow
Our forceful instigation? Our prerogative
Calls not your counsels; but our natural goodness
Imparts this: which—if you (or stupified,
Or seeming so in skill,) cannot, or will not,
Relish a truth⁷ like us; inform yourselves,
We need no more of your advice: the matter,
The loss, the gain, the ordering on 't, is all
Properly ours.

Ant. And I wish, my liege,
You had only in your silent judgment tried it,
Without more overture.

Leon. How could that be?
Either thou art most ignorant by age,
Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,
Added to their familiarity,
(Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,
That lack'd sight only, nought for approbation,⁸
But only seeing,⁹ all other circumstances
Made up to the deed,) doth push on this proceeding.
Yet, for a greater confirmation,
(For, in an act of this importance, 'twere
Most piteous to be wild,) I have despatch'd in post,
To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,
Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know
Of stuff'd sufficiency: Now, from the oracle
They will bring all; whose spiritual counsel had
Shall stop, or spur me. Have I done well?

¹ *Lord.* Well done, my lord.

Leon. Though I am satisfied, and need no more
Than what I know, yet shall the oracle
Give rest to the minds of others; such as he
Whose ignorant credulity will not
Come up to the truth: So have we thought it good,
From our free person she should be confin'd;
Lest that the treachery of the two, fled hence,
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us;
We are to speak in public; for this business
Will raise us all.

Ant. [Aside.] To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth were known.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—The same. The outer Room of a Prison.

Enter PAULINA and Attendants.

Paul. The keeper of the prison,—call to him;

[Exit an Attendant.]

Let him have knowledge who I am.—Good lady!
No court in Europe is too good for thee,
What dost thou then in prison?—Now, good sir,

¹ *Afar off*—in a remote degree.

² *Than* was formerly spelt *then*; and we have to choose in this passage between *than* and *then*. Malone prefers *then*; but we think the sentence is comparative: I will trust her no farther *than* I see her.

³ *Land-damn*. We are unable to explain this; and it is scarcely necessary to trouble our readers with the notes of the commentators, some of which are not of the most delicate nature. Farmer's conjecture, that it meant *laudanum* him—poison him with laudanum—is, we suppose, intended for a joke.

⁴ The word *nine* refers to the second, and *some five* to the third.

⁵ *But I do see 't*. This is frittered down by Steevens to *I see 't*.

⁶ Some action must accompany this passage, as that of Leontes seizing hold of the arm of Antigonus.

⁷ *A truth*. So the original. Rowe changed it to *as truth*.

⁸ *Approbation*—proof.

⁹ *Seeing*—used as a noun.

Re-enter Attendant, with the Keeper.

You know me, do you not?

Keep. For a worthy lady,
And one whom much I honour.

Paul. Pray you then,
Conduct me to the queen.

Keep. I may not, madam; to the contrary
I have express commandment.

Paul. Here's ado,
To lock up honesty and honour from
The access of gentle visitors!—Is 't lawful, pray you,
To see her women? any of them? Emilia?

Keep. So please you, madam,
To put apart these your attendants, I
Shall bring Emilia forth.

Paul. I pray now, call her.
Withdraw yourselves.¹ [*Exeunt Attend.*]

Keep. And, madam,
I must be present at your conference.

Paul. Well, be it so, prithee. [*Exit Keeper.*]
Here's such ado to make no stain a stain,
As passes colouring.

Re-enter Keeper, with EMILIA.

Dear gentlewoman,
How fares our gracious lady?

Emil. As well as one so great, and so forlorn,
May hold together: on her frights, and griefs,
(Which never tender lady hath borne greater,)
She is, something before her time, deliver'd.

Paul. A boy?

Emil. A daughter; and a goodly babe,
Lusty, and like to live: the queen receives
Much comfort in 't: says, "My poor prisoner,
I am innocent as you."

Paul. I dare be sworn:—
These dangerous unsafe lunes o' the king! beshrew them!
He must be told on 't, and he shall: the office
Becomes a woman best; I'll take 't upon me:
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister;
And never to my red-look'd anger be
The trumpet any more:—Pray you, Emilia,
Commend my best obedience to the queen;
If she dares trust me with her little babe,
I'll show 't the king, and undertake to be
Her advocate to th' loudest: We do not know
How he may soften at the sight o' the child;
The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades, when speaking fails.

Emil. Most worthy madam,
Your honour, and your goodness, is so evident,
That your free undertaking cannot miss
A thriving issue; there is no lady living
So meet for this great errand: Please your ladyship
To visit the next room, I'll presently
Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer;
Who, but to-day, hammer'd of this design;
But durst not tempt a minister of honour,
Lest she should be denied.

Paul. Tell her, Emilia,
I'll use that tongue I have; if wit flow from it,
As boldness from my bosom, let it not be doubted
I shall do good.

Emil. Now be you blest for it!
I'll to the queen: Please you, come something nearer.

Keep. Madam, if 't please the queen to send the babe,

I know not what I shall incur, to pass it,
Having no warrant.

Paul. You need not fear it, sir:
This child was prisoner to the womb; and is,
By law and process of great nature, thence
Free'd and enfranchis'd: not a party to
The anger of the king; nor guilty of,
If any be, the trespass of the queen.

Keep. I do believe it.

Paul. Do not you fear; upon mine honour, I
Will stand betwixt you and danger. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, and other Attendants.

Leon. Nor night nor day, no rest: It is but weakness
To bear the matter thus; mere weakness, if
The cause were not in being;—part o' the cause,
She, the adulteress; for the harlot king
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank
And level of my brain, plot-proof: but she
I can hook to me: Say, that she were gone,
Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest
Might come to me again.—Who's there?

I Attend.

My lord?

[*Advancing.*]

Leon. How does the boy?

I Attend.

He took good rest to-night;
'Tis hop'd his sickness is discharg'd.

Leon. To see his nobleness!
Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,
He straight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply;
Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on 't in himself.
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,
And downright languish'd.—Leave me solely:—go,
See how he fares. [*Exit Attend.*—Fie, fie! no thought
of him;

The very thought of my revenges that way
Recoil upon me: in himself too mighty:
And in his parties, his alliance,—Let him be,
Until a time may serve: for present vengeance,
Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes
Laugh at me; make their pastime at my sorrow:
They should not laugh if I could reach them; nor
Shall she, within my power.

Enter PAULINA, with a Child.

I Lord.

You must not enter.

Paul. Nay, rather, good my lords, be second to me:
Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas,
Than the queen's life? a gracious innocent soul;
More free than he is jealous.

Ant.

That's enough.

I Attend. Madam, he hath not slept to-night; commanded
None should come at him.

Paul.

Not so hot, good sir;

I come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as you,—
That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh
At each his needless heavings,—such as you
Nourish the cause of his awaking: I
Do come with words as med'cinal as true;
Honest as either; to purge him of that humour
That presses him from sleep.

Leon.

What² noise there, ho?

Paul. No noise, my lord; but needful conference,
About some gossips for your highness.

Leon.

How?—

Away with that audacious lady: Antigonus,

¹ In these speeches we follow the metrical arrangement of the original, which is certainly not improved by the botching which we find in some editions.

² *What.* The original reads *who*, evidently a misprint.

I charg'd thee that she should not come about me ;
I knew she would.

Ant. I told her so, my lord,
On your displeasure's peril, and on mine,
She should not visit you.

Leon. What, canst not rule her ?

Paul. From all dishonesty he can : in this,
(Unless he take the course that you have done,
Commit me, for committing honour,) trust it,
He shall not rule me.

Ant. La you now ; you hear !
When she will take the rein, I let her run ;
But she'll not stumble.

Paul. Good my liege, I come,—
And, I beseech you, hear me, who professes
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,
Your most obedient counsellor ; yet that dares
Less appear so, in comforting¹ your evils,
Than such as most seem yours,—I say, I come
From your good queen.

Leon. Good queen !

Paul. Good queen, my lord, good queen : I say, good
queen ;

And would by combat make her good, so were I
A man, the worst about you.

Leon. Force her hence.

Paul. Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes
First hand me : on mine own accord, I'll off ;
But, first, I'll do my errand.—The good queen,
For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter ;
Here 'tis ; commends it to your blessing.

[*Laying down the Child.*]

Leon. Out !
A mankind² witch ! Hence with her, out o' door :
A most intelligencing bawd !

Paul. Not so :
I am as ignorant in that, as you
In so entitling me : and no less honest
Than you are mad ; which is enough, I'll warrant,
As this world goes, to pass for honest.

Leon. Traitors !
Will you not push her out ? Give her the bastard—
Thou dotard, [*to ANTIGONUS*] thou art woman-tired,³ un-
roosted

By thy dame Partlet here,—take up the bastard ;
Take 't up, I say ; give 't to thy crone.

Paul. For ever
Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Tak'st up the princess, by that forced baseness
Which he has put upon 't !

Leon. He dreads his wife.

Paul. So I would you did ; then 'twere past all doubt
You'd call your children yours.

Leon. A nest of traitors !

Ant. I am none, by this good light.

Paul. Nor I ; nor any,
But one, that's here ; and that's himself : for he
The sacred honour of himself, his queen's,
His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's ; and will not
(For, as the case now stands, it is a curse
He cannot be compell'd to 't,) once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten,
As ever oak, or stone, was sound.

Leon. A callat,
Of boundless tongue ; who late hath beat her husband,

And now baits me !—This brat is none of mine ;
It is the issue of Polixenes :
Hence with it ; and, together with the dam,
Commit them to the fire.

Paul. It is yours ;
And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the worse.—Behold, my lords,
Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father : eye, nose, lip,
The trick of his frown, his forehead ; nay, the valley,
The pretty dimples of his chin and cheek ; his smiles ;
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger ;
And thou, good goddess Nature, which hast made it
So like to him that got it, if thou hast
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours
No yellow in 't ; lest she suspect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's !

Leon. A gross hag !—
And, lozel,⁴ thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That wilt not stay her tongue.

Ant. Hang all the husbands
That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself
Hardly one subject.

Leon. Once more, take her hence.

Paul. A most unworthy and unnatural lord
Can do no more.

Leon. I'll have thee burn'd.

Paul. I care not :
It is an heretic that makes the fire,
Not she which burns in 't. I'll not call you tyrant ;
But this most cruel usage of your queen
(Not able to produce more accusation
Than your own weak-hing'd fancy) something savours
Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, scandalous to the world.

Leon. On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her. Were I a tyrant,
Where were her life ? she durst not call me so,
If she did know me one. Away with her.

Paul. I pray you, do not push me ; I'll be gone.
Look to your babe, my lord ; 'tis yours : Jove send her
A better-guiding spirit !—What need these hands ?—
You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you.
So, so :—Farewell ; we are gone. [Exit.]

Leon. Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this.—
My child ! away with 't !—even thou, that hast
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence,
And see it instantly consum'd with fire ;
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up straight :
Within this hour bring me word 'tis done,
(And by good testimony,) or I'll seize thy life,
With what thou else call'st thine : If thou refuse,
And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so ;
The bastard brains with these my proper hands
Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire ;
For thou sett'st on thy wife.

Ant. I did not, sir :
These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,
Can clear me in 't.

1 Lord. We can, my royal liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.

Leon. You are liars all.

1 Lord. 'Beseech your highness, give us better credit ;
We have always truly serv'd you ; and beseech
So to esteem of us : And on our knees we beg,

"And like an empty eagle,
Tire on the flesh of me and of my son."

Henry VI., Part III.

¹ *Comforting*—encouraging. We have still "comforting and abetting" in legal language.

² *Mankind*—masculine. Jonson has an example of this use of the word :—
"Pallas, now thee I call on, mankind-maid."

³ *Woman-tired*. This is equivalent to our *hen-pecked*. To *tire* is to tear, as a bird of prey does his meat :—

⁴ *Lozel*. Verstegan explains this as "one that hath *lost*, neglected, or cast off, his own good and welfare, and so is become lewd and careless of credit and honesty."

(As recompense of our dear services,
Past, and to come,) that you do change this purpose ;
Which, being so horrible, so bloody, must
Lead on to some foul issue : We all kneel.

Leon. I am a feather for each wind that blows :—
Shall I live on, to see this bastard kneel
And call me father ? Better burn it now,
Than curse it then. But, be it ; let it live :
It shall not neither. You, sir, come you hither ;

[To ANTIGONUS.]

You, that have been so tenderly officious
With lady Margery, your midwife, there,
To save this bastard's life : for 'tis a bastard,
So sure as this beard's grey,¹—what will you adventure
To save this brat's life ?

Ant. Anything, my lord,
That my ability may undergo,
And nobleness impose : at least, thus much,—
I'll pawn the little blood which I have left
To save the innocent : anything possible.

Leon. It shall be possible : Swear by this sword,
Thou wilt perform my bidding.

Ant. I will, my lord.

Leon. Mark, and perform it ; (seest thou ?) for the fail
Of any point in't shall not only be
Death to thyself, but to thy lewd-tongued wife ;
Whom, for this time, we pardon. We enjoin thee,
As thou art liegeman to us, that thou carry
This female bastard hence ; and that thou bear it
To some remote and desert place, quite out
Of our dominions ; and that there thou leave it,
Without more mercy, to its own protection,
And favour of the climate. As by strange fortune
It came to us, I do in justice charge thee,—
On thy soul's peril, and thy body's torture,—
That thou commend it strangely to some place
Where chance may nurse, or end it : Take it up.

Ant. I swear to do this, though a present death
Had been more merciful.—Come on, poor babe :
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens
To be thy nurses ! Wolves and bears, they say,
Casting their savageness aside, have done
Like offices of pity.—Sir, be prosperous
In more than this deed does require ! and blessing,
Against this cruelty, fight on thy side,
Poor thing, condemn'd to loss !²

[Exit, with the Child.]

Leon. No, I'll not rear
Another's issue.

¹ *Attend.* Please your highness, posts,
From those you sent to the oracle, are come
An hour since : Cleomenes and Dion,
Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are both landed,
Hasting to the court.

¹ *Lord.* So please you, sir, their speed
Hath been beyond account.

Leon. Twenty-three days
They have been absent : 'tis good speed ; foretells
The great Apollo suddenly will have
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords ;
Summon a session, that we may arraign
Our most disloyal lady : for, as she hath
Been publicly accus'd, so shall she have
A just and open trial. While she lives,
My heart will be a burthen to me. Leave me ;
And think upon my bidding.

[Exit.]

¹ Leontes here probably points to the beard of Antigonus.

² *Loss.* We have the word repeated in the third act :—

"Poor wretch,
That, for thy mother's fault, art thus expos'd
To loss, and what may follow !"

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Sicilia. A Street.

Enter CLEOMENES and DION.

Cleo. The climate's delicate : the air most sweet ;
Fertile the isle ; the temple much surpassing
The common praise it bears.

Dion. I shall report,
For most it caught me, the celestial habits,
(Methinks I so should term them,) and the reverence
Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice !
How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly
It was i' the offering !

Cleo. But, of all, the burst
And the ear-deafening voice o' the oracle,
Kin to Jove's thunder, so surpris'd my sense,
That I was nothing.

Dion. If the event o' the journey
Prove as successful to the queen,—O, be't so !—
As it hath been to us, rare, pleasant, speedy,
The time is worth the use on 't.

Cleo. Great Apollo,
Turn all to the best ! These proclamations,
So forcing faults upon Hermione,
I little like.

Dion. The violent carriage of it
Will clear, or end, the business : When the oracle,
(Thus by Apollo's great divine seal'd up,)
Shall the contents discover, something rare,
Even then, will rush to knowledge.—Go,—fresh horses ;—
And gracious be the issue ! [Exit.]

SCENE II.—The same. A Court of Justice.

LEONTES, Lords, and Officers, appear properly seated.

Leon. This sessions (to our great grief, we pronounce)
Even pushes 'gainst our heart : The party tried,
The daughter of a king ; our wife ; and one
Of us too much belov'd.—Let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in justice ; which shall have due course,
Even³ to the guilt, or the purgation.
Produce the prisoner.

Offi. It is his highness's pleasure that the queen
Appear in person here in court.—Silence !

HERMIONE is brought in, guarded ; PAULINA and Ladies,
attending.

Leon. Read the indictment.

Offi. "Hermione, queen to the worthy Leontes, king of
Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of high trea-
son, in committing adultery with Polixenes, king of Bohe-
mia ; and conspiring with Camillo to take away the life of
our sovereign lord the king, thy royal husband : the pre-
tence⁴ thereof being by circumstances partly laid open,
thou, Hermione, contrary to the faith and allegiance of a
true subject, didst counsel and aid them, for their better
safety, to fly away by night."

Her. Since what I am to say must be but that
Which contradicts my accusation, and
The testimony on my part no other
But what comes from myself, it shall scarce boot me
To say, "Not guilty ;" mine integrity,

This passage shows that *loss* does not here mean destruction—a final calamity ;
for something may follow. It probably means *exposure*.

³ *Even*—equal, indifferent.

⁴ *Pretence*—design.

Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,
Be so receiv'd. But thus,—If powers divine
Behold our human actions, as they do,
I doubt not then but innocence shall make
False accusation blush, and tyranny
Tremble at patience.—You, my lord, best know,
(Who least will seem to do so,) my past life
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now unhappy; which is more
Than history can pattern, though devis'd,
And play'd, to take spectators: For behold me,—
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful prince,—here standing,
To prate and talk for life and honour 'fore
Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it,
As I weigh grief, which I would spare: for honour,
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I stand for. I appeal
To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so; since he came,
With what encounter so uncurrent I
Have strain'd,¹ to appear thus: if one jot beyond
The bound of honour; or, in act or will,
That way inclining; harden'd be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
Cry Fie! upon my grave!

Leon. I ne'er heard yet,
That any of these bolder vices wanted
Less impudence to gainsay what they did,
Than to perform it first.

Her. That's true enough;
Though 'tis a saying, sir, not due to me.

Leon. You will not own it.

Her. More than mistress of,
Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not
At all acknowledge. For Polixenes,
(With whom I am accus'd,) I do confess,
I lov'd him, as in honour he requir'd,
With such a kind of love as might become
A lady like me; with a love, even such,
So, and no other, as yourself commanded:
Which not to have done, I think, had been in me
Both disobedience and ingratitude,
To you, and toward your friend; whose love had spoke,
Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely,
That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy,
I know not how it tastes; though it be dish'd
For me to try how: all I know of it
Is, that Camillo was an honest man;
And, why he left your court, the gods themselves,
Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.

Leon. You knew of his departure, as you know
What you have underta'en to do in his absence.

Her. Sir,
You speak a language that I understand not:
My life stands in the level of your dreams,²
Which I'll lay down.

Leon. Your actions are my dreams;
You had a bastard by Polixenes,
And I but dream'd it:—As you were past all shame,
(Those of your fact are so,) so past all truth:
Which to deny, concerns more than avails: for as
Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,
No father owning it, (which is, indeed,
More criminal in thee, than it,) so thou
Shalt feel our justice; in whose easiest passage,
Look for no less than death.

Her. Sir, spare your threats;
The bug which you would fright me with I seek.
To me can life be no commodity:
The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,
I do give lost; for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went: My second joy,
And first-fruits of my body, from his presence
I am barr'd, like one infectious: My third comfort,
Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast,
The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth,
Haled out to murder: Myself on every post
Proclaim'd a strumpet; with immodest hatred,
The child-bed privilege denied, which 'longs
To women of all fashion:—Lastly, hurried
Here to this place, i' the open air, before
I have got strength of limit. Now, my liege,
Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
That I should fear to die? Therefore, proceed.
But yet hear this; mistake me not.—No—life,
I prize it not a straw:—but for mine honour,
(Which I would free,) if I shall be condemn'd
Upon surmises; all proofs sleeping else,
But what your jealousies awake; I tell you
'Tis rigour, and not law.—Your honours all,
I do refer me to the oracle;
Apollo be my judge.

Lord. This your request
Is altogether just: therefore, bring forth,
And in Apollo's name, his oracle.

[*Exeunt certain Officers.*]

Her. The emperor of Russia was my father:
O, that he were alive, and here beholding
His daughter's trial! that he did but see
The flatness of my misery; yet with eyes
Of pity, not revenge!

Re-enter Officers, with CLEOMENES and DION.

Off. You here shall swear upon this sword of justice,
That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have
Been both at Delphos; and from thence have brought
This seal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd
Of great Apollo's priest; and that, since then,
You have not dar'd to break the holy seal,
Nor read the secrets in 't.

Cleo., Dion. All this we swear.

Leon. Break up the seals, and read.

Off. [*Reads.*] "Hermione is chaste, Polixenes blameless, Camillo a true subject, Leontes a jealous tyrant, his innocent babe truly begotten; and the king shall live without an heir, if that which is lost be not found."

Lords. Now blessed be the great Apollo!

Her. Praised!

Leon. Hast thou read truth?

Off. Ay, my lord; even so

As it is here set down.

Leon. There is no truth at all i' the oracle:
The sessions shall proceed: this is mere falsehood.

Enter a Servant, hastily.

Serv. My lord the king, the king!

Leon. What is the business?

Serv. O sir, I shall be hated to report it:
The prince your son, with mere conceit and fear
Of the queen's speed,³ is gone.

Leon. How! gone?

Serv. Is dead.

¹ The metaphor appears to be taken from an encounter of chivalry, in which one swerving from the accustomed course would be *uncurrent*.

² Your dreams afford the *level*, the aim, of this accusation; and my life therefore stands within the range of the attack you direct against it.

³ Of how the queen may *speed*—of the issue of this charge.

Leon. Apollo's angry ; and the heavens themselves
Do strike at my injustice. [*HERMIONE faints.*] How now
there?

Paul. This news is mortal to the queen :—Look down,
And see what death is doing.

Leon. Take her hence :
Her heart is but o'ercharg'd ; she will recover.—
I have too much believ'd mine own suspicion :—
'Beseech you, tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life.—Apollo, pardon
[*Exeunt PAULINA and Ladies, with HERMIONE.*]

My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle !—
I'll reconcile me to Polixenes ;
New woo my queen ; recall the good Camillo,
Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy :
For, being transported by my jealousies
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose
Camillo for the minister, to poison
My friend Polixenes : which had been done,
But that the good mind of Camillo tardied
My swift command, though I with death, and with
Reward, did threaten and encourage him,
Not doing it, and being done : he, most humane,
And fill'd with honour, to my kingly guest
Unclasp'd my practice ; quit his fortunes here,
Which you knew great ; and to the certain hazard¹
Of all uncertainties himself commended,
No richer than his honour :—How he glisters
Thorough my rust ! and how his piety
Does my deeds make the blacker¹

Re-enter PAULINA.

Paul. Woe the while !
O, cut my lace ; lest my heart, cracking it,
Break too !

1 Lord. What fit is this, good lady ?

Paul. What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me
What wheels ? racks ? fires ? What flaying ? boiling,
In leads, or oils ? what old, or newer torture
Must I receive ; whose every word deserves
To taste of thy most worst ? Thy tyranny
Together working with thy jealousies,—
Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
For girls of nine !—O, think what they have done,
And then run mad, indeed ; stark mad ! for all
Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.
That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 'twas nothing ;
That did but show thee, of a fool, inconstant,
And damnable ingrateful : nor was 't much,
Thou would'st have poison'd good Camillo's honour,
To have him kill a king ; poor trespasses,
More monstrous standing by : whereof I reckon
The casting forth to crows thy baby daughter,
To be or none, or little ; though a devil
Would have shed water out of fire, ere done 't :
Nor is 't directly laid to thee, the death
Of the young prince ; whose honourable thoughts
(Thoughts high for one so tender) cleft the heart
That could conceive a gross and foolish sire
Blemish'd his gracious dam : this is not, no,
Laid to thy answer : But the last,—O, lords,
When I have said, cry, woe !—the queen, the queen,

¹ Certain in the second folio.

² We follow the metrical arrangement of the original. In all the modern editions the lines are distorted as follows :—

“ Shall be my recreation : so long as
Nature will bear up with this exercise,
So long I daily vow to use it. Come,
And lead me to these sorrows.”

We claim no merit for first pointing out these abominable corruptions of the text ;

The sweetest, dearest creature's dead ; and vengeance for 't
Not dropp'd down yet.

1 Lord. The higher powers forbid !

Paul. I say, she's dead : I'll swear 't : if word, nor oath,
Prevail not, go and see : if you can bring
Tincture, or lustre, in her lip, her eye,
Heat outwardly, or breath within, I'll serve you
As I would do the gods.—But, O thou tyrant !
Do not repent these things ; for they are heavier
Than all thy woes can stir : therefore betake thee
To nothing but despair. A thousand knees
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
Upon a barren mountain, and still winter
In storm perpetual, could not move the gods
To look that way thou wert.

Leon. Go on, go on :
Thou canst not speak too much ; I have deserv'd
All tongues to talk their bitterest.

1 Lord. Say no more ;
Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault
I' the boldness of your speech.

Paul. I am sorry for 't ;
All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
I do repent : Alas, I have show'd too much
The rashness of a woman : he is touch'd
To the noble heart.—What's gone, and what's past help,
Should be past grief : Do not receive affliction
At my petition : I beseech you, rather
Let me be punish'd, that have minded you
Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege,
Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman :
The love I bore your queen,—lo, fool, again !—
I'll speak of her no more, nor of your children ;
I'll not remember you of my own lord,
Who is lost too : Take your patience to you,
And I'll say nothing.

Leon. Thou didst speak but well,
When most the truth ; which I receive much better
Than to be pitied of thee. Prithee, bring me
To the dead bodies of my queen, and son :
One grave shall be for both ; upon them shall
The causes of their death appear, unto
Our shame perpetual : Once a day I'll visit
The chapel where they lie ; and tears, shed there,
Shall be my recreation : So long as Nature
Will bear up with this exercise, so long
I daily vow to use it. Come, and lead me
To these sorrows.²

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Bohemia. *A desert Country near the Sea.*

Enter ANTIGONUS, with the Child ; and a Mariner.

Ant. Thou art perfect³ then, our ship hath touch'd upon
The deserts of Bohemia ?

Mar. Ay, my lord ; and fear
We have landed in ill time : the skies look grimly,
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,
The heavens with that we have in hand are angry,
And frown upon us.

Ant. Their sacred wills be done !—Go, get aboard ;
Look to thy bark ; I'll not be long, before
I call upon thee.

Mar. Make your best haste ; and go not

but we do most earnestly exhort those who reprint Shakspeare—and the very act of reprinting is in some sort a tribute to him—not to continue to present him in this mangled shape. If the freedom and variety of his versification were offensive to those who had been trained in the school of Pope, let it be remembered that we have now come back to the proper estimation of a nobler rhythm ; and that Shakspeare, of all the great dramatists, appears to have held the true mean, between a syllabic monotony on the one hand, and a licence running into prose on the other.—*Note to the first Pictorial edition.*

³ Perfect—assured.

Too far i' the land; 'tis like to be loud weather;
Besides, this place is famous for the creatures
Of prey, that keep upon 't.

Ant. Go thou away:
I'll follow instantly.

Mar. I am glad at heart
To be so rid o' the business. [Exit.]

Ant. Come, poor babe:—
I have heard, (but not believ'd,) the spirits of the dead
May walk again: if such thing be, thy mother
Appear'd to me last night; for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some another;
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,
So fill'd, and so becoming: in pure white robes,
Like very sanctity, she did approach
My cabin where I lay: thrice bow'd before me;
And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes
Became two spouts: the fury spent, anon
Did this break from her: "Good Antigonus,
Since fate, against thy better disposition,
Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,
Places remote enough are in Bohemia,
There weep, and leave it crying; and, for the babe
Is counted lost for ever, Perdita,
I prithee, call't: for this ungentle business,
Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see
Thy wife Paulina more:"—and so, with shrieks,
She melted into air. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect myself; and thought
This was so, and no slumber. Dreams are toys;
Yet, for this once, yea, superstitiously,
I will be squar'd by this. I do believe
Hermione hath suffer'd death; and that
Apollo would, this being indeed the issue
Of king Polixenes, it should here be laid,
Either for life, or death, upon the earth
Of its right father. Blossom, speed thee well!

[Laying down the Child.]
There lie; and there thy character:¹ there these;

[Laying down a bundle.]
Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee, pretty,
And still rest thine.—The storm begins:—Poor wretch,
That, for thy mother's fault, art thus expos'd
To loss, and what may follow!—Weep I cannot,
But my heart bleeds: and most accurs'd am I,
To be by oath enjoin'd to this.—Farewell!
The day frowns more and more—thou art like to have
A lullaby too rough: I never saw
The heavens so dim by day. A savage clamour!—
Well may I get aboard!—This is the chase;
I am gone for ever. [Exit, pursued by a Bear.]

Enter an old Shepherd.

Shep. I would there was no age between ten and three-
and-twenty; or that youth would sleep out the rest: for
there is nothing in the between but getting wenches with
child, wronging the ancients, stealing, fighting.—Hark

you now!—Would any but these boiled brains of nineteen
and two-and-twenty, hunt this weather? They have scared
away two of my best sheep; which, I fear, the wolf will
sooner find than the master; if anywhere I have them, 'tis
by the sea-side, browsing of ivy. Good luck, an't be thy
will! what have we here? [Taking up the Child.] Mercy
on's, a barne;² a very pretty barne! A boy, or a child,³
I wonder? A pretty one; a very pretty one: Sure, some
scape: though I am not bookish, yet I can read waiting-
gentlewoman in the scape. This has been some stair-
work, some trunk-work, some behind-door-work: they
were warmer that got this than the poor thing is here. I'll
take it up for pity: yet I'll tarry till my son come; he
hollaed but even now. Whoa, ho hoa!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Hilloa, loa!

Shep. What, art so near? If thou'lt see a thing to talk
on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What
ailest thou, man?

Clo. I have seen two such sights, by sea, and by land;
—but I am not to say, it is a sea, for it is now the sky;
betwixt the firmament and it you cannot thrust a bodkin's
point.

Shep. Why, boy, how is it?

Clo. I would you did but see how it chafes, how it rages,
how it takes up the shore! but that's not to the point! O,
the most piteous cry of the poor souls! sometimes to see
'em, and not to see 'em: now the ship boring the moon
with her main-mast; and anon swallowed with yest and
froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hogshead. And then
for the land-service,—To see how the bear tore out his
shoulder-bone; how he cried to me for help, and said his
name was Antigonus, a nobleman:—But to make an end
of the ship:—to see how the sea flap-dragon'd it:⁴—but,
first, how the poor souls roared, and the sea mocked them;
—and how the poor gentleman roared, and the bear mocked
him, both roaring louder than the sea, or weather.

Shep. Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

Clo. Now, now; I have not winked since I saw these
sights: the men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear
half dined on the gentleman; he's at it now.

Shep. Would I had been by, to have helped the old
man!

Clo. I would you had been by the ship side, to have
helped her; there your charity would have lacked footing.

Shep. Heavy matters! heavy matters! but look thee
here, boy. Now bless thyself; thou mett'st with things
dying, I with things new born. Here's a sight for thee;
look thee, a bearing-cloth⁵ for a squire's child! look thee
here! take up, take up, boy; open't. So let's see. It
was told me, I should be rich by the fairies; this is some
changeling:⁶—open't: What's within, boy?

Clo. You're a made⁷ old man; if the sins of your youth
are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! all gold!

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove so: up
with it, keep it close; home, home, the next way. We are
lucky, boy, and to be so still requires nothing but secrecy.
—Let my sheep go:—Come, good boy, the next way home.

on a goblet, to be gulped down in the wildness of the toper's revels. Falstaff
says of Prince Henry that he "drinks off candle-ends for flap-dragons." The
practice, however, was not always safe, if we may judge from the assertion of the
captain in Rowley's "Match at Midnight," who says that his "corporal was
lately choked at Delf by swallowing a flap-dragon."

⁵ *Bearing-cloth.* Percy explains this as "the fine mantle or cloth with which
a child is usually covered when it is carried to the church to be baptized."

⁶ *Changeling*—a child changed. The allusion is here to the superstition that
children were sometimes changed by fairies. So in *A Midsummer Night's
Dream*—

"A lovely boy, stol'n from an Indian king;
She never had so sweet a changeling."

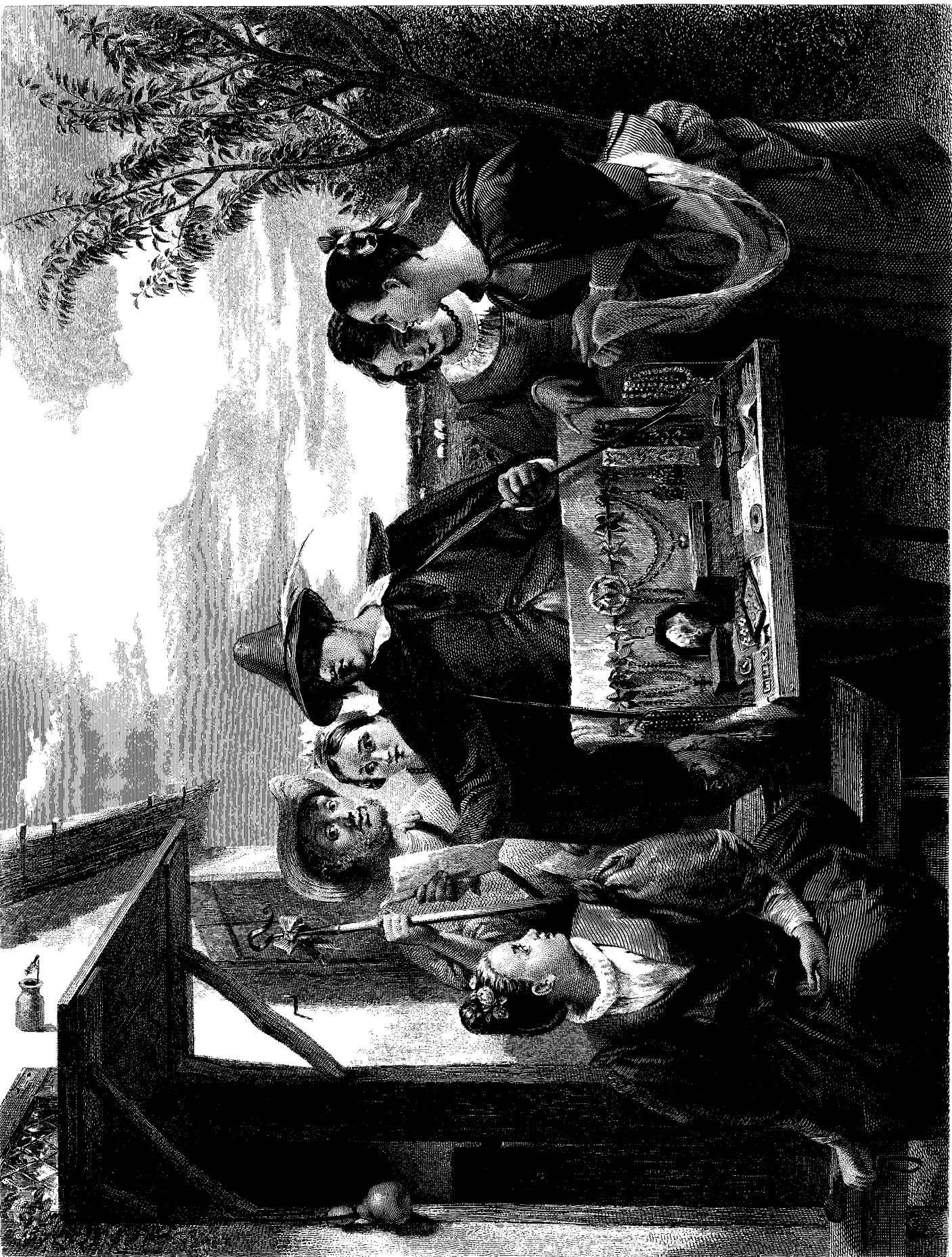
Made—in the original *mad*. The correction is by Theobald.

¹ *Character*—description—the writing which describes thee.

² *Barne*—the Scotch *bairn*; a child *barren*, or *born*. The word pervades all
the northern languages, and the Rev. J. Boucher derives it from the Hebrew *bar*,
a son or child.

³ *A child.* Steevens says that he is told "that in some of our inland counties
a female infant, in contradistinction to a male one, is still termed among the
peasantry a child." This use of the word was clearly the meaning of Shakspeare.
We are informed by a correspondent, who dates from Wiveliscombe, Somerset-
shire, that "the word *child* (or *chiel*, as they pronounce it) is still used by the
peasantry of this part of Somerset, and the adjoining part of Devon, to denote a
female infant." Nares, however, observes upon the passage before us, that the
expression *child* "may perhaps be rather referred to the simplicity of the shepherd,
reversing the common practice, than taken as an authority for it."

⁴ *Flap-dragon'd it.* In Love's Labour's Lost we have—"Thou art easier
swallowed than a flap-dragon." This was some inflammable substance floating



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Clo. Go you the next way with your findings; I'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman, and how much he hath eaten: they are never curst,¹ but when they are hungry: if there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

Shep. That's a good deed: If thou may'st discern, by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to the sight of him.

Clo. Marry, will I; and you shall help to put him i' the ground.

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy; and we'll do good deeds on 't. [Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

Enter Time, as Chorus.

Time. I, that please some, try all,—both joy and terror
Of good and bad,—that make, and unfold error,—
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
To use my wings. Impute it not a crime
To me, or my swift passage, that I slide
O'er sixteen years, and leave the growth untried
Of that wide gap; since it is in my power
To o'erthrow law, and in one self-born hour
To plant and o'erwhelm custom: Let me pass
The same I am, ere ancient'st order was,
Or what is now received: I witness to
The times that brought them in; so shall I do
To the freshest things now reigning; and make stale
The glistening of this present, as my tale
Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing,
I turn my glass; and give my scene such growing
As you had slept between. Leontes leaving
The effects of his fond jealousies; so grieving,
That he shuts up himself; imagine me,
Gentle spectators, that I now may be
In fair Bohemia; and remember well,
I mention'd a son o' the king's, which Florizel
I now name to you; and with speed so pace
To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace
Equal with wondering: What of her ensues
I list not prophecy; but let Time's news
Be known when 'tis brought forth:—a shepherd's daughter,
And what to her adheres, which follows after,
Is the argument of time: Of this allow,²
If ever you have spent time worse ere now;
If never yet, that Time himself doth say,
He wishes earnestly you never may. [Exit.]

SCENE I.—Bohemia. *A Room in the Palace of Polixenes.*

Enter POLIXENES and CAMILLO.

Pol. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate: 'tis a sickness denying thee anything; a death to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen years since I saw my country. Though I have, for the most part, been aired abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent king, my master, hath sent for me: to whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay, or I o'erween to think so; which is another spur to my departure.

Pol. As thou lov'st me, Camillo, wipe not out the rest of

thy services, by leaving me now: the need I have of thee thine own goodness hath made; better not to have had thee than thus to want thee: thou, having made me businesses which none without thee can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute them thyself, or take away with thee the very services thou hast done: which if I have not enough considered, (as too much I cannot,) to be more thankful to thee shall be my study; and my profit therein, the heaping friendships. Of that fatal country, Sicilia, prithee speak no more: whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou callest him, and reconciled king, my brother; whose loss of his most precious queen and children are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when sawest thou the prince Florizel my son? Kings are no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious, than they are in losing them when they have approved their virtues.

Cam. Sir, it is three days since I saw the prince: What his happier affairs may be are to me unknown: but I have, missingly,³ noted he is of late much retired from court; and is less frequent to his princely exercises than formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I have considered so much, Camillo, and with some care; so far, that I have eyes under my service which look upon his removedness, from whom I have this intelligence: That he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd: a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable estate.

Cam. I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note: the report of her is extended more than can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

Pol. That's likewise part of my intelligence. But I fear the angle that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place: where we will, not appearing what we are, have some question with the shepherd; from whose simplicity I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Prithee, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My best Camillo!—We must disguise ourselves.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*The same. A Road near the Shepherd's Cottage.*

Enter AUTOLYCUS, singing.

When daffodils begin to peer,
With heigh! the doxy over the dale,
Why then comes in the sweet o' the year;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.⁴

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,
With heigh! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!
Doth set my pugging⁵ tooth on edge;
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark that tirra-lirra chants,
With heigh! with hey!⁶ the thrush and the jay:
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

I have served prince Florizel, and, in my time, wore three-pile;⁷ but now I am out of service:

But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?
The pale moon shines by night:
And when I wander here and there,
I then do most go right.

tells us, "come before the swallow dares." The spring which Autolycus describes is the early spring, when winter still holds a partial reign, and the pale—boundary—which divides it from spring is not yet broken up.

⁵ *Pugging*. This appears a flash word which the commentators cannot explain. A *puggard* is a thief.

⁶ The second folio introduces "with hey!" The first has only "with heigh!"

⁷ *Three-pile*—rich velvet.

¹ *Curst*—mischievous.

² *Allow*—approve.

³ *Missingly*. Steevens explains this—"I have observed him at intervals." But is it not rather—missing him, I have noted he is of late much retired from court?

⁴ *The winter's pale*. Farmer explains this—"the red, the spring blood, now reigns o'er the parts lately under the dominion of winter." Daffodils, as Perdita

If tinkers may have leave to live,
And bear the sow-skin bowget;
Then my account I well may give,
And in the stocks avouch it.

My traffic is sheets; when the kite builds, look to lesser linen.¹ My father named me Autolycus; who, being as I am, littered under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles: With die, and drab, I purchased this caparison; and my revenue is the silly cheat: Gallows, and knock, are too powerful on the highway: beating, and hanging, are terrors to me; for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it.—A prize! a prize!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Let me see:—Every 'leven wether—tods;^a every tod yields—pound and odd shilling: fifteen hundred shorn,—What comes the wool to?

Aut. If the springe hold, the cock's mine. [*Aside.*

Clo. I cannot do't without counters.—Let me see; what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? Three pound of sugar; five pound of currants; rice—What will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four-and-twenty nosegays for the shearers: three-man song-men all,^b and very good ones; but they are most of them means and bases:^c but one Puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to hornpipes.^d I must have saffron, to colour the warden pies;^e mace,—dates,—none; that's out of my note: nutmegs, seven; a race or two of ginger; but that I may beg;—four pounds of prunes, and as many of raisins o' the sun.

Aut. O, that ever I was born! [*Groveling on the ground.*

Clo. I' the name of me,—

Aut. O help me, help me! pluck but off these rags; and then, death, death!

Clo. Alack, poor soul! thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

Aut. O, sir, the loathsomeness of them offends me more than the stripes I have received; which are mighty ones, and millions.

Clo. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am robbed, sir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

Clo. What, by a horse-man, or a foot-man?

Aut. A foot-man, sweet sir, a foot-man.

Clo. Indeed, he should be a foot-man, by the garments he hath left with thee; if this be a horse-man's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee: come, lend me thy hand. [*Helping him.*

Aut. O! good sir, tenderly, oh!

Clo. Alas, poor soul!

Aut. O, good sir, softly, good sir: I fear, sir, my shoulder-blade is out.

Clo. How now? canst stand?

Aut. Softly, dear sir; [*picks his pocket*] good sir, softly; you ha' done me a charitable office.

Clo. Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

Aut. No, good sweet sir; no, I beseech you, sir: I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going; I shall there have money, or anything I want: Offer me no money, I pray you; that kills my heart.

Clo. What manner of fellow was he that robbed you?

Aut. A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with

trol-my-dames:^e I knew him once a servant of the prince; I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipped out of the court.

Clo. His vices, you would say; there's no virtue whipped out of the court: they cherish it, to make it stay there; and yet it will no more but abide.

Aut. Vices I would say, sir. I know this man well: he hath been since an ape-bearer;^f then a process-server, a bailiff; then he compassed a motion of the prodigal son,^g and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue: some call him Autolycus.

Clo. Out upon him! Prig, for my life, prig: he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

Aut. Very true, sir; he, sir, he; that's the rogue that put me into this apparel.

Clo. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia; if you had but looked big, and spit at him, he'd have run.

Aut. I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter; I am false of heart that way; and that he knew, I warrant him.

Clo. How do you now?

Aut. Sweet sir, much better than I was; I can stand, and walk: I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

Clo. Shall I bring thee on the way?

Aut. No, good-faced sir; no, sweet sir.

Clo. Then fare thee well; I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing.

Aut. Prosper you, sweet sir!—[*Exit Clown.*] Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too: If I make not this cheat bring out another, and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unrolled,³ and my name put in the book of virtue!

Jog on, jog on, the footpath-way,^h
And merrily hent⁴ the stile-a:
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*The same.* A Shepherd's Cottage.

Enter FLORIZEL and PERDITA.

Flo. These your unusual weeds to each part of you
Do give a life: no shepherdess; but Flora,
Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the queen on't.

Per. Sir, my gracious lord,
To chide at your extremes it not becomes me;
O, pardon, that I name them: your high self,
The gracious mark o' the land, you have obscur'd
With a swain's wearing; and me, poor lowly maid,
Most goddess-like prank'd up:⁵ But that our feasts
In every mess have folly, and the feeders
Digest it with a custom, I should blush
To see you so attir'd; sworn, I think,
To show myself a glass.

Flo. I bless the time,
When my good falcon made her flight across
Thy father's ground.

Per. Now Jove afford you cause!
To me, the difference forges dread; your greatness
Hath not been us'd to fear. Even now I tremble
To think, your father, by some accident,
Should pass this way, as you did: O, the fates!
How would he look, to see his work, so noble,
Vilely bound up? What would he say? Or how

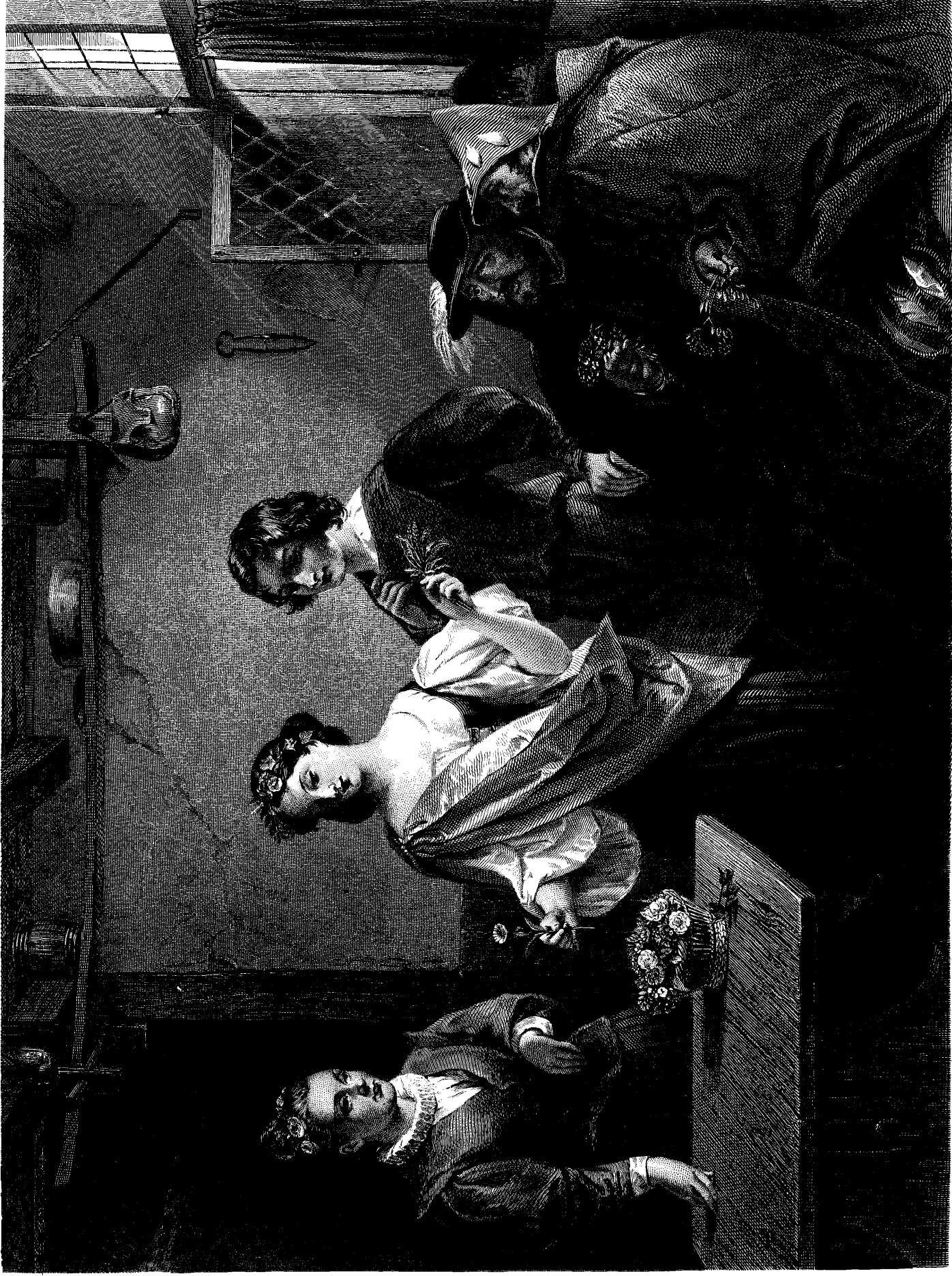
¹ Autolycus has his eye upon the "white sheets." The kites may take the smaller linen for their nests.

² Warden pies. Warden was the name of a pear.

³ Mr. Staunton says *unrolled* is struck off the roll of vagabonds.

⁴ Hent—take hold of.

⁵ Prank'd up—dressed splendidly—decorated.



C. R. LESLIE R.A. PINX.

J. M. STOKES R.A. SCULPT.

FLORIZEL AND PERDITA.
(AL.)



Should I, in these my borrow'd flaunts, behold
The sternness of his presence?

Flo. Apprehend
Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves,
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The shapes of beasts upon them: Jupiter
Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green Neptune
A ram, and bleated; and the fire-rob'd god,
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,
As I seem now: Their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer;
Nor in a way so chaste: since my desires
Run not before mine honour; nor my lusts
Burn hotter than my faith.

Per. O but, sir,
Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis
Oppos'd, as it must be, by the power o' the king;
One of these two must be necessities,
Which then will speak; that you must change this purpose,
Or I my life.

Flo. Thou dearest Perdita,
With these forc'd thoughts, I prithee, darken not
The mirth o' the feast: Or I'll be thine, my fair,
Or not my father's: for I cannot be
Mine own, nor anything to any, if
I be not thine: to this I am most constant,
Though destiny say, no. Be merry, gentle;
Strangle such thoughts as these, with anything
That you behold the while. Your guests are coming:
Lift up your countenance; as it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptial, which
We two have sworn shall come.

Per. O lady fortune,
Stand you auspicious!

*Enter Shepherd, with POLIXENES and CAMILLO disguised;
Clown, MOPSA, DORCAS, and others.*

Flo. See, your guests approach:
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,
And let's be red with mirth.

Shep. Fie, daughter! when my old wife liv'd, upon
This day, she was both pantler, butler, cook;
Both dame and servant: welcom'd all: serv'd all:
Would sing her song, and dance her turn; now here,
At upper end o' the table, now i' the middle;
On his shoulder, and his: her face o' fire
With labour; and the thing she took to quench it,
She would to each one sip: You are retired
As if you were a feasted one, and not
The hostess of the meeting: Pray you, bid
These unknown friends to us welcome: for it is
A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come, quench your blushes; and present yourself
That which you are, mistress o' the feast: Come on,
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
As your good flock shall prosper.

Per. Sir, welcome!! [*To POL.*
It is my father's will I should take on me
The hostess-ship o' the day:—You're welcome, sir!

[*To CAMILLO.*
Give me those flowers there, Dorcas.—Reverend sirs,
For you there's rosemary, and rue; these keep
Seeming, and savour, all the winter long:
Grace, and remembrance, be to you both,
And welcome to our shearing!

Pol. Shepherdess,
(A fair one are you,) well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.

Per. Sir, the year growing ancient,—
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter,—the fairest flowers o' the season
Are our carnations, and streak'd gillyvors,²
Which some call nature's bastards: of that kind
Our rustic garden's barren; and I care not
To get slips of them.

Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?

Per. For I have heard it said,
There is an art which, in their piedness, shares
With great creating nature.

Pol. Say, there be;
Yet nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean: so, over that art,
Which, you say, adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry
A gentler scion to the wildest stock;
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race: This is an art
Which does mend nature,—change it rather: but
The art itself is nature.

Per. So it is.

Pol. Then make your garden rich in gillyvors,
And do not call them bastards.

Per. I'll not put
The dibble in earth to set one slip of them:
No more than, were I painted, I would wish
This youth should say, 'twere well; and only therefore
Desire to breed by me.—Here's flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;
The marigold, that goes to bed with the sun,
And with him rises weeping; these are flowers
Of middle summer, and, I think, they are given
To men of middle age: You are very welcome.

Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing.

Per. Out, alas!
You'd be so lean, that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through.—Now, my fairest
friend,

I would I had some flowers o' the spring, that might
Become your time of day; and yours, and yours;
That wear upon your virgin branches yet
Your maidenheads growing:—O, Proserpina,¹
For the flowers now, that, frightened, thou lett'st fall
From Dis's waggon! daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets, dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phoebus in his strength, a malady
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips, and
The crown-imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one! O! these I lack,
To make you garlands of; and, my sweet friend,
To strew him o'er and o'er.

Flo. What! like a corse?

Per. No, like a bank, for love to lie and play on;
Not like a corse: or if,—not to be buried,
But quick, and in mine arms. Come, take your flowers:
Methinks, I play as I have seen them do,
In Whitsun' pastorals: sure, this robe of mine
Does change my disposition.

Flo. What you do
Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
I'd have you do it ever: when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so; so give alms;
Pray so; and, for the ordering your affairs,

¹ The modern reading is, *Welcome, sir.*

² *Gillyvors.* We print this word as it is twice printed in the original. Some

of the old authors write *gillyflower*, some *gillofre*. Gillyvor is perhaps a contraction of gillyflower.

To sing them too: When you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that; move still, still so,
And own no other function: Each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds,
That all your acts are queens.

Per. O Doricles,
Your praises are too large: but that your youth,
And the true blood which peeps fairly through 't,
Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd,
With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,
You woo'd me the false way.

Flo. I think, you have
As little skill to fear, as I have purpose
To put you to 't.—But, come; our dance, I pray:
Your hand, my Perdita: so turtles pair,
That never mean to part.

Per. I'll swear for 'em.

Pol. This is the prettiest low-born lass that ever
Ran on the green sward: nothing she does or seems,
But smacks of something greater than herself;
Too noble for this place.

Cam. He tells her something
That makes her blood look out:¹ Good sooth, she is
The queen of curds and cream.

Clo. Come on, strike up.

Dor. Mopsa must be your mistress: marry, garlic,
To mend her kissing with.

Mop. Now, in good time!

Clo. Not a word, a word; we stand upon our manners.—
Come, strike up. [Music.]

Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

Pol. Pray, good shepherd, what fair swain is this
Which dances with your daughter?

Shep. They call him Doricles; and boasts himself
To have a worthy feeding:² but I have it
Upon his own report, and I believe it;
He looks like sooth:³ He says, he loves my daughter;
I think so too: for never gaz'd the moon
Upon the water, as he'll stand, and read,
As 'twere, my daughter's eyes: and, to be plain,
I think there is not half a kiss to choose
Who loves another best.

Pol. She dances fealty.

Shep. So she does anything; though I report it,
That should be silent: if young Doricles
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreams of.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. O master, if you did but hear the pedlar at the
door, you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe;
no, the bagpipe could not move you: he sings several tunes
faster than you'll tell money; he utters them as he had
eaten ballads, and all men's ears grew to his tunes.

Clo. He could never come better: he shall come in; I
love a ballad but even too well; if it be doleful matter,
merrily set down, or a very pleasant thing indeed, and
sung lamentably.

¹ *Look out.* The original has *look on 't*. We are not quite sure that Theobald's correction is necessary. The idea reminds one of the fine lines in Donne:—

"Her pure and eloquent blood
Spoke in her veins, and such expression wrought,
You might have almost said her body thought."

² *Feeding*—pasture.

³ *Sooth*—truth.

⁴ *Whistle of.* So the original. The modern editions read *whistle off*.

Serv. He hath songs, for man, or woman, of all sizes; no
milliner can so fit his customers with gloves: he has the
prettiest love-songs for maids; so without bawdry, which
is strange; with such delicate burdens of "dildos and
fadings:"^k "jump her and thump her;" and where some
stretch-mouth'd rascal would, as it were, mean mischief,
and break a foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid
to answer, "Whoop, do me no harm, good man;" puts
him off, slights him, with "Whoop, do me no harm, good
man."

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clo. Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable-conceited
fellow. Has he any unbraided wares?

Serv. He hath ribands of all the colours i' the rainbow;
points, more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly
handle, though they come to him by the gross; inkles,
caddisses, cambrics, lawns; why, he sings them over, as
they were gods or goddesses; you would think a smock
were a she-angel: he so chants to the sleeve-hand, and the
work about the square on 't.

Clo. Prithee, bring him in; and let him approach
singing.

Per. Forewarn him, that he use no scurrilous words in
his tunes.

Clo. You have of these pedlars, that have more in 'em
than you'd think, sister.

Per. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

Enter AUTOLYCUS, singing.

Lawn, as white as driven snow;
Cyprus, black as e'er was crow;
Gloves, as sweet as damask roses;
Masks for faces, and for noses;
Bugle bracelet, necklace-amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber:
Golden quoifs, and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears;
Pins, and poking-sticks of steel,^l
What maids lack from head to heel:

Come, buy of me, come; come buy, come buy;
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry: Come buy.

Clo. If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou shouldst take
no money of me; but being enthralled as I am, it will also
be the bondage of certain ribands and gloves.

Mop. I was promised them against the feast; but they
come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promised you more than that, or there be
liars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promised you: may be,
he has paid you more; which will shame you to give him
again.

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids? will they
wear their plackets, where they should bear their faces?
Is there not milking-time, when you are going to bed, or
kilt-hole, to whistle of⁴ these secrets; but you must be
tittle-tattling before all our guests? 'Tis well they are
whispering: Clamour your tongues,⁵ and not a word more.

Mop. I have done. Come, you promised me a tawdry
lace, and a pair of sweet gloves.^m

Clo. Have I not told thee how I was cozened by the way,
and lost all my money?

Aut. And, indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad; there-
fore it behoves men to be wary.

Clo. Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing here.

Aut. I hope so, sir: for I have about me many parcels
of charge.

⁵ *Clamour your tongues.* Gifford maintains that this is a misprint for *charm* your tongues. We have in Henry VI., Part III.,

"Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm your tongue."

But the word *charm* in the text before us was not likely to be mistaken for *clamour*. Mr. Staunton quotes from Mr. Joseph Hunter a line from Taylor the Water Poet—

"Clamour the promulgation of your tongues,"

as proving it to have been a familiar phrase.

Clo. What hast here? ballads?

Mop. Pray now, buy some: I love a ballad in print, a'-life; for then we are sure they are true.

Aut. Here's one to a very doleful tune, How a usurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty money-bags at a burden; and how she longed to eat adders' heads, and toads carbonadoed.

Mop. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Very true, and but a month old.

Dor. Bless me from marrying a usurer!

Aut. Here's the midwife's name to't, one mistress Tale-porter; and five or six honest wives that were present: Why should I carry lies abroad?

Mop. 'Pray you now, buy it.

Clo. Come on, lay it by: And let's first see more ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here's another ballad, Of a fish, that appeared upon the coast, on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids: it was thought she was a woman, and was turned into a cold fish, for she would not exchange flesh with one that loved her: The ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

Dor. Is it true too, think you?

Aut. Five justices' hands at it; and witnesses, more than my pack will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too: Another.

Aut. This is a merry ballad; but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let's have some merry ones.

Aut. Why, this is a passing merry one: and goes to the tune of "Two maids wooing a man:" there's scarce a maid westward, but she sings it; 'tis in request, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both sing it; if thou'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear; 'tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on't a month ago.

Aut. I can bear my part; you must know, 'tis my occupation: have at it with you.

SONG.

A. Get you hence, for I must go
Where it fits not you to know.

D. Whither?

M. O, whither?

D. Whither?

M. It becomes thy oath full well,

Thou to me thy secrets tell:

D. Me too, let me go thither.

M. Or thou go'st to the grange, or mill:

D. If to either, thou dost ill.

A. Neither.

D. What, neither?

A. Neither.

D. Thou hast sworn my love to be;

M. Thou hast sworn it more to me:

Then, whither go'st? say, whither?

Clo. We'll have this song out anon by ourselves: My father and the gentlemen are in sad talk, and we'll not trouble them: Come, bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both:—Pedlar, let's have the first choice.—Follow me, girls.

Aut. And you shall pay well for 'em. [Aside.

Will you buy any tape,
Or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a?
Any silk, any thread,
Any toys for your head,
Of the new'st, and fin'st, fin'st wear-a?
Come to the pedlar;
Money's a medler,
That doth utter all men's ware-a.

[Exeunt Clown, AUTOLYCUS, DORCAS, and MOPSA.]

¹ *Gallimaufry*—a confused heap of things.
² *Squire*—foot-rule.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Master, there is three carters, three shepherds, three neatherds, three swineherds, that have made themselves all men of hair;¹ they call themselves saltiers: and they have a dance which the wenches say is a gallimaufry¹ of gambols, because they are not in't; but they themselves are o' the mind, (if it be not too rough for some, that know little but bowling,) it will please plentifully.

Shep. Away! we'll none on't; here has been too much homely foolery already:—I know, sir, we weary you.

Pol. You weary those that refresh us: Pray, let's see these four threes of herdsmen.

Serv. One three of them, by their own report, sir, hath danc'd before the king; and not the worst of the three but jumps twelve foot and a half by the squire.²

Shep. Leave your prating: since these good men are pleased, let them come in; but quickly now.

Serv. Why, they stay at door, sir. [Exit.

Re-enter Servant, with Twelve Rustics habited like Satyrs.
They dance, and then exeunt.

Pol. O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter.³ Is it not too far gone?—'Tis time to part them.—He's simple and tells much. [Aside.]—How now, fair shepherd?

Your heart is full of something that does take Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young, And handed love as you do, I was wont To load my she with knacks: I would have ransack'd The pedlar's silken treasury, and have pour'd it To her acceptance; you have let him go, And nothing marted with him: If your lass Interpretation should abuse, and call this Your lack of love or bounty, you were straited For a reply, at least, if you make a care Of happy holding her.

Flo. Old sir, I know She prizes not such trifles as these are: The gifts she looks from me are pack'd and lock'd Up in my heart; which I have given already, But not deliver'd.—O, hear me breathe my life Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem, Hath sometime lov'd: I take thy hand; this hand, As soft as dove's down, and as white as it; Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow, That's bolted by the northern blasts twice o'er.

Pol. What follows this?—How prettily the young swain seems to wash The hand was fair before!—I have put you out:—But to your protestation; let me hear What you profess.

Flo. Do, and be witness to't.

Pol. And this my neighbour too?

Flo. And he, and more Than he, and men; the earth, the heavens, and all: That, were I crown'd the most imperial monarch, Thereof most worthy; were I the fairest youth That ever made eye swerve; had force, and knowledge, More than was ever man's, I would not prize them, Without her love: for her, employ them all; Commend them, and condemn them, to her service, Or to their own perdition.

Pol. Fairly offer'd.

Cam. This shows a sound affection.

Shep. But, my daughter, Say you the like to him?

³ During the dance Polixenes and the Shepherd have been conversing apart, and this line is a continuation of their supposed dialogue.

Per. I cannot speak
So well, nothing so well; no, nor mean better:
By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out
The purity of his.

Shep. Take hands, a bargain;—
And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to't:
I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her portion equal his.

Flo. O, that must be
I' the virtue of your daughter: one being dead,
I shall have more than you can dream of yet;
Enough then for your wonder: But, come on,
Contract us 'fore these witnesses.

Shep. Come, your hand;
And, daughter, yours.

Pol. Soft, swain, awhile, 'beseech you;
Have you a father?

Flo. I have: But what of him?

Pol. Knows he of this?

Flo. He neither does, nor shall.

Pol. Methinks, a father
Is, at the nuptial of his son, a guest
That best becomes the table. Pray you, once more;
Is not your father grown incapable
Of reasonable affairs? is he not stupid
With age, and altering rheums? Can he speak? hear?
Know man from man? dispute his own estate?
Lies he not bed-rid? and again does nothing,
But what he did being childish?

Flo. No, good sir;
He has his health, and ampler strength, indeed,
Than most have of his age.

Pol. By my white beard,
You offer him, if this be so, a wrong
Something unfilial: Reason, my son
Should choose himself a wife; but as good reason,
The father, (all whose joy is nothing else
But fair posterity,) should hold some counsel
In such a business.

Flo. I yield all this;
But, for some other reasons, my grave sir,
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
My father of this business.

Pol. Let him know 't.

Flo. He shall not.

Pol. Prithee, let him.

Flo. No, he must not.

Shep. Let him, my son; he shall not need to grieve
At knowing of thy choice.

Flo. Come, come, he must not:—
Mark our contract.

Pol. Mark your divorce, young sir,
[*Discovering himself.*]

Whom son I dare not call; thou art too base
To be acknowledg'd: Thou a sceptre's heir,
That thus affect'st a sheephook!—Thou old traitor,
I am sorry, that, by hanging thee, I can
But shorten thy life one week.—And thou, fresh piece
Of excellent witchcraft, who, of force, must know
The royal food thou cop'st with;—

Shep. O, my heart!

Pol. I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briers, and made
More homely than thy state.—For thee, fond boy,
If I may ever know thou dost but sigh
That thou no more shalt never see¹ this knack, (as never
I mean thou shalt,) we'll bar thee from succession;
Not hold thee of our blood, no not our kin,
Far than Deucalion off.—Mark thou my words;
Follow us to the court.—Thou churl, for this time,
Though full of our displeasure, yet we free thee

From the dead blow of it.—And you, enchantment,
Worthy enough a herdsman! yea, him too,
That makes himself, but for our honour therein,
Unworthy thee,—if ever, henceforth, thou
These rural latches to his entrance open,
Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,
I will devise a death as cruel for thee
As thou art tender to't.

[*Exit.*]

Per. Even here undone!
I was not much afeard: for once, or twice,
I was about to speak; and tell him plainly,
The self-same sun that shines upon his court
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike.—Will 't please you, sir, be gone?

[*To FLORIZEL.*]

I told you what would come of this: 'Beseech you,
Of your own state take care: this dream of mine,
Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch farther,
But milk my ewes, and weep.

Cam. Why, how now, father!
Speak, ere thou diest.

Shep. I cannot speak, nor think,
Nor dare to know that which I know.—O, sir,

[*To FLORIZEL.*]

You have undone a man of fourscore three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,
To die upon the bed my father died,
To lie close by his honest bones: but now
Some hangman must put on my shroud, and lay me
Where no priest shovels-in dust.—O cursed wretch!

[*To PERDITA.*]

That knew'st this was the prince, and wouldst adventure
To mingle faith with him.—Undone! undone!
If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd
To die when I desire.

[*Exit.*]

Flo. Why look you so upon me?
I am but sorry, not afeard; delay'd,
But nothing alter'd: What I was, I am:
More straining on, for plucking back; not following
My leash unwillingly.

Cam. Gracious, my lord,
You know your father's temper: at this time
He will allow no speech,—which, I do guess,
You do not purpose to him;—and as hardly
Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear:
Then, till the fury of his highness settle,
Come not before him.

Flo. I not purpose it.
I think, Camillo.

Cam. Even he, my lord.

Per. How often have I told you 'twould be thus?
How often said, my dignity would last
But till 'twere known?

Flo. It cannot fail, but by
The violation of my faith: And then
Let nature crush the sides o' the earth together,
And mar the seeds within! Lift up thy looks:
From my succession wipe me, father! I
Am heir to my affection.

Cam. Be advised.

Flo. I am; and by my fancy:² if my reason
Will thereto be obedient, I have reason;
If not, my senses, better pleas'd with madness,
Do bid it welcome.

Cam. This is desperate, sir.

Flo. So call it: but it does fulfil my vow;
I needs must think it honesty. Camillo,
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may
Be thereat glean'd; for all the sun sees, or
The close earth wombs, or the profound seas hide

¹ The double negative is corrected in some editions by the omission of *never*.
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² *Fancy*—love.

In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair belov'd: Therefore, I pray you,
As you have ever been my father's honour'd friend,
When he shall miss me, (as, in faith, I mean not
To see him any more,) cast your good counsels
Upon his passion: Let myself and fortune
Tug for the time to come. This you may know,
And so deliver,—I am put to sea
With her, whom here I cannot hold on shore;
And, most opportune to our¹ need, I have
A vessel rides fast by, but not prepar'd
For this design. What course I mean to hold
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting.

Cam. O, my lord,
I would your spirit were easier for advice,
Or stronger for your need.

Flo. Hark, Perdita.— [*Takes her aside.*
I'll hear you by and by. [*To CAMILLO.*

Cam. He's irremovable,
Resolv'd for flight: now were I happy, if
His going I could frame to serve my turn;
Save him from danger, do him love and honour;
Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia,
And that unhappy king, my master, whom
I so much thirst to see.

Flo. Now, good Camillo,
I am so fraught with curious business, that
I leave out ceremony.

Cam. Sir, I think,
You have heard of my poor services, i' the love
That I have borne your father?

Flo. Very nobly
Have you deserv'd: it is my father's music,
To speak your deeds; not little of his care
To have them recompens'd as thought on.

Cam. Well, my lord,
If you may please to think I love the king,
And, through him, what is nearest to him, which is
Your gracious self, embrace but my direction,
(If your more ponderous and settled project
May suffer alteration,) on mine honour
I'll point you where you shall have such receiving
As shall become your highness; where you may
Enjoy your mistress; (from the whom, I see,
There's no disjunction to be made, but by,
As heavens forbend! your ruin :) marry her;
And (with my best endeavours in your absence,)
Your discontenting father strive to qualify,
And bring him up to liking.

Flo. How, Camillo,
May this, almost a miracle, be done?
That I may call thee something more than man,
And, after that, trust to thee.

Cam. Have you thought on
A place, whereto you'll go?

Flo. Not any yet:
But as the unthought-on accident is guilty
To what we wildly do, so we profess
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and flies
Of every wind that blows.

Cam. Then list to me;
This follows,—if you will not change your purpose,
But undergo this flight,—make for Sicilia;
And there present yourself, and your fair princess,
(For so, I see, she must be,) 'fore Leontes;
She shall be habited as it becomes
The partner of your bed. Methinks, I see
Leontes, opening his free arms, and weeping

His welcomes forth: asks thee, the son, forgiveness,
As 'twere i' the father's person: kisses the hands
Of your fresh princess: o'er and o'er divides him
'Twixt his unkindness and his kindness; the one
He chides to hell, and bids the other grow
Faster than thought or time.

Flo. Worthy Camillo,
What colour for my visitation shall I
Hold up before him?

Cam. Sent by the king your father
To greet him, and to give him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you, as from your father, shall deliver,
Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you down:
The which shall point you forth at every sitting
What you must say; that he shall not perceive,
But that you have your father's bosom there,
And speak his very heart.

Flo. I am bound to you:
There is some sap in this.

Cam. A course more promising
Than a wild dedication of yourselves
To unpath'd waters, undreamed shores; most certain,
To miseries enough: no hope to help you:
But, as you shake off one, to take another:
Nothing so certain as your anchors; who
Do their best office, if they can but stay you
Where you'll be loath to be: Besides, you know,
Prosperity's the very bond of love;
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together
Affliction alters.

Per. One of these is true:
I think affliction may subdue the cheek,
But not take in the mind.

Cam. Yea, say you so?
There shall not, at your father's house, these seven years,
Be born another such.

Flo. My good Camillo,
She is as forward of her breeding, as
She is i' the rear of our birth.²

Cam. I cannot say, 'tis pity
She lacks instructions; for she seems a mistress
To most that teach.

Per. Your pardon, sir, for this:
I'll blush you thanks.

Flo. My prettiest Perdita!—
But, O, the thorns we stand upon!—Camillo,—
Preserver of my father, now of me;
The medicine of our house!—how shall we do?
We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son;
Nor shall appear in Sicilia.

Cam. My lord,
Fear none of this: I think, you know, my fortunes
Do all lie there: it shall be so my care
To have you royally appointed, as if
The scene you play were mine. For instance, sir,
That you may know you shall not want,—one word.

[*They talk aside.*

Enter AUTOLYCUS.

Aut. Ha, ha! what a fool honesty is! and trust, his
sworn brother, a very simple gentleman! I have sold all
my trumpery; not a counterfeit stone, not a riband, glass,
pomander,^o brooch, table-book, ballad, knife, tape, glove,
shoe-tie, bracelet, horn-ring, to keep my pack from fasting;
they throng who should buy first; as if my trinkets had
been hallowed, and brought a benediction to the buyer!

¹ *Our.* The original has *her*.

² The original reads—

"She is i' th' reere 'our birth."

The apostrophes indicate the sense: but Steevens, sacrificing everything to uniformity of metre, has simply *i' th' rear of birth*, omitting *she is*, and substituting *of* for *our*.

by which means I saw whose purse was best in picture; and what I saw, to my good use I remembered. My clown, (who wants but something to be a reasonable man,) grew so in love with the wenches' song, that he would not stir his pettitoes till he had both tune and words; which so drew the rest of the herd to me, that all their other senses stuck in ears: you might have pinched a placket, it was senseless; 'twas nothing to geld a cod-piece of a purse; I would have filed keys off that hung in chains: no hearing, no feeling, but my sir's song, and admiring the nothing of it. So that, in this time of lethargy, I picked and cut most of their festival purses: and had not the old man come in with a whoobub against his daughter and the king's son, and scared my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army.

[CAM., FLO., and PER. come forward.]

Cam. Nay, but my letters by this means being there
So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

Flo. And those that you'll procure from king Leontes—

Cam. Shall satisfy your father.

Per. Happy be you!

All that you speak shows fair.

Cam. Who have we here?—

[Seeing AUTOLYCUS.]

We'll make an instrument of this; omit
Nothing may give us aid.

Aut. If they have overheard me now,—why, hanging.
[Aside.]

Cam. How now, good fellow? why shakest thou so?
Fear not, man; here's no harm intended to thee.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir.

Cam. Why, be so still; here's nobody will steal that from thee: Yet, for the outside of thy poverty we must make an exchange: therefore, discase thee instantly, (thou must think there's a necessity in 't,) and change garments with this gentleman: Though the pennyworth, on his side, be the worst, yet hold thee, there's some boot.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir:—I know ye well enough.
[Aside.]

Cam. Nay, prithee, despatch: the gentleman is half
flayed already.

Aut. Are you in earnest, sir?—I smell the trick on 't.—
[Aside.]

Flo. Despatch, I prithee.

Aut. Indeed, I have had earnest; but I cannot with conscience take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle.—

[FLO. and AUTOL. exchange garments.]

Fortunate mistress,—let my prophecy
Come home to you!—you must retire yourself
Into some covert: take your sweetheart's hat,
And pluck it o'er your brows; muffle your face;
Dismantle you; and, as you can, disliken
The truth of your own seeming; that you may
(For I do fear eyes over you¹) to shipboard
Get undescried.

Per. I see the play so lies
That I must bear a part.

Cam. No remedy.—

Have you done there?

Flo. Should I now meet my father,
He would not call me son.

Cam. Nay, you shall have
No hat:—Come, lady, come.—Farewell, my friend.

Aut. Adieu, sir.

Flo. O Perdita, what have we twain forgot?

Pray you, a word. [They converse apart.]

Cam. What I do next shall be, to tell the king [Aside.]
Of this escape, and whither they are bound;

Wherein, my hope is, I shall so prevail
To force him after; in whose company
I shall review Sicilia; for whose sight
I have a woman's longing.

Flo. Fortune speed us!—

Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side.

Cam. The swifter speed the better.

[Exit FLORIZEL, PERDITA, and CAMILLO.]

Aut. I understand the business, I hear it: To have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a cutpurse; a good nose is requisite also, to smell out work for the other senses. I see this is the time that the unjust man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been, without boot! what a boot is here, with this exchange! Sure, the gods do this year connive at us, and we may do anything *extempore*. The prince himself is about a piece of iniquity; stealing away from his father, with his clog at his heels: If I thought it were a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would not do't: I hold it the more knavery to conceal it: and therein am I constant to my profession.

Enter Clown and Shepherd.

Aside, aside;—here is more matter for a hot brain: Every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work.

Clo. See, see; what a man you are now! there is no other way but to tell the king she's a changeling, and none of your flesh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Clo. Nay, but hear me.

Shep. Go to then.

Clo. She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the king; and, so, your flesh and blood is not to be punished by him. Show those things you found about her; those secret things, all but what she has with her: This being done, let the law go whistle; I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the king all, every word, yea, and his son's pranks too; who, I may say, is no honest man neither to his father, nor to me, to go about to make me the king's brother-in-law.

Clo. Indeed, brother-in-law was the farthest off you could have been to him; and then your blood had been the dearer, by I know how much an ounce.

Aut. Very wisely; puppies! [Aside.]

Shep. Well; let us to the king; there is that in this fardel will make him scratch his beard.

Aut. I know not what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my master.

Clo. 'Pray heartily he be at palace.

Aut. Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance:—Let me pocket up my pedlar's excrement.—[Takes off his false beard.] How now, rustics? whither are you bound?

Shep. To the palace, an it like your worship.

Aut. Your affairs there; what; with whom; the condition of that fardel; the place of your dwelling; your names; your ages; of what having,² breeding; and anything that is fitting to be known, discover.

Clo. We are but plain fellows, sir.

Aut. A lie; you are rough and hairy: Let me have no lying; it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lie: but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel; therefore they do not give us the lie.³

Clo. Your worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourself with the manner.

¹ You, which was wanting in the original, was added by Rowe.

² Having—estate.

³ As they are paid for lying they do not give us the lie.

Shep. Are you a courtier, an 't like you, sir?

Aut. Whether it like me, or no, I am a courtier. Seest thou not the air of the court in these enfoldings? hath not my gait in it the measure of the court? receives not thy nose court odour from me? reflect I not on thy baseness, court-contempt? Think'st thou, for that I insinuate, or toze from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier? I am a courtier cap-a-piè; and one that will either push on or pluck back thy business there: whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

Shep. My business, sir, is to the king.

Aut. What advocate hast thou to him?

Shep. I know not, an 't like you.

Clo. Advocate's the court-word for a present;¹ say you have none.

Shep. None, sir; I have no pheasant, cock nor hen.

Aut. How bless'd are we that are not simple men!—Yet nature might have made me as these are, Therefore I'll not disdain.

Clo. This cannot be but a great courtier.

Shep. His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely.

Clo. He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical: a great man, I'll warrant; I know by the picking on's teeth.

Aut. The fardel there? what's i' the fardel? Wherefore that box?

Shep. Sir, there lies such secrets in this fardel and box, which none must know but the king; and which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to the speech of him.

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

Shep. Why, sir?

Aut. The king is not at the palace: he is gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy, and air himself: For, if thou be'st capable of things serious, thou must know the king is full of grief.

Shep. So 'tis said, sir, about his son, that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

Aut. If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him fly; the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

Clo. Think you so, sir?

Aut. Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy, and vengeance bitter; but those that are germane to him, though removed fifty times, shall all come under the hangman: which though it be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! Some say, he shall be stoned; but that death is too soft for him, say I: Draw our throne into a sheep-cote! all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

Clo. Has the old man e'er a son, do you hear, an 't like you, sir?

Aut. He has a son, who shall be flayed alive; then, 'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest; then stand, till he be three-quarters and a dram dead; then recovered again with aqua-vitæ, or some other hot infusion; then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims, shall he be set against a brick wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him, where he is to behold him with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be smiled at, their offences being so capital? Tell me, (for you seem to be honest plain men,) what you have to the king: being something gently considered, I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs; and, if it be in man, besides the king, to effect your suits, here is man shall do it.

Clo. He seems to be of great authority: close with him,

give him gold; and though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold: show the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado: Remember, stoned and flayed alive!

Shep. An 't please you, sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have: I'll make it as much more; and leave this young man in pawn, till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promised?

Shep. Ay, sir.

Aut. Well, give me the moiety:—Are you a party in this business?

Clo. In some sort, sir: but though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flayed out of it.

Aut. O, that's the case of the shepherd's son:—Hang him, he'll be made an example.

Clo. Comfort, good comfort: we must to the king, and show our strange sights: he must know, 'tis none of your daughter, nor my sister; we are gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does, when the business is performed; and remain, as he says, your pawn, till it be brought you.

Aut. I will trust you. Walk before toward the sea-side; go on the right hand; I will but look upon the hedge, and follow you.

Clo. We are blessed in this man, as I may say, even blessed.

Shep. Let's before, as he bids us: he was provided to do us good.

[*Exeunt* Shepherd and Clown.]

Aut. If I had a mind to be honest, I see fortune would not suffer me; she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion; gold, and a means to do the prince my master good; which, who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him: if he think it fit to shore them again, and that the complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing, let him call me rogue for being so far officious; for I am proof against that title, and what shame else belongs to't: To him will I present them; there may be matter in it. [*Exit.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Sicilia. *A Room in the Palace of Leontes.*

Enter LEONTES, CLEOMENES, DION, PAULINA, and others.

Cleo. Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd A saint-like sorrow: no fault could you make Which you have not redeem'd; indeed, paid down More penitence, than done trespass: At the last Do, as the heavens have done; forget your evil; With them, forgive yourself.

Leon. Whilst I remember Her, and her virtues, I cannot forget My blemishes in them; and so still think of The wrong I did myself: which was so much, That heirless it hath made my kingdom; and Destroy'd the sweet'st companion that e'er man Bred his hopes out of.

Paul. True, too true, my lord: If, one by one, you wedded all the world, Or, from the all that are took something good, To make a perfect woman, she, you kill'd, Would be unparallel'd.

Leon. I think so. Kill'd! She I kill'd! I did so: but thou strik'st me Sorely, to say I did; it is as bitter

¹ *Present.* In the original *pheasant*. The change was suggested by Kenrick.

Upon thy tongue as in my thought. Now, good now,
Say so, but seldom.

Cleo. Not at all, good lady;
You might have spoken a thousand things that would
Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd
Your kindness better.

Paul. You are one of those
Would have him wed again.

Dion. If you would not so,
You pity not the state, nor the remembrance
Of his most sovereign dame; consider little,
What dangers, by his highness' fail of issue,
May drop upon his kingdom, and devour
Uncertain lookers-on. What were more holy
Than to rejoice the former queen is well?¹
What holier than,—for royalty's repair,
For present comfort and for future good,—
To bless the bed of majesty again
With a sweet fellow to 't?

Paul. There is none worthy,
Respecting her that's gone. Besides, the gods
Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes:
For has not the divine Apollo said,
Is't not the tenor of his oracle,
That king Leontes shall not have an heir
Till his lost child be found? which, that it shall,
Is all as monstrous to our human reason,
As my Antigonus to break his grave,
And come again to me; who, on my life,
Did perish with the infant. 'Tis your counsel
My lord should to the heavens be contrary,
Oppose against their wills.—Care not for issue;

[To LEONTES.]

The crown will find an heir: Great Alexander
Left his to the worthiest; so his successor
Was like to be the best.

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

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

Leon. Thou speak'st truth.
No more such wives; therefore, no wife: one worse,
And better us'd, would make her sainted spirit
Again possess her corpse; and, on this stage,
(Where we offenders now,) appear,² soul-vexed,
And begin, "Why to me?"

Paul. Had she such power,
She had just cause.³

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

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

Leon. Stars, stars,⁴
And all eyes else dead coals!—fear thou no wife,
I'll have no wife, Paulina.

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

Leon. Never, Paulina: so be bless'd my spirit!

Paul. Then, good my lords, bear witness to his oath,—

Cleo. You tempt him over-much.

Paul. Unless another,
As like Hermione as is her picture,
Affront his eye;—⁵

Cleo. Good madam, I have done.

Paul. Yet, if my lord will marry,—if you will,
No remedy but you will; give me the office
To choose you a queen; she shall not be so young
As was your former; but she shall be such
As, walk'd your first queen's ghost, it should take joy
To see her in your arms.

Leon. My true Paulina,
We shall not marry till thou bidd'st us.

Paul. That
Shall be, when your first queen's again in breath:
Never till then.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. One that gives out himself prince Florizel,
Son of Polixenes, with his princess, (she
The fairest I have yet beheld,) desires access
To your high presence.

Leon. What with him? he comes not
Like to his father's greatness: his approach,
So out of circumstance and sudden, tells us
'Tis not a visitation fram'd, but forc'd
By need and accident. What train?

Gent. But few,
And those but mean.

Leon. His princess, say you, with him?

Gent. Ay, the most peerless piece of earth, I think,
That e'er the sun shone bright on.

Paul. O Hermione,
As every present time doth boast itself
Above a better, gone, so must thy grave
Give way to what's seen now. Sir, you yourself
Have said, and writ so, (but your writing now
Is colder than that theme,) "She had not been,
Nor was not to be equal'd;"—thus your verse
Flow'd with her beauty once; 'tis shrewdly ebb'd,
To say you have seen a better.

Gent. Pardon, madam;
The one I have almost forgot; (your pardon,)
The other, when she has obtain'd your eye,
Will have your tongue too. This is a creature,⁶
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal
Of all professors else; make proselytes
Of who she but bid follow.

Paul. How? not women?

Gent. Women will love her, that she is a woman,
More worth than any man; men, that she is
The rarest of all women.

Leon. Go, Cleomenes;
Yourself, assisted with your honour'd friends,
Bring them to our embracement.—Still 'tis strange,
[*Exeunt CLEOMENES, Lords, and Gentleman.*]
He thus should steal upon us.

¹ In *Antony and Cleopatra* we have an explanation of the text:—

"We use to say, *the dead are well*."

² The original reads—

(Where we offenders now appear.)

We have shifted the place of the parenthesis, making "her sainted spirit" the nominative case to "appear." By this arrangement, "where we offenders now" are must be understood. By any other construction we lose the force of the word "appear," as applied to "sainted spirit." Malone proposed to read—

"Again possess her corpse, (and on this stage
Where we offenders now appear soul-vexed)
And begin, Why to me?"

³ *Just cause*. In the original *just such cause*. In modern editions *such* is omitted, following the authority of the third folio.

⁴ *Stars, stars*. So the original, but diluted by Hammer into *stars, very stars*.

⁵ The vehemence of Paulina overbears the interruption of Cleomenes, and he says, "I have done." Mr. Dyce and other editors give "I have done" to Paulina; to us it appears that she is going on, perfectly regardless of any opposition.

⁶ So the original. Some would read "*such* a creature."

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

Leon. Prithee, no more; cease;¹ thou know'st,
He dies to me again, when talk'd of: sure,
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that which may
Unfurnish me of reason.—They are come.—

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

Your mother was most true to wedlock, prince;
For she did print your royal father off,
Conceiving you: Were I but twenty-one,
Your father's image is so hit in you,
His very air, that I should call you brother,
As I did him; and speak of something, wildly
By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome!
And your fair princess, goddess!—O, alas!
I lost a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth
Might thus have stood, begetting wonder, as
You, gracious couple, do! and then I lost
(All mine own folly,) the society,
Amity too, of your brave father; whom,
Though bearing misery, I desire my life
Once more to look on him.

Flo. By his command
Have I here touch'd Sicilia: and from him
Give you all greetings, that a king, at friend,
Can send his brother: and, but infirmity
(Which waits upon worn times,) hath something seiz'd
His wish'd ability, he had himself
The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his
Measur'd to look upon you; whom he loves
(He bade me say so,) more than all the sceptres,
And those that bear them, living.

Leon. O, my brother,
(Good gentleman!) the wrongs I have done thee stir
Afresh within me; and these thy offices,
So rarely kind, are as interpreters
Of my behind-hand slackness!—Welcome hither,
As is the spring to the earth. And hath he too
Expos'd this paragon to the fearful usage
(At least, ungentle,) of the dreadful Neptune,
To greet a man not worth her pains; much less
The adventure of her person?

Flo. Good my lord,
She came from Libya.

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

Flo. Most royal sir, from thence; from him, whose
daughter

His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her: thence
(A prosperous south-wind friendly,) we have cross'd,
To execute the charge my father gave me,
For visiting your highness: My best train
I have from your Sicilian shores dismissed;
Who for Bohemia bend, to signify
Not only my success in Libya, sir,
But my arrival, and my wife's, in safety
Here, where we are.

Leon. The blessed gods
Purge all infection from our air, whilst you
Do climate here! You have a holy father,
A graceful gentleman; against whose person,
So sacred as it is, I have done sin:

For which the heavens, taking angry note,
Have left me issueless; and your father's bless'd,
(As he from heaven merits it,) with you,
Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,
Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,
Such goodly things as you!

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most noble sir,
That which I shall report will bear no credit,
Were not the proof so nigh. Please you, great sir,
Bohemia greets you from himself by me:
Desires you to attach his son; who has
(His dignity and duty both cast off,)
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
A shepherd's daughter.

Leon. Where's Bohemia? speak.

Lord. Here in your² city; I now came from him:
I speak amazedly; and it becomes
My marvel, and my message. To your court
Whiles he was hast'ning, (in the chase, it seems,
Of this fair couple,) meets he on the way
The father of this seeming lady, and
Her brother, having both their country quitted
With this young prince.

Flo. Camillo has betray'd me;
Whose honour, and whose honesty, till now,
Endur'd all weathers.

Lord. Lay't so to his charge;
He's with the king your father.

Leon. Who? Camillo?

Lord. Camillo, sir; I spake with him; who now
Has these poor men in question. Never saw I
Wretches so quake: they kneel, they kiss the earth;
Forswear themselves as often as they speak:
Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them
With divers deaths in death.

Pcr. O, my poor father!—
The heaven sets spies upon us, will not have
Our contract celebrated.

Leon. You are married?

Flo. We are not, sir, nor are we like to be;
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first:—
The odds for high and low's alike.

Leon. My lord,
Is this the daughter of a king?

Flo. She is,
When once she is my wife.

Leon. That once, I see, by your good father's speed,
Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,
Most sorry, you have broken from his liking,
Where you were tied in duty: and as sorry,
Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty,
That you might well enjoy her.

Flo. Dear, look up:
Though fortune, visible an enemy,
Should chase us, with my father, power no jot
Hath she to change our loves.—Beseech you, sir,
Remember since you ow'd no more to time
Than I do now: with thought of such affections,
Step forth mine advocate; at your request,
My father will grant precious things as trifles.

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

Paul. Sir, my liege,
Your eye hath too much youth in't: not a month
'Fore your queen died, she was more worth such gazes
Than what you look on now.

¹ Cease is omitted by Steevens, for the sake of metre.

Your. This is changed to *the*, in some editions, without explanation.
5 M 409

Leon. I thought of her,
Even in these looks I made.—But your petition
[To FLORIZEL.
Is yet unanswer'd: I will to your father;
Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires,
I am friend to them, and you: upon which errand
I now go toward him; therefore follow me,
And mark what way I make: Come, good my lord.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*The same. Before the Palace.**Enter AUTOLYCUS and a Gentleman.*

Aut. 'Beseech you, sir, were you present at this relation?

1 Gent. I was by at the opening of the fardel; heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found it: whereupon, after a little amazedness, we were all commanded out of the chamber; only this, methought I heard the shepherd say, he found the child.

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

1 Gent. I make a broken delivery of the business:—But the changes I perceived in the king and Camillo were very notes of admiration: they seemed almost, with staring on one another, to tear the cases of their eyes; there was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture; they looked as they had heard of a world ransomed, or one destroyed: A notable passion of wonder appeared in them: but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say if the importance¹ were joy or sorrow: but in the extremity of the one it must needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a gentleman, that, happily, knows more: The news, Rogero?

2 Gent. Nothing but bonfires: The oracle is fulfilled; the king's daughter is found: such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it.

Enter a third Gentleman.

Here comes the lady Paulina's steward; he can deliver you more.—How goes it now, sir? this news, which is called true, is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion: Has the king found his heir?

3 Gent. Most true; if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance; that which you hear you'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of queen Hermione:—her jewel about the neck of it:—the letters of Antigonus, found with it, which they know to be his character:—the majesty of the creature, in resemblance of the mother;—the affection of nobleness, which nature shows above her breeding,—and many other evidences, proclaim her, with all certainty, to be the king's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two kings?

2 Gent. No.

3 Gent. Then have you lost a sight, which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another; so, and in such manner, that it seemed sorrow wept to take leave of them; for their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands; with countenance of such distraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favour. Our king, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter; as if that joy were now become a loss, cries, "O, thy mother, thy mother!" then asks Bohemia forgive-

ness; then embraces his son-in-law; then again worries he his daughter, with clipping her; now he thanks the old shepherd, which stands by, like a weather-bitten conduit^a of many kings' reigns. I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it, and undoes description to do it.

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

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

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

3 Gent. Wracked, the same instant of their master's death; and in the view of the shepherd: so that all the instruments, which aided to expose the child, were even then lost, when it was found. But, O, the noble combat that, 'twixt joy and sorrow, was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declined for the loss of her husband; another elevated that the oracle was fulfilled: She lifted the princess from the earth; and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart, that she might no more be in danger of losing.

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

3 Gent. One of the prettiest touches of all, and that which angled for mine eyes (caught the water, though not the fish), was, when at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how she came to it, (bravely confessed, and lamented by the king,) how attentiveness wounded his daughter; till, from one sign of dolour to another, she did, with an "alas!" I would fain say, bleed tears; for, I am sure, my heart wept blood. Who was most marble there changed colour: some swooned, all sorrowed: if all the world could have seen it, the woe had been universal.

1 Gent. Are they returned to the court?

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

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

1 Gent. Who would be thence that has the benefit of access? every wink of an eye, some new grace will be born: our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let's along.
[Exeunt Gentlemen.]

Aut. Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the prince: told him, I heard them talk of a fardel, and I know not what; but he at that time, over-fond of the shepherd's daughter, (so he then took her to be,) who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscovered. But 'tis all one to me; for had I been the finder out of this secret, it would not have relished among my other discredits.

Enter Shepherd and Clown.

Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

¹ Importance—import.

Shep. Come, boy; I am past more children, but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

Clo. You are well met, sir: You denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born: See you these clothes? say, you see them not, and think me still no gentleman born: you were best say these robes are not gentlemen born. Give me the lie; do; and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

Aut. I know you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

Clo. Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

Shep. And so have I, boy.

Clo. So you have:—but I was a gentleman born before my father: for the king's son took me by the hand, and called me, brother; and then the two kings called my father, brother; and then the prince, my brother, and the princess, my sister, called my father, father; and so we wept: and there was the first gentlemanlike tears that ever we shed.

Shep. We may live, son, to shed many more.

Clo. Ay; or else 'twere hard luck; being in so preposterous estate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship, and to give me your good report to the prince my master.

Shep. Prithee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Clo. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. Ay, an it like your good worship.

Clo. Give me thy hand: I will swear to the prince, thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

Shep. You may say it, but not swear it.

Clo. Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? Let boors and franklins say it, I'll swear it.

Shep. How if it be false, son?

Clo. If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it, in the behalf of his friend:—And I'll swear to the prince, thou art a tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know, that thou art no tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunk; but I'll swear it: and I would thou wouldst be a tall fellow of thy hands.

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

Clo. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow: If I do not wonder how thou dardest venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not.—Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's picture. Come, follow us: we'll be thy good masters. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III.—*The same. A Room in Paulina's House.*

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, PERDITA, CAMILLO, PAULINA, Lords, and Attendants.

Leon. O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort That I have had of thee!

Paul. What, sovereign sir, I did not well, I meant well: All my services You have paid home: but that you have vouchsaf'd With your crown'd brother, and these your contracted Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit; It is a surplus of your grace, which never My life may last to answer.

Leon. O Paulina, We honour you with trouble: But we came To see the statue of our queen: your gallery Have we pass'd through, not without much content In many singularities; but we saw not

That which my daughter came to look upon, The statue of her mother.

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

[PAULINA undraws a curtain, and discovers a statue.]

I like your silence, it the more shows off Your wonder: But yet speak;—first, you, my liege. Comes it not something near?

Leon. Her natural posture!— Chide me, dear stone; that I may say, indeed, Thou art Hermione: or, rather, thou art she, In thy not chiding; for she was as tender As infancy, and grace.—But yet, Paulina, Hermione was not so much wrinkled; nothing So aged, as this seems.

Pol. O, not by much.

Paul. So much the more our carver's excellence; Which lets go by some sixteen years, and makes her As she liv'd now.

Leon. As now she might have done, So much to my good comfort, as it is Now piercing to my soul. O, thus she stood, Even with such life of majesty, (warm life, As now it coldly stands,) when first I woo'd her! I am asham'd: Does not the stone rebuke me, For being more stone than it?—O, royal piece, There's magic in thy majesty, which has My evils conjur'd to remembrance; and From thy admiring daughter took the spirits, Standing like stone with thee!

Per. And give me leave; And do not say 'tis superstition, that I kneel, and then implore her blessing.—Lady, Dear queen, that ended when I but began, Give me that hand of yours to kiss.

Paul. O, patience: The statue is but newly fix'd, the colour's Not dry.

Cam. My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on: Which sixteen winters cannot blow away, So many summers dry: scarce any joy Did ever so long live; no sorrow, But kill'd itself much sooner.

Pol. Dear my brother, Let him that was the cause of this have power To take off so much of grief from you, as he Will piece up in himself.

Paul. Indeed, my lord, If I had thought the sight of my poor image Would thus have wrought you (for the stone is mine), I'd not have show'd it.

Leon. Do not draw the curtain.

Paul. No longer shall you gaze on't; lest your fancy May think anon it moves.

Leon. Let be, let be. Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already¹— What was he that did make it?—See, my lord, Would you not deem it breath'd? and that those veins Did verily bear blood?

Pol. Masterly done: The very life seems warm upon her lip.

Leon. The fixure of her eye has motion in't, As we are mock'd with art.

¹ It is scarcely necessary to conjecture how Leontes would have closed the sentence; for the abrupt breaking off is one of those touches of nature with which Shakspeare knew how to give passion an eloquence beyond words. Mr. Collier's Corrector supplies an additional line:—

"I am but dead, stone looking upon stone."
Twenty-five lines earlier Leontes has previously express'd a similar idea:—
"Does not the stone rebuke me,
For being more stone than it?"

WINTER'S TALE.

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

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

Paul. I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd you : but
I could afflict you further.

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

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

Leon. No, not these twenty years.

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

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

Leon. What you can make her do,
I am content to look on : what to speak,
I am content to hear ; for 'tis as easy
To make her speak, as move.

Paul. It is requir'd
You do awake your faith : Then, all stand still :
On :¹ Those that think it is unlawful business
I am about, let them depart.

Leon. Proceed ;
No foot shall stir.

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

[*HERMIONE comes down from the pedestal.*]
Start not : her actions shall be holy, as,
You hear, my spell is lawful : do not shun her,
Until you see her die again ; for then
You kill her double : Nay, present your hand :
When she was young you woo'd her ; now, in age,
Is she become the suitor ?

Leon. O, she's warm ! [*Embracing her.*]
If this be magic, let it be an art
Lawful as eating.

Pol. She embraces him.

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

Pol. Ay, and make 't manifest where she has liv'd,
Or, how stol'n from the dead ?

Paul. That she is living,
Were it but told you, should be hooted at
Like an old tale ; but it appears she lives,
Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while.—
Please you to interpose, fair maiden ; kneel,
And pray your mother's blessing.—Turn, good lady ;
Our Perdita is found. [*Presenting PER., who kneels to HER.*]

Her. You gods, look down,
And from your sacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head !—Tell me, mine own,
Where hast thou been preserv'd ? where liv'd ? how found
Thy father's court ?—for thou shalt hear, that I,—
Knowing by Paulina, that the oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being,—have preserv'd
Myself, to see the issue.

Paul. There's time enough for that ;
Lest they desire, upon this push to trouble
Your joys with like relation.—Go together,
You precious winners all ; your exultation
Partake to every one. I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to some wither'd bough, and there
My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament till I am lost.

Leon. O peace, Paulina ;
Thou shouldst a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine, a wife : this is a match,
And made between's by vows. Thou hast found mine ;
But how, is to be question'd : for I saw her,
As I thought, dead ; and have, in vain, said many
A prayer upon her grave : I'll not seek far
(For him, I partly know his mind,) to find thee
An honourable husband :—Come, Camillo,
And take her by the hand : whose worth, and honesty,
Is richly noted ; and here justified
By us, a pair of kings.—Let's from this place.—
What ?—Look upon my brother :—both your pardons,
That e'er I put between your holy looks
My ill suspicion. This your son-in-law,
And son unto the king, (whom heavens directing,)
Is troth-plight to your daughter.—Good Paulina,
Lead us from hence ; where we may leisurely
Each one demand, and answer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of time, since first
We were dissever'd : Hastily lead away. [*Exeunt.*]

ILLUSTRATIONS TO WINTER'S TALE.

ACT I.

^a SCENE II.—“*Still virginalling Upon his palm ?*”

NARES, in his “Glossary,” rightly explains the verb to *virginal*, here used, as “to play with the fingers as on a virginal ;” but he adds,

¹ *On.* We understand this as, let us go on. The king immediately adds “Proceed.” This emphatic *on* has been changed into *or* :—

“*Or* those that think it is unlawful business.”

“apparently intended as a word coined in contempt or indignation.” It appears to us that Shakspeare meant simply to convey the notion of a rapid movement with the fingers ; just in the same way that Cowper, describing his tame hare, says, “He would invite me to the garden by *drumming* upon my knee.” The virginal was a sort of rectangular spinet, with one wire to each note ; and Nares suggests that the name was derived from its “being used by young girls.” The idea which Shakspeare has conveyed in the passage before us is elaborated in the Hundred and Twenty-eighth Sonnet :—

"How oft, when thou, my music, music play'st,
Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds
With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently sway'st
The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,
Do I envy those jacks, that nimble leap
To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,
Whilst my poor lips, which should that harvest reap,
At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand!
To be so tickled, they would change their state
And situation with those dancing chips,
O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,
Making dead wood more bless'd than living lips.
Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,
Give them thy fingers, me thy lips, to kiss."

^b SCENE II.—"Will you take eggs for money?"

The meaning of this quaint proverbial expression is pretty evident:—Will you truckle, submit to injustice, be bullied, cheated?

^c SCENE II.—"Apparent to my heart."

We have been favoured with the following note by Mr. Richardson, the author of "A New Dictionary of the English Language:—" "Johnson thinks 'apparent to my heart' means 'heir *apparent*.' But why is he 'whose right of inheritance is indefeasible provided he outlives his ancestor' (Blackstone) called heir *apparent*? Surely because he is something more than *apparently* heir. The heir presumptive is that. The heir *apparent* is evidently so *near* the ancestor that no one can at any time intervene or become *nearer*. And in Cotgrave we find not only *apparent* (appearing), but *apparenté*, m., *ée*, f., of kin, or *near* kinsman unto. In Richardson's Dictionary the old word *paravaunt*, used several times by Spenser, and adopted from the F. *paravant*, is explained by—'Advance, in the *van* or front, before; before in succession, next in succession, as heir *paraunt*, i.e. *apparent*.' And this latter interpretation is supported by a quotation from Fabian:—"By auctoryte of the same Parliament, Syr Roger Mortymer, Erle of, &c. was proclaymed heyer *paraunt* vnto the crowne of Englonde:" anno 1386. In Lacomte and Roquefort *paravant* is explained—"Devant, *auparavant*." The contraction of *auparavant* into *auparant*, *apparant*, and thence, by ignorance, into *apparente*, is intelligible enough. 'Apparent to my heart,' then, is 'Next to my heart.'"

^d SCENE II.—"Lower messes."

A *mess* was a company of four persons, dining together with an apportioned provision, such as we see in this day in the halls of the Inns of Court. The *lower messes* are therefore the inferior servants, or retainers; those who sat below the salt. The setting out of the provisions apportioned to each mess was a great duty in the old establishments of the nobility. In the "Northumberland Household Book" we find that the clerks of the kitchen are to be with the cooks at the "striking out of the messes;" and in the same curious picture of ancient manners there are the most minute directions for serving delicacies to my lord's own mess; but bacon and other *pièces de résistance* to the Lord Chamberlain's and Steward's *messes*.

ACT IV.

^a SCENE II.—"Every eleven wether—tods."

Shakspeare has here brought his agricultural knowledge to bear. We have every reason to believe that he was a practical farmer; for, after he had bought his estate in Stratford Fields, in 1602, we find him suing one Philip Rogers for a debt of 35 shillings and 10 pence, for corn delivered; and in 1605 he purchased a moiety of the tithes of Stratford, which he probably had to collect in kind. These circumstances are proved by existing documents. When he puts this speech, therefore, in the mouth of the Clown, we may reasonably conclude that he knew, of his own experience, that the average produce of eleven wethers was a tod of wool; and that the value of a tod was a "pound and odd shilling." Ritson says, "It appears from Stafford's 'Breefe Conceipte of English Pollicye,' 1581, that the price of a tod

of wool was at that period twenty or two-and-twenty shillings; so that the medium price was exactly 'pound and odd shilling.'"

SCENE II.—"Three-man song-men all."

Singers of three-part songs, i.e. songs for three voices. And in some old plays we find the term *three-men's songs*. In "The Turnament of Tottenham," an ancient ballad (see "Percy's Reliques," ii. 15) ascribed to Gilbert Pilkington, and supposed to have been written before the time of Edward III., a *six-men's song* is thus mentioned:—

"In every corner of the house
Was melody delicious,
For to hear precious,
Of six-men's song."

^c SCENE II.—"Means and bases."

Means are tenors—intermediate voices between the treble and bass.

^d SCENE II.—"Sings psalms to hornpipes."

In the early days of psalmody it was not unusual to adapt the popular secular tunes to versions of the psalms, the rage for which originated in France. (See Warton's "History of Poetry," sec. xlv.)

^e SCENE II.—"Trol-my-dames."

Farmer quotes an old treatise on Buxton baths, in which, describing the amusements of the place, the writer says, "The ladies, gentlewomen, wives, maids, if the weather be not agreeable, may have in the end of a bench eleven holes made, into the which to trouble pummits, either violent or soft, after their own discretion: the pastime *troule in madame* is termed." This is evidently the same game as our bagatelle, with the only difference that there are eleven holes instead of nine. In the bagatelle-board the balls are sometimes driven through the arches of a bridge which crosses it; and for this reason the game was anciently called *Pigeon-holes*, as well as *Trou madame*. In Rowley's "New Wonder" we have—

"I am sure you cannot but hear what quicksands he finds out; as dice, cards, pigeon-holes."

^f SCENE II.—"An ape-bearer."

This personage was always a favourite with the English. We have representations of him in manuscripts as old as the thirteenth century; and in Shakspeare's time he had lost none of his popularity. Jonson, in his Induction to "Bartholomew Fair," says, "He has ne'er a sword-and-buckler man in his fair; nor a juggler with a well-educated ape to come over the chain for the king of England, and back again for the prince."

^g SCENE II.—"A motion of the prodigal son."

The puppet-show was anciently called a *motion*; and the subjects which were chosen for these exhibitions were mostly scriptural. In Jonson's humorous play which we have just quoted, the puppet-show professor says, "O the *motions* that I, Lanthorn Leatherhead, have given light to, in my time, since my master Pod died! Jerusalem was a stately thing, and so was Nineveh, and the City of Norwich." The *Spectator*, No. 14, speaking of Powell the puppet-show man, says, "There cannot be too great encouragement given to his skill in *motions*, provided he is under proper restrictions." Even in the days of Anne these successors of the old Mysteries still presented scriptural subjects. Strutt, in his "Sports and Pastimes," has printed a Bartholomew Fair bill of that time, from which the following is an extract:—

"At Crawley's booth, over against the Crown tavern in Smithfield, during the time of Bartholomew Fair, will be presented a little opera, called 'The Old Creation of the World,' yet newly revived; with the addition of Noah's Flood; also several fountains playing water during the time of the play.—The last scene does present Noah and his family coming out of the ark, with all the beasts two and two, and all the fowls of the air seen in a prospect sitting upon trees; likewise over the ark is seen the sun rising in a most glorious manner: moreover, a multitude of angels will be seen in a double rank, which presents a double prospect, one for the sun, the other for a palace, where will be seen six angels ringing of bells."

SCENE II.—“*Jog on, jog on, the footpath-way.*”

This is the first of three stanzas of a song which we do not meet with in print till 1661, when it appeared in “The Antidote against Melancholy,” a collection of ballads, &c. We are told that it was set as a round for three voices by John Hilton, and so published in the *first* edition of his “Catch that catch can,” an edition so rare that we have never been able to obtain a sight of it. The melody, however, is given in “The Dancing Master” of 1650, under the title of “Jog on, my honey.”

SCENE III.—“*O, Proserpina.*”

The passage in the Fifth Book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* is thus translated by Golding, 1587 :—

“ While in this garden Proserpine was taking her pastime,
In gathering either violets blue, or lilies white as lime ;
Dis spied her, lov'd her, caught her up, and all at once well near.—
The lady with a wailing voice affright did often call
Her mother—
And as she from the upper part her garment would have rent,
By chance she let her lap slip down, and out her flowers went.”

^k SCENE III.—“*Fadings.*”

The *fadings* was a dance. Malone quotes a song from “Sportive Wit,” 1666, which implies that it was a rustic dance :—

“ The courtiers scorn us country clowns,
We country clowns do scorn the court ;
We can be as merry upon the downs
As you at midnight with all your sport,
With a *fading*, with a *fading*.”

It would appear also, from a letter appended to Boswell's edition of Malone, that it was an Irish dance, and that it was practised upon rejoicing occasions as recently as 1803, the date of the letter.

“ The dance is called *Rinca Fada*, and means, literally, ‘ the long dance.’ Though *faed* is a reed, the name of the dance is not borrowed from it ; ‘ *fada* is the adjective, long, and *rinca* the substantive, dance.’ In Irish the adjective follows the substantive, differing from the English construction ; hence *rinca fada* ; *faeden* is the diminutive, and means little reed ; *faeden* is the first person of the verb to whistle, either with the lips or with a reed ; *i.e.* I whistle.

“ This dance is still practised on rejoicing occasions in many parts of Ireland ; a king and queen are chosen from amongst the young persons who are the best dancers ; the queen carries a garland composed of two hoops placed at right angles, and fastened to a handle ; the hoops are covered with flowers and ribbons ; you have seen it, I dare say, with the May-maids. Frequently in the course of the dance the king and queen lift up their joined hands as high as they can, she still holding the garland in the other. The most remote couple from the king and queen first pass under ; all the rest of the line linked together follow in succession : when the last has passed, the king and queen suddenly face about and front their companions ; this is often repeated during the dance, and the various undulations are pretty enough, resembling the movements of a serpent. The dancers on the first of May visit such newly wedded pairs of a certain rank as have been married since last May-day in the neighbourhood, who commonly bestow on them a stuffed ball richly decked with gold and silver lace, (this I never heard of before,) and accompanied with a present in money, to regale themselves after the dance. This dance is practised when the bonfires are lighted up, the queen hailing the return of summer in a popular Irish song, beginning,—

‘ Thuga mair sein lu souré ving.’
‘ We lead on summer—see ! she follows in our train.’”

^l SCENE III.—“*Poking-sticks of steel.*”

Stow tells us that “ about the sixteenth year of the queen (Elizabeth) began the making of steel *poking-sticks*, and until that time all laundresses used setting-sticks made of wood or bone.” The ruff itself, in the setting of which the poking-stick was used, (that of steel having the advantage of being heated,) is thus described by Stubbes, with his accustomed bitterness against the luxuries of his time :—

“ The women use great ruffs, and neckerchers of holland, lawn, cambric, and such cloth as the greatest thread shall not be so big as

the least hair that is ; and lest they should fall down, they are smeared and starched in the devil's liquor, I mean starch ; after that dried with great diligence, streaked, patted, and rubbed very nicely, and so applied to their goodly necks, and, withal, under-propped, with supporters (as I told you before), the stately arches of pride ; beyond all this, they have a further fetch, nothing inferior to the rest, as namely, three or four degrees of minor ruffs, placed *gradatim*, one beneath another, and all under the master devil-ruff : the skirts then of these great ruffs are long and side every way plaited, and crested full curiously, God wot. Then, last of all, they are either clogged with gold, silver, or silk lace of stately price, wrought all over with needlework, speckled and sparkled here and there with the sun, the moon, the stars, and many other antiques, strange to behold. Some are wrought with open work down to the midst of the ruff and further ; some with close work, some with purled lace so clogged, and other gewgaws so pestered, as the ruff is the least part of itself. Sometimes they are pinned up to their ears, sometimes they are suffered to hang over their shoulders, like windmill-sails fluttering in the wind, and thus every one pleaseth herself in her own foolish devices.”

^m SCENE III.—“*A pair of sweet gloves.*”

Autolycus has offered for sale

“ Gloves as sweet as damask roses.”

Howes, who continues Stow's Chronicle, thus describes the introduction of perfumed gloves in the early part of the reign of Elizabeth :—

“ Milliners or haberdashers had not then any gloves embroidered, or trimmed with gold or silk, neither gold nor embroidered girdles and hangers ; neither could they make any costly wash or perfume until, about the fourteenth or fifteenth year of the queen, the right honourable Edward de Vere, Earl of Oxford, came from Italy, and brought with him gloves, sweet bags, a perfumed leather jerkin, and other pleasant things ; and that year the queen had a pair of perfumed gloves trimmed only with four tufts or roses of coloured silk. The queen took such pleasure in those gloves, that she was pictured with those gloves upon her hands, and for many years after it was called the Earl of Oxford's perfume.”

SCENE III.—“*Made themselves all men of hair.*”

The original stage direction sufficiently explains this : “ Here a dance of twelve satyrs.” We find, from a book of songs composed by Thomas Ravenscroft and others, in the time of Shakspeare, that in this popular entertainment the satyrs had an appropriate roundel :—

“ Round a round, a rounda, keep your ring ;
To the glorious sun we sing :
Ho, ho !

He that wears the flaming rays,
And the imperial crown of bays,
Him, with him, with shouts and songs we praise
Ho, ho !

That in his bounty would vouchsafe to grace
The humble sylvans and their shaggy race.”

The satyrs' dance was not confined to England ; and it has been rendered memorable by the fearful accident with which it was accompanied at the court of France in 1392. The description by Froissart of this calamity is so graphic that we are sure our readers will not regret the space which it occupies. We give it from Lord Berners' fine old translation :—

“ It fortune'd that, soon after the retaining of the foresaid knight, a marriage was made in the king's house between a young knight of Vermandois and one of the queen's gentlewomen ; and because they were both of the king's house, the king's uncles and other lords, ladies, and damoiselles, made great triumph : there was the Dukes of Orléans, Berry, and Bourgogne, and their wives, dancing and making great joy. The king made a great supper to the lords and ladies, and the queen kept her estate, desiring every man to be merry : and there was a squire of Normandy, called Hogreyen Gensay, he advised to make some pastime. The day of the marriage, which was on a Tuesday before Candlemas, he provided for a mummary against night : he devised six coats made of linen cloth, covered with pitch, and thereon flax-like hair, and had them ready in a chamber. The king put on one of them, and the Earl of Jouy, a young lusty knight, another, and Sir Charles of Poitiers the third, who was

son to the Earl of Valentinois, and Sir Juan of Foix another, and the son of the Lord Nanthorillet had on the fifth, and the squire himself had on the sixth; and when they were thus arrayed in these sad coats, and sewed fast in them, they seemed like wild woodhouses,* full of hair from the top of the head to the sole of the foot. This device pleased well the French king, and was well content with the squire for it. They were apparelled in these coats secretly in a chamber that no man knew thereof but such as helped them. When Sir Juan of Foix had well devised these coats, he said to the king,—‘Sir, command straightly that no man approach near us with any torch or fire, for if the fire fasten in any of these coats, we shall all be burned without remedy.’ The king answered and said,—‘Juan, ye speak well and wisely; it shall be done as ye have devised;’ and incontinent sent for an usher of his chamber, commanding him to go into the chamber where the ladies danced, and to command all the varlets holding torches to stand up by the walls, and none of them to approach near to the woodhouses, that should come thither to dance. The usher did the king’s commandment, which was fulfilled. Soon after the Duke of Orléans entered into the hall, accompanied with four knights and six torches, and knew nothing of the king’s commandment for the torches, nor of the mummery that was coming thither, but thought to behold the dancing, and began himself to dance. Therewith the king with the five other came in; they were so disguised in flax that no man knew them: five of them were fastened one to another; the king was loose, and went before and led the device.

“When they entered into the hall every man took so great heed to them that they forgot the torches: the king departed from his company and went to the ladies to sport with them, as youth required, and so passed by the queen and came to the Duchess of Berry, who took and held him by the arm to know what he was, but the king would not show his name. Then the duchess said, Ye shall not escape me till I know your name. In this mean season great mischief fell on the other, and by reason of the Duke of Orléans; howbeit, it was by ignorance, and against his will, for if he had considered before the mischief that fell, he would not have done as he did for all the good in the world; but he was so desirous to know what personages the five were that danced, he put one of the torches that his servant held so near, that the heat of the fire entered into the flax (wherein if fire take there is no remedy), and suddenly was on a bright flame, and so each of them set fire on other; the pitch was so fastened to the linen cloth, and their shirts so dry and fine, and so joining to their flesh, that they began to burn, and to cry for help: none durst come near them; they that did burnt their hands by reason of the heat of the pitch: one of them called Nanthorillet advised him how the botry was thereby; he fled thither, and cast himself into a vessel full of water, wherein they rinsed pots, which saved him, or else he had been dead as the other were; yet he was sore hurt with the fire. When the queen heard the cry that they made, she doubted her of the king, for she knew well that he should be one of the six; therewith she fell into a swoon, and knights and ladies came and comforted her. A piteous noise there was in the hall. The Duchess of Berry delivered the king from that peril, for she did cast over him the train of her gown, and covered him from the fire. The king would have gone from her. Whither will ye go? quoth she; ye see well how your company burns. What are ye? I am the king, quoth he. Haste ye, quoth she, and get you into other apparel, and come to the queen. And the Duchess of Berry had somewhat comforted her, and had showed her how she should see the king shortly. Therewith the king came to the queen, and as soon as she saw him, for joy she embraced him and fell in a swoon; then she was borne to her chamber, and the king went with her. And the bastard of Foix, who was all on a fire, cried ever with a loud voice, Save the king, save the king! Thus was the king saved. It was happy for him that he went from his company, for else he had been dead without remedy. This great mischief fell thus about midnight in the hall of Saint Pöwle in Paris, where there was two burnt to death in the place, and other two, the bastard of Foix, and the

* Savages.

Earl of Jouy, borne to their lodgings, and died within two days after in great misery and pain.”

The illuminated Froissart in the British Museum contains a representation of this tragical event. It would appear from a passage in Melvil’s “Memoirs” that the French brought this species of mummery to the court of Mary Queen of Scots:—

“During their abode (that of the ambassadors who assembled to congratulate Mary Queen of Scots on the birth of her son) at Stirling, there was daily banqueting, dancing, and triumph. And at the principal banquet there fell out a great grudge among the Englishmen; for a Frenchman, called Bastian, devised a number of men formed like satyrs, with long tails, and whips in their hands, running before the meat, which was brought through the great hall upon a machine or engine, marching as appeared alone, with musicians clothed like maids, singing, and playing upon all sorts of instruments. But the satyrs were not content only to make way or room, but put their hands behind them to their tails, which they wagged with their hands in such sort as the Englishmen supposed it had been devised and done in derision of them, weakly apprehending that which they should not have appeared to understand. For Mr. Hatton, Mr. Lignish, and the most part of the gentlemen desired to sup before the queen and great banquet, that they might see the better the order and ceremonies of the triumph but so soon as they perceived the satyrs wagging their tails, they all sat down upon the bare floor behind the back of the table, that they might not see themselves derided, as they thought. Mr. Hatton said unto me, if it were not in the queen’s presence, he would put a dagger to the heart of that French knave Bastian, who, he alleged, had done it out of despite that the queen made more of them than of the Frenchmen.”

° SCENE III.—“*Pomander.*”

We have a passage in Cavendish’s “Life of Wolsey” in which the great cardinal is described coming after mass into his privy chamber, “holding in his hand a very fair orange, whereof the meat or substance within was taken out, and filled up again with the part of a sponge, wherein was vinegar and other confections against the pestilent airs; the which he most commonly smelt unto, passing among the press, or else when he was pestered with many suitors.” This was a pomander. It appears from a passage in Mr. Burgon’s valuable “Life of Sir Thomas Gresham” that the supposed orange held in the hand in several ancient portraits, amongst others in those of Lord Berners and of Gresham, was in truth a pomander.

ACT V.

SCENE II.—“*Weather-bitten conduit.*”

The old stone conduits were in Shakspeare’s time very numerous in London, and allusions to them are frequent in the dramatists.

SCENE III.—“*The ruddiness upon her lip is wet.*”

We have shown in a note to The Two Gentlemen of Verona that the words *statue* and *picture* were often used without distinction. In the passage before us we have the mention of “oily painting;” and the Clown talks of going to see “the queen’s picture.” But it is clear from other passages that a statue, in the modern sense of the word, was intended. Leontes says—

“Does not the stone rebuke me,
For being more stone than it?”

It is clear, therefore, from all the context, that the statue must have been painted. Sir Henry Wotton calls this practice an English barbarism; but it is well known that the ancients had painted statues. The mention of Julio Romano is generally designated as “a strange absurdity.” We have touched upon this in the Introductory Notice.

THE TEMPEST.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

STATE OF THE TEXT, AND CHRONOLOGY, OF THE TEMPEST.

THIS comedy stands the first in the folio collection of 1623, in which edition it was originally printed. In the entry upon the Stationers' registers of November the 8th, 1623, claiming for Blount and Jaggard such plays of Shakspeare as were not formerly entered to other men, it also is the first in order. The original text is printed with singular correctness; and if, with the exception of one or two obvious typographical errors, it had continued to be reprinted without any change, the world would have possessed a copy with the mint-mark of the poet upon it, instead of the clipped and scoured impression that bears the name of Steevens. Fortunately, however, in consequence of this remarkable correctness of the original, the commentators have been unable to do much in the way of what they call emendation; but what they have done is done as badly as possible.

Until within a year or so before the publication of our Pictorial Edition there was a general belief that *The Tempest* was the last of Shakspeare's works. We are inclined to think that this belief was rather a matter of feeling than of judgment. Mr. Campbell has put the feeling very elegantly:—"The *Tempest* has a sort of sacredness as the last work of a mighty workman. Shakspeare, as if conscious that it would be his last, and as if inspired to typify himself, has made his hero a natural, a dignified, and benevolent magician, who could conjure up spirits from the vasty deep, and command supernatural agency by the most seemingly natural and simple means. And this final play of our poet has magic indeed; for, what can be simpler in language than the courtship of Ferdinand and Miranda, and yet what can be more magical than the sympathy with which it subdues us? Here Shakspeare himself is Prospero, or rather the superior genius who commands both Prospero and Ariel. But the time was approaching when the potent sorcerer was to break his staff, and to bury it fathoms in the ocean,

'Deeper than did ever plummet sound.'

That staff has never been, and never will be, recovered." But this feeling, pretty and fanciful as it is, is certainly somewhat deceptive. It is not borne out by the internal evidence of the play itself. Shakspeare never could have contemplated, in health and intellectual vigour, any abandonment of that occupation which constituted his happiness and glory. We have no doubt that he wrote on till the hour of his last illness. His later plays are unquestionably those in which the mighty intellect is more tasked than the unbounded fancy. His later plays, as we believe, present the philosophical and historical aspect of human affairs rather than the passionate and the imaginative. The Roman historical plays are, as it appears to us, at the end of his career, as the English historical plays are at the beginning. Nothing can be more different than the principle of art upon which the *Henry VI.* and the *Antony and Cleopatra* are constructed. The Roman plays denote, we think, the growth of an intellect during five-and-twenty years. *The Tempest* does not present the characteristics of the latest plays. It has the playfulness and beauty of the comedies, mingled with the higher notes of passionate and solemn thought which distinguish the great tragedies. It is essentially, too, written wholly with reference to the stage, at a period when an Ariel could be presented to an imaginative audience without the prosaic encumbrance of wings. The later plays, such as

Troilus and Cressida, and the three Roman subjects, are certainly written without any very strong regard to dramatic effect. They are noble acting plays, especially *Julius Cæsar* and *Coriolanus*; but even in these the poet appears to have poured himself forth with a philosophical mastery of the great principles by which men are held in the social state, without being very solicitous as to the favourable reception of his opinions by the mixed audiences of the days of James I. The *Antony and Cleopatra* is still more remarkable for its surpassing historical truth—not the mere truth of chronological exactness, but that truth which is evolved out of the power of making the past present and real, through the marvellous felicity of knowing and representing how individuals and masses of men must have acted under circumstances which are only assimilated to the circumstances of modern times by the fact that all the great principles and motives of human action are essentially the same in every age and in every condition of civilisation. The plays that we have mentioned must have been the result of very profound thought and very accurate investigation. The characters of the *Troilus and Cressida* are purposely Gothicised. An episode of "the tale of Troy divine" is seized upon, to be divested of its romantic attributes, and to be presented with all the bold colouring of a master regardless of minute proprieties of costume, but producing the most powerful and harmonious effect through the universal truth of his delineations. On the contrary, the Roman plays are perfect in costume. We do not believe that there are any productions of the human mind in existence, ancient or modern, which can give us so complete a notion of what Roman life was under its great general aspects. This was the effect, not only of his instinctive wisdom, but of that leisure for profound inquiry and extensive investigation which Shakspeare possessed in the latter years of his life. So much for the internal evidence that *The Tempest* did not belong to this very late period. Within the last twenty years external evidence has been afforded us by Mr. Peter Cunningham's discovery of an entry in the Accounts of the Revels at Court for 1611-12, that on "Hallomas nyght was presented att Whithall before ye Kings Ma^{tie} a play called the *Tempest*." The *Winter's Tale*, we know, was acted in 1611, and it is conjectured that it was then first acted. Comparing the style and rhythm of *The Tempest* with the *Winter's Tale*, we have little difficulty in believing that the *Winter's Tale* is the later play. But, on the other hand, we are not disposed to separate them by any very wide interval; more especially we cannot agree with Mr. Hunter, who brought his great stores of learning to an investigation of all the points connected with *The Tempest*, that this play, "instead of being the latest work of this great master, is in reality one of the earliest, nearly the first in time, as the first in place, of the dramas which are wholly his." The difficulty of settling the chronology of some of Shakspeare's plays by internal evidence is very much increased by the circumstance that some of them must be regarded as early performances, that have come down to us with the large additions and corrections of maturer years. For example: *Pericles* was, it is believed by Mr. Collier, produced as a novelty in 1608. There are portions of that play which we think no one could have written but the mature Shakspeare, mixed up with other portions which indicate not so much immature powers as the treatment of a story in the spirit of the oldest dramas. So it is with *Cymbeline*; and, to a certain extent, with the *Winter's*

Tale. The probability is that these plays were produced in their present form soon after the period of Shakspeare's quitting the stage about 1602 and 1603, and before the production of *Macbeth*, *Troilus and Cressida*, *Henry VIII.*, and the Roman plays. Coleridge assigns (in his classification of 1819) *The Tempest*, *As You Like It*, *Merchant of Venice*, and *Twelfth Night*, to the fourth epoch of Shakspeare, when he exhibited "all the graces and facilities of a genius in full possession and exercise of power." The fifth was the concluding epoch, "when the energies of genius in the cycle of intellect were, in a rich and more potentiated form, becoming predominant over passion and creative self-manifestation."*

The *Tempest* is *not* included by name in the list of plays ascribed to Shakspeare by Francis Meres in 1599. Mr. Hunter says that it *was* included, under the name of *Love's Labour Won*. We have endeavoured to show, in the Introductory Notice to *All's Well that Ends Well*, not only that the comedy bearing that name had the highest pretension to the title of *Love's Labour Won*, but that *The Tempest* had no such pretension. The *Love Labours of The Tempest*, according to Mr. Hunter, are the labours of Ferdinand under the harsh commands of Prospero, and the title given to *The Tempest* by Meres is derived from this incident. To this argument we have answered,—“We venture to say that our belief in the significance of Shakspeare's titles would be at an end, if even a main incident were to suggest a name, instead of the general course of the thought or action. In this case there are really no *Love Labours* at all. The lady is *not* won by the piling of the logs; the audience know that both Ferdinand and Miranda are under the influence of Prospero's spells, and the magician has explained to them why he enforces these harsh labours.” We do not agree that the comedy called *The Tempest*, when it was first printed, bore the title, either as a leading or secondary title, when Meres published his list in 1599, of ‘*Love Labour's Won*.’ We believe that it was always called *The Tempest*; and that, looking at its striking fable, and its beauty of characterization and language, it would undoubtedly have been mentioned by Meres if it had existed in 1599.

The “*Bartholomew Fair*” of Ben Jonson was produced at the Hope Theatre in 1614; and it was performed by “the Lady Elizabeth's servants.” It is stated by Malone that “it appears from MSS. of Mr. Vertue that *The Tempest* was acted by John Heminge and the rest of the King's company, before Prince Charles, the Lady Elizabeth, and the Prince Palatine Elector, in the beginning of the year 1613.” This circumstance gives some warrant to the belief of the commentators that a passage in the Induction to “*Bartholomew Fair*” is a sarcasm upon Shakspeare:—“If there be never a *servant-monster* in the fair, who can help it, he says, nor a nest of antiques? He is loth to make nature afraid in his plays, like those that beget *tales*, *tempests*, and such-like drolleries.” Gifford has contended, arguing against the disposition of the commentators to charge Jonson with malignity, that the expressions *servant-monster*, and *tales*, *tempests*, and such-like *drolleries*, had reference to the popular puppet-shows which were especially called drolleries. The passage, however, still looks to us like a sly, though not ill-natured, allusion to Shakspeare's *Caliban*, and his *Winter's Tale* and *Tempest*, which were then popular acting plays. Mr. Hunter believes that in this passage Jonson does pointedly direct his satire against *The Tempest*; but he also maintains that Jonson does, in the same way, satirise *The Tempest* in 1596, in the Prologue to “*Every Man in his Humour*”—

“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,
Nor creaking throne comes down the boys to please:
Nor nimble squib is seen to make afeard
The gentlewomen; nor roll'd bullet heard,
To say, it thunders: nor tempestuous drum
Rumbles, to tell you when the storm doth come.”

It is scarcely probable, if Jonson had meant to allude to *The Tempest*, either in the Prologue or the Induction, that he would have

been so wanting in materials for his dislike of the romantic drama in general as to select the same play for attack in works separated by an interval of eighteen years. The “creaking throne” is, according to Mr. Hunter, the throne of Juno as she descends, in the mask: the “nimble squib” is the lightning, and the “tempestuous drum” the thunder, of the first scene. Mr. Hunter adds that the last line of the Prologue,—

“You that have so grac'd monsters may like men,”—

must allude to *Caliban*. Surely the term *monsters*, as opposed to *men*, must be a general designation of what Jonson believed to be unnatural in the romantic drama, as contrasted with the “image of the times” in comedy. But, if we must have real monsters, there were plenty to be found in the older plays. Gosson, in 1581, thus writes:—“Sometimes you shall see nothing but the adventures of an amorous knight, passing from country to country for the love of his lady, encountering many a terrible *monster*, made of brown paper, and at his return is so wonderfully changed that he cannot be known but by some posy in his tablet, or by a broken ring, or a handkerchief, or a piece of a cockle-shell.” Sir Philip Sidney ridicules the appearance of “a *hideous monster* with fire and smoke.” Much older theatres than the Globe were furnished with their thunder and lightning. In 1572 John Izarde, according to an entry in the accounts of the revels at court, was paid for a device for “counterfeiting thunder and lightning.”† It is as likely that thrones descended in other plays besides *The Tempest*, as it is certain that in *The Tempest* Juno descended with a classical fitness of which Jonson has given us many similar examples in his own masques. We can see nothing in these circumstances to connect the date of *The Tempest* with that of Ben Jonson's “*Every Man in his Humour*.”

The third point upon which Mr. Hunter relies for fixing the date of *The Tempest* as of 1596 is deduced from the passage in the third act where Gonzalo laughs at the stories of “men whose heads stood in their breasts.” Raleigh told this story, in his account of his voyage to Guiana, in 1595, and expressed his own belief in it. Such headless men are, however, mentioned by Pliny, whose account of them is translated in Sir John Maundevile's “*Travels*.” Shakspeare makes *Othello*, not in a boasting or lying spirit, but with the confiding belief that belonged to his own high nature, tell Desdemona of

“The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders.”

Would Mr. Hunter contend that this second notice of “men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders” fixes the date of *Othello*, as well as that of *The Tempest*, in 1596? Such circumstances are, as we have always contended, of the very slightest value. The argument may be put ingeniously and learnedly, as Mr. Hunter puts it; or it may be rendered ludicrous, as Chalmers renders it. What, for example, can be more absurd than Chalmers's attempt to make us believe that, because the King of Naples is inconsolable for the supposed loss of Ferdinand, there is an allusion to the death of Prince Henry in 1612; that the line

“Like poison given to work a great time after”

plainly refers to the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury in the same year; and that a great storm which happened in January, 1613, “gave the appropriate name to this admirable drama?”

In the Illustrations of Act II. the reader will find an extract from the “*Essays*” of Montaigne, as translated by Florio, which establishes beyond all possible doubt that the lines of Gonzalo,—

“I' the commonwealth I would by contraries
Execute all things,” &c.,—

were founded upon this passage in Montaigne, and upon Florio's translation. That translation was not published before 1603. But portions of it had been seen in manuscript, says Mr. Hunter. Sir William Cornwallis mentions in his “*Essays*” that “divers of his pieces I have seen translated,” and he describes Florio as the trans-

* *Literary Remains*, vol. ii. p. 89.

† Collier, *Annals of the Stage*, vol. iii. p. 370.

lator. The "Essays" of Cornwallis were not printed till 1600; but they, also, had been seen in manuscript; and so Cornwallis might have written about "divers parts" of Florio's "Montaigne" before 1596; and Shakspeare might have read this identical part of Florio's "Montaigne" before 1596; and thus the dates both of Cornwallis's and Florio's books go for nothing in this inquiry. Is this *evidence*?

The date of Shakspeare's *Tempest* has been a fertile subject for the exercise of critical conjecture. Malone writes a pamphlet of sixty pages upon it; Chalmers another pamphlet somewhat longer. The first has been reprinted in Boswell's edition; the other costs as much as a manuscript in the days before printing. It is worth the money, however, for a quiet laugh. The two critics differ very slightly in their opinions as to the date of the comedy; but their proofs are essentially different. Malone contends for 1611, holding that "the storm by which Sir George Sommers was shipwrecked on the island of Bermuda, in 1609, unquestionably gave rise to Shakspeare's *Tempest*, and suggested to him the title, as well as some incidents." The whole relation is contained in the additions to Stow's "Annals" by Howes:—

"In the year 1609 the adventurers and Company of Virginia sent from London a fleet of eight ships, with people to supply and make strong the colony in Virginia; Sir Thomas Gates being general, in a ship of 300 tons: in this ship was also Sir George Sommers, who was admiral, and Captain Newport, vice-admiral, and with them about 160 persons. This ship was 'Admiral,' and kept company with the rest of the fleet to the height of 30 degrees; and being then assembled to consult touching divers matters, they were surprised with a most extreme violent storm, which scattered the whole fleet, yet all the rest of the fleet bent their course for Virginia, where, by God's special favour, they arrived safely; but this great ship, though new, and far stronger than any of the rest, fell into a great leak, so as mariners and passengers were forced, for three days' space, to do their utmost to save themselves from sudden sinking: but notwithstanding their incessant pumping, and casting out of water by buckets and all other means, yet the water covered all the goods within the hold, and all men were utterly tired, and spent in strength, and overcome with labour; and hopeless of any succour, most of them were gone to sleep, yielding themselves to the mercy of the sea, being all very desirous to die upon any shore wheresoever. Sir George Sommers, sitting at the stern, seeing the ship desperate of relief, looking every minute when the ship would sink, he espied land, which, according to his and Captain Newport's opinion, they judged it should be that dreadful coast of the Bermudas, which islands were, of all nations, said and supposed to be enchanted, and inhabited with witches and devils, which grew by reason of accustomed monstrous thunder-storm and tempest near unto those islands; also for that the whole coast is so wondrous dangerous of rocks that few can approach them but with unspeakable hazard of shipwreck. Sir George Sommers, Sir Thomas Gates, Captain Newport, and the rest, suddenly agreed of two evils to choose the least, and so, in a kind of desperate resolution, directed the ship mainly for these islands, which, by God's divine providence, at a high water ran right between two strong rocks, where it stuck fast without breaking, which gave leisure and good opportunity for them to hoist out their boat, and to land all their people, as well sailors as soldiers and others, in good safety; and being come ashore they were soon refreshed and cheered, the soil and air being most sweet and delicate."

Here we have a storm, a wreck, the Bermudas, and an enchanted island; and, in other descriptions of the same event, we have mention of a sea-monster. "Nothing can be more conclusive then," says Malone, "that the date of the play is fixed, with uncommon precision, between the end of the year 1610 and the autumn of 1611." No, says Chalmers, the shipwreck of Sir George Sommers did suggest the incidents; but Malone himself had admitted that there was a great tempest at home in 1612;—"the author availed himself of a circumstance then fresh in the minds of his audience, by affixing a title to it which was more likely to excite curiosity than any other that he could have chosen; while, at the same time, it was sufficiently justified by the subject of the drama." "Now this tempest," says Chalmers, "happened at Christmas, 1612; and so the play could not have been written in the summer of 1612." Surely all this is admirable fooling. In such minute inquiries, all assuming that poetry is to be dealt with by the same laws as chronology, or geography, or any other exact branch of knowledge, there can be nothing but perpetual mistake, and contradiction, and false inference. Chalmers, in some respects acute enough, has, through the indulgence of these propensities for making poetry literal, fallen into the mistake of imagining that Bermuda was the scene of *The Tempest*. Mr. Hunter says, "No editor of Shakspeare has ever gone so far as to represent the island of Bermuda as actually the scene of this play;" but he adds, "Chalmers has given some encouragement to this very preva-

lent mistake." Encouragement? He says, in his "Apology," and repeats the passage in his rare tract, "Our *maker* showed great judgment in causing, by enchantment, *the king's ship to be wrecked on the still-vex'd Bermoothes*." Again, "Stephano became king of the still-vex'd Bermoothes." Lastly, in the "Another Account,"—"If it be asked what circumstance it was which induced our dramatist to think of Bermudas, in 1613, as *the scene of his comedy*, the answer must be that the Bermudas, which had been considered, ever since the publication, in 1596, of Sir Walter Raleigh's description of Guiana, as a 'hellish sea for thunder, lightning, and storms,' was first planted, in 1612, by a ship called the *Plough*, from the Thames, which carried out a colony of a hundred and sixty persons." The nonsense of this notion is self-evident. If the Bermudas were *the scene*, Ariel must have outdone himself to convey "the rest of the fleet" over the Atlantic, to place them "upon the Mediterranean flote;" and, on the contrary, he would have been a mere human carrier if he had been called up from one "deep nook" of the island "to fetch dew" from some other part. This will not quite fit. And so we must resort to another geographical system. Mr. Hunter has discovered "another island," which he thus introduces:—"I must do the old critics the justice to say that, till this discovery (such I may call it), no island, as far as I know, had a better claim to be regarded as the island of Prospero than Bermuda." That island is Lampedusa. "Did we not know," he continues, "how much still remains to be done in the criticism of these plays, it would be scarcely credible that no one seems to have thought of tracing the line of *Alonso's track*, or of speculating, *with the map before him*, on the island on which Prospero and Miranda may be supposed to have been cast." Lampedusa is the island: "it lies midway between Malta and the African coast;"—"in its dimensions Lampedusa is what we may imagine Prospero's island to have been; in circuit thirteen miles and a half;"—it is "situated in a stormy sea;"—it is "a deserted island;" it has the reputation of "being enchanted." Can anything be more decisive? "What I contend for is the absolute claim of Lampedusa to have been the island in the poet's mind when he drew the scenes of this drama." The matter, according to Mr. Hunter, is beyond all doubt. "In the rocks of Lampedusa there are hollows;"—Caliban is styed in the "hard rock:" in Lampedusa there was a Hermit's cell—"this cell is surely the origin of the cell of Prospero:" Caliban's employment was collecting firewood;—"Malta is supplied with firewood from Lampedusa." Mr. Hunter asks his friend "whether you would think me presumptuous in requiring that in future editions of these plays there should be, in the accustomed place, at the foot of the dramatis personæ, the words

'SCENE, LAMPEDUSA.'

We have not so determined the scene. We believe that the poet had no locality whatever in his mind, just as he had no notion of any particular storm. Tempests and enchanted islands are of the oldest materials of poetry. Mr. Hunter says Shakspeare had Ariosto's description of a storm in his mind. Who, we may ask, suggested to Ariosto his description? Has any one fixed the date of Ariosto's storm? Has not the poet described the poet's office?

"The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name."

Franz Horn asks whether Prospero left Caliban to govern the island? We believe the island sank into the sea, and was no more seen, after Prospero broke his staff and drowned his book.

SUPPOSED SOURCE OF THE PLOT.

There is a very curious story told by Warton, of poor Collins

* Another Account of the Incidents, &c., 1815.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

informing him, during his mental aberration, that he had seen a romance which contained the story of *The Tempest* :—

“I was informed by the late Mr. Collins, of Chichester, that Shakspeare's *Tempest*, for which no origin is yet assigned, was founded on a romance called ‘*Amelia and Isabella*,’ printed in Italian, Spanish, French, and English, in 1588. But though this information has not proved true on examination, a useful conclusion may be drawn from it, that Shakspeare's story is somewhere to be found in an Italian novel; at least, that the story preceded Shakspeare. Mr. Collins had searched this subject with no less fidelity than judgment and industry; but his memory failing in his last calamitous indisposition, he probably gave me the name of one novel for another. I remember he added a circumstance which may lead to a discovery, that the principal character of the romance answering to Shakspeare's *Prospero* was a chemical necromancer, who had bound a spirit like *Ariel* to obey his call and perform his services.”

Mr. Thoms, in a very interesting paper on the “Early English and German Dramas,”* has given, from Tieck, an account of certain early productions of English dramatists which were translated into German about the year 1600. We cannot here enter into the very curious question whether an English company performed English plays in Germany at that period; but it is quite certain that some of our earliest dramas were either translated or adapted for the German stage at this early period. Jacob Ayrer, a notary of Nuremberg, was the author of thirty dramas in the beginning of the seventeenth century. Some are clearly derived from English models; and Mr. Thoms thinks that an old play, on which Shakspeare founded *The Tempest*, is translated in Ayrer's works, published in 1618.

“‘The origin of the plot of *The Tempest* is for the present a Shakspearian mystery,’ are the words of our friend Mr. Hunter, in his learned and interesting dissertation upon that play. That mystery, however, I consider as solved,—Tieck appears to entertain no doubt upon the subject,—and I hope to bring the matter before you in such a manner as will satisfy you of the correctness of Tieck's views in this respect. But to the point. Shakspeare unquestionably derived his idea of *The Tempest* from an earlier drama, now not known to exist, but of which a German version is preserved in Ayrer's play, entitled ‘*Die Schöne Sidea*’ (*The Beautiful Sidea*); and the proof of this fact is to be found in the points of resemblance between the two plays, which are far too striking and peculiar to be the result of accident.

“It is true that the scene in which Ayrer's play is laid, and the names of the personages, differ from those of *The Tempest*; but the main incidents of the two plays are all but identically the same. For instance, in the German drama, Prince Ludolph and Prince Leudegast supply the places of *Prospero* and *Alonso*. Ludolph, like *Prospero*, is a magician, and like him has an only daughter, *Sidea*—the *Miranda* of *The Tempest*—and an attendant spirit, *Runcifal*, who, though not strictly resembling either *Ariel* or *Caliban*, may well be considered as the primary type which suggested to the nimble fancy of our great dramatist those strongly yet admirably contrasted beings. Shortly after the commencement of the play, Ludolph having been vanquished by his rival, and with his daughter *Sidea* driven into a forest, rebukes her for complaining of their change of fortune, and then summons his spirit *Runcifal* to learn from him their future destiny, and prospects of revenge. *Runcifal*, who is, like *Ariel*, somewhat ‘moody,’ announces to Ludolph that the son of his enemy will shortly become his prisoner. After a comic episode, most probably introduced by the German, we see Prince Leudegast, with his son *Engelbrecht*—the *Ferdinand* of *The Tempest*—and the councillors, hunting in the same forest; when *Engelbrecht* and his companion *Famulus*, having separated from their associates, are suddenly encountered by Ludolph and his daughter. He commands them to yield themselves prisoners—they refuse, and try to draw their swords, when, as *Prospero* tells *Ferdinand*,

“I can here disarm thee with this stick,
And make thy weapon drop,”

so Ludolph, with his wand, keeps their swords in their scabbards, paralyses *Engelbrecht*, and makes him confess his

* *New Monthly Magazine*, January 1, 1841.

‘Nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them,’

and when he has done so, gives him over as a slave to *Sidea*, to carry logs for her.

“The resemblance between this scene and the parallel scene in *The Tempest* is rendered still more striking in a late part of the play, when *Sidea*, moved by pity for the labours of *Engelbrecht*, in carrying logs, declares to him,

‘I am your wife, if you will marry me,’

an event which, in the end, is happily brought about, and leads to the reconciliation of their parents, the rival princes.”

It appears to us not the least extraordinary circumstance in this extraordinary question of literary history, that Ayrer did not *translate* some of Shakspeare's own works, particularly those which existed in printed copies. Shakspeare, according to Eschenburg, was not known in Germany, as far as can be collected from any mention in books, till nearly the close of the seventeenth century.

“The first German author who has given a thought to Shakspeare is perhaps Morhof, whose ‘*Instructions in the German Language*’ was first printed in 1682. Towards the end of the fourth chapter, ‘On the Poetry of the English,’ he is merely named, and Morhof acknowledges that he had himself seen nothing of his, or of Beaumont and Fletcher's. Not very long afterwards, Bentham, our poet, mentions him in his ‘*State of the English Schools and Churches*,’ in chap. xix., among the leading literary characters of England. But all he says of him, and that perhaps only for the first time, in the second edition, is the following, which is droll enough: ‘William Shakspeare was born at Stratford in Warwickshire; his learning was very little, and therefore it is the more a matter of wonder that he should be a very excellent poet. He had an ingenious and witty head, full of fun; and was so successful both in tragedy and comedy, that he could move a *Heraclitus* to laughter, and a *Democritus* to tears.’”+

COSTUME.

The action of this play gives us no hint as to a period in which it may be imagined to have occurred. The King of Naples and a tributary Duke of Milan are returning from Tunis, whither they have been to celebrate a marriage between “the (Neapolitan) king's fair daughter *Claribel*,” and the *King* of Tunis. They are wrecked at the command of *Prospero*, by the agency of *Ariel*, who, however, informs his master that there is “on their sustaining garments not a blemish, but fresher than before.” By this ingenious contrivance the usual stage absurdity of persons who have been immersed in either salt or fresh water appearing with their garments as bright and dry as if just out of a tailor's shop is avoided, and the remark of *Gonzalo*, that their “garments, being, as they were, drenched in the sea, hold, notwithstanding, their freshness and glosses; being rather new dyed than stained with salt water,” is rationally accounted for. That these garments should also be magnificent state dresses is pointed out by the next speech of *Gonzalo*, who therein describes them as having been *first put on* “in *Africa*, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter” aforesaid. With these hints we leave the artist to select any Italian costume he may consider most picturesque previous to the commencement of the seventeenth century: but we should recommend a glance at our notice prefixed to *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*.

† John Joachim Eschenburg, über W. Shakspeare, new edit., Zurich, 1806, p. 497.

THE TEMPEST.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ALONSO, *King of Naples.*
SEBASTIAN, *his brother.*
PROSPERO, *the rightful Duke of Milan.*
ANTONIO, *his brother, the usurping Duke of Milan.*
FERDINAND, *son to the King of Naples.*
GONZALO, *an honest old counsellor of Naples.*
ADRIAN, } *lords.*
FRANCISCO, }
CALIBAN, *a savage and deformed slave.*
TRINCULO, *a jester.*
STEPHANO, *a drunken butler.*
Master of a ship, Boatswain, and Mariners.

MIRANDA, *daughter to Prospero.*

ARIEL, *an airy spirit.*
IRIS,
CERES,
JUNO, } *spirits.*
Nymphs,
Reapers, }

Other spirits attending on Prospero.

SCENE,—*The Sea, with a Ship; afterwards an Island.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*On a Ship at Sea. A Storm, with Thunder and Lightning.*

Enter a Ship-master and a Boatswain.

Master. Boatswain,—^a

Boats. Here, master: What cheer:

Master. Good: Speak to the mariners: fall to't yarely,¹ or we run ourselves aground: bestir, bestir. [*Exit.*]

Enter Mariners.

Boats. Heigh, my hearts; cheerly, cheerly, my hearts; yare, yare: Take in the topsail: Tend to the master's whistle.—Blow till thou burst thy wind,² if room enough!

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND, GONZALO, and others.

Alon. Good boatswain, have care. Where's the master? Play the men.³

Boats. I pray now, keep below.

Ant. Where is the master, boson?⁴

Boats. Do you not hear him? You mar our labour: Keep your cabins: You do assist the storm.

Gon. Nay, good, be patient.

Boats. When the sea is. Hence! What care these roarers for the name of king? To cabin: silence; trouble us not.

Gon. Good; yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Boats. None that I more love than myself. You are a counsellor; if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present, we will not hand a rope more; use your authority. If you cannot, give thanks you have lived so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap.—Cheerly, good hearts.—Out of our way, I say. [*Exit.*]

Gon. I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good fate, to his hanging! make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage! If he be not born to be hanged our case is miserable. [*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter Boatswain.

Boats. Down with the topmast;^b yare; lower, lower; bring her to try with main-course. [*A cry within.*] A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather, or our⁵ office.

Re-enter SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, and GONZALO.

Yet again? what do you here? Shall we give o'er and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

Seb. A pox 'o your throat! you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog!

Boats. Work you, then.

Ant. Hang, cur, hang! you whoreson, insolent noisemaker, we are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

Gon. I'll warrant him for⁶ drowning; though the ship were no stronger than a nut-shell, and as leaky as an unstanch'd wench.

Boats. Lay her a-hold, a-hold: set her two courses;⁷ off to sea again; lay her off.

Enter Mariners, wet.

Mar. All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost!

[*Exeunt.*]

Boats. What, must our mouths be cold?

Gon. The king and prince at prayers! let us assist them, For our case is as theirs.

Seb. I am out of patience.

Ant. We are merely⁸ cheated of our lives by drunkards.—This wide-chopp'd rascal;—'Would, thou might'st lie drowning, The washing of ten tides!

¹ *Yarely*, the adverb of *yare*, quick, ready. *Yare* is used several times by Shakspeare as a sea-term (which it was), but not exclusively so.

² Steevens would read "Blow till thou burst *thee*, wind."

³ Behave like men. So in our translation of the Bible, 2 Sam. x. 12, "Let us play the men for our people."

⁴ In the first edition (1623) Antonio here uses the sailor's word *boson*, instead of the more correct "boatswain," which is put in the mouth of the King of Naples. Some modern editors have made no distinction, although the language of the King, throughout the play, is grave and dignified, and that of the usurping Duke, for the most part, flippant and familiar. The variation in the first edition could scarcely be accidental.

⁵ *Or our.* Steevens changes this into *to your*. He would make the boatswain say *to your office*, as if this were nautical language. *Our office* is here used in the sense of our business, which was essentially noisy.

⁶ *For.* Steevens reads *from*. *For drowning* is on account of drowning.

⁷ We follow the punctuation of Lord Mulgrave. Steevens has, *set her two courses off*. Captain Glascock also objects to this ordinary punctuation; and explains "that the ship's head is to be put leeward, and that the vessel is to be drawn off the land under that canvas nautically denominated the two courses."

⁸ *Merely*—absolutely.

Gon. He'll be hang'd yet:
Though every drop of water swear against it,
And gape at wid'st to glut¹ him.
[A confused noise within.]—Mercy on us! We split, we
split!—Farewell, my wife and children! Farewell, brother!
We split, we split, we split!—²

Ant. Let's all sink with the king.

[Exit.

Seb. Let's take leave of him.

[Exit.

Gon. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an
acre of barren ground; long heath, brown furze,³ any-
thing: The wills above be done! but I would fain die a
dry death.

[Exit.

SCENE II.—*The Island: before the Cell of PROSPERO.*

Enter PROSPERO and MIRANDA.

Mira. If by your art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them:
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,
Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffer'd
With those that I saw suffer! a brave vessel,
Who had no doubt some noble creature⁴ in her,
Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
Against my very heart! Poor souls! they perish'd.
Had I been any god of power, I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth, or e'er⁵
It should the good ship so have swallow'd, and
The fraughting⁶ souls within her.

Pro. Be collected;
No more amazement: tell your piteous heart,
There's no harm done.

Mira. O, woe the day!

Pro. No harm.
I have done nothing but in care of thee,
(Of thee, my dear one! thee, my daughter!) who
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
Of whence I am; nor that I am more better
Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell,
And thy no greater father.

Mira. More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.

Pro. 'Tis time
I should inform thee farther. Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magic garment from me.—So;

[Lays down his mantle.

Lie there my art.—Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort.
The direful spectacle of the wrack, which touch'd
The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such provision in mine art
So safely order'd, that there is no soul—

¹ To glut—to swallow.

² These various exclamations, which are given to Gonzalo, should be considered, according to Johnson, to be spoken by no determinate characters. They form part of the "confused noise within."

³ Hanmer reads, "ling, heath, broom, furze." So in Harrison's "Description of Britain," prefixed to Holinshed, we find "Brome, heth, firze, brakes, whinnes, ling,"—all characteristics of "barren ground." But "long heath" and "brown furze" are quite intelligible, and are much more natural than an enumeration of various wild plants.

⁴ *Creature*. So the original; but Theobald reads *creatures*, which is generally followed. Miranda means to say that, in addition to those she saw suffer,—the "poor souls" that perished,—the common sailors,—there was no doubt some superior person on board,—some *noble creature*.

⁵ *Or e'er*—before, sooner than. So in Ecclesiastes, "Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken."

⁶ *Fraughting*—constituting the freight, or freight. The common reading is *freighting*.

⁷ Quite three years old.

⁸ *Twelve year*—the reading of the folio; not twelve years.

⁹ The ordinary reading is—

"Thy father
Was duke of Milan; and his only heir
A princess; no worse issued."

Without changing the original from *and* to *a*, our punctuation gives the meaning with sufficient clearness. The semicolon, which is in the original, has produced the ambiguity.

No, not so much perdition as an hair,
Betid to any creature in the vessel
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink. Sit
down;

For thou must now know farther.

Mira.

You have often

Begun to tell me what I am; but stopp'd,
And left me to a bootless inquisition;
Concluding, "Stay, not yet."—

Pro.

The hour's now come;

The very minute bids thee ope thine ear;
Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember
A time before we came unto this cell?
I do not think thou canst; for then thou wast not
Out three years old.⁷

Mira.

Certainly, sir, I can.

Pro. By what? by any other house, or person?
Of anything the image tell me that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.

Mira.

'Tis far off;

And rather like a dream than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants: Had I not
Four or five women once that tended me?

Pro. Thou hadst, and more, Miranda: But how is it
That this lives in thy mind? What seest thou else
In the dark backward and abysm of time?
If thou remember'st aught ere thou cam'st here,
How thou cam'st here thou may'st.

Mira.

But that I do not.

Pro. Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year⁸ since,
Thy father was the duke of Milan, and
A prince of power.

Mira.

Sir, are not you my father?

Pro. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said thou wast my daughter; and thy father
Was duke of Milan; and his only heir
And princess no worse issued.⁹

Mira.

O, the heavens!

What foul play had we, that we came from thence?
Or blessed was't we did?

Pro.

Both, both, my girl;

By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heav'd thence;
But blessedly help hither.

Mira.

O, my heart bleeds

To think o' the teen¹⁰ that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance! Please you, farther.

Pro. My brother, and thy uncle, call'd Antonio,¹¹—
I pray thee mark me that a brother should
Be so perfidious;¹²—he whom, next thyself,
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put
The manage of my state, as, at that time,
Through all the signiorities it was the first
And Prospero the prime duke, being so reputed

¹⁰ *Teen*—sorrow.

¹¹ *Antonio*. Mr. Hunter, in his "Disquisition on the Tempest," says, "This is another instance of a slight deterioration of Shakespeare's exquisite melody by a useless alteration. A nice ear will be sensible at once that something is lost."

"My brother, and thy uncle, call'd *Anthonio*."

Something is certainly lost—the *h* is lost. Throughout the play we have the spelling of *Anthonio*; but are we to understand that, in an age when the Italian language was as familiar as French is now, Shakspeare meant the *h* to be pronounced? In Anthony and Cleopatra, indeed, the Latin name is Anglicised; and it may be reasonably questioned whether the rhythm is not injured by the invariable modern use of *Anthony*: but nevertheless are we to pronounce the *h* in the following line of the original edition—

"[Is Caesar with *Anthonius* priz'd so slight?"]

¹² This is ordinarily pointed—

"I pray thee mark me—that a brother should
Be so perfidious!"

The reader will observe with what admirable skill such interjectional expressions as "Dost thou attend me?"—"Thou attend'st not,"—"I pray thee, mark me,"—are subsequently introduced, to break the long continuity of Prospero's narrative. But here, in the very beginning of his story, for Prospero to use a similar interruption quite unnecessarily is not an evidence of the same dramatic skill. He simply means here to say, and the original punctuation warrants us in believing so,—I pray thee note how a brother could be so perfidious.

In dignity ; and for the liberal arts
Without a parallel :¹ those being all my study,
The government I cast upon my brother,
And to my state grew stranger, being transported,
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle—
Dost thou attend me ?

Mira. Sir, most heedfully.

Pro. Being once perfected how to grant suits,
How to deny them ; whom to advance, and whom
To trash² for overtopping ; new created
The creatures that were mine, I say, or chang'd them,
Or else new form'd them ; having both the key
Of officer and office, set all hearts i' th' state³
To what tune pleas'd his ear ; that now he was
The ivy which had hid my princely trunk,
And suck'd my verdure out on 't.—Thou attend'st not.

Mira. O good sir, I do.

Pro. I pray thee, mark me.
I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated⁴
To closeness, and the bettering of my mind
With that, which, but by being so retired,
O'er-priz'd all popular rate, in my false brother
Awak'd an evil nature : and my trust,
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falsehood, in its contrary as great
As my trust was ; which had, indeed, no limit,
A confidence sans bound. He being thus lorded,
Not only with what my revenue yielded,
But what my power might else exact,—like one
Who having unto truth, by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie,⁵—he did believe
He was indeed the duke ; out of the substitution,
And executing the outward face of royalty,
With all prerogative :—Hence his ambition
Growing,—Dost thou hear ?

Mira. Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

Pro. To have no screen between this part he play'd,
And him he play'd it for, he needs will be
Absolute Milan : Me, poor man ! my library
Was dukedom large enough ; of temporal royalties
He thinks me now incapable : confederates
(So dry he was for sway) with the king of Naples,
To give him annual tribute, do him homage ;
Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend
The dukedom, yet unbow'd, (alas, poor Milan !)
To most ignoble stooping.⁶

Mira. O the heavens !

Pro. Mark his condition, and the event ; then tell me,
If this might be a brother.

Mira. I should sin
To think but nobly of my grandmother :
Good wombs have borne bad sons.

Pro. Now the condition.
This king of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit ;
Which was, that he, in lieu⁷ o' the premises

Of homage,⁸ and I know not how much tribute,
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the dukedom ; and confer fair Milan,
With all the honours, on my brother : Whereon,
A treacherous army levied, one midnight
Fated to the purpose, did Antonio open
The gates of Milan ; and, i' the dead of darkness,
The ministers for the purpose hurried thence
Me, and thy crying self.

Mira. Alack, for pity !

I, not rememb'ring how I cried out then,
Will cry it o'er again : it is a hint,
That wrings mine eyes to 't.

Pro. Hear a little further,
And then I'll bring thee to the present business
Which now's upon us ; without the which, this story
Were most impertinent.

Mira. Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us ?

Pro. Well demanded, wench ;
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not ;
(So dear the love my people bore me) nor set
A mark so bloody on the business ; but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark ;
Bore us some leagues to sea ; where they prepar'd
A rotten carcass of a butt,⁹ not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast ; the very rats
Instinctively have quit it : there they hoist us,
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us ; to sigh
To the winds, whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.

Mira. Alack ! what trouble
Was I then to you !

Pro. O ! a cherubin
Thou wast that did preserve me ! Thou didst smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have deck'd¹⁰ the sea with drops full salt ;
Under my burthen groan'd ; which rais'd in me
An undergoing stomach, to bear up
Against what should ensue.

Mira. How came we ashore ?

Pro. By Providence divine,¹¹
Some food we had, and some fresh water, that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity (who being then appointed
Master of this design) did give us ; with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessities,
Which since have steaded much ; so, of his gentleness,
Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me,
From mine own library, with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.

Mira. 'Would I might
But ever see that man !

Pro. Now I arise :—
Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
Here in this island we arriv'd ; and here

¹ The easy conversational flow of this narrative is amongst the finest things in the play. One idea grows out of the other without any very strict logical arrangement ; for Prospero speaks out of the fulness of his heart. We follow the punctuation of the original. Mr. Hunter would regulate the passage as follows :—

"As, at that time,
Though [of] all the seignories it was the first ;
And Prospero the prime duke ; (being so reputed
In dignity ;) and for the liberal arts
Without a parallel."

Though is the reading of the second folio.

² "A trash is a term still in use among hunters, to denote a piece of leather, couples, or any other weight fastened round the neck of a dog, when his speed is superior to the rest of the pack ; i.e. when he overtops them, when he hunts too quick." This is a note, having the initial C., in Boswell's edition. Mr. Hunter gives us the same information.

³ I' th' state. Steevens omits these words of the original, being "redundant in regard to metre ;" and he asks, with a most knowing flippancy, "what hearts except such as were in the state could Antonio incline to his purpose ?"

⁴ Dedicated. So the original ; a common reading is *dedicate*.

⁵ This is an involved sentence ; but the meaning is perfectly clear—who having

made such a sinner unto truth of his memory as to credit his own lie by telling of it.

⁶ Mr. Hunter says, "*Most* is an unauthorized substitution for *much*, the reading of the old copies." This is a mistake. *Most* is the reading of the first folio ; *much* of the second.

⁷ In lieu—in consideration of—in exchange for.

⁸ The premises of homage, &c.—the circumstances of homage *premised*. *Premises*, in its common sense, as applied to houses, &c., means the property which has been previously described at length in a legal document.

⁹ Butt is the reading of the first and second folios, the word being printed with a capital B. In retaining this reading, the editor has had to bear the ridicule of some who adopt *boat* from Rowe. We are not in the least convinced that we are wrong, on the authority of Mr. Collier's MS. Corrector. We do not assume that Shakspeare meant that Prospero literally went to sea in a wine-butt. But there is the familiar nautical phrase, "a rotten old tub ;" and if *tub*, why not *butt* ?

¹⁰ Deck'd. In the glossary of the Craven dialect we find that to *deg* is to sprinkle. Ray, in his catalogue of north-country words, refers us from *deg* to *leck*, which is interpreted "pour on."

¹¹ To Miranda's question of "How came we ashore ?" editors in general make Prospero answer, "By Providence divine ;" but his entire narrative is the answer.

Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit
Than other princes¹ can, that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.

Mira. Heavens thank you for't! And now, I pray
you, sir,
(For still 'tis beating in my mind,) your reason
For raising this sea-storm?

Pro. Know thus far forth.
By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune,
Now my dear lady,² hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore: and by my prescience
I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star; whose influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop.—Here cease more questions;
Thou art inclin'd to sleep; 'tis a good dulness,
And give it way;—I know thou canst not choose.
[MIRANDA sleeps.
Come away, servant, come: I am ready now;
Approach, my Ariel; come.

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I come
To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds; to thy strong bidding task
Ariel, and all his quality.

Pro. Hast thou, spirit,
Perform'd to point the tempest that I bade thee?

Ari. To every article.
I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
I flam'd amazement: Sometime I'd divide
And burn in many places; on the topmast,
The yards and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,
Then meet, and join: Jove's lightnings, the precursors
O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And sight-outrunning were not. The fire, and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty Neptune
Seem³ to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, his dread trident shake.

Pro. My brave spirit!
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
Would not infect his reason?

Ari. Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad, and play'd
Some tricks of desperation: All but mariners
Plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,
Then all a-fire with me: the king's son, Ferdinand,
With hair up staring, (then like reeds, not hair,)
Was the first man that leap'd; cried, "Hell is empty,
And all the devils are here."

Pro. Why, that's my spirit!
But was not this nigh shore?

Ari. Close by, my master.

Pro. But are they, Ariel, safe?

Ari. Not a hair perish'd;
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before: and, as thou bad'st me,
In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the isle:
The king's son have I landed by himself;
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs,
In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.

Pro. Of the king's ship,
The mariners, say, how thou hast dispos'd,
And all the rest o' the fleet.

Ari. Safely in harbour
Is the king's ship; in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vex'd Bermoothes, there she's hid:
The mariners all under hatches stow'd;
Whom, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labour,
I have left asleep: and for the rest o' the fleet,
Which I dispers'd, they all have met again;
And are upon the Mediterranean flote,
Bound sadly home for Naples;
Supposing that they saw the king's ship wrack'd,
And his great person perish.

Pro. Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd; but there's more work:
What is the time o' the day?

Ari. Past the mid season.

Pro. At least two glasses. The time 'twixt six and now
Must by us both be spent most precious.

Ari. Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,
Which is not yet perform'd me.

Pro. How now? moody?
What is't thou canst demand?

Ari. My liberty.

Pro. Before the time be out? no more.⁴

Ari. I prithee
Remember, I have done thee worthy service;
Told thee no lies, made thee⁵ no mistakings, serv'd
Without or grudge, or grumblings: thou didst promise
To bate me a full year.

Pro. Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?

Ari. No.

Pro. Thou dost; and think'st it much to tread the ooze
Of the salt deep;
To run upon the sharp wind of the north;
To do me business in the veins o' the earth,
When it is bak'd with frost.

Ari. I do not, sir.

Pro. Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast thou forgot
The foul witch Sycorax, who, with age and envy,
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?

Ari. No, sir.

Pro. Thou hast: Where was she born?
speak; tell me.

Ari. Sir, in Argier.

Pro. O, was she so? I must,
Once in a month, recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forgett'st. This damn'd witch, Sycorax,
For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know'st, was banish'd; for one thing she did
They would not take her life: Is not this true?

Ari. Ay, sir.

Pro. This blue-eyed hag was hither brought with child,
And here was left by the sailors: Thou, my slave,
As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant:
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers,
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years, within which space she died,
And left thee there; where thou didst vent thy groans,
As fast as mill-wheels strike: Then was this island
(Save for the son that she did litter here,

¹ *Princes.* The original has *princess*. Mr. White has adopted *princes*, showing that, in Shakspeare's time, a woman as well as a man of royal or ducal birth was called *prince*.

² *Now my dear lady.* The antecedent is Fortune, now Prospero's bountiful lady.

³ *Seem.* So the original—in some editions *seem'd*. Mr. Hunter observes that Shakspeare's intention to realise the scene, by making the past present, is thus defeated by the intermeddling of injudicious editors.

⁴ *No more.* We understand this—say no more.

⁵ *Thee* is omitted by Steevens.

A freckled whelp, hag-born) not honour'd with
A human shape.

Ari. Yes; Caliban her son.

Pro. Dull thing, I say so; he, that Caliban,
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st
What torment I did find thee in: thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry bears: it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax
Could not again undo; it was mine art,
When I arriv'd, and heard thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out.

Ari. I thank thee, master.

Pro. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak,
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

Ari. Pardon, master
I will be correspondent to command,
And do my spriting gently.

Pro. Do so; and after two days
I will discharge thee.

Ari. That's my noble master!
What shall I do? say what? what shall I do?

Pro. Go make thyself like a nymph o' the sea;¹
Be subject to no sight but thine and mine;² invisible
To every eyeball else. Go, take this shape,
And hither come in 't: go, hence, with diligence.

[Exit ARIEL.]

Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well;
Awake!

Mira. The strangeness of your story put
Heaviness in me.

Pro. Shake it off: Come on;
We'll visit Caliban, my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.

Mira. 'Tis a villain, sir,
I do not love to look on.

Pro. But, as 'tis,
We cannot miss him: he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and serves in offices
That profit us. What ho! slave! Caliban!
Thou earth, thou! speak.

Cal. [Within.] There's wood enough within.

Pro. Come forth, I say; there's other business for thee:
Come, thou tortoise! when!³

Re-enter ARIEL, like a water-nymph.

Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel,
Hark in thine ear.

Ari. My lord, it shall be done. [Exit.]

Pro. Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!

Enter CALIBAN.

Cal. As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen,
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye,
And blister you all o'er.

Pro. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps,
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins
Shall, for that vast of night⁴ that they may work,
All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinch'd

¹ The second folio reads "to a nymph of the sea."

² Steevens omits *thine and*.

³ *When*—an expression of great impatience.

⁴ *Vast of night*. In Hamlet we have—

"In the dead waste and middle of the night."

The quarto edition of Hamlet, 1603, reads *dead vast*.

⁵ We follow the punctuation of the original; and this is one of the instances of a poetical idea being destroyed by false punctuation. In modern editions the passage stands thus:—

As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made them.

Cal. I must eat my dinner.

This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou camest first,
Thou strok'dst me, and mad'st much of me; wouldst give
me

Water with berries in 't; and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd thee,
And show'd thee all the qualities o' the isle,
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place, and fertile;
Cursed be I that did so!—All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Which first was mine own king; and here you sty me
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest of the island.

Pro. Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness: I have us'd thee,
Filth as thou art, with human care; and lodg'd thee
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honour of my child.

Cal. O ho, O ho!—'would it had been done!
Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else
This isle with Calibans.

Pro. Abhorred slave;
Which any print of goodness will not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other: when thou didst not, savage,
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known: But thy vile race,
Though thou didst learn, had that in 't which good natures
Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou
Deservedly confin'd into this rock,
Who hadst deserv'd more than a prison.

Cal. You taught me language; and my profit on 't
Is, I know how to curse: the red plague rid you,
For learning me your language!

Pro. Hag-seed, hence!
Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou wert best,
To answer other business. Shrugg'st thou, malice?
If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps;
Fill all thy bones with aches; make thee roar
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

Cal. No, pray thee!—
I must obey: his art is of such power, [Aside.]
It would control my dam's god, Setebos,
And make a vassal of him.

Pro. So, slave; hence!
[Exit CALIBAN.]

*Re-enter ARIEL invisible, playing and singing;
FERDINAND following him.*

ARIEL'S Song.

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Courtsied when you have, and kiss'd
The wild waves whist,
Foot it featly here and there;⁵
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.

"Courtsied when you have, and kiss'd,
(The wild waves whist)
Foot it featly here and there."

Steevens explains the line in parenthesis as the wild waves *being* silent. "Court-
sying and kissing," says Mr. Dyce, "were formerly observed at the commence-
ment of certain dances, and the poet had an eye to these ceremonies." Exactly so.
But his "sweet sprites" could do more than copy the court gallantry. When
you have courtsied to the wild waves, and kissed them into silence,

"Foot it featly here and there."

Bur. Hark, hark! Bowgh, wowgh.

The watch-dogs bark:

Bowgh, wowgh.

Ari.

Hark, hark! I hear

The strain of strutting chanticleer

Cry, Cock-a-doodle-doo.¹

[*Dispersedly.*]

Fer. Where should this music be? i' the air, or the earth

It sounds no more:—and sure it waits upon
Some god of the island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wrack,
This music crept by me upon the waters;
Allaying both their fury, and my passion,
With its sweet air: thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather:—But 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.

ARIEL sings.

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:

[*Burden, ding-dong.*]

Hark! now I hear them,—ding-dong, bell.²

Fer. The ditty does remember my drown'd father:—
This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes:—I hear it now above me.

Pro. The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,
And say, what thou seest yond'.

Mira. What is't? a spirit?
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir
It carries a brave form:—But 'tis a spirit.

Pro. No, wench; it eats, and sleeps, and hath such
senses

As we have, such: This gallant, which thou seest,
Was in the wrack; and but he's something stain'd
With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou might'st call him
A goodly person: he hath lost his fellows,
And strays about to find them.

Mira. I might call him
A thing divine; for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.

Pro. It goes on, I see, [*Aside.*]
As my soul prompts it:—Spirit, fine spirit! I'll free thee
Within two days for this.

Fer. Most sure, the goddess
On whom these airs attend!—Vouchsafe my prayer
May know if you remain upon this island;
And that you will some good instruction give,
How I may bear me here: My prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder!
If you be maid³ or no?

Mira. No wonder, sir;
But, certainly a maid.

Fer. My language! heavens!—
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.

Pro. How! the best?
What wert thou, if the king of Naples heard thee

Fer. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples: He does hear me;
And that he does I weep: myself am Naples;
Who with mine eyes, never since at ebb, beheld
The king my father wrack'd.

Mira.

Alack, for mercy!

Fer. Yes, faith, and all his lords; the duke of Milan,
And his brave son, being twain.

Pro.

The duke of Milan,

And his more braver daughter, could control thee,
If now 'twere fit to do't:—At the first sight [*Aside.*]
They have chang'd eyes:—Delicate Ariel,
I'll set thee free for this!—A word, good sir;
I fear you have done yourself some wrong: a word.

Mira. Why speaks my father so ungently? This
Is the third man that e'er I saw; the first
That e'er I sigh'd for; pity move my father
To be inclin'd my way!

Fer.

O, if a virgin,

And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The queen of Naples.

Pro.

Soft, sir; one word more.—

They are both in either's powers; but this swift business
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning [*Aside.*]
Make the prize light.—One word more; I charge thee
That thou attend me: thou dost here usurp
The name thou ow'st not; and hast put thyself
Upon this island, as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on't.

Fer.

No, as I am a man.

Mira. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple:
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with't.

Pro.

Follow me.—

[*To FER.*]

Speak not you for him; he's a traitor.—Come.
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together:
Sea-water shalt thou drink, thy food shall be
The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots, and husks
Wherein the acorn cradled: Follow.

Fer.

No;

I will resist such entertainment, till
Mine enemy has more power.

[*He draws, and is charmed from moving.*⁴]

Mira.

O dear father,

Make not too rash a trial of him, for
He's gentle,⁵ and not fearful.

Pro.

What, I say,

My foot my tutor! Put thy sword up, traitor;
Who mak'st a show, but dar'st not strike, thy conscience
Is so possess'd with guilt: come from thy ward;
For I can here disarm thee with this stick,
And make thy weapon drop.

Mira.

Beseech you, father

Pro. Hence; hang not on my garments.

Mira.

Sir, have pity;

I'll be his surety.

Pro.

Silence! one word more

Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What!
An advocate for an impostor! hush!
Thou think'st there are no more such shapes as he,
Having seen but him and Caliban: Foolish wench!
To the most of men this is a Caliban,
And they to him are angels.

Mira.

My affections

Are then most humble; I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.

Pro.

Come on; obey

[*To FER.*]

Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.

¹ We print the burden, also, as in the original. Some modern editors, contrary to this, give the first "Hark, hark!" to Ariel, and there make his song terminate; whereas the last three lines give us again the voice of the delicate spirit.

² We have again an absurd corruption of the text. When Ariel sings—

"Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell"—

the burden comes in "ding-dong;" and then Ariel again sings—

Hark! now I hear them,—ding-dong, bell."

Some modern editors transpose the lines, and make the burden a mere chorus to Ariel's song.

³ *Maid.* The fourth folio substituted *made*, which too often kept its place in many editions, amidst endless controversy. We follow the reading of the original.

⁴ This is the original stage direction.

Smollett suggested that *gentle* has here the sense of high-born, noble; and therefore courageous.

Fer. So they are :
 My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
 My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
 The wrack of all my friends, or this man's threats,
 To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,
 Might I but through my prison once a day
 Behold this maid : all corners else o' the earth
 Let liberty make use of ; space enough
 Have I in such a prison.

Pro. It works :—Come on.—
 Thou hast done well, fine Ariel!—Follow me.—
 [To FER. and MIR.]
Hark, what thou else shalt do me. [To ARIEL.]
Mira. Be of comfort ;
 My father's of a better nature, sir,
 Than he appears by speech ; this is unwonted,
 Which now came from him.

Pro. Thou shalt be as free
 As mountain winds : but then exactly do
 All points of my command.

Ari. To the syllable.
Pro. Come, follow : speak not for him. [Exeunt.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Another part of the Island.

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN,
 FRANCISCO, and others.

Gon. 'Beseech you, sir, be merry : you have cause
 (So have we all) of joy ; for our escape
 Is much beyond our loss : Our hint of woe
 Is common ; every day, some sailor's wife,
 The masters of some merchant,¹ and the merchant,
 Have just our theme of woe : but for the miracle,
 I mean our preservation, few in millions
 Can speak like us : then wisely, good sir, weigh
 Our sorrow with our comfort.

Alon. Prithee, peace.

Seb. He receives comfort like cold porridge.

Ant. The visitor will not give him o'er so.

Seb. Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit ;
 By and by it will strike.

Gon. Sir,—

Seb. One :—Tell.

Gon. When every grief is entertain'd that's offer'd,
 Comes to the entertainer—
Seb. A dollar.

Gon. Dolour comes to him, indeed ; you have spoken
 truer than you purposed.

Seb. You have taken it wiselier than I meant you should.

Gon. Therefore, my lord,—

Ant. Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue !

Alon. I prithee spare.

Gon. Well, I have done : But yet—

Seb. He will be talking.

Ant. Which, of² he, or Adrian, for a good wager, first
 begins to crow ?

Seb. The old cock.

Ant. The cockrel.

Seb. Done : the wager ?

Ant. A laughter.

Seb. A match.
Adr. Though this island seem to be desert,—
Seb. Ha, ha, ha !
Ant. So, you're paid.³
Adr. Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible,—
Seb. Yet,
Adr. Yet—
Ant. He could not miss it.
Adr. It must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate
 temperance.

Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench.

Seb. Ay, and a subtle ; as he most learnedly delivered.

Adr. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

Seb. As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

Ant. Or, as 'twere perfumed by a fen.

Gon. Here is everything advantageous to life.

Ant. True ; save means to live.

Seb. Of that there's none, or little.

Gon. How lush⁴ and lusty the grass looks ! how green !

Ant. The ground, indeed, is tawny.

Seb. With an eye of green in 't.⁵

Ant. He misses not much.

Seb. No ; he doth but mistake the truth totally.

Gon. But the rarity of it is (which is indeed almost
 beyond credit)—

Seb. As many vouched rarities are.

Gon. That our garments, being, as they were, drenched
 in the sea, hold, notwithstanding, their freshness, and
 glosses ; being rather new dyed than stained with salt
 water.

Ant. If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not
 say, he lies ?

Seb. Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

Gon. Methinks, our garments are now as fresh as when
 we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of the king's
 fair daughter Claribel, to the king of Tunis.

Seb. 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our
 return.

Adr. Tunis was never graced before with such a paragon
 to their queen.

Gon. Not since widow Dido's time.

Ant. Widow ? a pox o' that ! How came that widow in ?
 Widow Dido !

Seb. What if he had said, widower Æneas too ? good
 lord, how you take it !

Adr. Widow Dido, said you ? you make me study of
 that : She was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

Gon. This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

Adr. Carthage ?

Gon. I assure you, Carthage.

Ant. His word is more than the miraculous harp.

Seb. He hath rais'd the wall, and houses too.

Ant. What impossible matter will he make easy next ?

Seb. I think he will carry this island home in his pocket,
 and give it his son for an apple.

Ant. And, sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth
 more islands.

Gon. Ay ?

Ant. Why, in good time.

Gon. Sir, we were talking that our garments seem now
 as fresh as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your
 daughter, who is now queen.

Ant. And the rarest that e'er came there.

Seb. 'Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.

Ant. O, widow Dido ; ay, widow Dido.

¹ Merchant is here used for merchant-vessel—merchantman. Dryden employs it in a similar way : "As convoy ships either accompany or should accompany their merchants." The "masters of some merchant" signifies, therefore, the owners of some trading vessel ; but in the second instance the "merchant" must mean the trader, whose goods are ventured in the merchantman.

² The ordinary reading is *which of them*. The present form is quaint, but intelligible.

³ These words, we think, belong to Sebastian. The wager is a laughter.

Antonio bets that "the cockrel" will crow first. Adrian, the young man, does crow ; upon which Sebastian laughs loudly, exclaiming, "So you are paid." Capell proposes to read "you've paid," giving the words to Antonio, as in the original. We leave the text as we find it.

⁴ Lush is affirmed by Henley to mean rank ; by Malone, juicy. We have still the low word *lushy*, as applied to a drunkard.

Eye of green—tinge, shade.

Gon. Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a sort.

Ant. That sort was well fish'd for.

Gon. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?

Alon. You cram these words into mine ears, against The stomach of my sense: 'Would I had never Married my daughter there! for, coming thence, My son is lost; and, in my rate, she too, Who is so far from Italy remov'd, I ne'er again shall see her. O thou mine heir Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish Hath made his meal on thee!

Fran. Sir, he may live; I saw him beat the surges under him, And ride upon their backs; he trod the water, Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted The surge most swoln that met him; his bold head 'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd, As stooping to relieve him; I not doubt, He came alive to land.

Alon. No, no, he's gone.

Seb. Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss, That would not bless our Europe with your daughter, But rather lose her to an African; Where she, at least, is banish'd from your eye, Who hath cause to wet the grief on 't.

Alon. Prithee, peace.

Seb. You were kneel'd to, and importun'd otherwise By all of us; and the fair soul herself Weigh'd, between loathness and obedience, at Which end o' the beam she'd bow. We have lost your son, I fear, for ever: Milan and Naples have More widows in them of this business' making, Than we bring men to comfort them: the fault's Your own.

Alon. So is the dearest of the loss.

Gon. My lord Sebastian, The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness, And time to speak it in; you rub the sore, When you should bring the plaster.

Seb. Very well.

Ant. And most chirurgeonly.

Gon. It is foul weather in us all, good sir, When you are cloudy.

Seb. Foul weather?

Ant. Very foul.

Gon. Had I plantation of this isle, my lord,—

Ant. He'd sow 't with nettle-seed.

Seb. Or docks, or mallows.

Gon. And were the king of it, What would I do?

Seb. 'Scape being drunk, for want of wine.

Gon. I' the commonwealth I would by contraries Execute all things; for no kind of traffic Would I admit; no name of magistrate; Letters should not be known: riches, poverty, And use of service, none; contract, succession. Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none.¹ No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil: No occupation; all men idle, all; And women too; but innocent and pure: No sovereignty:—^a

Seb. Yet he would be king on 't.

Ant. The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.

Gon. All things in common nature should produce Without sweat or endeavour: treason, felony, Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine, Would I not have; but nature should bring forth, Of its own kind, all foison,² all abundance, To feed my innocent people.

Seb. No marrying 'mong his subjects?

Ant. None, man; all idle; whores and knaves.

Gon. I would with such perfection govern, sir, To excel the golden age.

Seb. 'Save his majesty!

Ant. Long live Gonzalo!

Gon. And, do you mark me, sir:—

Alon. Prithee, no more: thou dost talk nothing to me.

Gon. I do well believe your highness; and did it to minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of such sensible and nimble lungs that they always use to laugh at nothing.

Ant. 'Twas you we laugh'd at.

Gon. Who, in this kind of merry fooling, am nothing to you: so you may continue, and laugh at nothing still.

Ant. What a blow was there given!

Seb. An it had not fallen flat-long.

Gon. You are gentlemen of brave mettle; you would lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue in it five weeks without changing.

Enter ARIEL invisible, playing solemn music.

Seb. We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.

Ant. Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

Gon. No, I warrant you; I will not adventure my discretion so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep, for I am very heavy?

Ant. Go sleep, and hear us.

[*All sleep but ALON., SEB., and ANT.*

Alon. What, all so soon asleep! I wish mine eyes Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts: I find They are inclin'd to do so.

Seb. Please you, sir,

Do not omit the heavy offer of it: It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth It is a comforter.

Ant. We two, my lord,

Will guard your person while you take your rest, And watch your safety.

Alon. Thank you: wondrous heavy.

[*ALONSO sleeps. Exit ARIEL.*

Seb. What a strange drowsiness possesses them!

Ant. It is the quality of the climate.

Seb. Why

Doth it not then our eyelids sink? I find not Myself dispos'd to sleep.

Ant. Nor I; my spirits are nimble.

They fell together all, as by consent; They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What might, Worthy Sebastian?—O, what might?—No more:— And yet, methinks, I see it in thy face, What thou shouldst be: the occasion speaks thee; and My strong imagination sees a crown Dropping upon thy head.

Seb. What, art thou waking?

Ant. Do you not hear me speak?

Seb. I do; and, surely,

It is a sleepy language; and thou speak'st Out of thy sleep: What is it thou didst say?

¹ We have given in an illustration a passage from Florio's "Montaigne," which Shakspeare unquestionably had before him when he wrote these lines. Malone and Steevens tell us the metre is here defective; and by a most ridiculous editorial licence Steevens sets about mending it upon the following principle:—"The words quoted from Florio's translation instruct us to regulate our author's metre as it is exhibited in *my* text." And this is the exhibition!—

² "Letters should not be known; no use of service, Of riches or of poverty; no contracts, Succession, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none."

² *Foison*—plenty. In Ceres' song, in Act IV. Sc. I., we have *foison plenty*, which has been explained to mean excessive abundance.

This is a strange repose, to be asleep
With eyes wide open; standing, speaking, moving,
And yet so fast asleep.

Ant. Noble Sebastian,
Thou lett'st thy fortune sleep, die rather; wink'st
Whiles thou art waking.

Seb. Thou dost snore distinctly;
There's meaning in thy snores.

Ant. I am more serious than my custom: you
Must be so too, if heed me; which to do
Trebles thee o'er.

Seb. Well, I am standing water.

Ant. I'll teach you how to flow.

Seb. Do so: to ebb,
Hereditary sloth instructs me.

Ant. O,
If you but knew how you the purpose cherish
Whiles thus you mock it! how, in stripping it,
You more invest it! Ebbing men, indeed,
Most often do so near the bottom run,
By their own fear, or sloth.

Seb. Prithee say on:
The setting of thine eye, and cheek, proclaim
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,
Which throes thee much to yield.

Ant. Thus, sir:
Although this lord of weak remembrance, this
(Who shall be of as little memory,
When he is earth'd,) hath here almost persuaded
(For he's a spirit of persuasion, only
Professes to persuade,¹) the king his son's alive,—
'Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd,
As he that sleeps here, swims.

Seb. I have no hope
That he's undrown'd.

Ant. O, out of that no hope,
What great hope have you! no hope, that way, is
Another way so high a hope, that even
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,
But doubts discovery there. Will you grant with me,
That Ferdinand is drown'd?

Seb. He's gone.

Ant. Then, tell me,
Who's the next heir of Naples?

Seb. Claribel.

Ant. She that is queen of Tunis: she that dwells
Ten leagues beyond man's life; she that from Naples
Can have no note, unless the sun were post,
(The man i' the moon's too slow,) till new-born chins
Be rough and razorable; she that from whom
We were all sea-swallow'd, though some cast again;
And by that destiny to perform an act,
Whereof what's past is prologue; what to come,
In yours and my discharge.

Seb. What stuff is this?—How say you?
'Tis true, my brother's daughter's queen of Tunis:
So is she heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions
There is some space.

Ant. A space whose every cubit
Seems to cry out, "How shall that Claribel
Measure us back to Naples?"—Keep in Tunis,
And let Sebastian wake!—Say, this were death
That now hath seiz'd them; why, they were no worse
Than now they are: There be that can rule Naples
As well as he that sleeps; lords that can prate
As amply and unnecessarily
As this Gonzalo; I myself could make
A chough of as deep chat. O, that you bore
The mind that I do! what a sleep were this
For your advancement! Do you understand me?

Seb. Methinks, I do.

Ant. And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune?

Seb. I remember,
You did supplant your brother Prospero.

Ant. True:
And look how well my garments sit upon me;
Much feater than before: My brother's servants
Were then my fellows, now they are my men.

Seb. But, for your conscience—

Ant. Ay, sir; where lies that? if 'twere a kybe,
'Twould put me to my slipper: But I feel not
This deity in my bosom; twenty consciences,
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they,
And melt, ere they molest! Here lies your brother,
No better than the earth he lies upon,
If he were that which now he's like, that's dead;
Whom I, with this obedient steel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed for ever: whiles you, doing thus,
To the perpetual wink for aye might put
This ancient morsel, this sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,
They'll take suggestion, as a cat laps milk;
They'll tell the clock to any business that
We say befits the hour.

Seb. Thy case, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent; as thou gott'st Milan,
I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword: one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay'st;
And I the king shall love thee.

Ant. Draw together
And when I rear my hand, do you the like,
To fall it on Gonzalo.

Seb. O, but one word.

[*They converse apart.*]

Music. Re-enter ARIEL, invisible.

Ari. My master through his art foresees the danger,
That you, his friend,² are in; and sends me forth,
(For else his project dies,) to keep them living.

[*Sings in GONZALO'S ear.*]

While you here do snoring lie,
Open-eyed Conspiracy
His time doth take:
If of life you keep a care,
Shake off slumber, and beware
Awake! Awake!

Int. Then let us both be sudden.

Gon. Now, good angels, preserve the king!

[*They awake.*]

Alon. Why, how now, ho! awake! Why are you
drawn

Wherefore this ghastly looking?

Gon. What's the matter?

Seb. Whiles we stood here securing your repose,
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
Like bulls, or rather lions; did it not wake you?
It struck mine ear most terribly.

Alon. I heard nothing.

Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear;
To make an earthquake! sure it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.

Alon. Heard you this, Gonzalo?

Gon. Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a humming,
And that a strange one too, which did awake me
I shak'd you, sir, and cried; as mine eyes open'd
I saw their weapons drawn:—there was a noise,

Friend. This is the reading of the original. "These his friends" is found
in some modern editions.

¹ Steevens, without any compunction, omits "*professes to persuade.*"
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That's verity:¹ 'Tis best we stand upon our guard;
Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.

Alon. Lead off this ground; and let's make further
search

For my poor son.

Gon. Heavens keep him from these beasts!
For he is, sure, i' the island.

Alon. Lead away.

Ari. Prospero my lord shall know what I have done:

So, king, go safely on to seek thy son.

[*Aside.*
Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Island.*

Enter CALIBAN, with a burthen of wood.

A noise of thunder heard.

Cal. All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him
By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with urchin shows, pitch me i' the mire,
Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid them; but
For every trifle are they set upon me:
Sometime like apes, that mope and chatter at me,
And after, bite me; then like hedgehogs, which
Lie tumbling in my barefoot way, and mount
Their pricks at my footfall; sometime am I
All wound² with adders, who, with cloven tongues,
Do hiss me into madness:—Lo! now! lo!

Enter TRINCULO.

Here comes a spirit of his; and to torment me,
For bringing wood in slowly: I'll fall flat;
Perchance, he will not mind me.

Trin. Here's neither brush nor shrub, to bear off any
weather at all, and another storm brewing; I hear it sing
i' the wind: yond' same black cloud, yond' huge one, looks
like a foul bombard that would shed his liquor. If it
should thunder as it did before, I know not where to hide
my head: yond' same cloud cannot choose but fall by pail-
fuls.—What have we here? a man or a fish? Dead or
alive? A fish: he smells like a fish; a very ancient and
fish-like smell; a kind of, not of the newest, Poor-John. A
strange fish! Were I in England now,^b (as once I was,) and
had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but
would give a piece of silver: there would this monster
make a man; any strange beast there makes a man: when
they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they
will lay out ten to see a dead Indian. Legged like a man!
and his fins like arms! Warm, o' my troth! I do now
let loose my opinion, hold it no longer; this is no fish, but
an islander, that hath lately suffered by a thunder-bolt.
[*Thunder.*] Alas! the storm is come again: my best way
is to creep under his gaberdine; there is no other shelter
hereabout: Misery acquaints a man with strange bed-
fellows. I will here shroud till the dregs of the storm be
past.

Enter STEPHANO, singing; a bottle in his hand.

Ste. I shall no more to sea, to sea,
Here shall I die ashore;—

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral: Well,
here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*]

The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,
The gunner, and his mate,
Lov'd Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,
But none of us car'd for Kate:
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a sailor "Go hang:"
She lov'd not the savour of tar nor of pitch,
Yet a tailor might scratch her where'er she did itch
Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang.

This is a scurvy tune too: But here's my comfort.

[*Drinks.*]

Cal. Do not torment me: O!

Ste. What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do
you put tricks upon us with savages and men of Inde?
Ha! I have not 'scaped drowning, to be afeard now of
your four legs; for it hath been said, As proper a man as
ever went on four legs cannot make him give ground: and
it shall be said so again, while Stephano breathes at nostrils.

Cal. The spirit torments me: O!

Ste. This is some monster of the isle, with four legs;
who hath got, as I take it, an ague: Where the devil
should he learn our language? I will give him some relief,
if it be but for that: If I can recover him and keep him
tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any
emperor that ever trod on neat's-leather.

Cal. Do not torment me, prithee; I'll bring my wood
home faster.

Ste. He's in his fit now; and does not talk after the
wisest. He shall taste of my bottle: if he have never
drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit: if I can
recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much
for him: he shall pay for him that hath him, and that
soundly.

Cal. Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I
know it by thy trembling: Now Prosper works upon thee.

Ste. Come on your ways; open your mouth: here is
that which will give language to you, cat; open your
mouth: this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and
that soundly: you cannot tell who's your friend open your
chaps again.

Trin. I should know that voice: It should be—But he is
drowned; and these are devils: O! defend me!—

Ste. Four legs, and two voices; a most delicate monster!
His forward voice now is to speak well of his friend; his
backward voice is to utter foul speeches, and to detract. If
all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his
ague: Come—Amen! I will pour some in thy other
mouth.

Trin. Stephano,—

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy! mercy!
This is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him; I have
no long spoon.

Trin. Stephano!—if thou beest Stephano, touch me, and
speak to me; for I am Trinculo;—be not afeard,—thy
good friend Trinculo.

Ste. If thou beest Trinculo, come forth; I'll pull thee by
the lesser legs: if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they.
Thou art very Trinculo, indeed: How camest thou to be
the siege of this moon-calf? Can he vent Trinculos?

Trin. I took him to be killed with a thunder-stroke:—
But art thou not drowned, Stephano? I hope now, thou
art not drowned. Is the storm overblown? I hid me
under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine, for fear of the
storm: And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two
Neapolitans 'scaped!

Ste. Prithee, do not turn me about; my stomach is not
constant.

Cal. These be fine things, an if they be not sprites.
That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor:
I will kneel to him.

Ste. How didst thou 'scape? How camest thou hither?

swear by this bottle, how thou camest hither. I escaped upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heaved overboard, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree, with mine own hands, since I was cast a-shore.

Cal. I'll swear, upon that bottle, to be thy true subject; for the liquor is not earthly.

Ste. Here; swear then how thou escapedst.

Trin. Swam a-shore, man, like a duck; I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

Ste. Here, kiss the book: Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

Trin. O Stephano, hast any more of this?

Ste. The whole butt, man; my cellar is in a rock by the sea-side, where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf? how does thine ague?

Cal. Hast thou not dropped from heaven

Ste. Out o' the moon, I do assure thee: I was the man in the moon, when time was.

Cal. I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee; My mistress showed me thee, and thy dog, and bush.

Ste. Come, swear to that; kiss the book: I will furnish it anon with new contents: swear.

Trin. By this good light, this is a very shallow monster:—I afraid of him! a very weak monster:—The man i' the moon!—a most poor credulous monster: Well drawn, monster, in good sooth.

Cal. I'll show thee every fertile inch o' the island; And I will kiss thy foot: I prithee, be my god.

Trin. By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster; when his god's asleep he'll rob his bottle.

Cal. I'll kiss thy foot: I'll swear myself thy subject.

Ste. Come on then; down and swear.

Trin. I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster: a most scurvy monster! I could find in my heart to beat him,—

Ste. Come, kiss.

Trin.—but that the poor monster's in drink; An abominable monster!

Cal. I'll show thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries;

I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.

A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!

I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,

Thou wond'rous man.

Trin. A most ridiculous monster! to make a wonder of a poor drunkard.

Cal. I prithee let me bring thee where crabs grow, And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts; Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how To snare the nimble marmozet; I'll bring thee To clust'ring filberds, and sometimes I'll get thee Young scamels¹ from the rock: Wilt thou go with me?

Ste. I prithee now, lead the way, without any more talking.—Trinculo, the king and all our company else being drowned, we will inherit here.—Here; bear my bottle. Fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by again.

Cal. Farewell, master; farewell, farewell.

[Sings drunkenly.]

Trin. A howling monster; a drunken monster.

Cal. No more dams I'll make for fish
Nor fetch in firing
At requiring,
Nor scrape trenchering,² nor wash dish;
Ban 'Ban, Ca—Caliban,
Has a new master—Get a new man.

¹ *Scamels*. This is the word of the original; and we leave it as we find it. The word has been changed into *sea-mells*, which the commentators tell us are a species of gull. Mr. Hunter very judiciously observes that the rhythm is destroyed by substituting for *scamels* a word whose first syllable is long.

² So in folio; commonly printed *trencher*.

And. So the original; the common reading is *but*.

⁴ This is the metrical arrangement of the original. Steevens changes it by the insertion of *'tis*.

Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom, hey-day, freedom!

Ste. O brave monster! lead the way.

[Exeunt.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Before Prospero's Cell.

Enter FERDINAND, bearing a log.

Fer. There be some sports are painful; and³ their labour Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness Are nobly undergone; and most poor matters Point to rich ends. This my mean task Would be as heavy to me as odious; but⁴ The mistress which I serve quickens what's dead, And makes my labours pleasures: O, she is Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed; And he's composed of harshness. I must remove Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up, Upon a sore injunction: My sweet mistress Weeps when she sees me work; and says such baseness Had ne'er like executor. I forget: But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours; Most busy least⁵ when I do it.

Enter MIRANDA, and PROSPERO at a distance.

Mira. Alas, now! pray you, Work not so hard; I would the lightning had Burnt up those logs that you are enjoin'd to pile! Pray set it down, and rest you: when this burns, 'Twill weep for having wearied you: My father Is hard at study; pray now rest yourself; He's safe for these three hours.

Fer. O most dear mistress, The sun will set before I shall discharge What I must strive to do.

Mira. If you'll sit down I'll bear your logs the while: Pray give me that; I'll carry it to the pile.

Fer. No, precious creature: I had rather crack my sinews, break my back, Than you should such dishonour undergo, While I sit lazy by.

Mira. It would become me As well as it does you: and I should do it With much more ease; for my good will is to it, And yours it is against.⁶

Pro. Poor worm! thou art infected This visitation shows it.

Mira. You look wearily.

Fer. No, noble mistress; 'tis fresh morning with me, When you are by at night. I do beseech you, (Chiefly, that I may set it in my prayers,) What is your name?

Mira. Miranda:—O my father, I have broke your hest to say so!

Fer. Admir'd Miranda! Indeed the top of admiration;⁷ worth What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady

Busy-less is the reading of Theobald.

⁶ Steevens destroys the force of this passage by the omission of *it is*: "They would have rendered the hemistich too long to join with its successor in making a regular verse."

⁷ We follow the punctuation of the original, which appears to us to render the passage much more elegant than it appears in some modern editions:—

"Admir'd Miranda
Indeed, the top of admiration."

I have eyed with best regard ; and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear : for several virtues
Have I lik'd several women ; never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd,
And put it to the foil : But you, O you,
So perfect, and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best.

Mira. I do not know
One of my sex ; no woman's face remember,
Save, from my glass, mine own ; nor have I seen
More that I may call men, than you, good friend,
And my dear father : how features are abroad,
I am skill-less of ; but, by my modesty,
(The jewel in my dower,) I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you ;
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Beside yourself, to like of : But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.¹

Fer. I am, in my condition,
A prince, Miranda ; I do think, a king ;
(I would not so !) and would no more endure
This wooden slavery, than to suffer
The flesh-fly blow my mouth.—Hear my soul speak :—
The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service ; there resides,
To make me slave to it ; and for your sake
Am I this patient log-man.

Mira. Do you love me ?
Fer. O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this sound,
And crown what I profess with kind event,
If I speak true ; if hollowly, invert
What best is boded me, to mischief ! I,
Beyond all limit of what else i' the world,
Do love, prize, honour you.

Mira. I am a fool,
To weep at what I am glad of.

Pro. Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections ! Heavens rain grace
On that which breeds between them !

Fer. Wherefore weep you ?
Mira. At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer
What I desire to give ; and much less take
What I shall die to want : But this is trifling ;
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning !
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence !
I am your wife, if you will marry me ;
If not I'll die your maid : to be your fellow
You may deny me ; but I'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.

Fer. My mistress, dearest,
And I thus humble ever.

Mira. My husband then ?

Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom : here's my hand.

Mira. And mine, with my heart in't : And now fare-
well,
Till half an hour hence.

Fer. A thousand ! thousand !
[*Exeunt FER. and MIR.*]

Pro. So glad of this as they I cannot be,
Who are surpris'd with all ; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book ;
For yet, ere supper-time, must I perform
Much business appertaining. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Island.*

*Enter STEPHANO and TRINCULO ; CALIBAN following with
a bottle.*

Ste. Tell not me ;—when the butt is out we will drink
water ; not a drop before : therefore bear up, and board
'em : Servant-monster, drink to me.

Trin. Servant-monster ? the folly of this island ! They
say there's but five upon this isle : we are three of them ;
if the other two be brained like us, the state totters.

Ste. Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee ; thy eyes
are almost set in thy head.

Trin. Where should they be set else ? he were a brave
monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.

Ste. My man-monster hath drowned his tongue in sack :
for my part, the sea cannot drown me : I swam, ere I could
recover the shore, five-and-thirty leagues, off and on. By
this light,² thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my
standard.

Trin. Your lieutenant, if you list ; he's no standard.

Ste. We'll not run, monsieur monster.

Trin. Nor go neither : but you'll lie, like dogs ; and yet
say nothing neither.

Ste. Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a
good moon-calf.

Cal. How does thy honour ? Let me lick thy shoe :
I'll not serve him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou liest, most ignorant monster ; I am in case
to justle a constable : why, thou deboshed fish thou, was
there ever man a coward that hath drunk so much sack as
I to-day ? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a
fish, and half a monster ?

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me ! wilt thou let him, my lord

Trin. Lord, quoth he !—that a monster should be such a
natural !

Cal. Lo, lo, again ! bite him to death, I prithee.

Ste. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head ; if you
prove a mutineer, the next tree—The poor monster's my
subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

Cal. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd
To hearken once again to the suit I made to thee ?

Ste. Marry will I : kneel and repeat it ; I will stand, and
so shall Trinculo.

Enter ARIEL, invisible.

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant ;
A sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me
Of the island.

Ari. Thou liest.

Cal. Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou ;
I would my valiant master would destroy thee :
I do not lie.

Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in his tale, by
this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Ste. Mum then, and no more.—[To CALIBAN.] Proceed.

Cal. I say, by sorcery he got this isle ;
From me he got it. If thy greatness will
Revenge it on him—for, I know, thou dar'st ;
But this thing dare not.

Ste. That's most certain.

Cal. Thou shalt be lord of it, and I'll serve thee.

Ste. How now shall this be compassed ? Canst thou
bring me to the party ?

Cal. Yea, yea, my lord ; I'll yield him thee asleep,
Where thou may'st knock a nail into his head.

¹ So the original. The passage sometimes frittered down to *therein*
forget.

² We here follow the punctuation of the original. The modern reading is
off and on, by this light.

The reader will observe that Caliban always speaks metrically. Some of his
lines in this scene are usually printed as prose ; but they very readily shape them-
selves into free blank verse. Steevens receives them as metre ; but he lops them
after his own finger-counting fashion.

Ari. Thou liest, thou canst not.

Cal. What a pied ninny's this! Thou scurvy patch!—
I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows,
And take his bottle from him: when that's gone,
He shall drink nought but brine; for I'll not show him
Where the quick freshes are.

Ste. Trinculo, run into no further danger: interrupt the
monster one word further, and, by this hand, I'll turn my
mercy out of doors, and make a stockfish of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing; I'll go further off.

Ste. Didst thou not say he lied?

Ari. Thou liest.

Ste. Do I so? take thou that. [*Strikes him.*] As you
like this, give me the lie another time.

Trin. I did not give the lie:—Out o' your wits, and
hearing too?—A pox o' your bottle! this can sack and
drinking do.—A murrain on your monster, and the devil
take your fingers!

Cal. Ha, ha, ha!

Ste. Now, forward with your tale. Prithee stand further off.

Cal. Beat him enough: after a little time,
I'll beat him too.

Ste. Stand further.—Come, proceed.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him
I' the afternoon to sleep: there thou may'st brain him,
Having first seiz'd his books; or with a log
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
Or cut his wezand with thy knife: Remember,
First to possess his books; for without them
He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not
One spirit to command: They all do hate him,
As rootedly as I: Burn but his books;
He has brave utensils, (for so he calls them,
Which, when he has a house, he'll deck withal.
And that most deeply to consider, is
The beauty of his daughter; he himself
Calls her a nonpareil: I ne'er saw woman,
But only Sycorax my dam, and she;
But she as far surpasseth Sycorax,
As greatest does least.

Ste. Is it so brave a lass?

Cal. Ay, lord; she will become thy bed, I warrant,
And bring thee forth brave brood.

Ste. Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and I
will be king and queen; (save our graces!) and Trinculo
and thyself shall be viceroys:—Dost thou like the plot,
Trinculo?

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Give me thy hand; I am sorry I beat thee: but,
while thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy head.

Cal. Within this half-hour will he be asleep;
Wilt thou destroy him then?

Ste. Ay, on mine honour.

Ari. This will I tell my master.

Cal. Thou mak'st me merry: I am full of pleasure;
Let us be jocund: Will you troll the catch
You taught me but while-ere?

Ste. At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any
reason: Come on, Trinculo, let us sing.

[*Sings.*

Flout 'em, and cout 'em; and skout 'em, and flout 'em;
Thought is free.

Cal. That's not the tune.

[*ARIEL plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.*

Ste. What is this same?

Trin. This is the tune of our catch, played by the
picture of Nobody."

Ste. If thou beest a man, show thyself in thy likeness: if
thou beest a devil, take't as thou list.

Trin. O, forgive me my sins!

Ste. He that dies pays all debts: I defy thee:—Mercy
upon us!

Cal. Art thou afeard?

Ste. No, monster, not I.

Cal. Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises,
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears; and sometimes voices,
That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,
The clouds, methought, would open and show riches
Ready to drop upon me; that when I wak'd
I cried to dream again.

Ste. This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I
shall have my music for nothing.

Cal. When Prospero is destroyed.

Ste. That shall be by and by: I remember the story.

Trin. The sound is going away: let's follow it, and
after, do our work.

Ste. Lead, monster; we'll follow.—I would I could see
this taborer: he lays it on.

Trin. Wilt come? I'll follow Stephano. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another part of the Island.*

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN,
FRANCISCO, and others.

Gon. By'r lakin, I can go no further, sir;
My old bones ache: here's a maze trod, indeed,
Through forth-rights and meanders! b by your patience,
I needs must rest me.

Alon. Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am myself attach'd with weariness,
To the dulling of my spirits: sit down and rest.
Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it
No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd
Whom thus we stray to find; and the sea mocks
Our frustrate search on land: Well, let him go.

Ant. I am right glad that he's so out of hope.

[*Aside to SEBASTIAN.*

Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose
That you resolv'd to effect.

Seb. The next advantage

Will we take thoroughly.

Ant. Let it be to-night

For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they
Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance,
As when they are fresh.

Seb. I say, to-night: no more.

Solemn and strange music; and PROSPERO above, invisible.

*Enter several strange Shapes, bringing in a banquet
they dance about it with gentle actions of salutation
and, inviting the King, &c., to cat, they depart.*

Alon. What harmony is this? my good friends, hark!

Gon. Marvellous sweet music!

Alon. Give us kind keepers, heavens! What were
these?

Seb. A living drollery: Now I will believe
That there are unicorns; that in Arabia
There is one tree, the phoenix' throne; one phoenix
At this hour reigning there.

Ant. I'll believe both

And what does else want credit, come to me,
And I'll be sworn 'tis true: Travellers ne'er did lie,
Though fools at home condemn them.

Gon. If in Naples

I should report this now, would they believe me?
If I should say I saw such islanders,
(For, certes, these are people of the island,
Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet, note,
Their manners are more gentle, kind, than of
Our human generation you shall find
Many, nay, almost any.

Pro. Honest lord,
Thou hast said well; for some of you there present,
Are worse than devils. [*Aside.*

Alon. I cannot too much muse
Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound, expressing
(Although they want the use of tongue) a kind
Of excellent dumb discourse.

Pro. Praise in departing. [*Aside.*

Fran. They vanish'd strangely.

Seb. No matter, since
They have left their viands behind; for we have stomachs.—
Will't please you taste of what is here?

Alon. Not I

Gon. Faith, sir, you need not fear: When we were boys,
Who would believe that there were mountaineers
Dew-lapp'd like bulls,¹ whose throats had hanging at them
Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men
Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now we find,
Each putter-out of five for one¹ will bring us
Good warrant of.

Alon. I will stand to, and feed,
Although my last: no matter, since I feel
The best is past:—Brother, my lord the duke,
Stand to, and do as we.

*Thunder and lightning. Enter ARIEL like a harpy; ^d claps
his wings upon the table, and with a quaint device, the
banquet vanishes.*

Ari. You are three men of sin, whom destiny
That hath to instrument this lower world,
And what is in't,) the never-surfeited sea
Hath caus'd to belch up you, and on this island
Where man doth not inhabit; you 'mongst men
Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;
[*Seeing ALON., SEB., &c., draw their swords.*

And even with such-like valour, men hang and drown
Their proper selves. You fools! I and my fellows
Are ministers of fate; the elements,
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
One dowe² that's in my plume; my fellow-ministers
Are like invulnerable: if you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massy for your strengths,
And will not be uplifted: But, remember,
For that's my business to you,) that you three
From Milan did supplant good Prospero;
Expos'd unto the sea, which hath requit it,
Him and his innocent child: for which foul deed
The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have
Incens'd the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,
Against your peace: Thee, of thy son, Alonso,
They have bereft; and do pronounce by me,
Ling'ring perdition (worse than any death
Can be at once,) shall step by step attend

¹ This is the reading of the original—of five for one. Malone reads, of one to five; Steevens, on five to one. If any change were necessary, at for of would remove the ambiguity. During Elizabeth's reign, and later, travellers were numerous, though foreign journeys were affairs of some hazard. A singular species of gambling thence arose, which speaks much for the risk. The putter-out is one who, being about to encounter the dangers of travel, deposited a sum of money to receive a larger sum if he returned in safety. Five for one appears to have been the rate for a very distant voyage: four for one, and three for one, are mentioned by contemporary authors.

² Dowe—a feather, a particle of down.

You, and your ways; whose wraths to guard you from
(Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls
Upon your heads,) is nothing, but heart's sorrow,
And a clear life ensuing.

*He vanishes in thunder: then, to soft music, enter the Shapes
again, and dance with mops and moves, and carry out the
table.*

Pro. Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou
Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouring:
Of my instruction hast thou nothing 'bated,
In what thou hadst to say: so, with good life,³
And observation strange, my meaner ministers
Their several kinds have done: my high charms work,
And these, mine enemies, are all knit up
In their distractions: they now are in my power;
And in these fits I leave them, while I visit
Young Ferdinand, (whom they suppose is drown'd,)
And his and my loved darling.

[*Exit PROSPERO from above.*

Gon. I' the name of something holy, sir, why stand you
In this strange stare?

Alon. O, it is monstrous! monstrous!
Methought the billows spoke, and told me of it;
The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd
The name of Prosper; it did bass my trespass.
Therefore my son i' the ooze is bedded; and
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded,
And with him there lie mudded. [*Exit.*

Seb. But one fiend at a time,
I'll fight their legions o'er.

Ant. I'll be thy second.

[*Exeunt SEB. and ANT.*

Gon. All three of them are desperate; their great guilt,
Like poison given to work a great time after,
Now 'gins to bite the spirits:—I do beseech you
That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly,
And hinder them from what this ecstasy
May now provoke them to.

Adr. Follow, I pray you. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Before Prospero's Cell.

Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND, and MIRANDA.

Pro. If I have too austere punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends; for I
Have given you here a thread⁴ of mine own life,
Or that for which I live; whom once again
I tender to thy hand: all thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test: here, afore Heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand,
Do not smile at me that I boast her off,
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,
And make it halt behind her.

Fer. I do believe it,
Against an oracle.

Good life—alacrity, energy, spirit.

⁴ *Thread*. This is spelt *third* in the original edition; in which manner *third*, in the meaning of *thread*, was sometimes spelt. Hawkins states that in the comedy of "Mucedorus," 1619, the word is spelt *third* in the following passage:—

"Long may'st thou live, and when the sisters shall decree
To cut in twain the twisted *third* of life,
Then let him die."

The edition of 1668 is before us, and there we find that *third* has become *thread*.

Pro. Then, as my gift,¹ and thine own acquisition
Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter: But
If thou dost break her virgin knot before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be minister'd,
No sweet aspersion² shall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow: but barren hate,
Sour-ey'd disdain, and discord, shall bestrew
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly,
That you shall hate it both: therefore take heed,
As Hymen's lamps shall light you.

Fer. As I hope
For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,
With such love as 'tis now, the murkiest den,
The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion
Our worser genius can, shall never melt
Mine honour into lust; to take away
The edge of that day's celebration,
When I shall think, or Phœbus' steeds are founder'd,
Or night kept chain'd below.

Pro. Fairly spoke:
Sit then, and talk with her, she is thine own.—
What, Ariel; my industrious servant, Ariel!

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. What would my potent master? here I am.

Pro. Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service
Did worthily perform; and I must use you
In such another trick: go, bring the rabble,
O'er whom I give thee power, here, to this place:
Incite them to quick motion; for I must
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
Some vanity of mine art; it is my promise,
And they expect it from me.

Ari. Presently?

Pro. Ay, with a twink.

Ari. Before you can say, Come, and Go,
And breathe twice; and cry, So, so;
Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and mowe:
Do you love me, master? no.

Pro. Dearly, my delicate Ariel: Do not approach
Till thou dost hear me call.

Ari. Well, I conceive. *[Exit.]*

Pro. Look, thou be true: do not give dalliance
Too much the rein: the strongest oaths are straw
To the fire i' the blood: be more abstemious,
Or else good night your vow!

Fer. I warrant you, sir.
The white cold virgin snow upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my liver.

Pro. Well.—
Now come, my Ariel: bring a corollary,³

¹ *Gift*. This stands *quest* in the original, and was corrected by Rowe to *gift*. It is easy to see that *quest* is a mere typographical error. Five lines above, *gift* is spelt *guift*; and *ft* and *st* in ancient writing and printing were scarcely to be distinguished.

² *Aspersion*—sprinkling. This is one of the many examples of the use of Latin words by Shakspeare in their original sense.

³ *Corollary*—a surplus number.

⁴ *Pioned and twilled*. This is the reading of the original; and a consideration of the whole passage must, we think, determine its adoption, in preference to the ordinary reading of

"Thy banks with *peonied* and *lilied* brims."

These are banks clothed with peonies and lilies. Milton, in the "Arcades," has the line—

"By sandy Ladon's lilied banks;"

and Warton observes that "here is an authority for reading *lilied* instead of *twilled*, in a very controverted verse of *The Tempest*." He adds, "Lilied seems to have been no uncommon epithet for the banks of a river." Henley was the first to ask, as we think very sensibly, whether the banks of a river were meant at all, whether peonies grow on river-banks, and whether peonies and lilies come before April? To this Steevens answers that Shakspeare was no naturalist—an assertion utterly without foundation. It is manifest that the banks of a river are

Rather than want a spirit: appear, and pertly.—
No tongue; all eyes; be silent.

[Soft music.]

A Masque. Enter IRIS.

Iris. Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and pease;
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads thatch'd with stover, them to keep;
Thy banks with pioned and twilled brims,⁴
Which spongy April at thy hest betrimms,
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy broom
groves,
Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,
Being lass-lorn; thy pole-clipp'd vineyard;
And thy sea-marge, steril, and rocky-hard,
Where thou thyself dost air: The queen o' the sky,
Whose watery arch, and messenger, am I,
Bids thee leave these; and with her sovereign grace,
Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,
To come and sport: her peacocks fly amain:⁵
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter CERES.

Cer. Hail many-colour'd messenger, that ne'er
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;
Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flowers
Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers;
And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
My bosky acres, and my unshrub'd down,
Rich scarf to my proud earth: Why hath thy queen
Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'd green?

Iris. A contract of true love to celebrate;
And some donation freely to estate
On the bless'd lovers.

Cer. Tell me, heavenly bow,
If Venus, or her son, as thou dost know,
Do now attend the queen? Since they did plot
The means that dusky Dis my daughter got,
Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company
I have forsworn.

Iris. Of her society
Be not afraid; I met her deity
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos; and her son
Dove-drawn with her: here thought they to have done
Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
Whose vows are that no bed-rite shall be paid
Till Hymen's torch be lighted: but in vain;
Mars's hot minion is return'd again;
Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,
Swears he will shoot no more, but play with sparrows,
And be a boy right out.

Cer. Highest queen of state,
Great Juno comes: I know her by her gait.

not meant. The address is to Ceres. Her rich leas, her turfy mountains, her flat meads, precede the mention of her banks. The *banks* are the artificial mounds by which the flat meads and the rich leas are divided; or they are the natural ridges in grove and grass-plot, which Shakspeare has himself described as the home of the wild thyme and the violet. Spongy April betrimms these banks at the command of Ceres; not with peonies and lilies,—not with the flowers of the garden and the flowers of the valley, mingled together without regard to season or character,—but with her own pretty hedge-flowers. The poet himself has described what flowers April scatters:—

"When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver white,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight."

What banks does April betrim at the hest of Ceres? *Pioned* banks, that is, banks dug, thrown up. A pioneer, or *pioneer*, is a digger. The *brim* of the bank is thus especially *pioned*. Henley says, "*Twilled* is obviously formed from the participle of the French verb *touriller*, which Cotgrave interprets 'filthily to mix or mingle; confound or shuffle together; bedirt; begrime; besmear.'" Any one who has seen the operation of banking and ditching in the early spring, so essential to the proper drainage of land, must recognise the propriety of Shakspeare's epithets. He was a practical farmer; he saw the poetry even of the humblest works of husbandry.

⁵ We have here the stage direction in the original, "*Juno descends*."

Enter JUNO.

Jun. How does my bounteous sister? Go with me,
To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be,
And honour'd in their issue.

SONG.

Jun. Honour, riches, marriage blessing,
Long continuance, and increasing,
Hourly joys be still upon you!
Juno sings her blessings on you.
Cer. Earth's increase, foison plenty,
Barns and garners never empty;
Vines, with clust'ring bunches growing;
Plants with goodly burthen bowing;
Spring come to you, at the farthest,
In the very end of harvest!
Scarcity and want shall shun you;
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

Fer. This is a most majestic vision, and
Harmonious charmingly: May I be bold
To think these spirits?

Pro. Spirits, which by mine art
I have from their confines called to enact
My present fancies.

Fer. Let me live here ever;
So rare a wonder'd father and a wise,
Makes this place Paradise.

[JUNO and CERES whisper, and send IRIS on employment.]

Pro. Sweet now, silence;
Juno and Ceres whisper seriously;
There's something else to do: hush, and be mute,
Or else our spell is marr'd.

Iris. You nymphs call'd Naiads, of the wind'ring¹ brooks,
With your sedg'd crowns, and ever harmless looks,
Leave your crisp channels, and on this green land
Answer your summons: Juno does command:
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love; be not too late.

Enter certain Nymphs.

You sun-burn'd sicklemen, of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry;
Make holiday: your rye-straw hats put on,
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.

Enter certain Reapers, properly habited; they join with the
Nymphs in a graceful dance; towards the end whereof
PROSPERO starts suddenly, and speaks; after which, to a
strange, hollow, and confused noise, they heavily vanish.

Pro. [Aside.] I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban, and his confederates,
Against my life; the minute of their plot
Is almost come.—[To the Spirits.] Well done;—avoid;—
no more.

Fer. This is strange: your father's in some passion
That works him strongly.

Mira. Never till this day,
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.

Pro. You do look, my son, in a mov'd sort
As if you were dismay'd: be cheerful, sir:

Our revels now are ended: these our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack² behind: We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.³—Sir, I am vex'd;
Bear with my weakness; my old brain is troubled.
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity:
If you be pleas'd, retire into my cell,
And there repose; a turn or two I'll walk,
To still my beating mind.

Fer., Mira. We wish your peace. [Exeunt.]

Pro. Come with a thought:—I thank thee, Ariel: come.⁴

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to: What's thy pleasure?

Pro. Spirit,

We must prepare to meet with Caliban.

Ari. Ay, my commander; when I presented Ceres,
I thought to have told thee of it; but I fear'd
Lest I might anger thee.

Pro. Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets?

Ari. I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking
So full of valour that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For kissing of their feet; yet always bending
Towards their project: Then I beat my tabor,
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,
Advanc'd their eyelids, lifted up their noses,
As they smelt music; so I charm'd their ears,
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd, through
Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss, and thorns,
Which enter'd their frail shins: at last I left them
I' the filthy mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake
O'erstunk their feet.

Pro. This was well done, my bird;
Thy shape invisible retain thou still:
The trumpery in my house, go, bring it hither,
For stale to catch these thieves.

Ari. I go, I go. [Exit.]

Pro. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost:
And as, with age, his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers: I will plague them all,

Re-enter ARIEL, loaden with glistering apparel, &c

Even to roaring:—Come, hang them on this line.^a

PROSPERO and ARIEL remain invisible. Enter CALIBAN,
STEPHANO, and TRINCULO, all wet.

Cal. Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not
Hear a foot fall: we now are near his cell.

¹ Wind'ring. This reading of the original has been turned into wandering. The epithet, of course, has the meaning of winding.

² Rack. So the original. This word is now by most received as the true text. The rack, as explained by Bacon, means the highest clouds: "The winds, which wave the clouds above, which we call the rack, and are not perceived below, pass without noise." Mr. Hunter has expressed his belief that the word rack is never used with the indefinite article, and suggests wrack (wreck), which Mr. Dyce adopts. But a correspondent in 1846 informed us that, on the Scottish Border, rack is sometimes applied to clouds, and is used in reference to those rugged masses, the ruins as it were of a rain-cloud, which, having previously overspread the hemisphere, has been broken up and driven along by a gale of wind.

³ Rounded is still used in the sense of encompassed. The "insubstantial pageant" had been presented; its actors had "melted into thin air;" it was an unreality. In the same way, life itself is but a dream. It is surrounded with the sleep which is the parent of dreams. Here we have the shadowing out of the doctrine of Berkeley; and we may believe that Shakspeare, to whom all philosophical speculation was familiar, may have entertained the theory that our senses are impressed by the Creator with the images of things, which form our material world,—a world of ideas,—of dream-like unrealities.

⁴ Mr. White properly follows the original punctuation. Prospero's thanks are addressed to Ariel for his services in the Masque, and not to Ferdinand and Miranda for their good wishes.

Ste. Monster, your fairy, which you say is a harmless fairy, has done little better than played the Jack with us.

Trin. Monster, I do smell all horse-piss; at which my nose is in great indignation.

Ste. So is mine. Do you hear, monster? If I should take a displeasure against you; look you,—

Trin. Thou wert but a lost monster.

Cal. Good my lord, give me thy favour still: Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to Shall hoodwink this mischance: therefore speak softly, All's hush'd as midnight yet.

Trin. Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool,—

Ste. There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that, monster, but an infinite loss.

Trin. That's more to me than my wetting: yet this is your harmless fairy, monster.

Ste. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labour.

Cal. Prithee, my king, be quiet: Seest thou here, This is the mouth o' the cell: no noise, and enter. Do that good mischief, which may make this island Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban, For aye thy foot-licker.

Ste. Give me thy hand: I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

Trin. O king Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stephano! look, what a wardrobe here is for thee!

Cal. Let it alone, thou fool; it is but trash.

Trin. O, ho, monster; we know what belongs to a frippery:—O king Stephano!

Ste. Put off that gown, Trinculo; by this hand, I'll have that gown.

Trin. Thy grace shall have it.

Cal. The dropsy drown this fool! what do you mean, To dote thus on such luggage? Let's alone,¹ And do the murther first: if he awake, From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches; Make us strange stuff.

Ste. Be you quiet, monster.—Mistress line, is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line: now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.

Trin. Do, do: We steal by line and level, an't like your grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that jest: here's a garment for't wit shall not go unrewarded, while I am king of this country: Steal by line and level, is an excellent pass of pate; there's another garment for't.

Trin. Monster, come, put some lime upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

Cal. I will have none on't: we shall lose our time, And all be turn'd to barnacles, or to apes With foreheads villainous low.

Ste. Monster, lay-to your fingers; help to bear this away where my hogshead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom: go to, carry this.

Trin. And this.

Ste. Ay, and this.

A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits, in shape of hounds, and hunt them about: PROSPERO and ARIEL setting them on.

Pro. Hey, Mountain, hey!

Ari. Silver! there it goes, Silver!

Pro. Fury, Fury! there, Tyrant, there! hark, hark!

[CAL., STE., and TRIN. are driven out.]

Go, charge my goblins, that they grind their joints

With dry convulsions; shorten up their sinews With aged cramps; and more pinch-spotted make them, Than pard or cat o' mountain.

Ari.

Hark, they roar.

Pro. Let them be hunted soundly: At this hour Lie at my mercy all mine enemies: Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou Shalt have the air of freedom: for a little, Follow, and do me service.

[*Exeunt.*]

RECENT NEW READING.

SC. I. p. 435.—“*Spring* come to you, at the farthest.”

“*Rain* come to you, at the farthest.”—*Collier.*

Mr. Collier says:—“It may be asked, why Juno should wish *spring* to be so long deferred? On the other hand, *rain* before ‘the very end of harvest’ would be a misfortune, and the singer is deprecating such disasters.” But in fact the singer is invoking blessings, and not deprecating disasters. Ceres is the singer, and not Juno. It is one of the blunders of the Corrector to make the whole song belong to Juno, instead of its being dramatically divided, so as to suit the attributes of each goddess; and Ceres appropriately wishes full barns, loaded vines, and bending fruit trees—and, at the very end of harvest, another *spring* to come with no intervening winter. Shakspeare, who in many cases shows his perfect familiarity with his Bible, was using the very images of the Old Testament. The following passages have been kindly pointed out to us by Mr. Richardson, the eminent lexicographer:—Lev. xxvi. 5, “And your threshing shall reach unto the vintage, and the vintage shall reach unto the sowing-time; and ye shall eat your bread to the full, and dwell in your land safely.” Amos ix. 13, “Behold, the days come, saith the Lord, that the ploughman shall overtake the reaper, and the treader of grapes him that soweth seed.”

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Before the Cell of Prospero.*

Enter PROSPERO in his magic robes; and ARIEL.

Pro. Now does my project gather to a head: My charms crack not; my spirits obey; and Time Goes upright with his carriage. How's the day?

Ari. On the sixth hour; at which time, my lord, You said our work should cease.

Pro. I did say so, When first I rais'd the tempest. Say, my spirit, How fares the king and 's followers?²

Ari. Confin'd together In the same fashion as you gave in charge; Just as you left them; all prisoners, sir, In the line-grove which weather-fends your cell; They cannot budge till your release. The king, His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted; And the remainder mourning over them, Brimfull of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly Him that you term'd, sir, “The good old lord, Gonzalo; His tears run down his beard, like winter's³ drops From eaves of reeds: your charm so strongly works them, That if you now beheld them your affections Would become tender.

Pro. Dost thou think so, spirit?

Ari. Mine would, sir, were I human.

Pro. And mine shall.

Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling Of their afflictions? and shall not myself, One of their kind, that relish all as sharply Passion as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art? Though with their high wrongs I am strook to the quick, Yet, with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury Do I take part: the rarer action is In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent, The sole drift of my purpose doth extend Not a frown further: Go, release them, Ariel;

And 's followers. These words, says Steevens, spoil the metre without help to the sense; and so he prints “How fares the king and his?”

³ Mr. Dyce prints *winter-drops*, after the fourth folio.

Let's alone. So the original. The ordinary reading is *let it alone*. Steevens has suggested that *let's alone* may mean—“Let you and I only go to commit the murder, leaving Trinculo, who is so solicitous about the *trash* of dress, behind us.” Theobald suggested *let's along*, which Mr. Dyce adopts.

My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.

Ari. I'll fetch them, sir. [*Exit.*

Pro. Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves;^a
And ye that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him,
When he comes back; you demi-puppets that
By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,¹
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you, whose pastime
Is to make midnight-mushrooms; that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid
(Weak masters though ye be) I have bedimm'd
The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault
Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt: the strong-bas'd promontory
Have I made shake; and by the spurs pluck'd up
The pine and cedar: graves, at my command,
Have wak'd their sleepers; op'd, and let them forth
By my so potent art: But this rough magic
I here abjure: and, when I have requir'd
Some heavenly music, (which even now I do,)
To work mine end upon their senses that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And, deeper than did ever plummet sound,
I'll drown my book. [*Solemn music.*

Re-enter ARIEL: after him, ALONSO, with a frantic gesture, attended by GONZALO; SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO in like manner, attended by ADRIAN and FRANCISCO: they all enter the circle which PROSPERO had made, and there stand charmed; which PROSPERO observing, speaks.

A solemn air, and the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains.
Now useless, boil'd within thy skull! There stand,
For you are spell-stopp'd.
Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
Mine eyes, even sociable to the show of thine,
Fall fellowly drops.—The charm dissolves apace;
And as the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason.—O good Gonzalo,
My true preserver, and a loyal sir
To him thou follow'st, I will pay thy graces
Home, both in word and deed.—Most cruelly
Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter:
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act;—
Thou art pinch'd for 't now, Sebastian.—Flesh and blood,
You brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
Expell'd remorse and nature; who, with Sebastian,
(Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong,)
Would here have kill'd your king; I do forgive thee,
Unnatural though thou art!—Their understanding
Begins to swell; and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shores,
That now lie foul and muddy. Not one of them
That yet looks on me, or would know me:—Ariel,
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell; [*Exit ARIEL.*
I will discase me, and myself present,
As I was sometime Milan:—quickly, spirit;
Thou shalt ere long be free.

Most modern editors make here a compound epithet, *green-sour*. Douce would read *green sward*. Mr. Hunter agrees with Douce in his objection to the hyphen, and proposes another reading,—

"By moonshine on the green sour ringlets make."

But where is the necessity for change at all? Why cannot we be content to

ARIEL *re-enters, singing, and helps to attire PROSPERO.*

Ari. Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie:
There I couch when owls do cry:
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily:
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.^b

Pro. Why, that's my dainty Ariel: I shall miss thee;
But yet thou shalt have freedom: so, so, so.—
To the king's ship, invisible as thou art:
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
Under the hatches; the master, and the boatswain,
Being awake, enforce them to this place;
And presently, I prithee.

Ari. I drink the air before me, and return
Or e'er your pulse twice beat. [*Exit ARIEL.*

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement
Inhabits here: Some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!

Pro. Behold, sir king,
The wronged duke of Milan, Prospero:
For more assurance that a living prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body;
And to thee, and thy company, I bid
A hearty welcome.

Alon. Whe'r thou beest he, or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know: thy pulse
Beats, as of flesh and blood; and, since I saw thee,
The affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madness held me: this must crave
(An if this be at all) a most strange story.
Thy dukedom I resign; and do entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs:—But how should Prospero
Be living, and be here?

Pro. First, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age; whose honour cannot
Be measur'd, or confin'd.

Gon. Whether this be,
Or be not, I'll not swear.

Pro. You do yet taste
Some subtilties o' the isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain:—Welcome, my friends all:—
But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,

[*Aside to SEB. and ANT.*

I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you,
And justify you traitors; at this time
I'll tell no tales.

Seb. The devil speaks in him. [*Aside.*

Pro. No:—
For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest fault; all of them; and require
My dukedom of thee, which, perforce, I know
Thou must restore.

Alon. If thou beest Prospero,
Give us particulars of thy preservation:
How thou hast met us here, who three hours since
Were wrack'd upon this shore; where I have lost
(How sharp the point of this remembrance is!)
My dear son Ferdinand.

Pro. I am woe for 't, sir.

Alon. Irreparable is the loss; and patience
Says it is past her cure.

Pro. I rather think,
You have not sought her help; of whose soft grace

retain the *double* epithet of the folio? We know that the ringlets are of the green sward, and on the green; but the poet, by using the epithet *green*, marks the intensity of their colour. They are greener than the green about them. That they are *sour* he explains by "Whereof the ewe not bites." No description could be more accurate of what we still call fairy-rings.

For the like loss, I have her sovereign aid,
And rest myself content.

Alon. You the like loss?

Pro. As great to me, as late; and supportable
To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you; for I
Have lost my daughter.

Alon. A daughter?

O heavens! that they were living both in Naples,
The king and queen there! that they were, I wish
Myself were mudded in that oozy bed
Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter?

Pro. In this last tempest. I perceive these lords
At this encounter do so much admire,
That they devour their reason; and scarce think
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath: but, howsoever you have
Been justled from your senses, know for certain
That I am Prospero, and that very duke
Which was thrust forth of Milan; who most strangely
Upon this shore, where you were wrack'd, was landed,
To be the lord on't. No more yet of this;
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfast, nor
Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir;
This cell's my court: here have I few attendants,
And subjects none abroad: pray you, look in.
My dukedom since you have given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing;
At least, bring forth a wonder to content ye,
As much as me my dukedom.

The entrance of the Cell opens, and discovers FERDINAND and MIRANDA playing at chess.

Mira. Sweet lord, you play me false.

Fer. No, my dearest love,
I would not for the world.

Mira. Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should wrangle,
And I would call it fair play.

Alon. If this prove
A vision of the island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose.

Seb. A most high miracle!

Fer. Though the seas threaten they are merciful:
I have curs'd them without cause.

[*FER. kneels to ALON.*
Alon. Now all the blessings

Of a glad father compass thee about!
Arise, and say how thou cam'st here.

Mira. O! wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That has such people in't!

Pro. 'Tis new to thee.

Alon. What is this maid, with whom thou wast at play?
Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours:
Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,
And brought us thus together?

Fer. Sir, she's mortal;
But, by immortal providence, she's mine;
I chose her, when I could not ask my father
For his advice; nor thought I had one: she
Is daughter to this famous duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,
But never saw before; of whom I have
Receiv'd a second life, and second father
This lady makes him to me.

Alon. I am hers:
But O, how oddly will it sound that I
Must ask my child forgiveness!

Pro. There, sir, stop;
Let us not burthen our remembrances with
A heaviness that's gone.

Gon. I have inly wept,
Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you gods,
And on this couple drop a blessed crown;
For it is you that have chalk'd forth the way
Which brought us hither!

Alon. I say, amen, Gonzalo!

Gon. Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue
Should become kings of Naples? O, rejoice
Beyond a common joy; and set it down
With gold on lasting pillars: In one voyage
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis;
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife
Where he himself was lost; Prospero, his dukedom,
In a poor isle; and all of us, ourselves,
When no man was his own.

Alon. Give me your hands:

[*To FER. and MIR.*
Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart
That doth not wish you joy!

Gon. Be't so! Amen!

Re-enter ARIEL, with the Master and Boatswain amazedly following.

O look, sir, look, sir; here are more of us!
I prophesied if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown: now, blasphemy,
That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore?
Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the news?

Boats. The best news is that we have safely found
Our king and company: the next our ship,—
Which, but three glasses since, we gave out split,—
Is tight, and yare, and bravely rigg'd, as when
We first put out to sea.

Ari. Sir, all this service
Have I done since I went. } *Aside.*
Pro. My tricky spirit!

Alon. These are not natural events; they strengthen,
From strange to stranger:—Say, how came you hither?

Boats. If I did think, sir, I were well awake,
I'd strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep,
And (how, we know not,) all clapp'd under hatches,
Where, but even now, with strange and several noises
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, gingly chains,
And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,
We were awak'd; straightway, at liberty:
Where we, in all her trim,¹ freshly beheld
Our royal, good, and gallant ship; our master
Capering to eye her: on a trice, so please you,
Even in a dream, were we divided from them,
And were brought moping hither.

Ari. Was't well done? } *Aside.*
Pro. Bravely, my diligence. Thou shalt be free.

Alon. This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod:
And there is in this business more than nature
Must rectify our knowledge.

Pro. Sir, my liege,
Do not infest your mind with beating on
The strangeness of this business: at pick'd leisure,
Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you
(Which to you shall seem probable) of every
These happen'd accidents: till when, be cheerful,
And think of each thing well.—Come hither, spirit; [*Aside.*
Set Caliban and his companions free:

¹ *Her trim.* The original has *our trim*. Applied to the ship, unharmed by the storm, *our* is undoubtedly an error.

Untie the spell. [*Exit* ARIEL.] How fares my gracious sir?
There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd lads that you remember not.

Re-enter ARIEL, *driving in* CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO, *in their stolen apparel.*

Ste. Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man take care for himself; for all is but fortune:—Coragio, bully-monster, Coragio!

Trin. If these be true spies which I wear in my head, here's a goodly sight.

Cal. O Setebos, these be brave spirits, indeed!
How fine my master is! I am afraid
He will chastise me.

Seb. Ha, ha!
What things are these, my lord Antonio?
Will money buy them?

Ant. Very like; one of them
Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.

Pro. Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,
Then say if they be true: this mis-shapen knave,—
His mother was a witch, and one so strong
That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs,
And deal in her command, without her power:
These three have robb'd me: and this demi-devil
(For he's a bastard one) had plotted with them
To take my life: two of these fellows you
Must know, and own; this thing of darkness I
Acknowledge mine.

Cal. I shall be pinch'd to death.

Alon. Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

Seb. He is drunk now: where had he wine?

Alon. And Trinculo is reeling ripe: Where should they
Find this grand liquor that hath gilded them?—
How cam'st thou in this pickle?

Trin. I have been in such a pickle, since I saw you last,
that, I fear me, will never out of my bones: I shall not fear
fly-blowing.

Seb. Why, how now, Stephano?

Ste. O, touch me not; I am not Stephano, but a cramp.

Pro. You'd be king of the isle, sirrah?

Ste. I should have been a sore one then.

Alon. This is a strange thing as e'er I look'd on.

[*Pointing to* CALIBAN.]

Pro. He is as disproportion'd in his manners
As in his shape:—Go, sirrah, to my cell;
Take with you your companions; as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

Cal. Ay, that I will; and I'll be wise hereafter,
And seek for grace: What a thrice-double ass
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,
And worship this dull fool!

Pro. Go to; away!

Alon. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it.

Seb. Or stole it, rather. [*Exeunt* CAL., STE., and TRIN.]

Pro. Sir, I invite your highness, and your train,
To my poor cell: where you shall take your rest
For this one night; which (part of it) I'll waste
With such discourse, as, I not doubt, shall make it
Go quick away: the story of my life,
And the particular accidents gone by
Since I came to this isle: And in the morn

I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,
Where I have hope to see the nuptial
Of these our dear-beloved solemniz'd;
And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.

Alon.

I long

To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely.

Pro.

I'll deliver all;

And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
And sail so expeditious, that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off.—My Ariel;—chick,—
That is thy charge; then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well!—[*Aside.*] Please you, draw
near. [*Exeunt.*]

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by PROSPERO.

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what strength I have's mine own;
Which is most faint: now 'tis true,
I must be here confin'd by you,
Or sent to Naples: Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got,
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island, by your spell;
But release me from my bands,
With the help of your good hands.
Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please: Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant;
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be reliev'd by prayer;
Which pierces so, that it assaults
Mercy itself, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free.

RECENT NEW READINGS.

SC. I. p. 437.—“*Holy* Gonzalo, honourable man,
Mine eyes, even sociable to the *show* of thine.”

“*Noble* Gonzalo, honourable man,
Mine eyes, even sociable to the *flow* of thine.”—*Collier.*

Mr. Collier says the epithet *holy* is inapplicable to Gonzalo, and equally so in the *Winter's Tale*, where Leontes tells Florizel he has “a holy father.” The alteration proves that the Corrector lived at a time when *holy* had lost its meaning of *pure*, and was confined to *sacred* as opposed to secular. But Shakspeare uses it elsewhere also, and with great nicety. In *Cymbeline* (Act III. Sc. IV.) Lucius, the Roman general, is said to be

“Honourable,
And, doubling that, most holy.”

There is a clear distinction between *holy* and *honourable*, but not between *noble* and *honourable*. The alteration of *show* for *flow* is equally detrimental. The openly shown tears of Gonzalo produce the sympathizing tears of Prospero.

SC. I. p. 438.—“And deal in her command, *without* her power.”
“And deal in her command, *with all* her power.”—*Collier.*

The Corrector of the folio of 1632 changes *without* to *with all*, thus putting an end to all difficulty, as Mr. Collier says. But how is the difficulty, if any, removed? To “control the moon” is to interfere with the general action of the moon. The moon makes “flows and ebbs” according to natural laws. If Sycorax by her witchcraft would “deal” in the moon’s “command” by an occasional suspension of natural laws, it could not be said that she possessed *all the power* of the moon. Sycorax exercised, locally and exceptionally, the office of the moon, but *without her power* as a universal cause of the tidal action.

ILLUSTRATIONS TO THE TEMPEST.

ACT I.

^a SCENE I.—“*Boatswain,*” &c.

UPON this scene Dr. Johnson has the following remark:—“In this naval dialogue, perhaps the first example of sailors’ language exhibited on the stage, there are, as I have been told by a skilful navigator, some inaccuracies and contradictory orders.” Malone, in reply to this, very properly pointed out that the orders should be considered as given not at once, but successively, as the emergency required. In Boswell’s edition we have a highly valuable communication from the second Lord Mulgrave, showing most conclusively that Shakspeare’s technical knowledge of seamanship must have been the result of the most accurate personal observation, or, what is perhaps more difficult, of the power of combining and applying the information derived from others. Lord Mulgrave supposes Shakspeare must have acquired this technical knowledge “by conversation with some of the most skilful seamen of that time.” He adds, “No books had then been published on the subject.” Lord Mulgrave then exhibits the ship in five positions, showing how strictly the words of the dialogue represent these. We transcribe the general observations by which these technical illustrations are introduced:—

“The succession of events is strictly observed in the natural progress of the distress described; the expedients adopted are the most proper that could have been devised for a chance of safety; and it is neither to the want of skill of the seamen nor the bad qualities of the ship, but solely to the power of Prospero, that the shipwreck is to be attributed.

“The words of command are not only strictly proper, but are only such as point the object to be attained, and no superfluous ones of detail. Shakspeare’s ship was too well manned to make it necessary to tell the seamen how they were to do it, as well as what they were to do.

“He has shown a knowledge of the new improvements, as well as the doubtful points of seamanship: one of the latter he has introduced under the only circumstances in which it was indisputable.”

Mr. Campbell gives the testimony of Captain Glascock, R.N., to the correctness of Shakspeare in nautical matters:—“The Boatswain in *The Tempest* delivers himself in the true vernacular style of the fore-castle.

SCENE I.—“*Down with the topmast.*”

Lord Mulgrave has the following note on this direction:—“The striking the topmasts was a new invention in Shakspeare’s time, which he here very properly introduces. Sir Henry Manwaring says, ‘It is not yet agreed amongst all seamen whether it is better for a ship to hull with her topmast up or down.’ In the Postscript to the Dictionary he afterwards gives his own opinion:—‘If you have sea-room it is never good to strike the topmast.’ Shakspeare has placed his ship in the situation in which it was indisputably right to strike the topmast—where he had not sea-room.”

^c SCENE II.—“*Fill all thy bones with aches.*”

John Kemble had good authority for pronouncing the plural substantive as he did, as two syllables, besides the structure of the present line. In Swift’s “City Shower” we have—

“Old *aches* throb, your hollow teeth will rage.

But should the pronunciation be soft or hard? Beatrice, in *Much Ado about Nothing*, signifies *ache* by the letter H. We believe it was pronounced *aitch*.

ACT II.

^a SCENE I.—“*No kind of traffic,*” &c.

Our readers are aware that there is in the British Museum a copy of the “*Essays of Montaigne*” translated by Florio, having the

autograph WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE. We subjoin a passage from that volume which shows how familiar Shakspeare was with its contents. It is an extract from the thirtieth chapter of the first book, describing an imaginary nation of cannibals:—

“Me seemeth that what in those nations we see by experience doth not only exceed all the pictures wherewith licentious poesy hath proudly embellished the golden age, and all her quaint inventions to fain a happy condition of man, but also the conception and desire of philosophy. They could not imagine a genuitie so pure and simple as we see it by experience; nor ever believe our society might be maintained with so little art and human combination. It is a nation, would I answer Plato, that hath no kind of traffic, no knowledge of letters, no intelligence of numbers, no name of magistrate, nor of politic superiority; no use of service, of riches, or of poverty; no contracts, no successions, no dividences; no occupation, but idle; no respect of kindred, but common; no apparel, but natural; no measuring of lands; no use of wine, corn, or metal. The very words that import lying, falsehood, treason, dissimulation, covetousness, envy, detraction, and pardon, were never heard amongst them. How dissonant would he find his imaginary commonwealth from this perfection!”

SCENE II.—“*Were I in England now,*” &c.

It was usual for the Master of the Revels to license all public shows; and in 1632 there is an entry in the office-book of Sir Henry Herbert, “to James Seale to show *a strange fish* for half a year.”

ACT III.

SCENE II.—“*The picture of Nobody.*”

Nobody was a gentleman who figured on ancient signs.

^b SCENE III.—“*Here’s a maze trod, indeed, Through forth-rights and meanders!*”

Mr. Hunter says that *forth-rights* here evidently means no more than *straight lines*. The passage is explained by the fact of the allusion being to an artificial maze, sometimes constructed of straight lines (*forth-rights*), sometimes of circles (*meanders*).

^c SCENE III.—“*Mountaineers Dew-lapp’d like bulls.*”

It is not strange that an extraordinary development of the *goître* should in Shakspeare’s time be considered as a marvel to be reckoned with the phœnix and the unicorn, and with “men whose heads stood in their breasts.”

^d SCENE III.—“*Enter Ariel like a harpy.*”

This circumstance is of course taken from the *Æneid* of Virgil. Those who maintain that Shakspeare could not read the original send him to Phaer’s translation:—

“Fast to meate we fall.
But sodenly from down the hills with grisly fall to syght,
The harpies come, and beating wings with great noys out thei shrigh,
And at our meate they snatch, and with their clawes,” &c.

ACT IV.

^a SCENE I.—“Come, hang them on this line.”

Mr. Hunter, in his “Disquisition on the Tempest,” has a special heading, “*The Line-grove*.” He invites the friend to whom he addresses the Disquisition to accompany him to the “cell of Prospero, and to the grove or berry of line-trees by which it was enclosed or protected from the weather.” He adds, “If you look for the very word *line-grove* in any verbal index to Shakespeare you will not find it; for the modern editors, in their discretion, have chosen to alter the line in which it occurs, and we now read—

‘In the *lime-grove* which weather-fends your cell.’”

The editors, then, have substituted the more recent name of the tree for the more ancient; but the change had taken place earlier than the days of the commentators. In Dryden’s alteration of the Tempest (edit. of 1676) we have the above passage, with *lime-grove*. The effect of the change, Mr. Hunter says, is this:—

“When Prospero says to Ariel, who comes on bringing the glistening apparel, ‘Come, hang them on this line,’ he means on one of the line-trees near his cell, which could hardly have been mistaken if the word of the original copy, *line-grove*, had been allowed to keep its place. But the ear having long been familiar with *lime-grove*, the word suggested not the branches of a tree so called, but a *cord-line*, and accordingly, when the play is represented, such a line is actually drawn across the stage, and the glistening apparel is hung upon it. Anything more remote from poetry than this can scarcely be imagined.”

This, we admit, is exceedingly ingenious; and we were at first disposed, with many others, to receive the theory with an implicit belief. A careful examination of the matter has, however, convinced us that the poet had no such intention of hanging the clothes on a *line-tree*; that a *clothes-line* was destined to this office; and that the players are right in stretching up a clothes-line. Our reasons are as follow:—

1st. When Prospero says, “Hang them on this line,”—when Stephano gives his jokes of “mistress line,” and “now is the jerkin under the line,”—the word “line” has no characteristic mode of printing, neither with a capital, nor in italics. On the contrary, the *tree*, in connection with a grove, is printed thus,—*Line-grove*.

2nd. Mr. Hunter furnishes no example of the word *line*, as applied to a tree, being used without the adjunct of tree or grove—*line-tree*, *line-grove*. The quotation which he gives from Elisha Cole is clear in this matter:—“*Line-tree (tilia)*, a tall tree, with broad leaves and fine flowers.” The other quotation which he gives from Gerard would, if correctly printed, exhibit the same thing:—“The female *line*, says Gerard, or *linden-tree*, waxeth very great,” &c. But Gerard wrote, “The female line or linden-tree waxeth,” &c.; and the word *tree* as much belongs to *line* as to *linden*.

3rd. Mr. Hunter quotes “some clumsy joking about the line, among the clowns as they steal through the line-grove with the murderous intent;” and he quotes as follows, omitting certain words, which we shall presently give:—

“*Ste.* Mistress line, is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line.
Trin. We steal by line and level,” &c.

Now the passage really stands thus:—

“*Ste.* Mistress line, is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line:
now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.
Trin. We steal by line and level,” &c.

Is not the “clumsy joking” about *lose your hair*, and *bald jerkin*, of some importance in getting at the meaning? Steevens has observed that “the lines on which clothes are hung are usually made of twisted *horse-hair*.” But they were especially so made in Shakspeare’s day. In a woodcut of twelve distinct figures of trades and callings of the time of James I. (see Smith’s “Cries of London,” p. 15), and of which there is a copy in the British Museum, we have the cry of “*Buy a hair-line!*” The “clumsy joking” would be intelligible to an audience accustomed to a *hair-line*. It is not intelligible according to Mr. Hunter’s assertion that the word suggested a “*cord-line*.”

4th. Is it likely that Shakspeare would have made these drunken fellows so knowing in the peculiarities of trees as to distinguish a *line-tree* from an *elm-tree* or a *plane-tree*? Is it conceivable that the trees in Prospero’s island were so young that clothes could be hung

upon their lower branches? Are the branches of a line-tree of such a form as to hang clothes upon them, and to remove them easily? Had not the clowns a distinct image in their minds of an old-clothes shop:—

We know what belongs to a *frippery*?”

Is not the joke “we steal by *line and level*” applicable only to a stretched line?—or is it meaningless? It has the highest approbation of King Stephano.

Lastly, with reference to the *clothes-line*, when Mr. Hunter says, “Anything more remote from poetry than this can scarcely be imagined,” we answer that the entire scene was intended to be the antagonist of poetry. All the scenes in which Trinculo and Stephano are tricked by Ariel are essentially ludicrous, and, to a certain extent, gross. The “*pool*” through which they were hunted had none of the poetical attributes about it. It was, compared with a fountain or a lake, as the *hair-line* to the *line-tree*. Mr. Hunter contends that “if the word of the original, *line-grove*, had been allowed to keep its place,” the passages in the fourth act referring to *line* must have been associated with the *line-grove* of the fifth act. The poet, we are satisfied, had no such association in his mind.

ACT V.

^a SCENE I.—“Ye elves of hills,” &c.

The invocation of Medea, in Ovid’s “Metamorphoses,” was no doubt familiar to Shakspeare when he wrote this passage, and he has used several expressions which we find in Golding’s translation. We subjoin the passage from that translation, which Farmer quotes as one of his proofs that Shakspeare did not know the original. The evidence in this as in every other case only goes to show that he knew the translation:—

“Ye airs and winds, ye elves of hills, of brooks, of woods alone,
Of standing lakes, and of the night, approach ye every one.
Through help of whom (the crooked banks much wondering at the thing)
I have compelled streams to run clear backward to their spring.
By charms I make the calm sea rough, and make the rough sea plain,
And cover all the sky with clouds, and chase them thence again.
By charms I raise and lay the winds, and burst the viper’s jaw;
And from the bowels of the earth both stones and trees do draw.
Whole woods and forests I remove, I make the mountains shake,
And even the earth itself to groan and fearfully to quake.
I call up dead men from their graves, and thee, O lightsome moon,
I darken oft, though beaten brass abate thy peril soon.
Our sorcery dims the morning fair, and darks the sun at noon.
The flaming breath of fiery bulls ye quenched for my sake,
And caused their unwieldy necks the bended yoke to take.
Among the earth-bred brothers you a mortal war did set,
And brought asleep the dragon fell, whose eyes were never shut.”

^b SCENE I.—“Where the bee sucks,” &c.

There are probably more persons familiar with this song in association with the music of Dr. Arne than as readers of Shakspeare. The first line is invariably sung—

“Where the bee sucks, there *lurk* I.”

It is perfectly clear that *lurk* is not the word which Ariel would have used; and it is equally clear that the poet meant to convey the notion of a being not wholly ethereal, who required some aliment, although the purest and the most delicate:—

“Where the bee sucks, there *suck* I.”

We trust that the music-sellers, such as Mr. Chappell, for example, who has shown such taste in his “National English Airs,” will not continue to destroy the meaning of the poet. Theobald changed the word *summer* into *sunset*. Warburton supports the old reading very ingeniously:—“The roughness of winter is represented by Shakspeare as disagreeable to fairies, and such-like delicate spirits, who, on this account, constantly follow *summer*. Was not this, then, the most agreeable circumstance of Ariel’s new recovered liberty, that he could now avoid *winter*, and follow *summer* quite round the globe?” But here a new difficulty arises. Bats do not migrate, as swallows do, in search of summer. Steevens, with his own real

ignorance, says that Shakspeare might, through his ignorance of natural history, have supposed the bat to be a bird of passage. He inclines, however, to the opinion, not that Ariel *pursues summer* on a bat's wing, but that *after summer is past* he rides upon the warm down of a bat's back. Excellent naturalist! Why, the bat is torpid after summer. That Ariel is flying in pursuit of summer when he sings "*after summer*" is supported by Mr. Walker in the following quotations:—

"Compare Midsummer Night's Dream, IV. 1:—

'—— In silence sad,
Trip we after the night's shade.'
'—— we fairies that do run
By the triple Hecate's team;
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream.'

As Milton, Hymn on the Nativity, XXVI. :—

'And the yellow-skirted fays,
Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-lov'd maze;'

Shakespeare's very phrase in the passage of the Tempest. Compare Dryden, in his modernization of Chaucer's *Floure and Lefe* :—

'At other times we [the fairies] reign by night alone,
And posting through the skies pursue the moon.'

The spirit has described his habitual enjoyments and occupations; and then, bursting forth into a rapturous anticipation of the happiness of his freedom, he sees only one long *spring* of future pleasures:—

"Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough."

Mr. Hunter conjectures that Ariel had a particular blossom and a particular bough in view—"the pendulous blossoms of the line-tree;" and that his favourite abode will be Prospero's "*line-grove*." We have not exactly the same opinion of Ariel's *inhabitiveness*, as the phrenologists express the love of home. His long confinement in the "cloven pine" during the reign of Sycorax would make the island have somewhat of disagreeable associations when Prospero had quitted it. The "howl" of the "wolves" would still ring in his ears. We have no doubt that he would again make a trip to the "still vex'd Bermoothes."

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTICE.

THERE has been a royal marriage at Tunis. The King of Naples has given his fair daughter, Claribel, to the king of that African land, and is returning home from the festivities with a gallant fleet. It was a marriage of policy. The fair soul herself hesitated between loathness and obedience. In the royal ship are Alonso, the king of Naples; Sebastian, his brother; Ferdinand, the king's son; Antonio, the reigning Duke of Milan; Gonzalo, a Neapolitan counsellor; and other lords of the court. The fleet is dispersed by a storm. The king's ship encounters the utmost fury of the tempest. In that hour of trouble distinctions are forgotten. The boatswain is now the sovereign:—"What care these roarers for the name of king? To cabin, silence, trouble us not," says the rough seaman to the frightened great ones. The ship is going down:—"All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost!"

The ship has struck upon an island. Has it a name? Some of the learned say that it was one of the Bermudas, because the "still vex'd Bermoothes" is mentioned in the play—an enchanted region, too, according to travellers' superstition. Another critic holds that it was Lampedusa, situated in a stormy sea between Malta and Africa—an enchanted and a deserted island. Rare geographers! Poetry asks little of your demonstrations. She made the island, and she peopled it with a most wondrous population. Two human beings gaze upon that shipwreck—Prospero and Miranda. The first words they exchange tell their relation to each other, and to the sufferers in the ship. Twelve years before, Prospero was Duke of Milan. He was a man of contemplation. He left the manage of the state to his brother Antonio, a man of action. Prospero neglected worldly ends; Antonio had the key of officer and office. For Prospero his library was dukedom large enough; Antonio held all temporal royalties. The King of Naples, upon the promise of annual tribute, confederated with him to depose Prospero. He and his child, the little Miranda, were hurried some leagues to sea, and then turned adrift in a rotten carcass of a boat. But a kind friend, Gonzalo, supplied the poor outcasts with food, and garments, and some of the prized books. And they arrived in that desolate island; and the father was the child's schoolmaster, and reared her amongst all sweet influences of nature. But Prospero, out of his secret studies, has obtained a command over more than the material world. Spiritual essences take bodily shapes, and obey his laws. By his art the tempest is raised, when fortune brings his enemies to that shore. But he destroys them not. His Ariel, his brave spirit, saves them when

they plunge in the foaming brine. Not a hair perishes—even their garments are unblemished.

Let us look a little at the attributes of this delicate Ariel. He is subject to the enchanter, and he pines for liberty. But he had been a slave to one of a less kindly nature—to the witch Sycorax. Her commands were earthy and abhorred, and Ariel refused her hests. For this he was imprisoned in a cloven pine. Prospero released him. Prospero's commands are sometimes toilsome, but the promise of freedom makes Ariel obedient—he does his spiriting gently. He fills the air of the isle with sweet music, or with solemn; he perplexes his master's enemies with "aery tongues that syllable men's names;" he is a sea-nymph, and he is a harpy. He enjoys his work, he revels in his fun—he is all gentleness to his commander, with his "Do you love me, master?" And his master loves him—Ariel is his free spirit; his bird, his chick. Dainty Ariel! thou art not of the earth—thou art but air—and yet thou art as natural as the veriest portrait of humanity. To fly, to swim, to dive into the fire, to ride on the curled clouds, to pierce the veins of the frosty soil—these are thy duties; but thy pleasures are of the most refined epicurism—to suck with the bee, and dwell under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Ariel, to all eyes but those of Prospero, is an invisible being. But there is another servant of the magician, even more marvellous and out of common life than that tricky spirit. As Ariel is above humanity, Caliban is below it. Prospero is not always a magician. When he lays aside his magic cloak and wand, he has wants that must be supplied by ordinary ministrations. Caliban is his slave, to fetch in wood, and be used in other servile offices. He never yields kind answer; and naturally so, for he lives under the influence of terror. He has attempted a great crime, in the grossness of his nature; and Prospero henceforth governs him by stripes, not kindness. There was a time when Prospero pitied him in his savage deformity; took pains to make him speak; taught him the nature of the things around him; endowed his purposes with words. Thus it is that the rude element of the creature has been moulded into the semblance of humanity, and his language is even that of a higher humanity than the language of common men; for, hearing no tongues but those of Prospero and his daughter, who are intellectually raised far above him, he employs the choicest words to express his thoughts, however material they be. And they are essentially material in their range—they are altogether wanting in moral associations—but

they nevertheless belong to the region of poetry. With him the sun is the bigger light, the moon the less. He has wandered about the isle where he was born, and he knows all its qualities—fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place and fertile. He knows where crabs grow, and with his long nails can dig pig-nuts. He can find a jay's nest, and snare the nimble marmozet. His very curses are poetry, using the same material images. He invokes all the infections that the sun sucks up from bogs, fens, flats, to fall on Prospero. His sorrows are of the like material character. He dreads the spirit-apes which moe and chatter at him, the hedgehogs which raise their pricks at his footfall, the adders that hiss him into madness. But he has no sense of moral abasement. He prostrates himself before a drunken ribald who bears celestial liquor. He plans murder. When Prospero sleeps in the afternoon, the foolish drunkard whom he worships is to batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake, or cut his wezand. He has no mincing of terms, such as the half-brutalised natures of social life are fain to use as the transparent veils of purposed atrocities. And yet he is sensible to outward impressions of the beautiful. Miranda far surpasses Sycorax, his dam, the only woman he ever saw. The isle is full of sounds and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not. He dreams, and the clouds open and drop riches upon him. Franz Horn, a German critic, asks whether Prospero left Caliban to govern the island? He says he will be wise hereafter, and seek for grace. There have been Calibans on thrones before now, as earthy as this poor monster, and they have not always sought for grace, even when discomfited. The same German critic says that Caliban stands far higher than Trinculo and Stephano. And he says truly; for the crimes and evil purposes of those who claim to belong to civilised life are far more debasing than the instinctive violence and craft of savagery. When the conventional shackles are thrown off, the bad man of civilisation is lower than the savage; and he is more dangerous, even when he is a fool, as Stephano and Trinculo are. These men are, to a certain extent, unconscious of doing wrong. Wrong-doing, in such natures, is generally tested by the fear of detection and its penal consequences. They are out of the reach of the gaol and the halter, and they look upon theft and murder as a condition of their new state of irresponsibility.

The design of Prospero in raising the tempest is not merely to bring his enemies within his power, and to punish their former treachery and cruelty to himself. In his relation to his daughter of his early history—exquisitely natural and unpremeditated as that relation is—the father carefully withholds his ulterior purposes. His enemies are brought to this shore—there is an auspicious star which is to influence his future fortunes. "Here cease more questions" are his words to Miranda. To Ariel he gives instructions which no one else hears—"Fine apparition!—My quaint Ariel! hark in thine ear;" and the spirit says—"My lord, it shall be done." Ariel's song—"Come unto these yellow sands"—is soon heard. Ferdinand, the king's son, is the sole listener. He had heard that music as he wept his father's loss, and it crept by him upon the waters, soothing their fury and his passion. Another strain—"Full fathom five thy father lies."—This is no mortal business. But Ferdinand is in the presence of mortals. The enchanter's instructions to Ariel are accomplished.

Miranda has before spoken, out of the depths of her compassionate nature, when she beholds souls on board the sinking ship perishing. She is told of one who was kind to her injured father, and she exclaims, "'Would I might but ever see that man!'" Ferdinand comes before her, and she asks, "What is't? a spirit?" It is not a spirit—it eats, and sleeps, and has senses as her father and herself. Then it is a thing divine, for nothing natural she ever saw so noble. She speaks to him—it is his language. Prospero is harsh to him—outwardly harsh. "Sir, have pity, I'll be his surety." At the first sight they have changed eyes. Who shall dare to attempt even the faintest shadow of that exquisite scene where the purest of womankind throws herself, in plain and holy innocence, into the arms of him who, for her sake, is the patient log-man that

her father has willed him for a time to be? Soon does that evil time pass away. The just and benevolent Prospero gives him that thread of his own life for which he lives. She will be some day Queen of Naples. How will that most unworldly nature, who has breathed no air but that of the free woods and the solitary shores of her island home—who has heard, and that most imperfectly, of deceit and oppression—who has the most earnest sympathies and yearnings of affection towards all that bear the form of mankind,—how will she comport herself in the artificial atmosphere of a courtly life? If "spirits are not finely touch'd but to fine issues," she will be there, still, the "top of admiration"—strong in her own purity and the strength of her affections. She will rest upon Love—Love which depends not upon local influences or outward associations. The goodly creatures of her brave new world will become the objects of her beneficence. There will be sorrows to assuage and hearts to be comforted wherever she abides. There will be duties to perform, to which she will devote herself in all gladness, even as she said to her Ferdinand, "I'll bear your logs awhile." The exquisite Miranda is no abstraction; she belongs to the highest ideal, from her position and education; but her very noblest attributes are those of womanhood.

Prospero and Miranda stand apart from the group of human agents as higher natures. Prospero never raises in our minds a doubt of the lawfulness of his magic during its exercise. He is so truly gentle, and yet so serious—so generous and compassionate even in his anger—that we regard him with reverence wholly unmixed with fear. He has approved the loves of Ferdinand and Miranda. In the joy of that ratification he has thought little of perils which he knows are approaching. He would bestow upon the young couple some vanity of his art. There is a Masque. When Prospero tells Ferdinand that the maskers are spirits which by his art he has called from their confines to act his present fancies, does the Magician or the Poet speak? Shakspeare, in the same gentle and modest spirit, might have been Prologue to the masque. And so of the solemn Epilogue which follows the insubstantial pageant faded. It may be a fancy; but Prospero himself often comes before us as a shadow of Shakspeare—of the man Shakspeare. Campbell had, to a certain extent, the same fancy, when he believed that *The Tempest* was the last work of Shakspeare. He says, "Shakspeare himself is Prospero, or rather the superior genius who commands both Prospero and Ariel. But the time was approaching when the potent sorcerer was to break his staff, and to bury it fathoms in the ocean, 'deeper than did ever plummet sound.' That staff has never been, and never will be, recovered." But we are wandering. We said that Prospero and Miranda stand apart from the group of human agents in that island as higher natures. Ferdinand comes into their circle by the force of passion, which purifies and ennobles him. With one other exception, Gonzalo, the princes and lords of Naples and Milan are either guilty men or mere men of the world, seeking to prosper in their stratagems or their compliances. Escaped from drowning, the courtly group begin to talk in the idlest fashion. Gonzalo tries to be grave at first—to exhort the king to comfort by the consideration of their escape, the miracle of their preservation. The jesters overpower him. He yields to their humour, but in a spirit of philosophical irony:—Had I plantation of this isle, that is, its colonisation, I would by contraries execute all things. There should be no traffic—no laws—riches, poverty, service, none; no division of property, no occupation—all idle, but innocent and pure—all things in common, for nature should bring forth all abundance. Is Gonzalo serious? No. But the world, in these later times, has had serious believers in some of these contraries. Poetry out of such materials made her pictures of a Golden Age; and it was the conception and desire of philosophy to feign such a condition of man. The courtiers laugh at Gonzalo; and he, in his secret heart, knowing the men whom he addresses for traitors and intriguers, may think that out of poetry and philosophy may some day come a happier state of society than the chance-medley of our working-day life.

THE TEMPEST.

The gentlemen who laugh at nothing have a secret purpose beneath their laughter. Sebastian and Antonio are wakeful while the king and his followers sleep. They believe that Ferdinand is drowned. If the king were removed, Sebastian might be King of Naples. This is the suggestion of Antonio. I remember, says Sebastian, you did supplant your brother Prospero. True, replies the hardened man, and look how well my garments sit upon me. The precedent is a good one. They draw their swords. Ariel hovers around them; and at his sounds of Awake, awake, the plot is defeated. The troop wander about the island in search of Ferdinand, wearied and perplexed. Strange shapes bring in a banquet, with gentle salutation. They are about to eat, but the harpy form of Ariel appears, and the banquet vanishes. Solemn are the words that the spirit speaks to the three men of sin, who from Milan did supplant good Prospero. They become desperate: the king, under the bitter sense of his trespass; the more guilty in the impotent fury of self-abandonment. Ariel holds them prisoners, and under his master's charms they are distracted, stricken with madness. Then speaks out the nobility of Prospero. He comes forth from his cell in his magic robes. Ariel is by his side. It is the sixth hour of the day, when the enchanter

had promised that the spirit's work should cease. In the progress of that work the spirit has caught something of human sympathies. If you now beheld, says Ariel, those upon whom your charm so strongly works, your affections would become tender. Hast thou, says Prospero, which art but air, a touch, a feeling of their afflictions, and shall not myself, one of their kind, be kindlier moved than thou art? Go release them. Solemn is the invocation which precedes Prospero's renunciation of his rough magic; and solemn is the scene in which those who have been distraught are gradually disenchanted. As the charm dissolves apace they hear the story of Prospero's wrongs; and at length the rightful Duke of Milan stands before them in the garb of a former time. The King of Naples entreats pardon. Prospero forgives even that most wicked sir, whom he will not call brother. Then comes the last surprise. The interior of Prospero's cell is disclosed, and there are Ferdinand and Miranda playing at chess in the security and ease of a lifelong affection, after an acquaintance of three hours. The benevolent enchanter has worked out his most Christian victory over evil, and has secured the happiness of his dear beloved; and now to Milan, where every third thought shall be a thought of his grave.

END OF COMEDIES.

KING JOHN.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

STATE OF THE TEXT, AND CHRONOLOGY, OF KING JOHN.

THE King John of Shakspeare was first printed in the folio collection of his plays, in 1623. We have followed the text of this edition almost literally; and in nearly every case where we have found it necessary to deviate from that text (the exceptions being those passages which are undoubted corrections of merely typographical errors), we have stated a reason for the deviation. Malone has observed that "King John is the only one of our poet's uncontested plays that is not entered in the books of the Stationers' Company."

King John is one of the plays of Shakspeare enumerated by Francis Meres in 1598. We have carefully considered the reasons which have led Malone to fix the date of its composition as 1596, and Chalmers as 1598; and we cannot avoid regarding them as far from satisfactory.

There can be no doubt, as we shall have to show in detail, that Shakspeare's King John is founded on a former play. That play, which consists of two parts, is entitled "The Troublesome Raigne of John, King of England, with the Discoverie of King Richard Cordelion's base son, vulgarly named the Bastard Fauconbridge; also the death of King John at Swinstead Abbey." This play was first printed in 1591. The first edition has no author's name in the title-page;—the second, of 1611, has, "Written by W. Sh.";—and the third, of 1622, gives the name of "William Shakspeare." We think there can be little hesitation in affirming that the attempt to fix this play upon Shakspeare was fraudulent; yet Steevens, in his valuable collection of "Twenty of the Plays" that were printed in quarto, says, "The author (meaning Shakspeare) seems to have been so thoroughly dissatisfied with this play as to have written it almost entirely anew." Steevens afterwards receded from this opinion. Coleridge, too, in the classification which he attempted in 1802, speaks of the old King John as one of Shakspeare's "transition-works—not his, yet of him." The German critics concur in giving the original authorship to Shakspeare. Tieck holds that the play first printed in the folio of 1623 is amongst the poet's latest works—not produced before 1611; and that production, he considers, called forth a new edition of the older play, which he determines to have been one of the earliest works of Shakspeare. Ulrici holds that "The Troublesome Reign of King John" was written very soon after the defeat of the Spanish Armada, which is shown by its zeal against Catholicism, which he describes as fanatical, by its glowing patriotism and warlike feelings; and he also assigns it for the most part to Shakspeare. But he believes that the poet here wrought upon even an older production, or that it was written in companionship with some other dramatic author. We must, for our own parts, hold to the opinion that the old King John was not either "his or of him."

Shakspeare's son, Hamnet, died in August, 1596, at the age of twelve. Hence the inspiration, according to Malone, of the deep pathos of the grief of Constance on the probable death of Arthur. We doubt this. The dramatic poetry of Shakspeare was built upon deeper and broader foundations than his own personal feelings and experiences. His sense of individuality is entirely swallowed up in the perfectly distinct individuality of the manifold characters which he has painted. From the first to the last of his plays, as far as we can discover, we have no "moods of his own mind,"—nothing of that quality which gives so deep an interest to the poetry of Words-

worth and Byron,—and which Byron, with all his genius, could not throw aside in dramatic composition. We are, for this reason, not disposed to regard the opinion of Malone upon this point as of much importance. The conjecture is, however, recommended by its accordance with our sympathies; and it stands, therefore, upon a different ground from that absurd notion that Shakspeare drew Lear's "dog-hearted daughters" with such irresistible truth, because he himself had felt the sharp sting of "filial ingratitude."

If the domestic history of the poet will help us little in fixing a precise date for the composition of King John, we apprehend that the public history of his times will not assist us in attaining this object much more conclusively. A great armament was sent against Spain in 1596, under the command of Essex and Lord Howard. "The fleet," says Southey,* "consisted of one hundred and fifty sail; seventeen of these were of the navy royal, eighteen men of war, and six store-ships, supplied by the state; the rest were pin-naces, victuallers, and transports: the force was 1,000 *gentlemen volunteers*, 6,368 troops, and 6,772 seamen, exclusive of the Dutch. There were no hired troops in any of the queen's ships; all were gentlemen volunteers, chosen by the commanders." Essex, in a letter to Bacon, speaking of the difficulty of his command, with reference to the nature of his force, describes his followers as "the most *tyrones*, and almost all *voluntaries*." "In numbers and strength," continues Southey, "the armament was superior to any that this country had sent forth since the introduction of cannon." This expedition was directed, as the reader of English history knows, against Cadiz. It left Plymouth on the 3rd of June, 1596, and returned on the 8th of August, having effected its principal object, the destruction of the Spanish fleet. It is to this great armament that Malone thinks Shakspeare alludes in the following lines in the second act, where Chatillon describes to King Philip the expected approach of King John:—

"All the unsettled humours of the land—
Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
With ladies' faces, and fierce dragons' spleens,—
Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,
To make a hazard of new fortunes here.
In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits,
Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er,
Did never float upon the swelling tide,
To do offence and scath in Christendom."

The supposed coincidence is, a great armament, principally composed of *voluntaries*. But does Shakspeare speak of these voluntaries in a manner that would have been agreeable to an English audience; or that, however just it might be, was in accordance with the public recognition of the conduct of the army at Cadiz? The "unsettled humours of the land"—the "rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries"—the "birthrights on their backs"—the "offence and scath to Christendom"—are somewhat opposed to the sentiment expressed in the public prayer of thanksgiving written by Burleigh, in which the moderation of the troops in the hour of victory was solemnly recognised. "War in those days," says Southey, "was conducted in such a spirit, that for the troops not to have committed, and with the sanction of their leaders, any outrage upon humanity, was deemed

* Naval History, vol. iv. p. 39.

a point of special honour to the commanders, and calling for an especial expression of gratitude to the Almighty." But the narrative of this expedition, given in "Hakluyt's Voyages," by Dr. Marbeck, who attended the Lord High Admiral, is not equally honourable to the "voluntaries" as regards their respect for property. He speaks of the "great pillage of the common soldiers"—"the goodly furniture that was debased by the baser people"—and "the intemperate disorder of some of the rasher sort." Shakspeare might have known of this; but would he go out of his way to reprobate it? If he had written this play a few years later than 1596, he might have kept the expedition in his eye, and have described its "voluntaries" without offence to the popular or the courtly feeling. If he had written it earlier than 1596, he might have described "voluntaries" in general, from the many narratives of reckless military adventure with which he would be familiar.

There is another allusion, according to Johnson, which fixes this date to 1596, or to the later date of 1605, which sets aside the evidence of Meres altogether, unless it be supposed that he assigned the old King John to Shakspeare. Pandulph thus denounces John:—

"And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,
Canonized, and worshipp'd as a saint,
That takes away by any secret course
Thy hateful life."

The pope published a bull against Elizabeth in 1596; and in 1605 the perpetrators of the Gunpowder Treason were canonised. We have, fortunately, a proof that Shakspeare, in this case, abstained from any allusion to the history of his own times. In the old play of King John he found the following passage:—

"I, Pandulph," &c., "pronounce thee accursed, discharging every of thy subjects of all duty and fealty that they do owe to thee, and pardon and forgiveness of sin to those or them whatsoever, which shall carry arms against thee, or murder thee."

Chalmers carries the passion of mixing up Shakspeare's incidents and expressions with passing events to a greater extent than Malone or Johnson. According to him, the siege of Angiers is a type of the loss and recapture of Amiens in 1597; the altercations between the Bastard and Austria were to conduce to the unpopularity of the Archduke Albert; and the concluding exhortation,—

"Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true,"—

had allusion to the differences amongst the leading men of the Court of Elizabeth, arising out of the ambition of Essex.*

For the purpose of fixing an exact date for the composition of this play, we apprehend that our readers will agree with us, that evidence such as this is not to be received with an implicit belief. Indeed, looking broadly at all which has been written upon the chronology of Shakspeare's plays, with reference to this particular species of evidence, namely, the allusion to passing events, we fear that at the best a great deal of labour has been bestowed for a very unsatisfactory result. The attempt, however, has been praiseworthy; and it has had the incidental good of evolving many curious points connected with our history and manners, that present themselves more forcibly to the mind in an isolated shape than when forming a portion of any large historical narration. Yet we are anxious to guard against one misapprehension which may have presented itself to the minds of some of our readers, as it did to our own minds when we first bestowed attention upon the great collection of facts, or conjectures, that have regard to the chronological order of our poet's plays. Properly to understand the principle upon which Shakspeare worked, we must never for a moment suffer ourselves to believe that he was of that class of vulgar artists who are perpetually on the look-out for some temporary allusion (utterly worthless except in its relation to the excitement which is produced by passing events), for the mean purpose of endeavouring to "split the ears of the groundlings." If

we should take literally what has been told us as regards this play, without examining the passages upon which such opinions are founded,—that it had allusions, for instance, to the expedition to Cadiz, to the bull of the pope against Elizabeth, and to the factions of Essex,—we might believe that the great poet, who in his "Histories" sought

"To raise our ancient sovereigns from their hearse,
Make kings his subjects, by exchanging verse;
Enlive their pale trunks, that the present age
Joys in their joys, and trembles at their rage,"†

was one of those waiters upon events who seized upon a fleeting popularity, by presenting a mirror of the *past* in which a distorted *present* might be seen. But, rightly considered, the allusions of Shakspeare to the passages of his own times are so few and so obscure that they are utterly insufficient to abate one jot of his great merit, that "he was for all time." He was, indeed, in dealing with the spirit of the past, delighted, as Wordsworth has beautifully said in delineating his character of the poet, "to contemplate similar volitions and passions as manifested in the goings on of the universe, and habitually impelled to create them where he does not find them."‡ His past was, therefore, wherever it could be interfused with the permanent and universal, a reflex of the present. Thus, in the age of Elizabeth, and in the age of Victoria, his patriotism is an abiding and unchanging feeling, and has as little to do with the mutations of the world as any other of the great elements of human thought with which he deals. When the Bastard exclaims—

"This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Come the three corners of the world in arms
And we shall shock them:—"§

we feel such lines had a peculiar propriety when they were uttered before an audience that might have been trembling at the present threats of a Spanish invasion, had they not been roused to defiance by the "lion-port" of their queen, and by the mightier power of that spirit of intellectual superiority which directed her councils, and, what was even more important, had entered into the spirit of her people's literature. But these noble lines were just as appropriate, dramatically, four hundred years before they were written, as they are appropriate in their influence upon the spirit two hundred and fifty years after they were written. Frederick Schlegel has said of Shakspeare, "The feeling by which he seems to have been most connected with ordinary men is that of nationality." It is true that the nationality of Shakspeare is always hearty and genial; and even in the nationality of prejudice there are to be found very many of the qualities that make up the nationality of reflection. For this reason, therefore, the nationality of Shakspeare may constitute a link between him and "ordinary men," who have not yet come to understand, for example, his large toleration, which would seem, upon the surface, to be the antagonistic principle of nationality. The time may arrive when true toleration and true nationality may shake hands. Coleridge has, in a few words, traced the real course which the nationality of Shakspeare may assist in working out, by the reconciliation of these seeming opposites:—"Patriotism is equal to the sense of individuality reflected from every other individual. There may come a higher virtue in both—just cosmopolitanism. But this latter is not possible but by antecedence of the former."§

There is one other point connected with Shakspeare's supposed subservience to passing events which we cannot dismiss without an expression of something more than a simple dissent. In reading the grand scene of the fourth act, between John and Hubert, where John says—

"It is the curse of kings to be attended
By slaves, that take their humours for a warrant
To break within the bloody house of life,"—

* Supplemental Apology, p. 356.

† On worthy Master Shakespeare and his Poems, by J. M. S. From the folio of 1632.

‡ Observations prefixed to the second edition of "Lyrical Ballads."
§ Literary Remains, vol. ii. p. 161.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

had we not a commentator at our elbow, we should see nothing but the exquisite skill of the poet, in exhibiting the cowardly meanness of John in shrinking from his own "warrant" when its execution had proved to be dangerous. This, forsooth, according to Warburton, "plainly hints at Davison's case, in the affair of Mary Queen of Scots;" and Malone thinks "it is extremely probable that our author meant to pay his court to Elizabeth by this covert apology for her conduct to Mary." Apology? If Shakspeare had been the idiot that these critics would represent him to have been, Elizabeth would very soon have told him to keep to his stage, and not meddle with matters out of his sphere; for, unquestionably, the excuse which John attempts to make, could it have been interpreted into an excuse for Elizabeth, would have had precisely the same effect with regard to Elizabeth which it produces with regard to John—it would have made men despise as well as hate the one as the other. As an example of the utter worthlessness of this sort of conjecture, we may add that Douce says, "May it not rather allude to the death of Essex?"* Mr. Courtenay, in his "Shakspeare's Historical Plays considered historically,"—which we have noticed in the Illustrations of Act I.,—agrees with Warburton and Malone in their construction of this passage. Mr. Courtenay is not, however, a blind follower of the opinions of other critics, but has theories of his own upon such matters. One of these conjectures upon Shakspeare's omission of the event of the signature of Magna Charta is at least amusing:—"How shall we account for Shakspeare's omission of an incident so essential in 'the life and reign of King John?' It had occurred to me, especially when considering the omission of all reference to popular topics, that as Shakspeare was a *decided courtier*, he might not wish to remind Queen Elizabeth, who set Magna Charta at nought in its most interesting particular, of the solemn undertakings of her ancestors." Mr. Courtenay subsequently says that no great stress was laid upon Magna Charta, even by constitutional writers, before the days of Coke; but that, nevertheless, "Magna Charta ought to have been the prominent feature of the play." He says this upon Coleridge's definition of an historical play, which is, at the best, not to understand Coleridge. Colley Cibber, in 1744, altered King John, and he says, in his dedication, that he endeavoured "to make his play more like one than what he found it in Shakspeare." He gave us some magnificent scenes between John and the pope's nuncio, full of the most orthodox denunciations of Rome and the Pretender. He obtained room for these by the slight sacrifice of Constance and the Bastard. We have no doubt that upon the same principle, an ingenious adaptor, into whom the true spirit of "Historical Plays considered historically" should be infused, might give us a new King John, founded upon Shakspeare's, with Magna Charta at full length,—and if Arthur and Hubert were sacrificed for this end, as well as Constance and Faulconbridge, the lovers of poetry might still turn to the obsolete old dramatist,—but the student of history would be satisfied by dramatic evidence, as well as by the authority of his primer, that

"Magna Charta we gain'd from John,
Which Harry the Third put his seal upon."

The end and object of the drama, and of the Shakspearean drama especially, is to maintain that "law of unity, which has its foundations, not in the factitious necessity of custom, but in Nature itself, the unity of feeling."† In Shakspeare's King John this object is attained as completely as in Macbeth. The history at once directs and subserves the plot. We have shown this fully in our Supplementary Notice; and we think, therefore, that the omission of Magna Charta in King John may find another solution than that which Mr. Courtenay's theory supplies.

SOURCES OF THE "HISTORY" OF KING JOHN.

In the Historical Illustrations which we have subjoined to each act we have followed out the real course of events in the life of

King John, as far as appeared to us necessary for exhibiting the dramatic truth of the poet, as sustained by, or as deviating from, the historic truth of the chroniclers. But to understand the Shakspearean drama from this example,—to see the propriety of what it adopted, and what it laid aside,—we must look into less authentic materials of history than even those very imperfect materials which the poet found in the annalists with which he was familiar. It is upon the conventional "history" of the stage that Shakspeare built his play. It is impossible now, except on very general principles, to determine why a poet who had the authentic materials of history before him, and possessed beyond all men the power of moulding those materials, with reference to a dramatic action, into the most complete and beautiful forms, should have subjected himself, in the full vigour and maturity of his intellect, to a general adherence to the course of that conventional dramatic history. But so it is. The King John of Shakspeare is not the King John of the historians whom Shakspeare had unquestionably studied; it is not the King John of his own imagination, casting off the trammels which a rigid adoption of the facts of those historians would have imposed upon him; but it is the King John, in the conduct of the story, in the juxtaposition of the characters, and in the catastrophe,—in the historical truth, and in the historical error,—of the play which preceded him some few years. This, unquestionably, was not an accident. It was not what, in the vulgar sense of the word, is called a plagiarism. It was a submission of his own original powers of seizing upon the feelings and understandings of his audience to the stronger power of *habit* in the same audience. The history of John had been familiar to them for almost half a century. The familiarity had grown out of the rudest days of the drama, and had been established in the period of its comparative refinement, which immediately preceded Shakspeare. The old play of King John was, in all likelihood, a vigorous graft upon the trunk of an older play, which "occupies an intermediate place between moralities and historical plays,"—that of "Kynge Johan," by John Bale, written probably in the reign of Edward VI. Shakspeare, then, had to choose between forty years of stage tradition, and the employment of new materials. He took, upon principle, what he found ready to his hand. But none of the transformations of classical or oriental fable, in which a new life is transfused into an old body, can equal this astonishing example of the life-conferring power of a genius such as Shakspeare's. Whoever really wishes thoroughly to understand the resources which Shakspeare possessed, in the creation of characters, in the conduct of a story, and the employment of language, will do well, again and again, to compare the old play of King John, and the King John of our dramatist.

Bale's "pageant" of "Kynge Johan" was one of the series published by the Camden Society, under the judicious editorship of Mr. J. P. Collier. This performance, which is in two parts, was printed from the original manuscript in the library of the Duke of Devonshire. Supposing it to be written about the middle of the sixteenth century, it presents a more remarkable example even than "Howleglas," or "Hick Scorne" (of which an account is given in Percy's agreeable Essay on the Origin of the English Stage),‡ of the extremely low state of the drama only forty years before the time of Shakspeare. Here is a play written by a bishop; and yet the dirty ribaldry which is put into the mouths of some of the characters is beyond all description, and quite impossible to be exhibited by any example in these pages. We say nothing of the almost utter absence of any poetical feeling,—of the dull monotony of the versification,—of the tediousness of the dialogue,—of the inartificial conduct of the story. These matters were not greatly amended till a very short period before Shakspeare came to "reform them altogether." Our object in mentioning this play is to show that the King John upon which Shakspeare built was, in some degree, constructed upon the "Kynge Johan" of Bale; and that a traditionary King John had thus possessed the stage for nearly half a century before the period when Shakspeare wrote his King John. We must, however, avail

* Illustrations, I. 406.

† Coleridge's Literary Remains, vol. ii. p. 77.

‡ Reliques of English Poetry, vol. i.

ourselves of an extract from Mr. Collier's Introduction to the play of Bale:—

"The design of the two plays of 'Kynge Johan' was to promote and confirm the Reformation, of which, after his conversion, Bale was one of the most strenuous and unscrupulous supporters. This design he executed in a manner until then, I apprehend, unknown. He took some of the leading and popular events of the reign of King John, his disputes with the pope, the suffering of his kingdom under the interdict, his subsequent submission to Rome, and his imputed death by poison from the hands of a monk of Swinstead Abbey, and applied them to the circumstances of the country in the latter part of the reign of Henry VIII. This early application of historical events, of itself, is a singular circumstance, but it is the more remarkable when we recollect that we have no drama in our language of that date, in which personages connected with, and engaged in, our public affairs are introduced. In 'Kynge Johan' we have not only the monarch himself, who figures very prominently until his death, but Pope Innocent, Cardinal Pandulphus, Stephen Langton, Simon of Swynsett (or Swinstead), and a monk called Raymundus; besides abstract impersonations, such as England, who is stated to be a widow, Imperial Majesty, who is supposed to take the reins of government after the death of King John, Nobility, Clergy, Civil Order, Treason, Verity, and Sedition, who may be said to be the Vice, or Jester, of the piece. Thus we have many of the elements of historical plays, such as they were acted at our public theatres forty or fifty years afterwards, as well as some of the ordinary materials of the old moralities, which were gradually exploded by the introduction of real or imaginary characters on the scene. Bale's play, therefore, occupies an intermediate place between moralities and historical plays, and it is the only known existing specimen of that species of composition of so early a date."

That the "Kynge Johan" of the furious Protestant bishop was known to the writer of the King John of 1591, we have little doubt. Our space will not allow us to point out the internal evidences of this; but one minute but remarkable similarity may be mentioned. When John arrives at Swinstead Abbey, the monks, in both plays, invite him to their treacherous repast by the cry of "Wassail." In the play of Bale we have no incidents whatever beyond the contests between John and the pope,—the surrender of the crown to Pandulph,—and the poisoning of John by a monk at Swinstead Abbey. The action goes on very haltingly; but not so the wordy war of the speakers. A vocabulary of choice terms of abuse, familiarly used in the times of the Reformation, might be constructed out of this curious performance. Here the play of 1591 is wonderfully reformed; and we have a diversified action, in which the story of Arthur and Constance, and the wars and truces in Anjou, are brought to relieve the exhibition of papal domination and monkish treachery. The intolerance of Bale against the Romish Church is the most fierce and rampant exhibition of passion that ever assumed the ill-assorted garb of religious zeal. In the John of 1591 we have none of this violence; but the writer has exhibited a scene of ribaldry, in the incident of Faulconbridge hunting out the "angels" of the monks; for he makes him find a nun concealed in a holy man's chest. This, no doubt, would be a popular scene. Shakspeare has not a word of it. Mr. Campbell, to our surprise, thinks that Shakspeare might have retained "that scene in the old play where Faulconbridge, in fulfilling King John's injunction to plunder the religious houses, finds a young smooth-skinned nun in a chest where the abbot's treasures were supposed to be deposited."* When did ever Shakspeare lend his authority to fix a stigma upon large classes of mankind in deference to popular prejudice? One of the most remarkable characteristics of Shakspeare's John, as opposed to the grossness of Bale and the ribaldry of his immediate predecessor, is the utter absence of all invective or sarcasm against the Romish Church, apart from the attempt of the pope to extort a base submission from the English

king. Here, indeed, we have his nationality in full power; but how different is that from fostering hatreds between two classes of one people!

It may amuse such of our readers as have not access to the play of Bale, or to the King John of 1591, to see an example of the different modes in which the two writers treat the same subject—the surrender of the crown to Pandulph:—

THE KYNGE JOHAN OF BALE.

P. This owtward remorse that ye show here evydent
Ys a grett lykelyhood and token of amendment.
How say ye, Kynge Johan, can ye fynd now in yowr hart
To obaye Holy Chyrch and geve ower yowr froward part?

K. J. Were yt so possyble to hold the enmyes backe,
That my swete Yngland perysh not in this sheppewracke.

P. Possyble quoth he! yea, they shuld go bake in dede,
And ther gret armyse to some other quarters leade,
Or elles they have not so many good blessyngs now,
But as many cursyngs they shall have, I make God avowe.
I promyse yow, sur, ye shall have specyall faver
Yf ye wyll submyt yowr sylfe to Holy Chyrch here.

* * * * *

K. J. I have cast in my mynde the great displeasures of warre,
The dayngers, the losses, the decayes, both nere and farre;
The burnyng of townes, the throwyng down of buyldynges,
Destructyon of corne and cattell with other thynges;
Defylyng of maydes, and shedyng of Christen blood,
With such lyke outrages, neythar honest, true, nor good.
These thynges consydered, I am compelled thys houre
To resigne up here both crowne and regall poure.

* * * * *

K. J. Here I submyt me to Pope Innocent the thred,
Dyssyng mercy of hys holy fatherhed.

P. Geve up the crowne than, yt shal be the better for ye:
He wyll unto yow the more favorable be."

THE KING JOHN OF 1591.

Pandulph. John, now I see thy hearty penitence,
I rew and pitty thy distrest estate:
One way is left to reconcile thy selfe,
And onely one which I shall shew to thee.
Thou must surrender to the sea of Rome
Thy crowne and diadem, then shall the pope
Defend thee from th'invasion of thy foes.
And where his holinesse hath kindled Franncce,
And set thy subiects hearts at warre with thee,
Then shall he curse thy foes, and beate them downe,
That seeke the discontentment of the king.

John. From bad to worse, or I must loose my realme,
Or giue my crowne for penance vnto Rome:
A miserie more piercing than the darts
That breake from burning exhalations power.
What, shall I giue my crowne with this right hand?
No: with this hand defend thy crowne and thee.
What newes with thee?

* * * * *

K. J. How now lord Cardinal, what's your best aduise?
These mutinies must be allaid in time,
By policy or headstrong rage at least.
O John, these troubles tyre thy wearied soule,
And like to Luna in a sad eclipse,
So are thy thoughts and passions for this newes.
Well may it be, when kings are grieved so,
The vulgar sort worke princes ouerthrowe.

Card. K. John, for not effecting of thy plighted vow,
This strange annoyance happens to thy land:
But yet be reconciled vnto the church,
And nothing shall be grievous to thy state."

We would willingly furnish several similar parallels between the King John of 1591, and the King John of Shakspeare, if our space would permit, and if the general reader would not be likely to weary of such minute criticism. But we may, without risk, select two specimens. The first exhibits the different mode in which the two writers treat the *character* of the Bastard. In the play of 1591 he is a bold, mouthing bully, who talks in "Ercles vein," and somewhat reminds one of "Ancient Pistol." There is not a particle in this character of the irrepressible gaiety—the happy mixture of fun and sarcasm—the laughing words accompanying the stern deeds—which distinguish the Bastard of Shakspeare. We purposely have selected a short parallel extract; but the passages furnish a key to the principle

* Remarks on Life and History of Shakspeare, prefixed to Moxon's edition, 1838.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

upon which a dull character is made brilliant. Our poet has let in the sun-light of prodigious animal spirits, without any great intellectual refinement (how different from *Mercutio*!), upon the heavy clod that he found ready to his hand :—

THE KING JOHN OF 1591.

Lym. Methinks that Richards pride and Richards fall,
Should be a president t' affright you all.
Bast. What words are these? how do my sinews shake?
My fathers foe clad in my fathers spoyle,
A thousand furies kindle with reuenge,
This heart that choller keeps a consistorie,
Searing my inwards with a brand of hate:
How doth Alecto whisper in mine eares—
Delay not Philip, kill the villaine straight,
Disrobe him of the matchlesse monument
Thy fathers triumph ore the sauages,
Base heardgroom, coward, peasant, worse than a threshing slaue,
What mak'st thou with the trophie of a king?"

SHAKSPERE'S KING JOHN.

Aust. Peace!
Bast. Hear the crier.
Aust. What the devil art thou?
Bast. One that will play the devil, sir, with you,
An 'a may catch your hide and you alone.
You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,
Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard.
I'll smoke your skin-coat, an I catch you right;
Sirrah, look to 't; i' faith, I will, i' faith.
Blanch. O, well did he become that lion's robe,
That did disrobe the lion of that robe!
Bast. It lies as sightly on the back of him,
As great Alcides' shoes upon an ass :—
But, ass, I'll take that burden from your back:
Or lay on that shall make your shoulders crack."

The second extract we shall make is for the purpose of exhibiting the modes in which a writer of ordinary powers, and one of surpassing grace and tenderness, as well as of matchless energy, has dealt with the same passion under the same circumstances. The situation in each play is where Arthur exhorts his mother to be content after the marriage between Lewis and Blanch, and the consequent peace between John and Philip :—

THE KING JOHN OF 1591.

Art. Madam, good cheere, these drooping languishments
Adde no redresse to salue our awkward haps:
If heauen haue concluded these eunts,
To small auaille is bitter pensiueneess:
Seasons will change, and so our present greefe
May change with them, and all to our releefe.
Const. Ah boy, thy yeares I see are farre too greene
To look into the bottom of these cares.
But I, who see the poyse that weigheth downe
Thy weale, my wish, and all the willing meanes,
Wherewith thy fortune and thy fame should mount.
What ioy, what ease, what rest can lodge in me,
With whom all hope and hap doe disagree?
Art. Yet ladies teares, and cares, and solemne shewes,
Rather than helpes, heape vp more worke for woes.
Const. If any power will heare a widowes plaint,
That from a wounded soule implores reuenge:
Send fell contagion to infect this clime,
This cursed countrey, where the traitors breath,
Whose periurie (as proud Briareus)
Beleaguers all the skie with mis-beleefe.
He promist Arthur, and he sware it too,
To fence thy right, and check thy fo-mans pride:
But now black-spotted periure as he is,
He takes a truce with Elinor's damned brat,
And marries Lewis to her louely neece,
Sharing thy fortune, and thy birth-dayes gift
Between these louers: ill betide the match.
And as they shoulder thee from out thine owne,
And triumph in a widowes tearfull cares:
So heau'ns crosse them with a thriftless course,
Is all the blood yspilt on either part,
Closing the cranies of the thirstie earth,
Growne to a loue-game and a bridall feast!"

SHAKSPERE'S KING JOHN.

Art. I do beseech you, madam, be content.
Const. If thou, that bid'st me be content, wert grim,
Ugly, and sland'rous to thy mother's womb,

Full of unpleasing blots and sightless stains,
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,
Patch'd with foul moles and eye-offending marks,
I would not care, I then would be content;
For then I should not love thee; no, nor thou
Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown.
But thou art fair; and at thy birth, dear boy,
Nature and fortune join'd to make thee great:
Of Nature's gift thou may'st with lilies boast,
And with the half-blown rose: but fortune, O!
She is corrupted, chang'd, and won from thee;
She adulterates hourly with thy uncle John;
And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on France
To tread down fair respect of sovereignty,
And made his majesty the bawd to theirs.
France is a bawd to fortune, and king John;
That strumpet fortune, that usurping John:—
Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn?
Envenom him with words; or get thee gone,
And leave those woes alone, which I alone
Am bound to under-bear.

Sal. Pardon me, madam,
I may not go without you to the kings.
Const. Thou may'st, thou shalt, I will not go with thee:
I will instruct my sorrows to be proud:
For grief is proud and makes his owner stoop.
To me, and to the state of my great grief,
Let kings assemble; for my grief's so great
That no supporter but the huge firm earth
Can hold it up: here I and sorrows sit;
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it."

COSTUME.

The authorities for the COSTUME of the historical play of King John are chiefly the monumental effigies and seals of the principal sovereigns and nobles therein mentioned. Illuminated MSS. of this *exact* period are unknown to us. All that we have seen of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries appear to be either of an earlier or later date than the reign of John. The nearest to his time, apparently, is one in the Sloane Collection, Brit. Mus., marked 1975. Fortunately, however, there are few personages in the play beneath the rank of those for whose habits we have the most unquestionable models in the authorities above alluded to, and written descriptions or allusions will furnish us with the most essential part of the information required. The enamelled cup said to have been presented by King John to the Corporation of Lynn, and from the figures on which the civil costume of his reign has hitherto been designed, is now, by a critical examination of those very figures, and a comparison of their dress with that depicted in MSS. of at least a century later, proved to be of the time of Edward II. or III.

The effigy of King John in Worcester Cathedral, which, by the examination of the body of the monarch, was proved to present a fac-simile of the royal robes in which he was interred, affords us a fine specimen of the royal costume of the period. A full robe or supertunic of crimson damask, embroidered with gold, and descending to the mid leg, is girdled round the waist with a golden belt studded with jewels, having a long end pendent in front. An under tunic of cloth of gold descends to the ankles, and a mantle of the same magnificent stuff, lined with green silk, depends from his shoulders; the hose are red, the shoes black, over which are fastened gilt spurs with straps of silk, or cloth, of a light blue colour, striped with green and yellow or gold. The collar and sleeves of the supertunic have borders of gold studded with jewels. The backs of the gloves were also jewelled.

A kneeling effigy of Philip Augustus, engraved in Montfaucon, shows the similarity of fashion existing at the same time in France and England. The nobles, when unarmed, appear to have been attired in the same manner, viz., in the tunic, supertunic, and mantle, with hose, short boots, or shoes, of materials more or less rich according to the means or fancy of the wearer. Cloth, silk, velvet, and gold and silver tissues, with occasionally furs of considerable value, are mentioned in various documents of the period. A garment called a *bliaus* (from whence probably the modern French *blouse*) appears to have been a sort of supertunic or surcoat in vogue about this time; and in winter it is said to have been lined with fur. The

common Norman mantle used for travelling or out-of-door exercise had a capuchon to it, and was called the capa. A curious mistake has been made by Mr. Strutt respecting this garment. In his "Horda Angel Cynan," vol. ii. p. 67, he states that when King John made Thomas Sturmei a knight, he sent a mandamus before to his Sheriffs at Hantshire to make the following preparations:—"A scarlet robe, certain close garments of fine linen, and another robe of green, or burnet, with a cap and plume of feathers, &c." The words in the mandamus are "capā ad pluūa," a capa, or cloak, for rainy weather. (Vide "Excerpta Historica." London: Bentley, 1833, p. 393.)

The capuchon, or hood, with which this garment was furnished, appears to have been the usual covering for the head; but hats and caps, the former of the shape of the classical Petasus, and the latter sometimes of the Phrygian form, and sometimes flat and round like the Scotch bonnet, are occasionally met with during the twelfth century. The beaux, however, during John's reign, curled and crisped their hair with irons, and bound only a slight fillet round the head, seldom wearing caps, in order that their locks might be seen and admired. The beard was closely shaven, but John and the nobles of his party are said to have worn both beard and moustache out of contempt for the discontented Barons. The fashion of gartering up the long hose, or Norman chausses, sandal-wise prevailed amongst all classes; and when, on the legs of persons of rank, these bandages are seen of gold stuff, the effect is very gorgeous and picturesque.

The dress of the ladies may be best understood from an examination of the effigies of Elinor, Queen of Henry II., and of Isabella, Queen of King John, and the figure of Blanch of Castile on her great seal. Although these personages are represented in what may be called royal costume, the general dress differed nothing in form, however it might in material. It consisted of one long full robe or gown, girdled round the waist, and high in the neck, with long tight sleeves to the wrist (in the Sloane MS. above mentioned the hanging cuffs in fashion about forty years earlier appear upon one figure); the collar sometimes fastened with a brooch; the head bound by a band or fillet of jewels, and covered with the wimple or veil. To the girdle was appended, occasionally, a small pouch or aulmoniere. The capa was used in travelling, and in winter pelisses (pelices, pelissons) richly furred [whence the name] were worn under it.

King John orders a grey pelisson with nine bars of fur to be made for the Queen. Short boots, as well as shoes, were worn by the ladies. The King orders four pairs of women's boots, one of them to be *fretatus de giris* (embroidered with circles), but the robe, or gown, was worn so long that little more than the tips of the toes are seen in illuminations or effigies of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and the colour is generally black, though there can be no doubt they were occasionally of cloth of gold or silver richly embroidered.

Gloves do not appear to have been generally worn by females; but, as marks of nobility, when they were worn they were jewelled on the back.

The mantle and robe or tunic of the effigy of Queen Elinor are embroidered all over with golden crescents. This may have been

some family badge, as the crescent and star are seen on the great seal of Richard I., and that monarch is said to have possessed a mantle nearly covered with half-moons and orbs of shining silver.

The armour of the time consisted of a hauberk and chausses made of leather, covered with iron rings set up edgewise in regular rows, and firmly stitched upon it, or with small overlapping scales of metal like the *Lorica squamata* of the Romans.

The hauberk had a capuchon attached to it, which could be pulled over the head or thrown back at pleasure. Under this was sometimes worn a close iron skull-cap, and at others the hood itself was surmounted by a "chapel de fer," or a large cylindrical helmet, flattened at top, the face being defended by a perforated plate or grating called the "aventail" (*avant taille*), fastened by screws or hinges to the helmet. A variety of specimens of this early visored head-piece may be seen on the seals of the Counts of Flanders in Olivarius Vredius' History; and the seal of Prince Louis of France (one of the personages of this play) exhibits a large and most clumsy helmet of this description. The seal of King John presents us with a figure of the monarch wearing over his armour the military surcoat as yet undistinguished by armorial blazonry. On his head is either a cylindrical helmet, without the aventail, or a cap of cloth or fur. It is difficult, from the state of the impressions, to decide which. He bears the knightly shield, assuming at this period the triangular or heater shape, but exceedingly curved or embowed, and emblazoned with the three lions, or leopards, passant regardant, in pale, which are first seen on the shield of his brother, Richard I.

The spur worn at this period was the goad or pryck spur, without a rowel. The principal weapons of the knights were the lance, the sword, and the battle-axe. The shape of the sword may be best ascertained from the effigy of King John, who holds one in his hand; the pommel is diamond shaped, and has an oval cavity in the centre for a jewel.

The common soldiery fought with bills, long and cross-bows, slings, clubs, and a variety of rude but terrific weapons, such as scythes fastened to poles (the *falcastrum*), and a sort of spear, with a hook on one side, called the *guisarme*. The arbalast, or cross-bow, is said to have been invented in the previous reign, but Wace mentions it as having been known to the Normans before the Conquest. Engines of war, called the *mangonell* and the *petraria*, for throwing heavy stones, are mentioned by Guliel. Britto in his *Phillippeis*, i. 7.

"Interea grossos petraria mittit ab intus
Assidue lapides mangonellusque minores."

And in the close rolls of John is an order, dated 2nd April, 1208, to the Bailiff of Porchester, to cause machines for flinging stones, called *petrariæ* and *mangonelli*, to be made for the King's service, and to let Drogo de Dieppe and his companions have iron and other things necessary for making of them. Philip sent to his son Louis a military engine, called the *malvoisine* (bad neighbour), to batter the walls of Dover Castle.

KING JOHN.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING JOHN.
PRINCE HENRY, *his son ; afterwards King Henry III.*
ARTHUR, *Duke of Bretagne, son of Geoffrey, late Duke of Bretagne, the elder brother of King John.*
WILLIAM MARESHALL, *Earl of Pembroke.*
GEOFFREY FITZ-PETER, *Earl of Essex, chief justiciary of England.*
WILLIAM LONGSWORD, *Earl of Salisbury.*
ROBERT BIGOT, *Earl of Norfolk.*
HUBERT DE BURGH, *chamberlain to the King.*
ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, *son of Sir Robert Faulconbridge.*
PHILIP FAULCONBRIDGE, *his half-brother, bastard son to King Richard I.*
JAMES GURNEY, *servant to Lady Faulconbridge.*
PETER OF POMFRET, *a prophet.*
PHILIP, *King of France.*
LEWIS, *the Dauphin.*

ARCHDUKE OF AUSTRIA.
CARDINAL PANDULPH, *the Pope's legate.*
MELUN, *a French lord.*
CHATILLON, *ambassador from France to King John.*

ELINOR, *the widow of King Henry II., and mother of King John.*
CONSTANCE, *mother to Arthur.*
BLANCH, *daughter to Alphonso, King of Castile, and niece to King John.*
LADY FAULCONBRIDGE, *mother to the Bastard and Robert Faulconbridge.*

Lords, Ladies, Citizens of Angiers, Sheriff, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE,—Partly in ENGLAND, partly in FRANCE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Northampton. *A Room of State in the Palace.*

Enter KING JOHN, QUEEN ELINOR, PEMBROKE, ESSEX, SALISBURY, and others, with CHATILLON.

King John. Now say, Chatillon, what would France with us ?

Chat. Thus, after greeting, speaks the king of France, In my behaviour,¹ to the majesty, The borrow'd majesty of England here.

Eli. A strange beginning ;—borrow'd majesty !

K. John. Silence, good mother ; hear the embassy.

Chat. Philip of France, in right and true behalf Of thy deceased brother Geoffrey's son, Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim To this fair island, and the territories ; To Ireland, Poitiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine : Desiring thee to lay aside the sword, Which sways usurpingly these several titles ; And put the same into young Arthur's hand, Thy nephew and right royal sovereign.

K. John. What follows if we disallow of this ?

Chat. The proud control of fierce and bloody war, To enforce these rights so forcibly withheld.

K. John. Here have we war for war, and blood for blood, Controlment for controlment : so answer France.

Chat. Then take my king's defiance from my mouth, The farthest limit of my embassy.

K. John. Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace : Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France ; For ere thou canst report I will be there, The thunder of my cannon shall be heard :^a So, hence ! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath, And sullen presage of your own decay. An honourable conduct let him have :— Pembroke, look to't : Farewell, Chatillon.

[*Exeunt* CHATILLON and PEMBROKE.]

Eli. What now, my son ? have I not ever said, How that ambitious Constance would not cease, Till she had kindled France, and all the world,

Upon the right and party of her son ?

This might have been prevented, and made whole, With very easy arguments of love ; Which now the manage² of two kingdoms must With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.

K. John. Our strong possession, and our right, for us.

Eli. Your strong possession much more than your right ; Or else it must go wrong with you and me : So much my conscience whispers in your ear ; Which none but Heaven, and you, and I, shall hear.

Enter the Sheriff of Northamptonshire, who whispers ESSEX.

Essex. My liege, here is the strangest controversy, Come from the country to be judged by you, That e'er I heard : Shall I produce the men ?

K. John. Let them approach.— [Exit Sheriff.] Our abbeys, and our priories, shall pay

Re-enter Sheriff, with ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, and PHILIP, his bastard Brother.

This expedition's charge.—What men are you ?

Bast. Your faithful subject I, a gentleman, Born in Northamptonshire ; and eldest son, As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge ; A soldier, by the honour-giving hand Of Cœur-de-Lion, knighted in the field.^b

K. John. What art thou ?

Rob. The son and heir to that same Faulconbridge.

K. John. Is that the elder, and art thou the heir ? You came not of one mother then, it seems.

Bast. Most certain of one mother, mighty king, That is well known : and, as I think, one father : But, for the certain knowledge of that truth, I put you o'er to Heaven, and to my mother ; Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.

Eli. Out on thee, rude man ! thou dost shame thy mother, And wound her honour with this diffidence.

¹ *Behaviour.* Haviour, behaviour, is the manner of *having*, the conduct. Where, then, is the difficulty which this expression has raised up ? The King of France speaks, in the conduct of his ambassador, to "the borrow'd majesty of England"—a necessary explanation of the speech of Chatillon, which John would have resented upon the speaker himself, had he not in his "behaviour" expressed the intentions of his sovereign.

Manage has, in Shakspeare, the same meaning as management and managery—which, applied to a state, is equivalent to government. Prospero says of Antonio—

"He whom next thyself
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put
The *manage* of my state."

Bast. I, madam? no, I have no reason for it;
That is my brother's plea, and none of mine;
The which if he can prove, 'a pops me out
At least from fair five hundred pound a-year:
Heaven guard my mother's honour, and my land!

K. John. A good blunt fellow:—Why, being younger
born,

Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?

Bast. I know not why, except to get the land.
But once he slander'd me with bastardy:
But whe'r¹ I be as true begot, or no,
That still I lay upon my mother's head;
But, that I am as well begot, my liege,
(Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me!)
Compare our faces, and be judge yourself.
If old sir Robert did beget us both,
And were our father, and this son, like him;—
O old sir Robert, father, on my knee
I give Heaven thanks I was not like to thee.

K. John. Why, what a madcap hath Heaven lent us
here!

Eli. He hath a trick² of Cœur-de-Lion's face;
The accent of his tongue affecteth him:
Do you not read some tokens of my son
In the large composition of this man?

K. John. Mine eye hath well examined his parts,
And finds them perfect Richard. Sirrah, speak,
What doth move you to claim your brother's land?

Bast. Because he hath a half-face, like my father.
With that half-face³ would he have all my land:
A half-faced groat⁴ five hundred pound a-year!

Rob. My gracious liege, when that my father liv'd
Your brother did employ my father much:—

Bast. Well, sir, by this you cannot get my land:
Your tale must be how he employ'd my mother.

Rob. And once dispatch'd him in an embassy
To Germany, there, with the emperor,
To treat of high affairs touching that time:
Th' advantage of his absence took the king,
And in the mean time sojourn'd at my father's;
Where how he did prevail, I shame to speak:
But truth is truth; large lengths of seas and shores
Between my father and my mother lay,—
As I have heard my father speak himself,—
When this same lusty gentleman was got.
Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd
His lands to me; and took it, on his death,
That this, my mother's son, was none of his;
And, if he were, he came into the world
Full fourteen weeks before the course of time.
Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine,
My father's land, as was my father's will.

K. John. Sirrah, your brother is legitimate;
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him:
And, if she did play false, the fault was hers;
Which fault lies on the hazards of all husbands
That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brother,
Who, as you say, took pains to get this son,

Had of your father claim'd this son for his?
In sooth, good friend, your father might have kept
This calf, bred from his cow, from all the world;
In sooth, he might: then, if he were my brother's,
My brother might not claim him; nor your father,
Being none of his, refuse him: This concludes:
My mother's son did get your father's heir;
Your father's heir must have your father's land.

Rob. Shall then my father's will be of no force,
To dispossess that child which is not his?

Bast. Of no more force to dispossess me, sir,
Than was his will to get me, as I think.

Eli. Whether hadst thou rather be a Faulconbridge,
And like thy brother, to enjoy thy land;
Or the reputed son of Cœur-de-Lion,
Lord of thy presence,⁴ and no land beside?

Bast. Madam, an if my brother had my shape,
And I had his, sir Robert his,⁵ like him;
And if my legs were two such riding-rods;
My arms such eel-skins stuff'd; my face so thin,
That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose,
Lest men should say, Look, where three-farthings goes;⁶
And, to his shape,⁶ were heir to all his land,
'Would I might never stir from off this place,
I would give it every foot to have this face;
It would not be sir Nob⁷ in any case.

Eli. I like thee well: Wilt thou forsake thy fortune,
Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?
I am a soldier, and now bound to France.

Bast. Brother, take you my land, I'll take my chance:
Your face hath got five hundred pound a-year;
Yet sell your face for five pence, and 'tis dear.
Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.

Eli. Nay, I would have you go before me thither.

Bast. Our country manners give our betters way.

K. John. What is thy name?

Bast. Philip, my liege; so is my name begun;
Philip, good old sir Robert's wife's eldest son.

K. John. From henceforth bear his name whose form
thou bearest:

Kneel thou down Philip, but arise more great;
Arise sir Richard, and Plantagenet.⁸

Bast. Brother, by the mother's side, give me your hand;
My father gave me honour, yours gave land:
Now blessed be the hour, by night or day,
When I was got, sir Robert was away.

Eli. The very spirit of Plantagenet!

I am thy grandame, Richard; call me so.

Bast. Madam, by chance, but not by truth: What
though?

Something about, a little from the right,
In at the window,⁸ or else o'er the hatch;
Who dares not stir by day must walk by night:
And have is have, however men do catch:
Near or far off, well won is still well shot;
And I am I, howe'er I was begot.

K. John. Go, Faulconbridge; now hast thou thy desire,
A landless knight makes thee a landed squire.—

¹ *Whe'r.* To prevent confusion, we give this word as a contraction of the *whether* of the original, which has the meaning of *whether*, but does not appear to have been written as a contraction either by Shakspeare or his contemporaries.

² *Trick*, here and elsewhere in Shakspeare, means peculiarity. Gloucester remembers the "*trick*" of Lear's voice; Helen, thinking of Bertram, speaks

"Of every line and *trick* of his sweet favour;"

Falstaff notes the "*villainous trick*" of the prince's eye. In all these cases *trick* seems to imply habitual manner. In this view it is not difficult to trace up the expression to the same common source as *trick* in its ordinary acceptation; as, habitual manner, artificial habit, artifice, entanglement; from *tricare*. Wordsworth has the Shakspearian use of "*trick*" in the "*Excursion*" (Book I.):—

"Her infant babe
Had from its mother caught the *trick* of grief,
And sigh'd among its playthings."

³ *That half-face* is a correction by Theobald, which appears just, the first folio giving "half that face." For an explanation of *half-face*, see Illustrations.

⁴ *Presence* may here mean "priority of place," *préséance*. As the son of Cœur-de-Lion, Faulconbridge would take rank without his land. Warburton judged it meant "master of thyself." If this interpretation be correct, the passage may have suggested the lines in Sir Henry Wotton's song on a "Happy Life"—

"Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all."

⁵ *Sir Robert his.* This is the old form of the genitive, such as all who have looked into a legal instrument know. The original has "Sir Roberts his," which Mr. Lettsom considers a double genitive.

⁶ *To his shape*—in addition to his shape.

⁷ We have given the text of the folio—"It would not be sir Nob,"—not "I would not be." "This face," he says, "would not be sir Nob." *Nob* is now, and was in Shakspeare's time, a cant word for the head.

⁸ *In at the window, &c.* These were proverbial expressions, which, by analogy with irregular modes of entering a house, had reference to cases such as that of Faulconbridge's, which he gently terms "a little from the right."

Come, madam, and come, Richard; we must speed
For France, for France; for it is more than need.

Bast. Brother, adieu! Good fortune come to thee!
For thou was got i' the way of honesty.

[*Exeunt all but the Bastard.*]

A foot of honour better than I was;
But many a many foot of land the worse.
Well, now can I make any Joan a lady.
Good den,¹ sir Richard,—God-a-mercy, fellow;
And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter:
For new-made honour doth forget men's names;
'Tis too respective, and too sociable,
For your conversion.² Now your traveller,
He and his tooth-pick³ at my worship's mess,
And when my knightly stomach is suffic'd,
Why then I suck my teeth, and catechise
My picked man of countries:⁴—My dear sir,
(Thus, leaning on my elbow, I begin.)
I shall beseech you—That is question now;
And then comes answer like an Absey⁵ book:
O, sir, says answer, at your best command;
At your employment; at your service, sir:
No, sir, says question, I, sweet sir, at yours:
And so, ere answer knows what question would,
Saving in dialogue of compliment;
And talking of the Alps and Apennines,
The Pyrenean, and the river Po,
It draws toward supper in conclusion so.
But this is worshipful society,
And fits the mounting spirit like myself:
For he is but a bastard to the time,
That doth not smack of observation;
(And so am I, whether I smack, or no;)
And not alone in habit and device,
Exterior form, outward accoutrement;
But from the inward motion to deliver
Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth:
Which, though I will not practise to deceive,
Yet to avoid deceit I mean to learn;
For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising.—
But who comes in such haste, in riding robes?
What woman-post is this? hath she no husband,
That will take pains to blow a horn before her?

Enter LADY FAULCONBRIDGE and JAMES GURNEY.

O me! it is my mother:—How now, good lady?
What brings you here to court so hastily?

Lady F. Where is that slave, thy brother? where is he?
That holds in chase mine honour up and down?

Bast. My brother Robert? old sir Robert's son?
Colbrand the giant,⁶ that same mighty man?
Is it sir Robert's son, that you seek so?

Lady F. Sir Robert's son! Ay, thou unreverend boy,
Sir Robert's son: Why scorn'st thou at sir Robert?
He is sir Robert's son; and so art thou.

Bast. James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave awhile?

Gur. Good leave, good Philip.

¹ *Good den*—good evening—good e'en.

² *Conversion*. This is the reading of the folio, but was altered by Pope to *conversing*. Mr. Collier would read *diversion*. It was common, he says, to entertain "picked men of countries" for the *diversion* of the company at the tables of the higher orders. So this feeble platitude of the *diverting* traveller is to supersede the Shakspearean satire, that where there is a *conversion*—a change of condition in a man—to *remember* names (opposed by implication to *forget*) is too respective (or punctilious), and too sociable, for new-made honour.

³ *Picked man of countries*. "The travelled fool," "the pert, conceited, talking spark," of the modern fable, is the old "picked man of countries." To "pick" is the same as to "trim." Stevens says it is a metaphor derived from the action of birds in picking their feathers. "He is too *picked*, too spruce, too affected," occurs in Love's Labour's Lost.

⁴ *Absey book*, the common name for the first, or A, B, C, book. The catechism was generally included in these books; and thus the reference in the text to "question" and "answer."

⁵ *Philip?—sparrow!* The sparrow was called Philip,—perhaps from his note, out of which Catullus, in his elegy on Lesbia's sparrow, formed a verb, *pipilabat*.

Bast. Philip?—sparrow!⁵—James,
There's toys abroad; anon I'll tell thee more.

[*Exit GURNEY.*]

Madam, I was not old sir Robert's son;
Sir Robert might have eat his part in me
Upon Good-Friday, and ne'er broke his fast:
Sir Robert could do well; Marry—to confess—
Could he get me? Sir Robert could not do it;
We know his handy-work:—Therefore, good mother,
To whom am I beholden for these limbs?
Sir Robert never help to make this leg.

Lady F. Hast thou conspired with thy brother too,
That for thine own gain shouldst defend mine honour?
What means this scorn, thou most untoward knave?

Bast. Knight, knight, good mother,—Basilisco-like:⁶
What! I am dubb'd; I have it on my shoulder.
But, mother, I am not sir Robert's son;
I have disclaim'd sir Robert and my land;
Legitimation, name, and all is gone:
Then, good my mother, let me know my father;
Some proper man, I hope; Who was it, mother?

Lady F. Hast thou denied thyself a Faulconbridge?

Bast. As faithfully as I deny the devil.

Lady F. King Richard Cœur-de-Lion was thy father:
By long and vehement suit I was seduc'd
To make room for him in my husband's bed.
Heaven! lay not my transgression to my charge
That art the issue of my dear offence,
Which was so strongly urg'd, past my defence.

Bast. Now, by this light, were I to get again,
Madam, I would not wish a better father.
Some sins do bear their privilege on earth,
And so doth yours: your fault was not your folly:
Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,—
Subjected tribute to commanding love,—
Against whose fury and unmatched force
The awless⁸ lion could not wage the fight,
Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand.⁷
He, that perforce robs lions of their hearts,
May easily win a woman's. Ay, my mother,
With all my heart I thank thee for my father!
Who lives and dares but say, thou didst not weill
When I was got, I'll send his soul to hell.
Come, lady, I will show thee to my kin;

And they shall say, when Richard me begot,
If thou hadst said him nay, it had been sin:

Who says it was, he lies; I say, 'twas not. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—France. *Before the Walls of Angiers.*

*Enter, on one side, the ARCHDUKE OF AUSTRIA, and Forces;
on the other, PHILIP, King of France, and Forces; LEWIS,
CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, and Attendants.*

Lew. Before Angiers well met, brave Austria.
Arthur, that great fore-runner of thy blood,

When Gurney calls the Bastard "good Philip," the new "Sir Richard" tosses off the name with contempt—"sparrow!" He then puts aside James, with "Anon I'll tell thee more."

⁶ *Basilisco-like*. Basilisco is a character in a play of Shakspeare's time, "Soliman and Perseda," from which Tyrwhitt quotes a passage which may have suggested the words of the Bastard. The oaths of Basilisco became proverbial. Basilisco is mentioned by Nash in 1596.

⁷ *Heaven, &c.* We have restored the reading of the old copy, which appears to us more in Shakspeare's manner than the customary text—

"Heaven lay not my transgression to my charge,
Thou art the issue of my dear offence," &c.

Lady Faulconbridge is not invoking Heaven to pardon her transgression; but she says to her son,—for Heaven's sake lay not (thou) my transgression to my charge that art the issue of it. The reply of Faulconbridge immediately deprecates any intention of upbraiding his mother.

⁸ *Awless*—the opposite of awful; not inspiring awe.

Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart,
And fought the holy wars in Palestine,
By this brave duke came early to his grave:
And, for amends to his posterity,
At our importance¹ hither is he come,
To spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf;
And to rebuke the usurpation
Of thy unnatural uncle, English John;
Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.

Arth. God shall forgive you Cœur-de-Lion's death,
The rather, that you give his offspring life,
Shadowing their right under your wings of war:
I give you welcome with a powerless hand,
But with a heart full of unstained love:
Welcome before the gates of Angiers, duke.

Lew. A noble boy! Who would not do thee right?

Aust. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,
As seal to this indenture of my love;
That to my home I will no more return,
Till Angiers, and the right thou hast in France,
Together with that pale, that white-fac'd shore,
Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides,
And coops from other lands her islanders,
Even till that England, hedg'd in with the main,
That water-walled bulwark, still secure
And confident from foreign purposes,
Even till that utmost corner of the west
Salute thee for her king: till then, fair boy,
Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

Const. O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks,
Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength,
To make a more requital to your love.

Aust. The peace of heaven is theirs that lift their
swords

In such a just and charitable war.

K. Phi. Well then, to work; our cannon shall be bent
Against the brows of this resisting town.
Call for our chiefest men of discipline,
To cull the plots of best advantages:
We'll lay before this town our royal bones,
Wade to the market-place in Frenchmen's blood,
But we will make it subject to this boy.

Const. Stay for an answer to your embassy,
Lest unadvis'd you stain your swords with blood:
My lord Chatillon may from England bring
That right in peace, which here we urge in war;
And then we shall repent each drop of blood,
That hot rash haste so indirectly shed.

Enter CHATILLON.

K. Phi. A wonder, lady!—lo, upon thy wish,
Our messenger Chatillon is arriv'd.—
What England says, say briefly, gentle lord,
We coldly pause for thee; Chatillon, speak.

Chat. Then turn your forces from this paltry siege,
And stir them up against a mightier task.
England, impatient of your just demands,
Hath put himself in arms; the adverse winds,
Whose leisure I have stay'd, have given him time
To land his legions all as soon as I:
His marches are expedient² to this town,
His forces strong, his soldiers confident.
With him along is come the mother-queen,

An Até, stirring him to blood and strife;
With her her niece, the lady Blanch of Spain;
With them a bastard of the king's deceased:
And all the unsettled humours of the land,—
Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
With ladies' faces and fierce dragons' spleens,—
Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,
To make a hazard of new fortunes here.
In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits,
Than now the English bottoms³ have waft o'er,
Did never float upon the swelling tide,
To do offence and scath in Christendom.
The interruption of their churlish drums [Drums beat.
Cuts off more circumstance: they are at hand,
To parley, or to fight; therefore, prepare.

K. Phi. How much unlook'd-for is this expedition!

Aust. By how much unexpected, by so much
We must awake endeavour for defence;
For courage mounteth with occasion:
Let them be welcome then, we are prepar'd.

*Enter KING JOHN, ELINOR, BLANCH, the Bastard,
PEMBROKE, and Forces.*

K. John. Peace be to France; if France in peace
permit

Our just and lineal entrance to our own!
If not, bleed France, and peace ascend to heaven!
Whiles we, God's wrathful agent, do correct
Their proud contempt that beat his peace to heaven.

K. Phi. Peace be to England; if that war return
From France to England, there to live in peace!
England we love; and, for that England's sake,
With burden of our armour here we sweat:
This toil of ours should be a work of thine;
But thou from loving England art so far,
That thou hast under-wrought his lawful king,
Cut off the sequence of posterity,
Outfaced infant state, and done a rape
Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.
Look here upon thy brother Geoffrey's face;—
These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his:
This little abstract doth contain that large,
Which died in Geoffrey; and the hand of time
Shall draw this brief into as huge a volume.
That Geoffrey was thy elder brother born,
And this his son; England was Geoffrey's right,
And this is Geoffrey's,³ in the name of God.
How comes it then, that thou art call'd a king,
When living blood doth in these temples beat,
Which owe the crown that thou o'ermasterest?

K. John. From whom hast thou this great commission,
France,
To draw my answer from thy articles?

K. Phi. From that supernal judge, that stirs good
thoughts

In any breast of strong authority,
To look into the blots and stains of right.
That judge hath made me guardian to this boy:
Under whose warrant, I impeach thy wrong;
And, by whose help, I mean to chastise it.

K. John. Alack, thou dost usurp authority.

¹ Importance—importunity.

² Expedient. The word properly means, "that disengages itself from all entanglements." To set at liberty the *foot* which was held fast is *exped-ire*. Shakspere always uses this word in strict accordance with its derivation; as, in truth, he does most words that may be called learned.

³ And this is Geoffrey's. We have restored the punctuation of the original—

"And this is Geoffrey's, in the name of God."

Perhaps we should read, according to Monck Mason, "And *his* is Geoffrey's." In

either case, it appears to us that King Philip makes a solemn asseveration that this (Arthur) is Geoffrey's son and successor, or that "Geoffrey's right" is his (Arthur's)—in the name of God, asserting the principle of legitimacy by divine ordinance. As the sentence is commonly given—

"In the name of God,
How comes it then," &c.—

Philip is only employing an unmeaning oath.

K. Phi. Excuse ; it is to beat usurping down.

Eli. Who is it thou dost call usurper, France ?

Const. Let me make answer ;—thy usurping son.

Eli. Out, insolent ! thy bastard shall be king ;
That thou may'st be a queen, and check the world !

Const. My bed was ever to thy son as true,
As thine was to thy husband : and this boy
Liker in feature to his father Geoffrey,
Than thou and John, in manners being as like
As rain to water, or devil to his dam.

My boy a bastard ! By my soul, I think,
His father never was so true begot ;
It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother.

Eli. There's a good mother, boy, that blots thy father.

Const. There's a good grandame, boy, that would blot thee.

Aust. Peace !

Bast. Hear the crier.

Aust. What the devil art thou ?

Bast. One that will play the devil, sir, with you,
An 'a may catch your hide and you alone.
You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,
Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard.
I'll smoke your skin-coat, an I catch you right ;
Sirrah, look to 't ; i' faith, I will, i' faith.

Blanch. O, well did he become that lion's robe,
That did disrobe the lion of that robe !

Bast. It lies as sightly on the back of him,
As great Alcides' shoes^b upon an ass :—
But, ass, I'll take that burden from your back,
Or lay on that shall make your shoulders crack.

Aust. What cracker is this same, that deafs our ears

With this abundance of superfluous breath ?
King,—Lewis,¹ determine what we shall do straight.

Lew. Women and fools, break off your conference.
King John, this is the very sum of all,—
England and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,
In right of Arthur do I claim of thee :
Wilt thou resign them, and lay down thy arms ?

K. John. My life as soon :—I do defy thee, France.
Arthur of Bretagne, yield thee to my hand ;
And, out of my dear love, I'll give thee more
Than e'er the coward hand of France can win :
Submit thee, boy.

Eli. Come to thy grandame, child.

Const. Do, child, go to it' grandame, child ;
Give grandame kingdom, and it' grandame will
Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig :
There's a good grandame.

Arth. Good my mother, peace !
I would that I were low laid in my grave ;
I am not worth this coil that's made for me.

Eli. His mother shames him so, poor boy, he weeps.

Const. Now shame upon you, whe'r she does, or no !
His grandame's wrongs, and not his mother's shames,
Draw those heaven-moving pearls from his poor eyes,
Which heaven shall take in nature of a fee ;
Ay, with these crystal beads heaven shall be brib'd
To do him justice, and revenge on you.

Eli. Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and earth !

Const. Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and earth !
Call not me slanderer ; thou, and thine, usurp
The dominations, royalties, and rights
Of this oppressed boy : This is thy eldest son's son,

Unfortunate in nothing but in thee ;
Thy sins are visited in this poor child ;
The canon of the law is laid on him,
Being but the second generation
Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb.

K. John. Bedlam, have done.

Const. I have but this to say,—

That he's not only plagued for her sin,
But God hath made her sin and her the plague
On this removed issue, plagued for her
And with her plague ; her sin his injury,
Her injury the beadle to her sin ;²
All punish'd in the person of this child,
And all for her ; A plague upon her !

Eli. Thou unadvised scold, I can produce
A will, that bars the title of thy son.

Const. Ay, who doubts that ? a will ! a wicked will ;
A woman's will ; a canker'd grandame's will !

K. Phi. Peace, lady ; pause, or be more temperate :
It ill beseems this presence, to cry aim
To these ill-tuned repetitions.

Some trumpet summon hither to the walls
These men of Angiers ; let us hear them speak,
Whose title they admit, Arthur's or John's.

Trumpet sounds. Enter Citizens upon the walls.

Cit. Who is it, that hath warn'd us to the walls ?

K. Phi. 'Tis France for England.

K. John. England, for itself :
You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects.

K. Phi. You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's sub-
jects,
Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle.

K. John. For our advantage ;—Therefore, hear us
first.

These flags of France, that are advanced here
Before the eye and prospect of your town,
Have hither march'd to your endamage :
The cannons have their bowels full of wrath ;
And ready mounted are they, to spit forth
Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls :
All preparation for a bloody siege
And merciless proceeding, by these French,
Confronts³ your city's eyes, your winking gates ;
And but for our approach, those sleeping stones,
That as a waist do girdle you about,
By the compulsion of their ordnance
By this time from their fixed beds of lime
Had been dishabited, and wide havoc made
For bloody power to rush upon your peace.
But, on the sight of us, your lawful king,
Who painfully, with much expedient march,
Have brought a countercheck before your gates,
To save unscratch'd your city's threaten'd cheeks,—
Behold, the French, amaz'd, vouchsafe a parle :
And now, instead of bullets wrapp'd in fire,
To make a shaking fever in your walls,
They shoot but calm words, folded up in smoke,
To make a faithless error in your ears :
Which trust accordingly, kind citizens,
And let us in. Your king,⁴ whose labour'd spirits,

¹ *King,—Lewis.* We have here restored the original reading. Austria is impatient of the "superfluous breath" of the Bastard, and appeals to Philip and the Dauphin—"King,—Lewis, determine." "King" is usually omitted, and the line given to Philip.

² We adopt the punctuation of Mr. White's edition and that of the Cambridge, both being the reading of Mr. Roby.

³ *Confronts your city's eyes.* The original edition has *comfort your city's eyes*, which is, in part, a misprint, although *comfort* might be used by John in irony,

The later editions read, *confront*, after Rowe. Preparation is here the nominative, and therefore we use *confronts*.

⁴ *Your king*, &c. In the old reading "your king" is the nominative to "craves." In some modern editions we read—

"And let us in, your king ; whose labour'd spirits,
Forewared in this action of swift speed,
Crave harbourage," &c.

Forwearied¹ in this action of swift speed,
Craves harbourage within your city walls.

K. Phi. When I have said, make answer to us both.
Lo, in this right hand, whose protection
Is most divinely vow'd upon the right
Of him it holds, stands young Plantagenet,
Son to the elder brother of this man,
And king o'er him, and all that he enjoys :
For this down-trodden equity, we tread
In warlike march these greens before your town ;
Being no further enemy to you,
Than the constraint of hospitable zeal,
In the relief of this oppressed child,
Religiously provokes. Be pleased then
To pay that duty, which you truly owe,
To him that owes² it—namely, this young prince :
And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,
Save in aspect, have all offence seal'd up ;
Our cannons' malice vainly shall be spent
Against th' invulnerable clouds of heaven ;
And, with a blessed and unvex'd retire,
With unhack'd swords, and helmets all unbruised,
We will bear home that lusty blood again,
Which here we came to spout against your town,
And leave your children, wives, and you, in peace.
But if you fondly pass our proffer'd offer,
'Tis not the rounder³ of your old-fac'd walls
Can hide you from our messengers of war,
Though all these English, and their discipline,
Were harbour'd in their rude circumference.
Then, tell us, shall your city call us lord,
In that behalf which we have challeng'd it ?
Or shall we give the signal to our rage,
And stalk in blood to our possession ?

Cit. In brief, we are the king of England's subjects ;
For him, and in his right, we hold this town.

K. John. Acknowledge then the king, and let me in.

Cit. That can we not : but he that proves the king,
To him will we prove loyal ; till that time,
Have we ramm'd up our gates against the world.

K. John. Doth not the crown of England prove the
king ?

And if not that, I bring you witnesses,
Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's breed,—

Bast. Bastards, and else.

K. John. To verify our title with their lives.

K. Phi. As many, and as well-born bloods as those,—

Bast. Some bastards too.

K. Phi. Stand in his face, to contradict his claim.

Cit. Till you compound whose right is worthiest,
We, for the worthiest, hold the right from both.

K. John. Then God forgive the sin of all those souls,
That to their everlasting residence,
Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet,
In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king !

K. Phi. Amen, amen !—Mount chevaliers ! to arms !

Bast. St. George,^c that swindg'd the dragon, and e'er
since

Sits on his horseback,^d at mine hostess' door,
Teach us some fence !—Sirrah, were I at home,
At your den, sirrah, [*to AUSTRIA.*] with your lioness,

I'd set an ox-head to your lion's hide,
And make a monster of you.

Aust. Peace ; no more.

Bast. O, tremble ; for you hear the lion roar.

K. John. Up higher to the plain ; where we'll set forth,
In best appointment, all our regiments.

Bast. Speed then, to take advantage of the field.

K. Phi. It shall be so ;—[*to LEWIS.*] and at the other hill
Command the rest to stand.—God, and our right !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same.*

*Alarums and Excursions ; then a Retreat. Enter a French
Herald, with trumpets, to the Gates.*

F. Her. You men of Angiers, open wide your gates,
And let young Arthur, duke of Bretagne, in ;
Who, by the hand of France, this day hath made
Much work for tears in many an English mother,
Whose sons lie scatter'd on the bleeding ground ;
Many a widow's husband groveling lies,
Coldly embracing the discolour'd earth ;
And victory, with little loss, doth play
Upon the dancing banners of the French ;
Who are at hand, triumphantly display'd,
To enter conquerors, and to proclaim
Arthur of Bretagne, England's king, and yours !

Enter an English Herald, with trumpets.

E. Her. Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring your bells ;
King John, your king and England's, doth approach,
Commander of this hot malicious day !
Their armours, that march'd hence so silver-bright,
Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood ;
There stuck no plume in any English crest,
That is removed by a staff of France ;
Our colours do return in those same hands
That did display them when we first march'd forth ;
And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen,^d come
Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,
Dyed in the dying slaughter of their foes :
Open your gates, and give the victors way.

Hubert.^e Heralds, from off our towers we might behold,
From first to last, the onset and retire
Of both your armies ; whose equality
By our best eyes cannot be censured :
Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answer'd blows ;
Strength match'd with strength, and power confronted
power :

Both are alike ; and both alike we like.
One must prove greatest : while they weigh so even,
We hold our town for neither ; yet for both.

*Enter, at one side, KING JOHN, with his Power ; ELINOR,
BLANCH, and the Bastard ; at the other, KING PHILIP,
LEWIS, AUSTRIA, and Forces.*

K. John. France, hast thou yet more blood to cast away ?
Say, shall the current of our right roam on,^f

¹ *Forwearied.* It is to be observed that *forweary* and *weary* are the same, and that *forwearied* may be used, not as a participle requiring an auxiliary verb, but as a verb neuter. "Our spirits wearied in this action" would be correct, even in modern construction.

² *Owes—owns.*

³ *Rounder.* This is the English of the original. The modern editions have turned the word into the French *roundure*. Mr. White says *rounder* is only the phonetic spelling.

⁴ *Sits on his horseback.* Shakspeare might have found an example for the expression in North's Plutarch—one of his favourite books : "He commanded his captains to set out their bands to the field, and he himself took his horseback."

⁵ *Hubert.* Without any satisfactory reason the name of this speaker has been altered by most modern editors to *Citizen*. The folio distinctly gives this, and all the subsequent speeches of the same person, to the end of the act, to *Hubert*.

The proposition to the kings to reconcile their differences by the marriage of Lewis and Blanch would appear necessarily to come from some person in authority ; and it would seem to have been Shakspeare's intention to make that person Hubert de Burgh, who occupies so conspicuous a place in the remainder of the play. In the third act John says to Hubert—

"Thy voluntary oath
Lives in this bosom."

It might be his "voluntary oath" as a Citizen of Angiers to John which called for this expression. We, therefore, retain the name as in the original.

⁶ *Roam on.* The editor of the second folio substituted *run*, which reading has been continued. Neither the poetry nor the sense appears to have gained by the fancied improvement.

Whose passage, vex'd with thy impediment,
Shall leave his native channel, and o'erswell
With course disturb'd even thy confining shores,
Unless thou let his silver water keep
A peaceful progress to the ocean?

K. Phi. England, thou hast not saved one drop of blood,
In this hot trial, more than we of France;
Rather, lost more: And by this hand I swear,
That sways the earth this climate overlooks,
Before we will lay down our just-borne arms,
We'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these arms we bear,
Or add a royal number to the dead;
Gracing the scroll, that tells of this war's loss,
With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.

Bast. Ha, majesty! how high thy glory towers,
When the rich blood of kings is set on fire!
O, now doth death line his dead chaps with steel;
The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his fangs;
And now he feasts, mousing¹ the flesh of men,
In undetermin'd differences of kings.
Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus?
Cry, havoc, kings! back to the stained field,
You equal potents, fiery-kindled spirits!
Then let confusion of one part confirm
The other's peace; till then, blows, blood, and death!

K. John. Whose party do the townsmen yet admit?

K. Phi. Speak, citizens, for England; who's your king?

Hubert. The king of England, when we know the king.

K. Phi. Know him in us, that here hold up his right.

K. John. In us, that are our own great deputy,
And bear possession of our person here;
Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.

Hubert. A greater power than we denies all this;
And, till it be undoubted, we do lock
Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates,
Kings, of our fear;² until our fears, resolv'd,
Be by some certain king purg'd and depos'd.

Bast. By heaven, these scroyles³ of Angiers flout you,
kings;
And stand securely on their battlements,
As in a theatre, whence they gape and point
At your industrious scenes and acts of death.
Your royal presences be rul'd by me;
Do like the mutines of Jerusalem,⁴
Be friends awhile, and both conjointly bend
Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town:
By east and west let France and England mount
Their battering cannon charged to the mouths;
Till their soul-fearing⁴ clamours have brawl'd down
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city:
I'd play incessantly upon these jades,

¹ *Mousing.* This figurative and characteristic expression in the original was rendered by Pope into the prosaic *mouthings*, which, up to our Pictorial Edition, usurped its place. We restored the reading, which is now generally adopted.

² *Kings, of our fear.* The change of this passage is amongst the most remarkable of the examples which this play furnishes of the unsatisfactory nature of conjectural emendation. Warburton and Johnson, disregarding the original, say, "Kings are our fears." Malone adopts Tyrwhitt's conjecture—"King'd of our fears;" and so the passage runs in most modern editions. If the safe rule of endeavouring to understand the existing text, in preference to guessing what the author ought to have written, had been adopted in this and hundreds of other cases, we should have been spared volumes of commentary. The two kings peremptorily demand the citizens of Angiers to acknowledge the respective rights of each—England for himself, France for Arthur. The citizens, by the mouth of Hubert, answer—

"A greater power than we denies all this."

Their quarrel is undecided—the arbitrament of Heaven is wanting.

"And, till it be undoubted, we do lock
Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates,
Kings, of our fear,"

on account of our fear, or through our fear, or by our fear, we hold our former scruple, kings,

"until our fears, resolv'd,
Be by some certain king purg'd and depos'd."

Through and by had the same meaning, for examples of which see Tooke's

Even till unfenced desolation
Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.
That done, dissever your united strengths,
And part your mingled colours once again;
Turn face to face, and bloody point to point:
Then, in a moment, fortune shall cull forth
Out of one side her happy minion;
To whom in favour she shall give the day,
And kiss him with a glorious victory.
How like you this wild counsel, mighty states?
Smacks it not something of the policy?

K. John. Now, by the sky that hangs above our heads,
I like it well;—France, shall we knit our powers,
And lay this Angiers even with the ground;
Then, after, fight who shall be king of it?

Bast. An if thou hast the mettle of a king,
Being wrong'd, as we are, by this peevish town,
Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,
As we will ours, against these saucy walls:
And when that we have dash'd them to the ground,
Why, then defy each other: and, pell-mell,
Make work upon ourselves, for heaven, or hell.

K. Phi. Let it be so:—Say, where will you assault?

K. John. We from the west will send destruction
Into this city's bosom.

Aust. I from the north.

K. Phi. Our thunder from the south,
Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.

Bast. O prudent discipline! From north to south;
Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth: [*Aside.*
I'll stir them to it:—Come, away, away!

Hubert. Hear us, great kings: vouchsafe awhile to
stay,
And I shall show you peace, and fair-faced league;
Win you this city without stroke or wound;
Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds,
That here come sacrifices for the field:
Persever not, but hear me, mighty kings.

K. John. Speak on, with favour; we are bent to hear.

Hubert. That daughter there of Spain, the lady Blanch,
Is near to England; Look upon the years
Of Lewis the Dauphin, and that lovely maid:
If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch?
If zealous love should go in search of virtue,
Where should he find it purer than in Blanch?
If love ambitious sought a match of birth,
Whose veins bound richer blood than lady Blanch?
Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,
Is the young Dauphin every way complete;
If not complete of,⁵ say, he is not she;

"Divisions of Purley," vol. i. p. 379; and so had *by* and *of*—as "he was tempted of the devil" in our translation of the Bible; and as in Gower—

"But that arte couth thei not fynde
Of which Ulysses was deceived."

Scroyles—from *Les Escrouelles*, the king's evil.

⁴ *Soul-fearing.* To *fear* is often used by the old writers in the sense of to *make afraid*. Thus, in Sir Thomas Elyot's "Governor," "the good husband" setteth up "shailes to *fear* away birds." In North's Plutarch, Pyrrhus, "thinking to *fear*" Fabricius, suddenly produces an elephant. Shakspeare has several examples: Antony says—

"Thou canst not *fear* us, Pompey, with thy sails."

Angelo, in *Measure for Measure*, would

"make a scare-crow of the law,
Setting it up to *fear* the birds of prey."

But this active sense of the verb *fear* is not its exclusive meaning in Shakspeare; and in *The Taming of the Shrew* he exhibits its common use as well in the neuter as in the active acceptance:—

Pet. Now, for my life, Hortensio *fears* his widow.

Wid. Then never trust me if I be *afraid*.

Pet. You are very sensible, and yet you miss my sense
I meant Hortensio is *afraid* of you."

Complete of. So the original. Hanmer changed this reading to—

"If not complete, O say, he is not she,"—

which is to substitute the language of the eighteenth century for that of the sixteenth.

And she again wants nothing, to name want,
If want it be not, that she is not he:
He is the half part of a blessed man,
Left to be finished by such a she;¹
And she a fair divided excellence,
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.
O, two such silver currents, when they join,
Do glorify the banks that bound them in:
And two such shores to two such streams made one,
Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings,
To these two princes, if you marry them.
This union shall do more than battery can,
To our fast-closed gates; for, at this match,
With swifter spleen than powder can enforce,
The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope,
And give you entrance; but, without this match,
The sea enraged is not half so deaf,
Lions more confident, mountains and rocks
More free from motion, no, not death himself
In mortal fury half so peremptory,
As we to keep this city.

Bast. Here's a stay,²
That shakes the rotten carcase of old death
Out of his rags! Here's a large mouth, indeed,
That spits forth death, and mountains, rocks, and seas;
Talks as familiarly of roaring lions,
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs!
What cannoneer begot this lusty blood?
He speaks plain cannon, fire, and smoke, and bounce;
He gives the bastinado with his tongue;
Our ears are cudgel'd; not a word of his,
But buffets better than a fist of France:
Zounds! I was never so bethump'd with words,
Since I first call'd my brother's father, dad.

Eli. Son, list to this conjunction, make this match;
Give with our niece a dowry large enough:
For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie
Thy now unsur'd assurance to the crown,
That yon green boy shall have no sun to ripe
The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit.
I see a yielding in the looks of France;
Mark, how they whisper: urge them, while their souls
Are capable of this ambition;
Lest zeal, now melted,³ by the windy breath
Of soft petitions, pity, and remorse,
Cool and congeal again to what it was.

Hubert. Why answer not the double majesties
This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town?

K. Phi. Speak England first, that hath been forward first
To speak unto this city: What say you?

K. John. If that the Dauphin there, thy princely son,
Can in this book of beauty read, I love,
Her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen:
For Anjou, and fair Touraine, Maine, Poitiers,
And all that we upon this side the sea
(Except this city now by us besieg'd,)
Find liable to our crown and dignity,
Shall gild her bridal bed; and make her rich
In titles, honours, and promotions,
As she in beauty, education, blood,
Holds hand with any princess of the world.

K. Phi. What say'st thou, boy? look in the lady's face.

Lew. I do, my lord, and in her eye I find

A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,
The shadow of myself form'd in her eye;
Which, being but the shadow of your son,
Becomes a sun, and makes your son a shadow:
I do protest, I never lov'd myself,
Till now infixed I beheld myself,
Drawn in the flattering table of her eye.

[*Whispers with BLANCH.*

Bast. Drawn in the flattering table of her eye!—

Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow!—

And quarter'd in her heart!—he doth espy

Himself love's traitor: This is pity now,
That hang'd, and drawn, and quarter'd, there should be,
In such a love, so vile a lout as he.

Blanch. My uncle's will, in this respect, is mine.
If he see aught in you, that makes him like,
That anything he sees, which moves his liking,
I can with ease translate it to my will;
Or, if you will, to speak more properly,
I will enforce it easily to my love.
Further I will not flatter you, my lord,
That all I see in you is worthy love,
Than this,—that nothing do I see in you,
Though churlish thoughts themselves should be your judge,
That I can find should merit any hate.

K. John. What say these young ones? What say you,
my niece?

Blanch. That she is bound in honour still to do
What you in wisdom still vouchsafe to say.

K. John. Speak then, prince Dauphin; can you love
this lady?

Lew. Nay, ask me if I can refrain from love;
For I do love her most unfeignedly.

K. John. Then do I give Volquessen, Touraine, Maine,
Poitiers, and Anjou, these five provinces,
With her to thee; and this addition more,
Full thirty thousand marks of English coin.
Philip of France, if thou be pleas'd withal,
Command thy son and daughter to join hands.

K. Phi. It likes us well. Young princes, close your
hands.

Aust. And your lips too; for, I am well assur'd,
That I did so, when I was first assur'd.⁵

K. Phi. Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your gates,
Let in that amity which you have made;
For at saint Mary's chapel, presently,
The rites of marriage shall be solemniz'd.
Is not the lady Constance in this troop?
I know, she is not; for this match, made up,
Her presence would have interrupted much:
Where is she and her son? tell me, who knows.

Lew. She is sad and passionate⁶ at your highness' tent.

K. Phi. And, by my faith, this league, that we have
made,

Will give her sadness very little cure.
Brother of England, how may we content
This widow lady? In her right we came;
Which we, God knows, have turn'd another way,
To our own vantage.

K. John. We will heal up all,
For we'll create young Arthur duke of Bretagne,
And earl of Richmond;—and this rich fair town
We⁷ make him lord of.—Call the lady Constance;

¹ The original reads *as she*—evidently a misprint.

² *Here's a stay.* This little word has produced large criticism. Johnson would read *flaw*; another emendator, Becket, would give us *say*. Malone and Steevens have two pages to prove, which requires no proof, that *stay* means *interruption*.

³ *Zeal, now melted.* There is great confusion in what the commentators say on this image. Johnson thinks Shakspeare means to represent *zeal*, in its highest degree, as congealed by a frost; Steevens thinks "the poet means to compare zeal to metal in a state of fusion, and not to dissolving ice;" Malone affirms that "Shakspeare does not say that zeal, when congealed, exerts its utmost power; but, on the contrary, that when it is congealed or frozen it ceases to exert itself at all." All this discordance appears to us to be produced by not limiting the image by the poet's own words. The "zeal" of the King of France and of Lewis is "now

melted"—whether that melting represent metal in a state of fusion or dissolving ice: it has lost its compactness, its cohesion; but

"the windy breath
Of soft petitions,"—

the pleading of Constance and Arthur,—the pity and remorse of Philip for their lot,—may "cool and congeal" it "again to what it was;"—may make it again solid and entire.

⁴ *Still vouchsafe to say.* This is the reading of the original.

⁵ *First assur'd*—affianced.

⁶ *Passionate*—given up to grief.

⁷ *We.* Some editions have *We'll*.

Some speedy messenger bid her repair
To our solemnity: I trust we shall,
If not fill up the measure of her will,
Yet in some measure satisfy her so,
That we shall stop her exclamation.
Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,
To this unlook'd-for unprepared pomp.

[*Exeunt all but the Bastard.—The Citizens retire from the walls.*]

Bast. Mad world! mad kings! mad composition!
John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed with a part:
And France, whose armour conscience buckled on,
Whom zeal and charity brought to the field,
As God's own soldier, rounded in the ear
With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil;
That broker that still breaks the pate of faith;
That daily break-vow; he that wins of all,
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids;—
Who having no external thing to lose
But the word maid, cheats the poor maid of that;
That smooth-faced gentleman, tickling commodity,¹
Commodity, the bias of the world;²
The world, who of itself is peised³ well,
Made to run even; upon even ground;
Till this advantage, this vile drawing bias,
This sway of motion, this commodity,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpose, course, intent:
And this same bias, this commodity,
This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,
Clapp'd on the outward eye of fickle France,
Hath drawn him from his own determin'd aid,
From a resolv'd and honourable war,
To a most base and vile-concluded peace.—
And why rail I on this commodity?
But for because he hath not woo'd me yet:
Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,
When his fair angels would salute my palm:
But for my hand, as unattempted yet,
Like a poor beggar, railleth on the rich.
Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail,
And say,—there is no sin but to be rich;
And being rich, my virtue then shall be,
To say,—there is no vice but beggary:
Since kings break faith upon commodity,
Gain, be my lord! for I will worship thee.

[*Exit.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The same. The French King's Tent.*

Enter CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, and SALISBURY.

Const. Gone to be married! gone to swear a peace!
False blood to false blood join'd! Gone to be friends!
Shall Lewis have Blanch? and Blanch those provinces?
It is not so; thou hast misspoke, misheard;
Be well advis'd, tell o'er thy tale again:
It cannot be; thou dost but say, 'tis so:
I trust I may not trust thee; for thy word

¹ *Commodity*—interest.

² *Bias of the world.* The allusion to the *bias* in a *bowl* is very happily kept up. The world is of itself well balanced—fit to run even; but the bias interest, the sway of motion,

“Makes it take head from all indifferency.”

In “Cupid's Whirligig” (1607) we have, “O, the world is like a bias bowl, and it runs all on the rich men's sides.”

Peised—poised.

Is but the vain breath of a common man:
Believe me, I do not believe thee, man;
I have a king's oath to the contrary.
Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frightening me,
For I am sick, and capable of fears;
Oppress'd with wrongs, and therefore full of fears;
A widow, husbandless, subject to fears;
A woman, naturally born to fears;
And though thou now confess thou didst but jest
With my vex'd spirits, I cannot take a truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day.
What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?
Why dost thou look so sadly on my son?
What means that hand upon that breast of thine?
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?
Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words?
Then speak again; not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

Sal. As true, as, I believe, you think them false,
That give you cause to prove my saying true.

Const. O, if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,
Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die;
And let belief and life encounter so,
As doth the fury of two desperate men,
Which, in the very meeting, fall, and die.—
Lewis marry Blanch! O, boy, then where art thou?
France friend with England! what becomes of me?—
Fellow, be gone: I cannot brook thy sight;
This news hath made thee a most ugly man.

Sal. What other harm have I, good lady, done,
But spoke the harm that is by others done?

Const. Which harm within itself so heinous is,
As it makes harmful all that speak of it.

Arth. I do beseech you, madam, be content.

Const. If thou, that bidd'st me be content, wert grim,
Ugly, and sland'rous to thy mother's womb,
Full of unpleasing blots and sightless⁴ stains,
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,⁵
Patch'd with foul moles and eye-offending marks,
I would not care, I then would be content;
For then I should not love thee; no, nor thou
Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown.
But thou art fair; and at thy birth, dear boy,
Nature and fortune join'd to make thee great:
Of Nature's gifts thou may'st with lilies boast,
And with the half-blown rose: but fortune, O!
She is corrupted, chang'd, and won from thee;
She adulterates hourly with thy uncle John;
And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on France
To tread down fair respect of sovereignty,
And made his majesty the bawd to theirs.
France is a bawd to fortune, and king John;
That strumpet fortune, that usurping John:—
Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn?
Envenom him with words; or get thee gone,
And leave those woes alone, which I alone
Am bound to under-bear.

Sal. Pardon me, madam,
I may not go without you to the kings.

Const. Thou may'st, thou shalt, I will not go with thee:
I will instruct my sorrows to be proud:
For grief is proud, and makes his owner stoop.⁶

⁴ *Sightless*—the opposite of sightly.

⁵ *Prodigious*—preternatural.

⁶ *Stoop.* Mr. Dyce and some others adopt what is called an “emendation” by Hammer:—

“For grief is proud, and makes his owner stout.”

The meaning of the passage appears to us briefly thus:—Constance refuses to go with Salisbury to the kings—she will instruct her sorrows to be proud; for grief is proud in spirit, even while it bows down the body of its owner. The commentators substitute and defend the word “stout” because they received *stoop* in

To me, and to the state of my great grief,
Let kings assemble; for my grief's so great
That no supporter but the huge firm earth
Can hold it up: here I and sorrows sit;
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.
[*She throws herself on the ground.*]

Enter KING JOHN, KING PHILIP, LEWIS, BLANCH, ELINOR,
Bastard, AUSTRIA, and Attendants.

K. Phi. 'Tis true, fair daughter; and this blessed day,
Ever in France shall be kept festival:
To solemnize this day, the glorious sun
Stays in his course, and plays the alchymist;
Turning, with splendour of his precious eye,
The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold:
The yearly course that brings this day about
Shall never see it but a holyday.

Const. A wicked day, and not a holyday!— [Rising.
What hath this day deserv'd? what hath it done,
That it in golden letters should be set,
Among the high tides, in the kalendar?

Nay, rather, turn this day out of the week;
This day of shame, oppression, perjury:
Or, if it must stand still, let wives with child
Pray, that their burdens may not fall this day,
Lest that their hopes prodigiously be cross'd;
But on¹ this day, let seamen fear no wrack;
No bargains break, that are not this day made:
This day, all things begun come to ill end;
Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change!

K. Phi. By heaven, lady, you shall have no cause
To curse the fair proceedings of this day.
Have I not pawn'd to you my majesty?

Const. You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit,
Resembling majesty; which, being touch'd, and tried,
Proves valueless: You are forsworn, forsworn;
You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,
But now in arms you strengthen it with yours:
The grappling vigour and rough frown of war
Is cold, in amity and painted peace,
And our oppression hath made up this league:—
Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjur'd kings!
A widow cries; be husband to me, heavens!
Let not the hours of this ungodly day
Wear out the day in peace; but, ere sunset,
Set armed discord 'twixt these perjur'd kings!
Hear me, O, hear me!

Aust. Lady Constance, peace.

Const. War! war! no peace! peace is to me a war.
O Lymoges! O Austria! thou dost shame
That bloody spoil: Thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward;
Thou little valiant, great in villainy!
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!
Thou fortune's champion, that dost never fight
But when her humorous ladyship is by
To teach thee safety! thou art perjur'd too,
And sooth'st up greatness. What a fool art thou,
A ramping fool; to brag, and stamp, and swear,
Upon my party! Thou cold-blooded slave,
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side?
Been sworn my soldier? Bidding me depend
Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength?
And dost thou now fall over to my foes?

Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,
And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Aust. O, that a man should speak those words to me!

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Aust. Thou dar'st not say so, villain, for thy life.

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

K. John. We like not this; thou dost forget thyself.

Enter PANDULPH.

K. Phi. Here comes the holy legate of the pope.

Pand. Hail, you anointed deputies of heaven!—
To thee, King John, my holy errand is.
I, Pandulph, of fair Milan cardinal,
And from Pope Innocent the legate here,
Do, in his name, religiously demand,
Why thou against the church, our holy mother,
So wilfully dost spurn; and, force perforce,
Keep Stephen Langton, chosen archbishop
Of Canterbury, from that holy see?
This, in our 'foresaid holy father's name,
Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.

K. John. What earthly name to interrogatories
Can task the free breath of a sacred king?
Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name
So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,
To charge me to an answer, as the pope.
Tell him this tale; and from the mouth of England,
Add thus much more,—That no Italian priest
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions;
But as we under heaven are supreme head,
So, under him, that great supremacy,
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,
Without the assistance of a mortal hand:
So tell the pope; all reverence set apart,
To him, and his usurp'd authority.

K. Phi. Brother of England, you blaspheme in this.

K. John. Though you, and all the kings of Christendom,
Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,
Dreading the curse that money may buy out;
And, by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,
Who, in that sale, sells pardon from himself;
Though you, and all the rest, so grossly led,
This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish;
Yet I, alone, alone do me oppose
Against the pope, and count his friends my foes.

Pand. Then by the lawful power that I have,
Thou shalt stand curs'd, and excommunicate:
And blessed shall he be, that doth revolt
From his allegiance to an heretic;
And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,
Canonized, and worshipp'd as a saint,
That takes away by any secret course
Thy hateful life.

Const. O, lawful let it be,
That I have room with Rome² to curse awhile!
Good father cardinal, cry thou, amen,
To my keen curses: for, without my wrong,
There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.

Pand. There's law and warrant, lady, for my curse.

Const. And for mine too; when law can do no right,
Let it be lawful, that law bar no wrong;
Law cannot give my child his kingdom here;

the sense of submission. Constance continues the fine image throughout her speech:—

"To me, and to the state of my great grief,
Let kings assemble;"

here grief is "proud."

"Here I and sorrows sit;"

here grief "makes his owner stoop," and leaves the physical power "no sup-
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porter but the huge firm earth." A valued friend, for whose opinion we have the highest regard, has no doubt that *stoop* is the word, but that the meaning is, makes its owner stoop to it—to grief. He thinks that the *and* joins and assimilates the two clauses of the sentence, instead of contrasting and separating them. At any rate, we cannot but choose to abide by the restoration.

¹ But on—except on.

² Room with Rome. Rome was formerly pronounced *room*; and Shakspeare indulges in a play upon words, even when the utterer is strongly moved.

For he that holds his kingdom holds the law :
Therefore, since law itself is perfect wrong,
How can the law forbid my tongue to curse ?

Pand. Philip of France, on peril of a curse,
Let go the hand of that arch-heretic ;
And raise the power of France upon his head,
Unless he do submit himself to Rome.

Eli. Look'st thou pale, France ? do not let go thy hand.

Const. Look to that, devil ! lest that France repent,
And, by disjoining hands, hell lose a soul.

Aust. King Philip, listen to the cardinal.

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on his recreant limbs.

Aust. Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these wrongs,
Because—

Bast. Your breeches best may carry them.

K. John. Philip, what say'st thou to the cardinal ?

Const. What should he say, but as the cardinal ?

Lew. Bethink you, father ; for the difference
Is, purchase of a heavy curse from Rome,
Or the light loss of England for a friend :
Forego the easier.

Blanch. That's the curse of Rome.

Const. O Lewis, stand fast ; the devil tempts thee here,
In likeness of a new untrimmed bride.

Blanch. The lady Constance speaks not from her faith,
But from her need.

Const. O, if thou grant my need,
Which only lives but by the death of faith,
That need must needs infer this principle,—
That faith would live again by death of need ;
O, then, tread down my need, and faith mounts up ;
Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down.

K. John. The king is mov'd, and answers not to this.

Const. O, be remov'd from him, and answer well.

Aust. Do so, King Philip ; hang no more in doubt.

Bast. Hang nothing but a calf's-skin, most sweet lout.

K. Phi. I am perplex'd, and know not what to say.

Pand. What canst thou say, but will perplex thee more,
If thou stand excommunicate, and curs'd ?

K. Phi. Good reverend father, make my person yours,
And tell me how you would bestow yourself.

This royal hand and mine are newly knit :

And the conjunction of our inward souls

Married in league, coupled and link'd together

With all religious strength of sacred vows.

The latest breath that gave the sound of words

Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true love,

Between our kingdoms, and our royal selves ;

And even before this truce, but new before,—

No longer then we well could wash our hands,

To clap this royal bargain up of peace,—

Heaven knows, they were besmear'd and overstain'd

With slaughter's pencil ; where revenge did paint

The fearful difference of incensed kings :

And shall these hands, so lately purg'd of blood,

So newly join'd in love, so strong in both,

Unyoke this seizure, and this kind regret ?

Play fast and loose with faith ? so jest with heaven,

Make such unconstant children of ourselves,

As now again to snatch our palm from palm ;

Unswear faith sworn ; and on the marriage bed

Of smiling peace to march a bloody host,
And make a riot on the gentle brow
Of true sincerity ? O, holy sir,
My reverend father, let it not be so :
Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose
Some gentle order ; and then we shall be bless'd
To do your pleasure, and continue friends.

Pand. All form is formless, order orderless,
Save what is opposite to England's love.
Therefore, to arms ! be champion of our church !
Or let the church, our mother, breathe her curse,
A mother's curse, on her revolting son.
France, thou may'st hold a serpent by the tongue,
A chased lion¹ by the mortal paw,
A fasting tiger safer by the tooth,
Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.

K. Phi. I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith.

Pand. So mak'st thou faith an enemy to faith ;
And, like a civil war, set'st oath to oath,
Thy tongue against thy tongue. O, let thy vow
First made to heaven, first be to heaven perform'd ;
That is, to be the champion of our church !
What since thou swor'st is sworn against thyself,
And may not be performed by thyself :
For that which thou hast sworn to do amiss
Is not amiss when it is truly done ;
And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
The truth is then most done not doing it
The better act of purposes mistook
Is, to mistake again ; though indirect,
Yet indirection thereby grows direct,
And falsehood falsehood cures ; as fire cools fire,
Within the scorched veins of one new burn'd.
It is religion that doth make vows kept ;
But thou hast sworn against religion
By what thou swear'st against the thing thou swear'st ;
And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth
Against an oath : The truth thou art unsure
To swear, swears only² not to be forsworn ;
Else, what a mockery should it be to swear !
But thou dost swear only to be forsworn ;
And most forsworn, to keep what thou dost swear.
Therefore, thy later vows, against thy first,
Is in thyself rebellion to thyself :
And better conquest never canst thou make,
Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts
Against these giddy loose suggestions :
Upon which better part our prayers come in,
If thou vouchsafe them : but, if not, then know,
The peril of our curses light on thee
So heavy, as thou shalt not shake them off,
But, in despair, die under their black weight.

Aust. Rebellion, flat rebellion !

Bast. Will't not be ?

Will not a calf's-skin stop that mouth of thine ?

Lew. Father, to arms !

Blanch. Upon thy wedding-day ?
Against the blood that thou hast married ?
What, shall our feast be kept with slaughter'd men ?
Shall braying trumpets, and loud churlish drums,
Clamours of hell, be measures³ to our pomp !

¹ *A chased lion.* We have ventured here upon a slight change. The original reads, "*a cased lion*," which is supposed to mean a lion in a cage. The image is, strictly taken, weakened, if not destroyed, by this epithet ; for the paw of a confined lion is often held with impunity. And yet *cased* may mean irritated by confinement. Some would read "*chafed*." The very pardonable insertion of an *h* presents us a noble picture of a hunted lion at bay. The emendation, though proposed by one of the first editors, has not been adopted. We think we have to choose, rejecting *cased*, between *chased* and *chafed*. Mr. Dyce prefers *chafed*, and gives a very satisfactory reason for his preference in quoting Henry VIII., Act III. Sc. II. :—

"So looks the *chafed* lion
Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him."

But even here the very context proves that we might read *chased* ; the confusion arising from the use of the long *f*, so like an *f*.

Swears only. The entire speech of Pandolph is full of verbal subtleties, which render the intricate reasoning more intricate. The poet unquestionably meant to produce this effect. We have restored the reading of one of the most difficult passages :—

"The truth thou art unsure
To swear, *swears* only not to be forsworn."

Several modern editions read *swear*. The meaning seems to be this :—The truth—that is, the *truth*, for which you have made an oath the surety, against thy former oath to heaven—this truth, which it was unsure to swear—which you violate your surety in swearing—has only been sworn—swears only—not to be forsworn ; but it is sworn against a former oath, which is more binding, because it was an oath to religion—to the principle upon which all oaths are made.

³ *Measures*—solemn dances.

O husband, hear me!—ah, alack, how new
Is husband in my mouth!—even for that name,
Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,
Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms
Against mine uncle.

Const. O, upon my knee,
Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,
Thou virtuous Dauphin, alter not the doom
Fore-thought by heaven.

Blanch. Now shall I see thy love. What motive may
Be stronger with thee than the name of wife?

Const. That which upholdeth him that thee upholds,
His honour: O, thine honour, Lewis, thine honour!

Lew. I muse, your majesty doth seem so cold,
When such profound respects do pull you on.

Pand. I will denounce a curse upon his head.

K. Phi. Thou shalt not need:—England, I will fall from
thee.

Const. O fair return of banish'd majesty!

Eli. O foul revolt of French inconstancy!

K. John. France, thou shalt rue this hour within this
hour.

Bast. Old time, the clock-setter, that bald sexton time,
Is it as he will? well then, France shall rue.

Blanch. The sun's o'erblast with blood: Fair day adieu!
Which is the side that I must go withal?

I am with both: each army hath a hand;

And, in their rage, I having hold of both,

They whirl asunder, and dismember me.

Husband, I cannot pray that thou may'st win;

Uncle, I needs must pray that thou may'st lose;

Father, I may not wish the fortune thine;

Grandame, I will not wish thy wishes thrive:

Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose;

Assured loss, before the match be play'd.

Lew. Lady, with me; with me thy fortune lies.

Blanch. There where my fortune lives, there my life
dies.

K. John. Cousin, go draw our puissance together.—

[Exit Bastard.]

France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath;
A rage whose heat hath this condition,
That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,
The blood, and dearest-valued blood, of France.

K. Phi. Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou shalt turn
To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire:
Look to thyself, thou art in jeopardy.

K. John. No more than he that threatens.—To arms let's
hie!

[Exit.]

SCENE II.—*The same.* Plains near Angiers.

Alarums; Excursions. Enter the Bastard, with AUSTRIA'S
Head.

Bast. Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous hot:
Some airy devil hovers in the sky,
And pours down mischief. Austria's head, lie there;
While Philip breathes.

Enter KING JOHN, ARTHUR, and HUBERT.

K. John. Hubert, keep this boy:—Philip, make up:
My mother is assailed in our tent,
And ta'en, I fear.

Bast. My lord, I rescued her;
Her highness is in safety, fear you not;
But on, my liege; for very little pains
Will bring this labour to a happy end.

[Exit.]

SCENE III.—*The same.*

Alarums; Excursions; Retreat. Enter KING JOHN,
ELINOR, ARTHUR, the Bastard, HUBERT, and Lords.

K. John. So shall it be; your grace shall stay behind,
[To ELINOR.]
So strongly guarded.—Cousin, look not sad:

[To ARTHUR.]

Thy grandame loves thee; and thy uncle will
As dear be to thee as thy father was.

Arth. O, this will make my mother die with grief.

K. John. Cousin, [to the Bastard.] away for England;
haste before:

And, ere our coming, see thou shake the bags
Of hoarding abbots; imprison'd angels
Set thou¹ at liberty; the fat ribs of peace
Must by the hungry now be fed upon:
Use our commission in his utmost force.

Bast. Bell, book, and candle shall not drive me back,^a
When gold and silver beckons me to come on.

I leave your highness:—Grandame, I will pray

(If ever I remember to be holy,)

For your fair safety; so I kiss your hand.

Eli. Farewell, gentle cousin.

K. John. Coz, farewell.

[Exit Bastard.]

Eli. Come hither, little kinsman; hark, a word.

[She takes ARTHUR aside.]

K. John. Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,
We owe thee much; within this wall of flesh
There is a soul counts thee her creditor,
And with advantage means to pay thy love:
And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.
Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,—
But I will fit it with some better tune.²
By heaven, Hubert, I am almost ashamed
To say what good respect I have of thee.

Hub. I am much bounden to your majesty.

K. John. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet:
But thou shalt have: and creep time ne'er so slow,
Yet it shall come for me to do thee good.
I had a thing to say,—But let it go:
The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,
Attended with the pleasures of the world,
Is all too wanton and too full of gawds,
To give me audience:—If the midnight bell
Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
Sound on³ into the drowsy race of night;

precisely determining the hour, which was already determined by the word "midnight." But was the "midnight bell" the bell of a clock? Was it not rather the bell which called the monks to their "morning lauds," and which, according to the regulations of Dunstan, was ordinarily to be rung before every office? In Dunstan's "Concord of Rules," quoted by Fosbrooke, the hours for the first services of the day are thus stated:—

"Mattins and Lauds, midnight.
Prime, 6 A.M."

It is added, "If the office of Lauds be finished by day-break, as is fit, let them begin Prime without ringing; if not, let them wait for day-light, and, ringing the bell, assemble for Prime." It must, however, be noticed, that when Bernardo describes the appearance of the Ghost in Hamlet he marks the time by "the bell then beating one." In this instance the word is spelt *one* (not *on*) both in the early quartos and in the folio of 1623.

¹ Set thou. Theobald introduced *thou*.

² Better tune. The old copy reads *tune*. Pope corrected this to *time*. We are by no means sure that the change was called for. The "tune" with which John expresses his willingness "to fit" the thing he had to say is a bribe; he now only gives flattery and a promise. "The *time*" for saying "the thing" is discussed in the subsequent portion of John's speech.

³ Sound on. So the original. But *on* and *one* were often spelt alike; and therefore the passage must be determined by other principles than that of fidelity to the text. Which is the more poetical,

"Sound *on* into the drowsy race of night,"

or "sound *one*?" Shakspeare, it appears to us, has made the idea of time precise enough by the "midnight bell;" and the addition of "one" is either a contradiction or a pleonasm, to which form of words he was not given. "The midnight bell" sounding "on, into" (or unto, for the words were used convertibly) the drowsy march, race, of night, seems to us far more poetical than

If this same were a church-yard where we stand,
And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs;
Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,
Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy, thick,
(Which, else, runs tickling up and down the veins,
Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes,
And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,
A passion hateful to my purposes;)
Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes,
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, using conceit alone,
Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words
Then, in despite of brooded watchful day,
I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts:
But ah, I will not:—Yet I love thee well;
And, by my troth, I think, thou lov'st me well.

Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
Though that my death were adjunct to my act,
By heaven, I would do it.

K. John. Do not I know thou wouldst?
Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye
On yon young boy: I'll tell thee what, my friend,
He is a very serpent in my way;
And wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread
He lies before me: Dost thou understand me?
Thou art his keeper.

Hub. And I'll keep him so,
That he shall not offend your majesty.

K. John. Death.

Hub. My lord?

K. John. A grave.

Hub. He shall not live.

K. John. Enough.

I could be merry now: Hubert, I love thee.
Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee:
Remember.—Madam, fare you well:
I'll send those powers o'er to your majesty.

Eli. My blessing go with thee!

K. John. For England, cousin, go:
Hubert shall be your man, attend on you
With all true duty.—On toward Calais, ho! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The same. The French King's Tent.*

Enter KING PHILIP, LEWIS, PANDULPH, and Attendants.

K. Phi. So, by a roaring tempest on the flood,
A whole armado of convicted¹ sail
Is scatter'd and disjoin'd from fellowship.

Pand. Courage and comfort! all shall yet go well.

K. Phi. What can go well, when we have run so ill?
Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost?
Arthur ta'en prisoner? divers dear friends slain?
And bloody England into England gone,
O'erbearing interruption, spite of France?

Lew. What he hath won that hath he fortified
So hot a speed with such advice dispos'd,
Such temperate order in so fierce a cause,
Doth want example: Who hath read, or heard,
Of any kindred action like to this?

K. Phi. Well could I bear that England had this praise,
So we could find some pattern of our shame.

Enter CONSTANCE.

Look, who comes here! a grave unto a soul;
Holding the eternal spirit, against her will,

In the vile prison of afflicted breath:—
I pr'ythee, lady, go away with me.

Const. Lo, now! now see the issue of your peace!

K. Phi. Patience, good lady! comfort, gentle Constance!

Const. No, I defy all counsel, all redress,
But that which ends all counsel, true redress.
Death, death, O amiable lovely death!

Thou odoriferous stench! sound rottenness!

Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,

Thou hate and terror to prosperity,

And I will kiss thy detestable bones;

And put my eye-balls in thy vaulty brows;

And ring these fingers with thy household worms;

And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust,

And be a carrion monster like thyself:

Come, grin on me; and I will think thou smil'st;

And buss thee as thy wife! Misery's love,

O, come to me!

K. Phi. O fair affliction, peace!

Const. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry:—

O, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth!

Then with a passion would I shake the world;

And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy,

Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,

Which scorns a modern² invocation.

Pand. Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.

Const. Thou art not³ holy to belie me so;

I am not mad: this hair I tear is mine;

My name is Constance; I was Geoffrey's wife;

Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost:

I am not mad;—I would to heaven, I were!

For then 'tis like I should forget myself:

O, if I could, what grief should I forget!

Preach some philosophy to make me mad,

And thou shalt be canoniz'd, cardinal;

For, being not mad but sensible of grief,

My reasonable part produces reason

How I may be deliver'd of these woes,

And teaches me to kill or hang myself:

If I were mad, I should forget my son;

Or madly think a babe of clouts were he:

I am not mad; too well, too well I feel

The different plague of each calamity.

K. Phi. Bind up those tresses: O, what love I note

In the fair multitude of those her hairs!

Where but by chance a silver drop hath fallen,

Even to that drop ten thousand wiry friends

Do glue themselves in sociable grief;

Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,

Sticking together in calamity.

Const. To England, if you will.

K. Phi.

Bind up your hairs.

Const. Yes, that I will; and wherefore will I do it?

I tore them from their bonds; and cried aloud,

O that these hands could so redeem my son,

As they have given these hairs their liberty!

But now I even envy at their liberty,

And will again commit them to their bonds

Because my poor child is a prisoner.

And, father cardinal, I have heard you say,

That we shall see and know our friends in heaven:

If that be true, I shall see my boy again;

For, since the birth of Cain, the first male child,

To him that did but yesterday suspire,

There was not such a gracious creature born.

But now will canker sorrow eat my bud,

And chase the native beauty from his cheek,

And he will look as hollow as a ghost;

¹ *Convicted*—overpowered. Mr. Dyce suggests *convected*, from the Latin *convectus*.

² We give the reading of the original. Thus, in *The Merchant of Venice*—

“Full of wise saws and *modern* instances.”

But the sentence is weak, and a slight change would make it powerful. We may read “a *mother's* invocation” with little violence to the text; *moder's* (the old spelling) might have been easily mistaken for *modern*.

³ *Not* is wanting in the original.

As dim and meagre as an ague's fit :
And so he'll die ; and, rising so again,
When I shall meet him in the court of heaven
I shall not know him : therefore never, never
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

Pand. You hold too heinous a respect of grief.

Const. He talks to me that never had a son.

K. Phi. You are as fond of grief, as of your child.

Const. Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form ;
Then, have I reason to be fond of grief.
Fare you well : had you such a loss as I,
I could give better comfort than you do.—
I will not keep this form upon my head,
[*Tearing off her head-dress.*]

When there is such disorder in my wit.

O lord ! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son !

My life, my joy, my food, my all the world !

My widow-comfort, and my sorrows' cure ! [Exit.

K. Phi. I fear some outrage, and I'll follow her. [Exit.

Lew. There's nothing in this world can make me joy :
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man ;
And bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet world's taste,¹
That it yields naught but shame and bitterness.

Pand. Before the curing of a strong disease,
Even in the instant of repair and health,
The fit is strongest ; evils, that take leave,
On their departure most of all show evil :
What have you lost by losing of this day ?

Lew. All days of glory, joy, and happiness.

Pand. If you had won it, certainly, you had.
No, no : when fortune means to men most good,
She looks upon them with a threatening eye.
'Tis strange to think how much King John hath lost
In this which he accounts so clearly won :
Are you not griev'd that Arthur is his prisoner ?

Lew. As heartily as he is glad he hath him.

Pand. Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.
Now hear me speak, with a prophetic spirit ;
For even the breath of what I mean to speak
Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub,
Out of the path which shall directly lead
Thy foot to England's throne ; and, therefore, mark.
John hath seiz'd Arthur ; and it cannot be,
That, whiles warm life plays in that infant's veins,
The misplac'd John should entertain an hour,
One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest :
A sceptre, snatch'd with an unruly hand,
Must be as boisterously maintain'd as gain'd :
And he that stands upon a slippery place
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up :
That John may stand then Arthur needs must fall ;
So be it, for it cannot be but so.

Lew. But what shall I gain by young Arthur's fall ?

Pand. You, in the right of lady Blanch your wife,
May then make all the claim that Arthur did.

Lew. And lose it, life and all, as Arthur did.

Pand. How green you are, and fresh in this old world !
John lays you plots ; the times conspire with you :
For he that steeps his safety in true blood
Shall find but bloody safety, and untrue.

This act, so evilly born, shall cool the hearts
Of all his people, and freeze up their zeal,
That none so small advantage shall step forth,
To check his reign, but they will cherish it ;
No natural exhalation in the sky,
No scope of nature,² no distemper'd day,
No common wind, no customary event,
But they will pluck away his natural cause,
And call them meteors, prodigies, and signs,
Abortives, presages, and tongues of heaven,
Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John.

Lew. May be, he will not touch young Arthur's life,
But hold himself safe in his prisonment.

Pand. O, sir, when he shall hear of your approach,
If that young Arthur be not gone already,
Even at that news he dies : and then the hearts
Of all his people shall revolt from him,
And kiss the lips of unacquainted change ;
And pick strong matter of revolt, and wrath,
Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John.

Methinks, I see this hurly all on foot ;
And, O, what better matter breeds for you,
Than I have nam'd !—The bastard Faulconbridge
Is now in England, ransacking the church,
Offending charity : If but a dozen French
Were there in arms, they would be as a call
To train ten thousand English to their side ;
Or, as a little snow tumbled about,
Anon becomes a mountain. O noble Dauphin,
Go with me to the king : 'Tis wonderful,
What may be wrought out of their discontent,
Now that their souls are topfull of offence.
For England go ; I will whet on the king.

Lew. Strong reasons make strange⁴ actions : Let us go ;
If you say ay, the king will not say no. [Exeunt.

RECENT NEW READING.

Sc. II. p. 462.—“Some *airy* devil hovers in the sky.”

“Some *fiery* devil hovers in the sky.”—*Collier.*

The first folio has *uery* devil. *Fiery*, says Mr. Collier, we may feel confident, was the word of the poet, and which is so consistent with the context. Mr. Collier adds, “Percy quotes Burton's ‘Anatomy of Melancholy,’ where, among other things, it is said, ‘fiery spirits or devils, are such as commonly work by blazing stars,’ &c.” We venture to think that Mr. Collier carries his advocacy too far when he quotes what Burton says of “fiery devils,” and there stops, although Percy continues the quotation :—“Aerial spirits, or devils, are such as keep quarter most part in the air ; cause many tempests, thunder and lightning ; tear oaks ; fire steeples ; strike men and beasts ; make it rain stones, as in Livy's time.” We turn to Burton, and find in another place, where he says of this class that pour down mischief, “Paul to the Ephesians calls them forms of the *air*.” Shakspeare knew this curious learning from the Schoolmen ; but the Corrector knew nothing about it.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Northampton. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter HUBERT and two Attendants.

Hub. Heat me these irons hot ; and, look thou stand
Within the arras : when I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,
And bind the boy, which you shall find with me,
Fast to the chair :³ be heedful : hence, and watch.

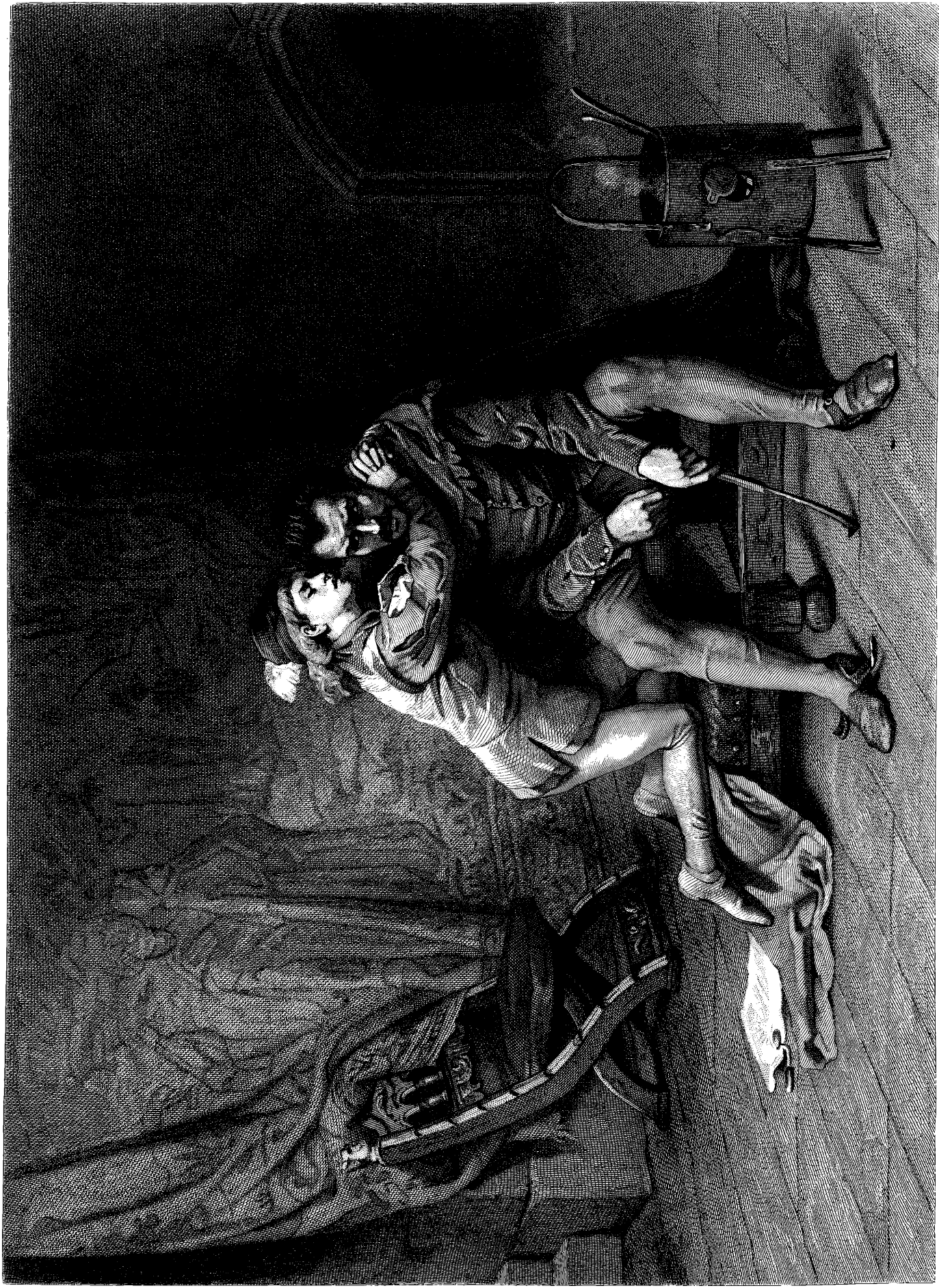
¹ *Attend.* I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.

¹ *Sweet world's taste.* Pope made this correction from the “sweet word's taste” of the original.

² *No scope of nature.* Some of the modern editions read, contrary to the original, *scope* (escape) of nature. The scope of nature—the ordinary course of nature—appears to us to convey the poet's meaning much better. An escape of nature is a prodigy. Shakspeare says, the commonest things will be called “abortives.” A *scope* is what is seen—according to its derivation—as a phenomenon is what appears. They are the same thing.

³ *A call.* The caged birds which lure the wild ones to the net are termed by fowlers “call-birds.” The image in the text is more probably derived from a term of falconry.

⁴ *Strange.* So the reading of the first folio. It has been generally altered into *strong*. The old reading restored gives us a deep observation instead of an epigrammatic one. Strong reasons make, that is, justify, a large deviation from common courses.



L. PINXT

D. DESVACHEZ

PRINCE ARTHUR AND HUBERT
(KING IN.)



Hub. Uncleanly scruples! Fear not you: look to't.—
[*Exeunt Attendants.*]
Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

Enter ARTHUR.

Arth. Good morrow, Hubert.

Hub. Good morrow, little prince.

Arth. As little prince (having so great a title
To be more prince,) as may be.—You are sad.

Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.

Arth. Mercy on me!

Methinks, nobody should be sad but I:
Yet, I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness. By my christendom,¹
So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,
I should be as merry as the day is long;
And so I would be here, but that I doubt
My uncle practises more harm to me:
He is afraid of me, and I of him:
Is it my fault that I was Geoffrey's son?
No, indeed, is't not; And I would to heaven
I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

Hub. If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead:
Therefore I will be sudden, and dispatch. [*Aside.*]

Arth. Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to-day:
In sooth, I would you were a little sick;
That I might sit all night, and watch with you:
I warrant I love you more than you do me.

Hub. His words do take possession of my bosom.—
Read here, young Arthur. [*Showing a paper.*] How now,
foolish rheum! [*Aside.*]

Turning despiteous torture out of door!
I must be brief; lest resolution drop
Out at mine eyes, in tender womanish tears.
Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?

Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect:
Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?

Hub. Young boy, I must.

Arth. And will you?

Hub. And I will.

Arth. Have you the heart? When your head did but
ache,

I knit my hand-kercher about your brows,²
(The best I had, a princess wrought it me,)
And I did never ask it you again:
And with my hand at midnight held your head;
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time;
Saying, What lack you? and, Where lies your grief?
Or, What good love may I perform for you?
Many a poor man's son would have lain still,
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
But you at your sick service had a prince.
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,
And call it, cunning; do, an if you will:
If heaven be pleas'd that you must use me ill,
Why, then you must.—Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes, that never did, nor never shall,
So much as frown on you?

¹ *Christendom.* Arthur prettily asseverates by the baptismal office—by his christening. The word is used in this sense in All's Well that Ends Well; and it is found in Gower:—

“A light, as though it was a sonne
From heaven, into the place come,
Where that he toke his christendome.”

² *Hand-kercher.* The spelling of the original is thus. In Othello we have *handkerchiefe*, in the folio of 1623; but *handkercher* in the quarto. The words were used indifferently in Shakspeare's day.

³ *Heat*, used as a participle, as in our translation of the Bible: “He commanded that they should heat the furnace one seven times more than it was wont to be *heat*.” (DANIEL.)

Hub. I have sworn to do it;
And with hot irons must I burn them out.

Arth. Ah, none, but in this iron age, would do it!
The iron of itself, though heat³ red-hot,
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,
And quench his fiery indignation,
Even in the matter of mine innocence;
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron?
An if an angel should have come to me,
And told me, Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believ'd him.⁴ No tongue but Hubert's—

Hub. Come forth. [*Stamps.*]

Re-enter Attendants, with Cords, Irons, &c.

Do as I bid you.

Arth. O, save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are out,
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

Arth. Alas, what need you be so boist'rous-rough?
I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.
For heaven⁵ sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!
Nay, hear me, Hubert! drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;
I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angerly:
Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go, stand within; let me alone with him.

Attend. I am best pleas'd to be from such a deed.

[*Exeunt Attendants.*]

Arth. Alas! I then have chid away my friend;
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart:—
Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

Arth. Is there no remedy?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.

Arth. O heaven!—that there were but a mote in yours,
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense!
Then, feeling what small things are boist'rous there,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promise? go to, hold your tongue.

Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes.
Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, Hubert!
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes. O, spare mine eyes;
Though to no use, but still to look on you!
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,
And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

Arth. No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with grief,
Being create for comfort, to be us'd
In undeserv'd extremes: See else yourself;
There is no malice in this burning coal;⁶
The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,
And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

⁴ *I would not have believ'd him.* So the reading of the original. In some modern editions we have—

“I would not have believ'd no tongue but Hubert's.”

The double negative is quite justifiable here; but the rejection of *him* weakens the line; and, as usual, may be traced to the ear of Steevens, which regarded what he called a redundant syllable as a foul weed in the garden of poetry. Shakspeare made abundant work for his unsparing hoe. As we have pointed the passage, Arthur begins a fresh sentence, which is interrupted by Hubert stamping. He is about to say, “No tongue but Hubert's” would have made me believe it.

⁵ *Heaven.* So the original.

⁶ *In this burning coal.* Dr. Grey, whose remarks are generally just as well as learned, would read—

“There is no malice burning in this coal.”

Arth. And, if you do, you will but make it blush,
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert :
Nay, it, perchance, will sparkle in your eyes ;
And, like a dog that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his master that doth tarre¹ him on.
All things that you should use to do me wrong
Deny their office : only you do lack
That mercy which fierce fire and iron extends,
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.

Hub. Well, see to live ; I will not touch thine eyes
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes ;
Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very iron to burn them out.

Arth. O, now you look like Hubert ! all this while
You were disguised.

Hub. Peace : no more. Adieu ;
Your uncle must not know but you are dead :
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports.
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless, and secure,
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

Arth. O heaven !—I thank you, Hubert.

Hub. Silence ; no more : Go closely in with me.
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [Exit.

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room of State in the Palace.*

Enter KING JOHN, crowned ; PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, and
other Lords. The King takes his State.

K. John. Here once again we sit, once again crown'd,
And look'd upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.

Pem. This once again, but that your highness pleas'd,
Was once superfluous : you were crown'd before,
And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off ;
The faiths of men ne'er stained with revolt ;
Fresh expectation troubled not the land,
With any long'd-for change, or better state.

Sal. Therefore, to be possess'd with double pomp,
To guard a title² that was rich before,
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful, and ridiculous excess.

Pem. But that your royal pleasure must be done,
This act is as an ancient tale new told ;
And, in the last repeating, troublesome,
Being urged at a time unseasonable.

Sal. In this, the antique and well-noted face
Of plain old form is much disfigured ;
And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about ;
Startles and frights consideration ;
Makes sound opinion sick, and truth suspected,
For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.

Pem. When workmen strive to do better than well,
They do confound their skill in covetousness :
And, oftentimes, excusing of a fault
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse ;

¹ *Tarre.* Tooke derives this from a Saxon word, meaning to exasperate. Others think that it has only reference to the custom of exciting terriers—*tarriers*.

² *Guard a title.* The *guard* is the border or edging of a garment—the boundary—the defence against injury. The manner in which Shakspeare uses the word in Love's Labour's Lost explains it here :—

“Oh, rhymes are *guards* on wanton Cupid's hose.”

The edgings were generally ornamented, and became smart trimmings. In the passage before us the same meaning is preserved :—

“To *guard* a title that was *rich* before.”

³ *When lesser is my fear.* The folio reads, “*then* lesser is my fear.”

⁴ *If, what in rest you have.* Stevens would read *wrest*—violence. This is pure nonsense. But neither does *rest* mean *quiet*, as Malone, Douce, and others agree. The whole scene shows that John did not hold his power in perfect tranquillity.

As patches, set upon a little breach,
Discredit more in hiding of the fault,
Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.

Sal. To this effect, before you were new-crown'd,
We breath'd our counsel : but it pleas'd your highness
To overbear it ; and we are all well pleas'd,
Since all and every part of what we would,
Doth make a stand at what your highness will.

K. John. Some reasons of this double coronation
I have possess'd you with, and think them strong ;
And more, more strong (when lesser is my fear,) ³
I shall indue you with : Meantime, but ask
What you would have reform'd that is not well,
And well shall you perceive how willingly
I will both hear and grant you your requests.

Pem. Then I, (as one that am the tongue of these,
To sound the purposes of all their hearts,)
Both for myself and them, (but, chief of all,
Your safety, for the which myself and them
Bend their best studies,) heartily request
Th' enfranchisement of Arthur ; whose restraint
Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent
To break into this dangerous argument,—
If, what in rest you have⁴ in right you hold,
Why, then, your fears, (which, as they say, attend
The steps of wrong,) should move you to mew up
Your tender kinsman, and to choke his days
With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth
The rich advantage of good exercise ?
That the time's enemies may not have this
To grace occasions, let it be our suit,
That you have bid us ask his liberty ;
Which for our goods we do no further ask,
Than whereupon our weal, on you depending,
Counts it your weal, he have his liberty.

K. John. Let it be so ; I do commit his youth

Enter HUBERT.

To your direction.—Hubert, what news with you

Pem. This is the man should do the bloody deed ;
He show'd his warrant to a friend of mine :
The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye ; that close aspect of his
Does show the mood of a much-troubled breast
And I do fearfully believe, 'tis done
What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.

Sal. The colour of the king doth come and go,
Between his purpose and his conscience,
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set :
His passion is so ripe it needs must break.

Pem. And, when it breaks, I fear, will issue thence
The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.

K. John. We cannot hold mortality's strong hand :—
Good lords, although my will to give is living,
The suit which you demand is gone and dead :
He tells us, Arthur is deceas'd to-night.

Sal. Indeed we fear'd his sickness was past cure.

Pem. Indeed we heard how near his death he was,
Before the child himself felt he was sick :
This must be answer'd, either here, or hence.

Rest is, we take it, here employed to mean a fixed position. To “set up a rest” is a term with which every reader of our old dramatic poets must be familiar. Some have thought that the expression was derived from the manner of fixing the harquebuss—a gun so heavy that the soldier, taking up his position, fixed a *rest* in the ground to enable him to level his piece. But, from a number of examples given by Reed in his edition of Dodsley's Old Plays, we find the same expression constantly used in the game of Primero, in which game, as far as we may judge, the term seems to imply that the player, at a particular point of the game, makes a decided stand upon the chances he fancies he has secured. In a tale told of Henry VIII. (quoted by Reed) we have, “The King, 55 eldest hand, sets up all rests, and discarded flush.” The king was satisfied with his position, and “threw his 55 on the board open, with great laughter, supposing the game (as it was) in a manner sure.” The analogy in the speech of Pembroke is pretty close :—

“If what in *rest* you have in right you hold.”

K. John. Why do you bend such solemn brows on me?
Think you I bear the shears of destiny?
Have I commandment on the pulse of life?

Sal. It is apparent foul-play; and 'tis shame
That greatness should so grossly offer it:
So thrive it in your game! and so farewell.

Pem. Stay yet, lord Salisbury; I'll go with thee,
And find the inheritance of this poor child,
His little kingdom of a forced grave.
That blood, which ow'd the breadth of all this isle,
Three foot of it doth hold. Bad world the while!
This must not be thus borne: this will break out
To all our sorrows, and ere long, I doubt.

[*Exeunt* Lords.]

K. John. They burn in indignation. I repent.
There is no sure foundation set on blood;
No certain life achiev'd by others' death.

Enter a Messenger.

A fearful eye thou hast. Where is that blood,
That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?
So foul a sky clears not without a storm:
Pour down thy weather:—How goes all in France?

Mess. From France to England.—Never such a power
For any foreign preparation,
Was levied in the body of a land!
The copy of your speed is learn'd by them;
For, when you should be told they do prepare,
The tidings come, that they are all arriv'd.

K. John. O, where hath our intelligence been drunk?
Where hath it slept? Where is my mother's care?
That such an army could be drawn in France,
And she not hear of it?

Mess. My liege, her ear
Is stopp'd with dust; the first of April, died
Your noble mother: And, as I hear, my lord,
The lady Constance in a frenzy died
Three days before: but this from rumour's tongue
I idly heard; if true, or false, I know not.

K. John. Withhold thy speed, dreadful occasion!
O, make a league with me, till I have pleas'd
My discontented peers!—What! mother dead?
How wildly then walks my estate in France!—
Under whose conduct came those powers of France,
That thou for truth giv'st out are landed here

Mess. Under the Dauphin.

Enter the Bastard and PETER of Pomfret.

K. John. Thou hast made me giddy
With these ill tidings.—Now, what says the world
To your proceedings? do not seek to stuff
My head with more ill news, for it is full.

Bast. But, if you be afeard to hear the worst,
Then let the worst, unheard, fall on your head.

K. John. Bear with me, cousin; for I was amaz'd
Under the tide: but now I breathe again
Aloft the flood; and can give audience
To any tongue, speak it of what it will.

Bast. How I have sped among the clergymen,
The sums I have collected shall express.
But, as I travell'd hither through the land,
I find the people strangely fantasied;
Possess'd with rumours, full of idle dreams;
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear:

And here's a prophet, that I brought with me
From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his heels;
To whom he sung, in rude harsh-sounding rhymes,
That, ere the next Ascension-day at noon,
Your highness should deliver up your crown.

K. John. Thou idle dreamer, wherefore didst thou so?

Peter. Foreknowing that the truth will fall out so.

K. John. Hubert, away with him; imprison him;
And on that day at noon, whereon, he says,
I shall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd:
Deliver him to safety, and return,
For I must use thee.—O my gentle cousin,

[*Exit* HUBERT, with PETER.]

Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arriv'd?

Bast. The French, my lord; men's mouths are full of it:
Besides, I met lord Bigot, and lord Salisbury,
(With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire,)
And others more, going to seek the grave
Of Arthur, who, they say, is kill'd to-night
On your suggestion.

K. John. Gentle kinsman, go,
And thrust thyself into their companies:
I have a way to win their loves again;
Bring them before me.

Bast. I will seek them out.

K. John. Nay, but make haste: the better foot before.
O, let me have no subject enemies,
When adverse foreigners affright my towns
With dreadful pomp of stout invasion!
Be Mercury, set feathers to thy heels;
And fly, like thought, from them to me again.

Bast. The spirit of the time shall teach me speed.

[*Exit.*]

K. John. Spoke like a spriteful noble gentleman.
Go after him; for he, perhaps, shall need
Some messenger betwixt me and the peers;
And be thou he.

Mess. With all my heart, my liege.

[*Exit.*]

K. John. My mother dead!

Re-enter HUBERT.

Hub. My lord, they say, five moons were seen to-night
Four fixed; and the fifth did whirl about
The other four, in wondrous motion.

K. John. Five moons?

Hub. Old men, and beldams, in the streets
Do prophesy upon it dangerously:
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths:
And when they talk of him, they shake their heads,
And whisper one another in the ear;
And he that speaks doth gripe the hearer's wrist;
Whilst he that hears makes fearful action,
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news;
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers, (which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,)¹
Told of a many thousand warlike French,
That were embattled and rank'd in Kent:
Another lean unwash'd artificer
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

K. John. Why seek'st thou to possess me with these
fears?

¹ *Contrary feet.* In *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* we have given a short note on the right and left shoe. The fashion of Shakspeare's time is now well understood through a similar fashion in our own; but in the latter part of the preceding century this passage was adjudged to be one of the many proofs of Shakspeare's ignorance

or carelessness. Johnson says, with ludicrous solemnity, "Shakspeare seems to have confounded the man's shoes with his gloves. He that is frightened or hurried may put his hand into the wrong glove, but either shoe will equally admit either foot. The author seems to be disturbed by the disorder which he describes."

Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death?
Thy hand hath murder'd him: I had a mighty cause
To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.

Hub. None had,¹ my lord! why, did you not provoke me?

K. John. It is the curse of kings, to be attended
By slaves that take their humours for a warrant
To break within the bloody house of life;
And, on the winking of authority,
To understand a law; to know the meaning
Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance, it frowns
More upon humour than advis'd respect.

Hub. Here is your hand and seal for what I did.

K. John. O, when the last account 'twixt heaven and earth

Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
Witness against us to damnation!
How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Makes ill deeds done!² Hadst thou not been by,
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
Quoted, and sign'd, to do a deed of shame,
This murder had not come into my mind:
But, taking note of thy abhorr'd aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villainy,
Apt, liable, to be employ'd in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death;
And thou, to be endeared to a king,
Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.

Hub. My lord,—

K. John. Hadst thou but shook thy head, or made a pause,

When I spake darkly what I purposed,
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,
As bid³ me tell my tale in express words,
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,
And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me:
But thou didst understand me by my signs,
And didst in signs again parley with sin;
Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
And, consequently, thy rude hand to act
The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name.
Out of my sight, and never see me more!
My nobles leave me; and my state is brav'd,
Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers:
Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
Hostility and civil tumult reigns
Between my conscience and my cousin's death.

Hub. Arm you against your other enemies,
I'll make a peace between your soul and you.
Young Arthur is alive: This hand of mine
Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,
Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
Within this bosom never enter'd yet
The dreadful motion of a murd'rous thought;
And you have slander'd nature in my form,
Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

K. John. Doth Arthur live? O, haste thee to the peers,
Throw this report on their incensed rage,
And make them tame to their obedience!
Forgive the comment that my passion made
Upon thy feature; for my rage was blind,
And foul imaginary eyes of blood
Presented thee more hideous than thou art.
O, answer not; but to my closet bring

The angry lords, with all expedient haste:
I conjure thee but slowly; run more fast.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. Before the Castle.*

Enter ARTHUR, on the Walls.

Arth. The wall is high; and yet will I leap down:—
Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not!—
There's few, or none, do know me; if they did,
This ship-boy's semblance hath disguis'd me quite.
I am afraid; and yet I'll venture it.
If I get down, and do not break my limbs,
I'll find a thousand shifts to get away:
As good to die and go, as die and stay. [*Leaps down.*]
O me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones:—
Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones!

[*Disc.*]

Enter PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, and BIGOT.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at Saint Edmund's-Bury;
It is our safety, and we must embrace
This gentle offer of the perilous time.

Pem. Who brought that letter from the cardinal?

Sal. The count Melun, a noble lord of France;
Whose private with me, of the Dauphin's love,
Is much more general than these lines import.

Big. To-morrow morning let us meet him then.

Sal. Or rather then set forward: for 'twill be
Two long days' journey, lords, or e'er we meet.⁴

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. Once more to-day well met, distemper'd lords!
The king, by me, requests your presence straight.

Sal. The king hath dispossess'd himself of us.
We will not line his thin bestained cloak
With our pure honours, nor attend the foot
That leaves the print of blood where'er it walks:
Return, and tell him so; we know the worst.

Bast. Whate'er you think, good words, I think, were best.

Sal. Our griefs, and not our manners, reason now.

Bast. But there is little reason in your grief;
Therefore, 'twere reason you had manners now.

Pem. Sir, sir, impatience hath his privilege.

Bast. 'Tis true; to hurt his master, no man else.⁵

Sal. This is the prison: What is he lies here?

[*Seeing ARTHUR.*]

Pem. O death, made proud with pure and princely beauty!

The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.

Sal. Murther, as hating what himself hath done,
Doth lay it open, to urge on revenge.

Big. Or, when he doom'd this beauty to a grave,
Found it too precious-princely for a grave.

Sal. Sir Richard, what think you? You have beheld,⁶
Or have you read, or heard? or could you think?
Or do you almost think, although you see,
That you do see? could thought, without this object,
Form such another? This is the very top,
The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,
Of murther's arms: this is the bloodiest shame,
The wildest savagery, the vilest stroke,

¹ *None had.* The original gives "no had." Rowe's reading is *had none*. Dyce and White retain *no had*.

² We have ventured upon a transposition. The original is "Makes deeds ill done;" but this might apply to good deeds unskillfully performed.

³ *As bid*—elliptically for *as to bid*.

⁴ *Or e'er we meet*—before we meet. So in Ecclesiastes, "or ever the silver cord be loosed."

⁵ *No man else.* So the Duke of Devonshire's copy of the folio; the ordinary copies, "*No man's else*." Mr. Collier pointed this out.

⁶ *You have beheld.* The third folio gives the reading which is generally adopted, of "Have you beheld." We retain that of the original, which appears to mean—You see—or have you only read, or heard? Your senses must be so startled that you may doubt "you have beheld."

That ever wall-ey'd wrath, or staring rage,
Presented to the tears of soft remorse.

Pem. All murders past do stand excus'd in this :
And this so sole, and so unmatchable,
Shall give a holiness, a purity,
To the yet-unbeggotten sin of times ;
And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest,
Exempl'd by this heinous spectacle.

Bast. It is a damned and a bloody work ;
The graceless action of a heavy hand,
If that it be the work of any hand.

Sal. If that it be the work of any hand :—
We had a kind of light what would ensue :
It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand ;
The practice, and the purpose, of the king :—
From whose obedience I forbid my soul,
Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,
And breathing to his breathless excellence
The incense of a vow, a holy vow,
Never to taste the pleasures of the world,
Never to be infected with delight,
Nor conversant with ease and idleness,
Till I have set a glory to this hand,
By giving it the worship of revenge.

Pem., Big. Our souls religiously confirm thy words.

Enter HUBERT.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you :
Arthur doth live ; the king hath sent for you.

Sal. O, he is bold, and blushes not at death :—
Avaunt, thou hateful villain, get thee gone !

Hub. I am no villain.

Sal. Must I rob the law ?
[*Drawing his sword.*

Bast. Your sword is bright, sir ; put it up again.

Sal. Not till I sheath it in a murderer's skin.

Hub. Stand back, lord Salisbury, stand back, I say ;
By heaven, I think, my sword's as sharp as yours :
I would not have you, lord, forget yourself,
Nor tempt the danger of my true defence ;
Lest I, by marking of your rage, forget
Your worth, your greatness, and nobility.

Big. Out, dunghill ! dar'st thou brave a nobleman ?

Hub. Not for my life : but yet I dare defend
My innocent life against an emperor.

Sal. Thou art a murth'rer.

Hub. Do not prove me so ;
Yet, I am none : Whose tongue soe'er speaks false,
Not truly speaks ; who speaks not truly, lies.

Pem. Cut him to pieces.

Bast. Keep the peace, I say.

Sal. Stand by, or I shall gall you, Faulconbridge.

Bast. Thou wert better gall the devil, Salisbury :
If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,
Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,
I'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime ;
Or I'll so maul you and your toasting-iron,
That you shall think the devil is come from hell.

Big. What wilt thou do, renowned Faulconbridge ?
Second a villain and a murderer ?

Hub. Lord Bigot, I am none.

Big. Who kill'd this prince ?

Hub. 'Tis not an hour since I left him well :
I honour'd him, I lov'd him ; and will weep
My date of life out, for his sweet life's loss.

Sal. Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
For villainy is not without such rheum ;
And he, long traded in it, makes it seem
Like rivers of remorse and innocence.
Away, with me, all you whose souls abhor

The uncleanly savours of a slaughter-house ;
For I am stifled with this smell of sin.

Big. Away, toward Bury, to the Dauphin there !

Pem. There, tell the king, he may inquire us out.

[*Exeunt* Lords.

Bast. Here's a good world !—Knew you of this fair
work ?

Beyond the infinite and boundless reach
Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,
Art thou damn'd, Hubert.

Hub. Do but hear me, sir.

Bast. Ha ! I'll tell thee what ;

Thou'rt damn'd as black—nay, nothing is so black ;
Thou art more deep damn'd than prince Lucifer :
There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.

Hub. Upon my soul,—

Bast. If thou didst but consent

To this most cruel act, do but despair,
And, if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread
That ever spider twisted from her womb
Will serve to strangle thee ; a rush will be
A beam to hang thee on ; or wouldst thou drown thyself,
Put but a little water in a spoon,
And it shall be, as all the ocean,
Enough to stifle such a villain up.—
I do suspect thee very grievously.

Hub. If I in act, consent, or sin of thought,
Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath
Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,
Let hell want pains enough to torture me !
I left him well.

Bast. Go, bear him in thine arms.—

I am amaz'd, methinks ; and lose my way
Among the thorns and dangers of this world.—
How easy dost thou take all England up !
From forth this morsel of dead royalty,
The life, the right, and truth of all this realm
Is fled to heaven ; and England now is left
To tug and scramble, and to part by the teeth
The unow'd interest of proud-swelling state.
Now, for the bare-pick'd bone of majesty
Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest,
And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace :
Now powers from home, and discontents at home,
Meet in one line ; and vast confusion waits,
As doth a raven on a sick-fallen beast,
The imminent decay of wrested pomp.
How happy he, whose cloak and cincture can
Hold out this tempest. Bear away that child,
And follow me with speed ; I'll to the king :
A thousand businesses are brief in hand,
And heaven itself doth frown upon the land.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING JOHN, PANDULPH *with the Crown, and*
Attendants.

K. John. Thus have I yielded up into your hand
The circle of my glory.

Pand. Take again

[*Giving* JOHN *the crown.*

From this my hand, as holding of the pope,
Your sovereign greatness and authority.

K. John. Now keep your holy word : go meet the French ;
And from his holiness use all your power
To stop their marches, 'fore we are inflam'd.
Our discontented counties¹ do revolt ;
Our people quarrel with obedience ;
Swearing allegiance, and the love of soul,
To stranger blood, to foreign royalty.
This inundation of mistemper'd humour
Rests by you only to be qualified.
Then pause not ; for the present time's so sick,
That present medicine must be minister'd,
Or overthrow incurable ensues.

Pand. It was my breath that blew this tempest up,
Upon your stubborn usage of the pope :
But, since you are a gentle convertite,²
My tongue shall hush again this storm of war,
And make fair weather in your blustering land.
On this Ascension-day, remember well,
Upon your oath of service to the pope,
Go I to make the French lay down their arms. [Exit.]

K. John. Is this Ascension-day ? Did not the prophet
Say, that before Ascension-day at noon,
My crown I should give off ? Even so I have :
I did suppose it should be on constraint ;
But, heaven be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. All Kent hath yielded ; nothing there holds out
But Dover castle : London hath receiv'd,
Like a kind host, the Dauphin and his powers :
Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone
To offer service to your enemy ;
And wild amazement hurries up and down
The little number of your doubtful friends.

K. John. Would not my lords return to me again,
After they heard young Arthur was alive ?

Bast. They found him dead, and cast into the streets ;
An empty casket, where the jewel of life
By some damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en away.

K. John. That villain Hubert told me he did live.

Bast. So, on my soul, he did, for aught he knew.
But wherefore do you droop ? why look you sad ?
Be great in act, as you have been in thought ;
Let not the world see fear, and sad distrust,
Govern the motion of a kingly eye :
Be stirring as the time ; be fire with fire ;
Threaten the threat'ner, and outface the brow
Of bragging horror : so shall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviours from the great,
Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntless spirit of resolution.
Away ; and glister like the god of war,
When he intendeth to become the field :
Show boldness and aspiring confidence.
What, shall they seek the lion in his den,
And fright him there ? and make him tremble there ?
O, let it not be said !—Forage, and run
To meet displeasure further from the doors ;
And grapple with him, ere he come so nigh.

K. John. The legate of the pope hath been with me,
And I have made a happy peace with him ;
And he hath promis'd to dismiss the powers
Led by the Dauphin.

Bast. O inglorious league !
Shall we, upon the footing of our land,

Send fair-play orders, and make compromise,
Insinuation, parley, and base truce,
To arms invasive ? shall a beardless boy,
A cocker'd silken wanton, brave our fields,
And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil,
Mocking the air with colours idly spread,
And find no check ? Let us, my liege, to arms :
Perchance, the cardinal cannot make your peace ;
Or if he do, let it at least be said,
They saw we had a purpose of defence.

K. John. Have thou the ordering of this present time.

Bast. Away then, with good courage ; yet I know,
Our party may well meet a prouder foe. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—A Plain near St. Edmund's-Bury.

*Enter in arms, LEWIS, SALISBURY, MELUN, PEMBROKE,
BIGOT, and Soldiers.*

Lew. My lord Melun, let this be copied out,
And keep it safe for our remembrance :
Return the precedent to these lords again ;
That, having our fair order written down,
Both they, and we, perusing o'er these notes,
May know wherefore we took the sacrament,
And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

Sal. Upon our sides it never shall be broken.
And, noble Dauphin, albeit we swear
A voluntary zeal, and unurg'd faith,
To your proceedings ; yet, believe me, prince,
I am not glad that such a sore of time
Should seek a plaster by contemn'd revolt,
And heal the inveterate canker of one wound
By making many. O, it grieves my soul,
That I must draw this metal from my side
To be a widow-maker ; O, and there,
Where honourable rescue, and defence,
Cries out upon the name of Salisbury :
But such is the infection of the time,
That, for the health and physic of our right,
We cannot deal but with the very hand
Of stern injustice and confused wrong.—
And is 't not pity, O my grieved friends,
That we, the sons and children of this isle,
Were born to see so sad an hour as this :
Wherein we step after a stranger,³ march
Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up
Her enemies' ranks, (I must withdraw and weep
Upon the spot of this enforced cause,)
To grace the gentry of a land remote,
And follow unacquainted colours here ?
What, here ?—O nation, that thou couldst remove !
That Neptune's arms, who clippeth thee about,
Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyself,
And grapple thee⁴ unto a pagan shore ;
Where these two Christian armies might combine
The blood of malice in a vein of league,
And not to-spend⁵ it so unneighbourly !

Lew. A noble temper dost thou show in this ;
And great affections, wrestling in thy bosom,
Do make an earthquake of nobility.
O, what a noble combat hast thou fought,
Between compulsion, and a brave respect !
Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks :
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,

¹ *Counties*—nobles. The reader will remember the *County* Paris in *Romeo* and *Juliet*, and *County* Guy in Sir Walter Scott's ballad.

Convertite—convert—reclaimed to the authority of "holy church."

³ *After a stranger.* We give the punctuation of the original. Modern editions read—

"Wherein we step after a stranger march
Upon her gentle bosom,"

making *stranger* an adjective.

⁴ *Grapple thee.* The original reads "*cripple thee*."

⁵ *To-spend.* *To*, in the original, stands as the sign of the infinitive. Steevens thinks it a prefix, in combination with *spend*, as in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*—
"And fairy-like, to-pinch the unclean knight."

Being an ordinary inundation ;
 But this effusion of such manly drops,
 This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul,
 Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd
 Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven
 Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors.
 Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,
 And with a great heart heave away this storm :
 Commend these waters to those baby eyes,
 That never saw the giant world enrag'd ;
 Nor met with fortune other than at feasts,
 Full warm of blood, of mirth, of gossiping :
 Come, come ; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deep
 Into the purse of rich prosperity,
 As Lewis himself :—so, nobles, shall you all,
 That knit your sinews to the strength of mine.

Enter PANDULPH, attended.

And even there, methinks, an angel spake :
 Look, where the holy legate comes apace,
 To give us warrant from the hand of heaven ;
 And on our actions set the name of right,
 With holy breath.

Pand. Hail, noble prince of France !
 The next is this,—king John hath reconcil'd
 Himself to Rome ; his spirit is come in,
 That so stood out against the holy church,
 The great metropolis and see of Rome :
 Therefore thy threat'ning colours now wind up,
 And tame the savage spirit of wild war
 That, like a lion foster'd up at hand,
 It may lie gently at the foot of peace,
 And be no further harmful than in show.

Lew. Your grace shall pardon me, I will not back ;
 I am too high-born to be propertied,
 To be a secondary at control,
 Or useful serving-man, and instrument,
 To any sovereign state throughout the world.
 Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars
 Between this chastis'd kingdom and myself,
 And brought in matter that should feed this fire ;
 And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out
 With that same weak wind which enkindled it.
 You taught me how to know the face of right,
 Acquainted me with interest to this land,
 Yea, thrust this enterprise into my heart ;
 And come you now to tell me, John hath made
 His peace with Rome ? What is that peace to me ?
 I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,
 After young Arthur, claim this land for mine ;
 And, now it is half-conquer'd, must I back
 Because that John hath made his peace with Rome ?
 Am I Rome's slave ? What penny hath Rome borne,
 What men provided, what munition sent,
 To underprop this action ? is't not I
 That undergo this charge ? who else but I,
 And such as to my claim are liable,
 Sweat in this business, and maintain this war ?
 Have I not heard these islanders shout out,
Vive le roy ! as I have bank'd their towns ?¹
 Have I not here the best cards for the game,²
 To win this easy match play'd for a crown ?
 And shall I now give o'er the yielded set ?
 No, no, on my soul, it never shall be said.

¹ *Bank'd their towns*—probably sail'd along their banks. A passage in the old King John appears to have suggested this :—

“From the hollow holes of Thamesis
 Echo apace replied *Vive le Roi.*”

² *Unhair'd*—unbearded. The original reads *unheard*.

Pand. You look but on the outside of this work.

Lew. Outside or inside, I will not return
 Till my attempt so much be glorified
 As to my ample hope was promised
 Before I drew this gallant head of war,
 And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world,
 To outlook conquest, and to win renown
 Even in the jaws of danger and of death.—

[*Trumpet sounds.*]

What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us ?

Enter the Bastard, attended.

Bast. According to the fair play of the world,
 Let me have audience. I am sent to speak :
 My holy lord of Milan, from the king
 I come, to learn how you have dealt with him ;
 And, as you answer, I do know the scope
 And warrant limited unto my tongue.

Pand. The Dauphin is too wilful-opposite,
 And will not temporize with my entreaties ;
 He flatly says, he'll not lay down his arms.

Bast. By all the blood that ever fury breath'd,
 The youth says well :—Now hear our English king ;
 For thus his royalty doth speak in me.
 He is prepar'd ; and reason too he should :
 This apish and unmannerly approach,
 This harness'd masque, and unadvised revel,
 This unhair'd² sauciness, and boyish troops,
 The king doth smile at ; and is well prepar'd
 To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms,
 From out the circle of his territories.
 That hand, which had the strength, even at your door,
 To cudgel you, and make you take the hatch ;
 To dive, like buckets, in concealed wells ;
 To crouch in litter of your stable planks ;
 To lie, like pawns, lock'd up in chests and trunks ;
 To hug with swine ; to seek sweet safety out
 In vaults and prisons ; and to thrill, and shake,
 Even at the crying of your nation's crow,³
 Thinking this voice an armed Englishman ;—
 Shall that victorious hand be feeble here,
 That in your chambers gave you chastisement ?
 No : Know, the gallant monarch is in arms ;
 And like an eagle o'er his airy towers,
 To souse annoyance that comes near his nest.—
 And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts,
 You bloody Neroes, ripping up the womb
 Of our dear mother England, blush for shame :
 For your own ladies, and pale-visag'd maids,
 Like Amazons, come tripping after drums ;
 Their thimbles into armed gauntlets change,
 Their neelds to lances, and their gentle hearts
 To fierce and bloody inclination.

Lew. There end thy brave, and turn thy face in peace ;
 We grant thou canst outscold us : fare thee well ;
 We hold our time too precious to be spent
 With such a brabblor.

Pand. Give me leave to speak.

Bast. No, I will speak.

Lew. We will attend to neither.—
 Strike up the drums ; and let the tongue of war
 Plead for our interest, and our being here.

Bast. Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will cry out ;
 And so shall you, being beaten : Do but start

³ *Even at the crying of your nation's crow.* Mr. Collier's MS. Corrector has—

“Even at the *crowing* of your nation's cock.”

Douce understood the passage in the original as the crowing of a cock, “*gallus* meaning both a cock and a Frenchman.” The “armed Englishman” might imitate the cock insultingly.

An echo with the clamour of thy drum,
 And even at hand a drum is ready brac'd,
 That shall reverberate all as loud as thine;
 Sound but another, and another shall,
 As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear,
 And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder: for at hand
 (Not trusting to this halting legate here,
 Whom he hath us'd rather for sport than need,)
 Is warlike John; and in his forehead sits
 A bare-ribb'd death, whose office is this day
 To feast upon whole thousands of the French.
Lew. Strike up our drums, to find this danger out.
Bast. And thou shalt find it, Dauphin, do not doubt.
 [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*The same. A Field of Battle.*

Alarums. Enter KING JOHN and HUBERT.

K. John. How goes the day with us? O, tell me, Hubert.
Hub. Badly, I fear: How fares your majesty?
K. John. This fever, that hath troubled me so long,
 Lies heavy on me; O, my heart is sick!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, your valiant kinsman, Faulconbridge,
 Desires your majesty to leave the field,
 And send him word by me which way you go.
K. John. Tell him, towards Swinstead, to the abbey
 there.
Mess. Be of good comfort; for the great supply,
 That was expected by the Dauphin here,
 Are wrack'd three nights ago on Goodwin sands.
 This news was brought to Richard but even now:
 The French fight coldly, and retire themselves.
K. John. Ah me! this tyrant fever burns me up,
 And will not let me welcome this good news.
 Set on towards Swinstead: to my litter straight;^b
 Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint.
 [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—*The same. Another part of the same.*

Enter SALISBURY, PEMBROKE, BIGOT, and others.

Sal. I did not think the king so stored with friends.
Pem. Up once again; put spirit in the French:
 If they miscarry, we miscarry too.
Sal. That misbegotten devil, Faulconbridge,
 In spite of spite, alone upholds the day.
Pem. They say, king John, sore sick, hath left the field.

Enter MELUN, wounded, and led by Soldiers.

Mel. Lead me to the revolts of England here.
Sal. When we were happy we had other names.
Pem. It is the count Melun.
Sal. Wounded to death.
Mel. Fly, noble English, you are bought and sold;
 Unthread the rude eye¹ of rebellion,
 And welcome home again discarded faith.

¹ *Unthread the rude eye.* Theobald corrupted this passage into "untread the rude way:" he turned, by an easy process, the poetry into prose. Malone, who agrees in the restoration of the passage, says Shakspeare "was evidently thinking of the eye of a needle," and he calls this, therefore, a humble metaphor. Nothing, it appears to us, is humble in poetry that conveys an image forcibly and distinctly; and "the eye of a needle" by the application of the poet may become dignified. But the word *thread*, perhaps metaphorically, is used to convey the meaning of passing through anything intricate, narrow, difficult.

"They would not thread the gates,"

in *Coriolanus*, and
 472

Seek out king John, and fall before his feet;
 For, if the French be lord² of this loud day,
 He means to recompense the pains you take,
 By cutting off your heads: Thus hath he sworn,
 And I with him, and many more with me,
 Upon the altar at Saint Edmund's-Bury;
 Even on that altar where we swore to you
 Dear amity and everlasting love.

Sal. May this be possible? may this be true

Mel. Have I not hideous death within my view,
 Retaining but a quantity of life
 Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax
 Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire?
 What in the world should make me now deceive,
 Since I must lose the use of all deceit?
 Why should I then be false; since it is true
 That I must die here, and live hence by truth?
 I say again, if Lewis do win the day,
 He is forsworn if e'er those eyes of yours
 Behold another day break in the east:
 But even this night,—whose black contagious breath
 Already smokes about the burning crest
 Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied sun,—
 Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire;
 Paying the fine of rated treachery,
 Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives,
 If Lewis by your assistance win the day.
 Commend me to one Hubert, with your king
 The love of him,—and this respect besides,
 For that my grandsire was an Englishman,—
 Awakes my conscience to confess all this.
 In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence
 From forth the noise and rumour of the field;
 Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts
 In peace, and part this body and my soul
 With contemplation and devout desires.

Sal. We do believe thee,—And beshrew my soul
 But I do love the favour and the form
 Of this most fair occasion, by the which
 We will untread the steps of damned flight;
 And, like a bated and retired flood,
 Leaving our rankness and irregular course,
 Stoop low within those bounds we have o'erlook'd,
 And calmly run on in obedience,
 Even to our ocean, to our great king John.
 My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence;
 For I do see the cruel pangs of death
 Right in thine eye.—Away, my friends! New flight;
 And happy newness, that intends old right.
 [Exeunt, leading off MELUN.]

SCENE V.—*The same. The French Camp.*

Enter LEWIS and his Train.

Lew. The sun of heaven, methought, was loath to set,
 But stay'd, and made the western welkin blush,
 When English measure backward their own ground³
 In faint retire: O, bravely came we off,
 When with a volley of our needless shot,
 After such bloody toil, we bid good night;
 And wound our tottering⁴ colours clearly up,
 Last in the field, and almost lords of it!

"One gains the thickets and one thrids the brake,"

in Dryden, have each the same meaning. Mr. Collier's MS. Corrector reads: "untread the road-way."

² *Lord.* The original has *lords*.

³ *When English measure.* So the original. Rowe and Pope altered it to "When th' English measur'd."

⁴ *Tottering.* Steevens reads *tatter'd*—Malone *tattering*. The original *tottering* was the same as *tattering*, of which Capell gives an example in his "School of Shakespeare," p. 54.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Where is my prince, the Dauphin?

Lew. Here:—What news?

Mess. The count Melun is slain; the English lords,
By his persuasion, are again fallen off:
And your supply, which you have wish'd so long,
Are cast away, and sunk, on Goodwin sands.

Lew. Ah, foul shrewd news!—Beshrew thy very heart!
I did not think to be so sad to-night,
As this hath made me.—Who was he, that said,
King John did fly, an hour or two before
The stumbling night did part our weary powers?

Mess. Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord.

Lew. Well; keep good quarter and good care to-night;
The day shall not be up so soon as I,
To try the fair adventure of to-morrow. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VI.—*An open Place in the neighbourhood of Swinstead Abbey.*

Enter the Bastard and HUBERT, meeting.

Hub. Who's there? speak, ho! speak quickly, or I shoot.

Bast. A friend.—What art thou?

Hub. Of the part of England.

Bast. Whither dost thou go?

Hub. What's that to thee? Why may I not demand
Of thine affairs, as well as thou of mine?

Bast. Hubert, I think.

Hub. Thou hast a perfect thought:
I will, upon all hazards, well believe
Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well:
Who art thou?

Bast. Who thou wilt: an if thou please,
Thou may'st befriend me so much, as to think
I came one way of the Plantagenets.

Hub. Unkind remembrance! thou, and eyeless night,¹
Have done me shame:—Brave soldier, pardon me,
That any accent, breaking from thy tongue,
Should 'scape the true acquaintance of mine ear.

Bast. Come, come; sans compliment, what news abroad?

Hub. Why, here walk I, in the black brow of night,
To find you out.

Bast. Brief, then; and what's the news?

Hub. O, my sweet sir, news fitting to the night,
Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible.

Bast. Show me the very wound of this ill news;
I am no woman, I'll not swoon at it.

Hub. The king, I fear, is poison'd by a monk:
I left him almost speechless, and broke out
To acquaint you with this evil; that you might
The better arm you to the sudden time,
Than if you had at leisure known of this.

Bast. How did he take it? who did taste to him?

Hub. A monk, I tell you; a resolved villain,
Whose bowels suddenly burst out: the king
Yet speaks, and, peradventure, may recover.

Bast. Who didst thou leave to tend his majesty?

Hub. Why, know you not? the lords are all come back,
And brought prince Henry in their company;
At whose request the king hath pardon'd them,
And they are all about his majesty.

Bast. Withhold thine indignation, mighty heaven,
And tempt us not to bear above our power!

I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night,
Passing these flats, are taken by the tide,
These Lincoln washes have devoured them;
Myself, well mounted, hardly have escap'd.
Away, before! conduct me to the king;
I doubt he will be dead or ere I come. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VII.—*The Orchard of Swinstead Abbey.*

Enter PRINCE HENRY, SALISBURY, and BIGOT.

P. Hen. It is too late; the life of all his blood
Is touch'd corruptibly; and his pure brain
(Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house,)
Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
Foretell the ending of mortality.

Enter PEMBROKE.

Pem. His highness yet doth speak; and holds belief,
That being brought into the open air
It would allay the burning quality
Of that fell poison which assaileth him.

P. Hen. Let him be brought into the orchard here.—
Doth he still rage? *[Exit BIGOT.]*

Pem. He is more patient
Than when you left him; even now he sung.

P. Hen. O vanity of sickness! fierce extremes
In their continuance, will not feel themselves.
Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,
Leaves them invisible;² and his siege is now
Against the mind, the which he pricks and wounds
With many legions of strange fantasies;
Which, in their throng and press to that last hold,
Confound themselves. 'Tis strange, that death should
sing.

I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death
And, from the organ-pipe of frailty, sings
His soul and body to their lasting rest.

Sal. Be of good comfort, prince; for you are born
To set a form upon that indigest,³
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.

*Re-enter BIGOT and Attendants, who bring in KING JOHN,
in a Chair.*

K. John. Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-room;
It would not out at windows, nor at doors.
There is so hot a summer in my bosom,
That all my bowels crumble up to dust:
I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment; and against this fire
Do I shrink up.

P. Hen. How fares your majesty?

K. John. Poison'd,—ill-fare;—dead, forsook, cast off:
And none of you will bid the winter come,
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw;
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course
Through my burn'd bosom; nor entreat the north
To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips,
And comfort me with cold:—I do not ask you much,
I beg cold comfort; and you are so strait,
And so ingrateful, you deny me that.

¹ *Eyeless night.* The original reads *endless*. Shakspeare has, in other passages, applied the epithet *endless* to night, but using night metaphorically. Here, where the meaning is literal, *eyeless* may be preferred. The emendation was made by Theobald.

² *Invisible.* So the original. Some modern editors read *insensible*. The question occupies four pages of discussion in the commentators. The meaning of *invisible* is, we take it, unlooked at, disregarded.

³ *Indigest*—disordered, indigested, state of affairs. The word is more commonly used as an adjective, as in the Sonnets:—

"To make of monsters and things indigest,
Such cherubins as your sweet self resemble."

KING JOHN.

P. Hen. O, that there were some virtue in my tears,
That might relieve you!

K. John. The salt in them is hot.
Within me is a hell; and there the poison
Is, as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize
On unreprieveable condemned blood.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. O, I am scalded with my violent motion,
And spleen of speed to see your majesty.

K. John. O cousin, thou art come to set mine eye:
The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burnt;
And all the shrouds, wherewith my life should sail,
Are turned to one thread, one little hair:
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
Which holds but till thy news be utter'd;
And then all this thou seest is but a clod,
And module of confounded royalty.

Bast. The Dauphin is preparing hitherward;
Where, heaven he knows how we shall answer him:
For, in a night, the best part of my power,
As I upon advantage did remove,
Were in the washes, all unwarily,
Devour'd by the unexpected flood. *[The KING dies.]*

Sal. You breathe these dead news in as dead an ear.—
My liege! my lord!—But now a king,—now thus.

P. Hen. Even so must I run on, and even so stop.
What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,
When this was now a king, and now is clay!

Bast. Art thou gone so? I do but stay behind,
To do the office for thee of revenge;
And then my soul shall wait on thee to heaven,
As it on earth hath been thy servant still.
Now, now, you stars, that move in your right spheres,
Where be your powers? Show now your mended faiths;
And instantly return with me again,
To push destruction, and perpetual shame,
Out of the weak door of our fainting land:

Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be sought;
The Dauphin rages at our very heels.

Sal. It seems you know not then so much as we:
The cardinal Pandulph is within at rest,
Who half an hour since came from the Dauphin;
And brings from him such offers of our peace
As we with honour and respect may take,
With purpose presently to leave this war.

Bast. He will the rather do it, when he sees
Ourselves well sinewed to our defence.

Sal. Nay, it is in a manner done already;
For many carriages he hath despatch'd
To the sea-side, and put his cause and quarrel
To the disposing of the cardinal,
With whom yourself, myself, and other lords,
If you think meet, this afternoon will post
To consummate this business happily.

Bast. Let it be so:—And you, my noble prince,
With other princes that may best be spar'd,
Shall wait upon your father's funeral.

P. Hen. At Worcester must his body be interr'd;
For so he will'd it.

Bast. Thither shall it then.
And happily may your sweet self put on
The lineal state and glory of the land!
To whom, with all submission, on my knee,
I do bequeath my faithful services
And true subjection everlastingly.

Sal. And the like tender of our love we make,
To rest without a spot for evermore.

P. Hen. I have a kind soul, that would give you thanks,
And knows not how to do it, but with tears.

Bast. O, let us pay the time but needful woe,
Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs.—
This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true. *[Exeunt.]*

ILLUSTRATIONS TO KING JOHN.

ACT I.

^a SCENE I.—“*The thunder of my cannon shall be heard.*”

WE have the same anachronism in *Hamlet* and in *Macbeth*. It is scarcely necessary to tell our readers that gunpowder was invented about a century later than the time of John, and that the first battle-field in which cannon were used is commonly supposed to have been that of Cressy. And yet the dramatic poet could not have well avoided this literal violation of propriety, both here and in the second act, when he talks of “bullets wrapp'd in fire.” He uses terms which were familiar to his audience, to present a particular image to their senses. Had he, instead of cannon, spoken of the mangonell and the petraria,—the stone-throwing machines of the time of John,—he would have addressed himself to the very few who might have appreciated his exactness; but his words would have fallen dead upon the ears of the many. We have other anachronisms in this play, which we may as well dismiss at once, in connection with the assertion of the principle upon which they are to be defended. In Act I. we have the “half-faced groat” of Henry VII. and the

“three-farthing rose” of Elizabeth. The mention of these coins conveys a peculiar image, which must have been rejected if the poet had been bound by the same rules that govern an antiquary. So in the fifth act, where the Dauphin says he has “the best cards for the game,”—the poet had to choose between the adoption of an allusion full of spirit and perfectly intelligible, or the substitution of some prosaic and feeble form of speech, that might have had the poor merit of not anticipating the use of playing cards in Europe by about a century and a half. We are not aware of any other passage in this play which has afforded “the learned” an opportunity (which they have not lost in speaking of these passages) of propounding the necessity of constructing a work of art upon the same principles of exactness that go to produce a perfect Chronological Table.

^b SCENE I.—“*A soldier, by the honour-giving hand
Of Cœur-de-Lion, knighted in the field.*”

St. Palaye, in his “*Memoirs of Chivalry*,” says, “In warfare there was scarcely any important event which was not preceded or followed

by a creation of knights. Knighthood was conferred, on such occasions, in a manner at once expeditious and military. The soldier presented his sword, either by the cross or the guard, to the prince or the general from whom he was to receive the *accolade*—this was all the ceremonial.* It was in this manner,—in the absence of those processions and banquets that accompanied the investiture of knighthood during peace,—that four hundred and sixty-seven French gentlemen were made knights at the battle of Rosebeck, in 1382; and five hundred before the battle of Azincour, 1415.† Our English chroniclers tell us that, in 1339, the armies of Edward III. and Philip of France, having approached near to each other, arranged themselves in order of battle, and fourteen gentlemen were knighted; but the armies separated without coming to an engagement, and a hare happening to pass between the two hosts, some merriment was produced, and the knights were called the knights of the hare.‡ This is an example of the custom of knighting before a battle. At a later period we have an instance of knighting after a fight. Henry VIII., after the battle of Spurs, in 1514, made Sir John Pechye Banneret and John Carré Knight, both of them having done great service in the encounter.§ When the “honour-giving hand” of the first Richard created Robert Faulconbridge a knight “in the field,” we are not told by the poet whether it was for the encouragement of valour or for the reward of service. But in *Cymbeline* we have an example of bestowing of the honour as the guerdon of bravery. The King, after the battle with the Romans, commands Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus, thus:—

“Bow your knees:
Arise my knights of the battle; I create you
Companions to our person.”

° SCENE I.—“*A half-faced groat.*”

The half-face is the profile; and the allusion had probably become proverbial, for it occurs also in a play, “*The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington*,” 1601:—

“You half-fac’d groat, you thick-cheek’d chitty-face.”

The profile of the sovereign is given in one or two of our early coins; but Henry VII. was the first king who made an extensive issue of coins with the half-face.

ª SCENE I.—“*Look, where three-farthings goes.*”

The three-farthing silver-piece of Elizabeth was, as the value may import, extremely thin; and thus the allusion of Faulconbridge, “my face so thin.” “It was once the fashion,” says Burton (“*Anatomy of Melancholy*”), “to stick real flowers in the ear;” and thus the thin face and the rose in the ear, taken together, were to be avoided—

“Lest men should say, Look, where three-farthings goes;”—

for the three-farthing piece was not only thin, and therefore might be associated with the “thin face,” but it bore a rose which assimilated with the rose in the ear. This coin was called the “three-farthing rose.”

° SCENE I.—“*Arise sir Richard, and Plantagenet.*”

Shakspeare, with poetical propriety, confers upon the Bastard the surname by which the royal house of Anjou was popularly known. Plantagenet was not the family name of that house, though it had been bestowed upon an ancestor of John from the broom in his bonnet—the *Planta genista*.

SCENE I.—“*Now your traveller,
He and his tooth-pick.*”

One of the characteristics of the “picked man of countries” was the use of a toothpick; while the Englishman who adhered to his own customs would “suck” his teeth. It is unnecessary to cite passages to show that the toothpick was considered a foreign frivolity. Gascoigne, Ben Jonson, Overbury, and Shirley have each allusions to the practice.

§ SCENE I.—“*Colbrand the giant.*”

In Drayton’s “*Polyolbion*,” the twelfth song, we have a long and sonorous description of the great battle between Colbrand the Danish giant and Guy of Warwick, which the general reader will find in Southey’s “*Specimens*,” and of which the following extract will furnish an adequate notion:—

“But after, when the Danes, who never wearied were,
Came with intent to make a general conquest here,
They brought with them a man deem’d of so wondrous might,
As was not to be match’d by any mortal wight:
For, one could scarcely bear his ax into the field;
Which as a little wand the Dane would lightly wield:
And (to enforce that strength) of such a dauntless spirit,
A man (in their conceit) of so exceeding merit,
That to the English oft they off’red him (in pride)
The ending of the war by combat to decide.

Then Colebrond for the Danes came forth in ireful red;
Before him (from the camp) an ensign first display’d!
Amidst a guard of gleaves: then sumptuously array’d
Were twenty gallant youths, that to the warlike sound
Of Danish brazen drums, with many a lofty bound,
Come with their country’s march, as they to Mars should dance.
Thus, forward to the fight, both champions then advance:
And each, without respect, doth resolutely chuse
The weapon that he brought, nor doth his foe’s refuse.
The Dane prepares his ax, that pond’rous was to feel,
Whose squares were laid with plates, and riveted with steel,
And armed down along with pikes; whose harden’d points
(Forc’d with the weapon’s weight) had power to tear the joints
Of cuirass or of mail, or whatso’er they took:
Which caus’d him at the knight disdainfully to look.

Then with such eager blows each other they pursue,
As every offer made should threaten imminent death;
Until, through heat and toil both hardly drawing breath,
They desperately do close. Look, how two boars being set
Together side to side, their threat’ning tusks do whet,
And with their gnashing teeth their angry foam do bite,
Whilst still they should’ring seek, each other where to smite;
Thus stood those ireful knights: till, flying back, at length
The palmer, of the two the first recovering strength,
Upon the left arm lent great Colebrond such a wound,
That whilst his weapon’s point fell well-near to the ground,
And slowly he it rais’d, the valiant Guy again
Sent through his cloven scalp his blade into his brain.
When downward went his head, and up his heels he threw:
As wanting hands to bid his countrymen adieu.”

The legends of Sir Guy were well known in Shakspeare’s time; and the fierce encounter between this redoubted champion and “Colbrande,” who fought

“On foote, for horse might heave him none,”

had been recited round many a hearth, from the old “histories.” A curious specimen of the legends of Sir Guy and Sir Bevis, from a black-letter quarto of the middle of the sixteenth century, is given in Capell’s “*School of Shakspeare*.”

SCENE I.—“*The awless lion could not wage the fight,
Nor keep his princely heart from Richard’s hand.*”

The reputation for indomitable courage and prodigious physical strength of Richard I. transferred this story from romance to history. Rastall gives it in his *Chronicle*:—“It is sayd that a lyon was put to Kynge Richarde, beyng in prison, to have devoured him, and when the lyon was gapyng, he put his arme in his mouthe, and pulled the lyon by the harte so hard, that he slew the lyon, and therefore some say he is called Rycharde Cure de Lyon; but some say he is called Cure de Lyon, because of his boldenesse and hardy stomake.” Our readers may compare this with the following extract from the old *Metrical Romance of Richard Cœur-de-Lion*:—||

“The poet tells us, that Richard, in his return from the Holy Land, having been discovered in the habit of ‘a palmer in Almayne,’ and apprehended as a spy, was by the king thrown into prison. Wardrewe, the king’s son, hearing of Richard’s great strength, desires the jailor to let him have a sight of his prisoners. Richard being the foremost, Wardrewe asks him, ‘if he dare stand a buffet from his hand?’ and that on the morrow he shall return him another.

* St. Palaye, ed. Paris, 1759, vol. i.

† Ibid.

‡ Baker’s *Chronicle*.
|| Percy’s *Reliques*, vol. iii. Introduction.

§ Ibid.

Richard consents, and receives a blow that staggers him. On the morrow, having previously waxed his hands, he waits his antagonist's arrival. Wardrewe accordingly, proceeds the story, 'held forth as a trewe man,' and Richard gave him such a blow on the cheek, as broke his jaw-bone, and killed him on the spot. The king, to revenge the death of his son, orders, by the advice of one Eldrede, that a lion kept purposely from food, shall be turned loose upon Richard. But the king's daughter having fallen in love with him, tells him of her father's resolution, and at his request procures him forty ells of white silk 'kerchers:' and here the description of the combat begins:—

' The kever-chefes he toke on honde,
And aboute his arme he wonde;
And thought in that ylke while,
To flee the lyon with some gyle.
And syngle in a kyrtyll he stode,
And abode the lyon fyers and wode,
With that came the jaylere,
And other men that wyth him were,
And the lyon them amonge;
His pawes were stiff and stronge.
The chamber dore they undone,
And the lyon to them is gone.
Rycharde sayd, Helpe, Lord Jesu!
The lyon made to him venu,
And wolde hym have all to rente:
Kynge Rycharde besyde hym glente.
The lyon on the breste hym spurned,
That aboute he tourned.
The lyon was hongry and megre,
And bette his tayle to be egre;
He loked aboute as he were madde;
Abrode he all his pawes spradde.
He cryed lowde, and yaned wyde.
Kynge Rycharde bethought hym that tyde
What hym was best, and to hym sterte,
In at the throte his honde he gerte,
And hente out the herte with his honde,
Lounge and all that he there fonde.
The lyon fell deed to the grounde:
Rycharde felt no wem ne wounde.
He fell on his knees on that place,
And thanked Jesu of his grace."

ACT II.

^a SCENE I.—"*A braver choice of dauntless spirits,
Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er,
Did never float upon the swelling tide.*"

The troops of William the Conqueror are said to have been borne to the invasion of England upon several thousand barks. Henry II. embarked his forces for the conquest of Ireland in four hundred vessels. In both these periods the craft must have been mere boats. But when Richard carried his soldiers to the Holy Land, his armament consisted of many large ships. "The whole fleet set sail for Acre. As a rapid current carried it through the straits of Messina, it presented a beautiful and imposing appearance, that called forth the involuntary admiration of the people of either shore,—the Sicilians saying that so gallant an armament had never before been seen there, and never would be seen again. The size and beauty of the ships seem to have excited this admiration not less than their number. The flag of England floated over fifty-three galleys, thirteen dromones, 'mighty great ships with triple sails,' one hundred carikes or busses, and many smaller craft."*. This brilliant navy for the most part consisted of merchant vessels, collected from all the ports of the kingdom, each of which was bound, when required by the king, to furnish him with a certain number. John had a few galleys of his own. The first great naval victory of England, that of the Damme, or of the Sluys, was won in the reign of John, in 1213.

^b SCENE I.—"*As great Alcides' shoes upon an ass.*"

The ass was to wear the shoes, and not to bear them upon his back, as Theobald supposed, and therefore would read *shows*. The "shoes of Hercules" were as commonly alluded to in our old poets as the *ex pede Herculem* was a familiar allusion of the learned.

^c SCENE I.—"*St. George, that swindg'd,*" &c.

How exceedingly characteristic is this speech of the Bastard! "Saint George" was the great war cry of Richard; but the universal humorist lets down the dignity of the champion in a moment, by an association with the hostess's sign. The author of Waverley employs this device precisely with the same poetical effect, when Callum Beg compares Waverley with his target to "the bra' Highlander tat's painted on the board afore the mickle change-house they ca' Luckie Middlemass's."

^d SCENE I.—"*And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen, come
Our lusty English, all with purpled hands.*"

The old English custom of the principal men of the hunt "taking assay of the deer" furnished this image, and the correspondent one in Julius Cæsar:—

"Pardon me, Julius: here wast thou bay'd, brave hart;
Here didst thou fall, and here thy hunters stand,
Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe."

Old Turberville gives us the details of this custom:—"Our order is, that the prince, or chief, if so please them, do alight, and take assay of the deer, with a sharp knife, the which is done in this manner—the deer being laid upon his back, the prince, chief, or such as they do appoint, comes to it, and the chief huntsman, kneeling if it be to a prince, doth hold the deer by the fore-foot, while the prince, or chief, do cut a slit drawn along the brisket of the deer." It would not be easy to effect this operation without the "purpled hands," and Johnson's suggestion that it was "one of the savage practices of the chase, for all to stain their hands in the blood of the deer, as a trophy," is uncalled for.

^e SCENE II.—"*The mutines of Jerusalem.*"

The union of the various factions in Jerusalem, when besieged by Titus, is here alluded to. Malone gives a particular passage from the "Latter Times of the Jews' Commonwealth," translated from the Hebrew of Joseph Ben Gorion, which he thinks suggested the passage to our poet.

ACT III.

^a SCENE III.—"*Bell, book, and candle shall not drive me back.*"

The form of excommunication in the Romish Church was familiar to Chaucer:—

"For clerkes say we shallin be fain
For their livedod to sweve and swinke,
And then right nought us geve again,
Neither to eat ne yet to drink;
Thei move by law, as that thei sain,
Us curse and dampne to hellis brink;
And thus thei puttin us to pain
With candles queint and bellis clink."

In another passage of the same poem, the Manciple's tale, we have the "clerkes," who

"Christis people proudly curse
With brode boke and braying bell."

But the most minute and altogether curious description of the ceremony of excommunication is in Bishop Bale's "Kynge Johan," which we have described in our Introductory Notice. In that "pageant" Pandulph denounces John in the following fashion:—

"For as moch as kyng Johan doth Holy Church so handle,
Here I do curse hym wyth crosse, boke, bell and candle.
Lyke as this same roode turneth now from me his face,
So God I requyre to sequester hym of his grace.
As this boke doth speare by my worke mannuall,
I wyll God to close uppe from hym his benefyttes all.
As this burnyng flame goth from this candle in syght,
I wyll God to put hym from his eternall lyght.
I take hym from Crist, and after the sownd of this bell,
Both body and sowle I geve hym to the devyll of hell.
I take from hym baptym, with the other sacramentes
And sufferages of the churche, bothe amber days and lentes."

* Pictorial History of England, vol. i. p. 494.

HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

Here I take from hym bothe penonce and confessyon,
Masse of the wondes, with sensyng and processyon.
Here I take from hym holy water and holy brede,
And never wyll them to stande hym in any sted."

In Fox we have the ceremony of excommunication minutely detailed;—the bishop, and clergy, and all the several sorts of friars in the cathedral,—the cross borne before them with three wax tapers lighted, and the eager populace assembled. A priest, all in white, mounts the pulpit, and then begins the denunciation. Those who are curious as to this formula may consult Fox or Strype; and they will agree with Corporal Trim that the "soldiers in Flanders" swore nothing like this. The climax of the cursing was when each taper was extinguished, with the pious prayer that the souls of the "malefactors and schismatics" might be given "over utterly to the power of the fiend, as this candle is now quench'd and put out." Henry VIII., in 1533, abolished the General Sentence or Curse, which was read in the churches four times a year. (See Pictorial History of England, vol. ii. p. 716.)

ACT IV.

^a SCENE I.—"Fast to the chair."

Chairs of the period are of many sizes and fashions. They may, however, be classed under three generic forms:—1. Those constructed in imitation of parts of animals and chimeras, evidently of classic origin. 2. Open framework seats, made, apparently, of metal, reeds, or canes. 3. The common high-backed chair which is still to be found in our cottages, but without decoration.

ACT V.

^a SCENE II.—"Have I not here the best cards for the game?"

There is a general notion that cards were invented for the amusement of Charles VI. of France, who suffered an almost constant depression of spirits, nearly allied to insanity. This opinion was derived from an entry in an account-book of the treasurer to that unhappy king, about 1393, in which we find "fifty-six sols of Paris given to Jacquemin Gringonneur, painter, for three packs of cards, gilt and coloured, and of different sorts, for the diversion of his majesty." From a passage discovered in an old manuscript copy of the Romance of "Renard le Contrefait," it appears that cards were known in France about 1340; and there is no doubt that they were commonly used in France and Spain about the end of the fourteenth century. The earliest printed cards known are those engraved by the celebrated artist known as "the Master of 1466;" and parts of a pack, in most beautiful preservation, were in the possession of Mr. Tiffin, of the Strand.

^b SCENE III.—"To my litter straight."

Holinshed relates, after Matthew Paris, that the king "was not able to ride, but was fain to be carried in a litter, presently made of twigs, with a couch of straw under him, without any bed or pillow." Matthew of Westminster informs us that John was conveyed from the abbey of Swineshead "in lecticâ equestri"—the horse-litter.

HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

ACT I.

It would appear scarcely necessary to entreat the reader to bear in mind—before we place in apposition the events which these scenes bring before us, and the facts of history, properly so called—that the "Histories" of Shakspeare are Dramatic Poems. And yet, unless this circumstance be watchfully regarded, we shall fall into the error of setting up one form of truth in contradiction to, and not in illustration of, another form of truth. It appears to us a worse than useless employment to be running parallels between the poet and the chronicler, for the purpose of showing that for the literal facts of history the poet is not so safe a teacher as the chronicler. In this somewhat prosaic spirit, a gentleman of ability and research wrote a series of essays that undertook to solve two problems,—“What were Shakspeare's authorities for his history, and how far has he departed from them? And whether the plays may be given to our youth as properly historical.”* The writer of these essays decides the latter question in the negative, and maintains that these pieces are “quite unsuitable as a medium of instruction to the English youth;” and his great object is, therefore, to contradict, by a body of minute proofs, the assertion of A. W. Schlegel, with regard to these plays, that “the principal traits in every event are given with so much correctness, their apparent causes and their secret motives are given with so much penetration, that we may therein study history, so to speak, after nature, without fearing that such lively images should ever be effaced from our minds.” Schlegel appears to us to have hit the true cause why the youth of England have been said to take their history from Shakspeare. The “lively images” of the poet present a general truth much more completely than the tedious narratives of the annalist. The ten English “Histories” of Shakspeare—the

magnificent dramatic *Épopée*, of which the separate pieces are different cantos”—stand in the same relation to the contemporary historians of the events they deal with, as a landscape does to a map. Mr. Courtenay says, “Let it be well understood that if in any case I derogate from Shakspeare as an historian, it is as an historian only.” Now, “as an historian,” in the sense in which Mr. Courtenay uses the word—by which he means one who describes past events with the most accurate observances of time and place, and with the most diligent balancing of conflicting testimony—Shakspeare has no pretensions to be regarded. The principle, therefore, of viewing Shakspeare's history through another medium than that of his art, and pronouncing, upon this view, that his historical plays cannot be given to our youth as “*properly* historical,” is nearly as absurd as it would be to derogate from the merits of Mr. Turner's beautiful drawings of coast scenery, by maintaining and proving that the draftsman had not accurately laid down the relative positions of each bay and promontory. It would not be, to our minds, a greater mistake to confound the respective labours of the landscape painter and the hydrographer, than to subject the poet to the same laws which should govern the chronicler. There may be, in the poet, a higher truth than the literal, evolved in spite of, or rather in combination with, his minute violations of accuracy; we may in the poet better study history, “so to speak, after nature,” than in the annalist,—because the poet masses and generalises his facts, subjecting them, in the order in which he presents them to the mind, as well as in the elaboration which he bestows upon them, to the laws of his art, which has a clearer sense of fitness and proportion than the laws of a dry chronology. But, at any rate, the structure of an historical drama and of an historical narrative are so essentially different, that the offices of the poet and the historian must never be confounded. It is not to derogate from the poet to say that he is not an historian;—it will be to elevate Shakspeare when we compare his poetical truth with the

* Shakspeare's Historical Plays considered historically. By the Right Hon. T. P. Courtenay.

truth of history. We have no wish that he had been more exact and literal.

The moving cause of the main action in the play of King John is put before us in the very first lines. Chatillon, the ambassador of France, thus demands of John the resignation of his crown :—

“ Philip of France, in right and true behalf
Of thy deceased brother Geoffrey's son,
Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim
To this fair island, and the territories;
To Ireland, Poitiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine.”

In the year 1190, when Arthur was only two years old, his uncle, Richard Cœur-de-Lion, contracted him in marriage with the daughter of Tancred, King of Sicily. The good-will of Richard towards Arthur, on this occasion, might be in part secured by a dowry of twenty thousand golden *uncie* which the Sicilian king paid in advance to him; but, at any rate, the infant Duke of Brittany was recognised in this deed, by Richard, as “our most dear nephew, and heir, if by chance we should die without issue.”* When Richard did die without issue, 1199, Arthur and his mother Constance, who was really the Duchess Regnant of Brittany, were on friendly terms with him, although in 1197 Richard had wasted Brittany with fire and sword; but John produced a testament by which Richard gave him the crown. The adherents of John, however, did not rely upon this instrument; and, if we may credit Matthew Paris, John took the brightest gem of the house of Anjou, the crown of England, upon the principle of election. His claim was recognised also in Normandy. Maine, Touraine, and Anjou, on the other hand, declared for Arthur; and at Angiers the young prince was proclaimed King of England. As Duke of Brittany Arthur held his dominion as a vassal of France; but Constance, who knew the value of a powerful protector for her son, offered to Philip Augustus of France, that Arthur should do homage not only for Brittany, but also for Normandy, Maine, Anjou, Touraine, and Poitou. Philip encouraged the pretensions of Arthur to the provinces of which he had offered homage, and he met his young vassal at Mans, where he received his oath, bestowed on him knighthood, and took him with him to Paris.

We may assume this point of the history of Arthur as determining the period when Shakspeare's play of King John commences.

The hostility of Elinor to Constance is manifested in the first scene :—

“ What now, my son! have I not ever said,
How that ambitious Constance would not cease,
Till she had kindled France, and all the world,
Upon the right and party of her son?”

Holinshed assigns the reason for this enmity :—“Surely Queen Elinor, the king's mother, was sore against her nephew Arthur, rather moved thereto by envy conceived against his mother, than upon any just occasion given in the behalf of the child; for that she saw if he were king how his mother Constance would look to bear most rule within the realm of England, till her son should come to lawful age to govern of himself.”

Philip the bastard, whose character infuses so much life and spirit into these scenes, is thus noticed in Holinshed; nor is there any other mention of him :—“The same year also (the first of John), Philip, bastard son to King Richard, to whom his father had given the castle and honour of Cohnack, killed the Viscount of Lymoges, in revenge of his father's death, who was slain (as ye have heard) in besieging the castle of Chalus Cheverell.”

ACT II.

The events of nearly two years are crowded into the rapid movements of this act. And yet, except in one circumstance, the general historical truth is to be found in the poet. That circumstance is the bringing of Austria upon the scene, with the assertion that—

“ Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart,
And fought the holy wars in Palestine,
By this brave duke came early to his grave.”

Leopold, the brutal and crafty gaoler of the lion-heart, died some five

years before Richard fell by a wound from a cross-bow, before the castle of the Viscount Lymoges : one of his vassals in Limousin—

“ An *arblaster* with a *quarrel* him shot,
As he about the castell went to spie.”†

In the third act Constance exclaims, “O, Lymoges, O Austria,” making the two enemies of Richard as one. In the old play of King John we have the same confusion of dates and persons; for there “the bastard chaseth Lymoges the Austrich duke, and maketh him leave the lyon's skin.” It was unquestionably a principle with Shakspeare not to disturb the conventional opinions of his audience by greatly changing the plots with which they were familiar. He knew full well, from his Chronicles, that the injuries which Austria had heaped upon Richard could no longer be revenged by Richard's son, and that the quarrel of Faulconbridge was with a meaner enemy, the Viscount Lymoges. But he adopted the conduct of the story in the old play; for he would have lost much by sacrificing the “lion's skin” of the subtle duke to an historical fact, with which his audience were not familiar. We have adverted to this principle more at length in the Introductory Notice. With the exception, then, of this positive violation of accuracy, we have, in this act, a vivid dramatic picture of the general aspect of affairs in the contest between John and Philip. We have not, indeed, the exhibition of the slow course of those perpetually shifting manœuvres which marked the policy of the wily King of France towards the unhappy boy whom he one day protected and another day abandoned; we have the fair promises kept and broken in the space of a few hours. Let us, however, very briefly trace the real course of events.

Philip of France had been twenty years upon the throne when John leaped into the dominion of Richard, to whom he had been a rebel and a traitor, when the hero of the Holy Land was waging the mistaken fight of chivalry and of Christendom. Philip was one of the most remarkable examples that history presents of the constant opposition that is carried on, and for the most part successfully, of cunning against force. Surrounded as Philip was by turbulent allies and fierce enemies, he perpetually reminds us, in his windings and doublings, of his even more crafty successor, Louis XI. Arthur was a puppet in the hands of Philip, to be set up or knocked down, as Philip desired to bully or to cajole John out of the territories of the house of Anjou. In the possession of Arthur's person he had a hostage whom he might put forward as an ally, or degrade as a prisoner; and, in the same spirit, when he seized upon a fortress in the name of Arthur, he demolished it, that he might lose no opportunity of destroying a barrier to the extension of his own frontier. The peace which Shakspeare represents, and correctly, as being established by the marriage of Blanch and Lewis, was one of several truces and treaties of amity that took place in the first two or three years of John's reign. The treaty of the 22nd May, in the year 1200, between these two kings, agreed that, with the exception of Blanch's dowry, John should remain in possession of all the dominions of his brother Richard; for Arthur was to hold even his own Brittany as a vassal of John. It is affirmed that, by a secret article of this treaty, Philip was to inherit the continental dominions thus confirmed to John, if he, John, died without children.

At the time of the treaty of 1200, Constance, the mother of Arthur, was alive. As we have said, she was reigning Duchess of Brittany in her own right. If we may judge of her character from the chroniclers, she was weak and selfish—deserting the bed of her second husband, and marrying the Lord Guy de Touars—at a time when the fortune, and perhaps the life, of her son by Geoffrey depended upon the singleness of her affection for him. But it is exceedingly difficult to speak upon these points; and there is, at any rate, little doubt that her second husband treated her with neglect and cruelty.

The surpassing beauty of the maternal love of the Constance of Shakspeare will, it is probable, destroy all other associations with the character of Constance. We have no record that Constance was not a most devoted mother to her eldest born; and in that age, when divorces were as common amongst the royal and the noble as other breaches of faith, we are not entitled to believe that her third marriage was incompatible with her passionate love for the heir of so many hopes,—her heart-breaking devotion to her betrayed and forsaken son,—and her natural belief that

“ Since the birth of Cain, the first male child,
To him that did but yesterday suspire,
There was not such a gracious creature born.”

* See Daru, Histoire de Bretagne, tome i. p. 381.

† Hardyng's Chronicle.

The fate of Constance was not altogether inconsistent with Shakspeare's delineation of the heart-broken mother. She died in 1201. But Arthur was not then John's captive, although all his high hopes were limited to Brittany.

The treaty of marriage between Lewis and Blanch is thus described by Holinshed :—

"So king John returned back (from York) and sailed again into Normandy, because the variance still depended between him and the King of France. Finally, upon the Ascension day in this second year of his reign, they came eftsoons to a communication betwixt the towns of Vernon, and Lisle Dandelie, where, finally, they concluded an agreement, with a marriage to be had betwixt Lewis the son of King Philip, and the lady Blanch, daughter to Alfonso King of Castile, the eighth of that name, and niece to King John by his sister Eleanor." The terms of the treaty are, in several respects, accurately described by Shakspeare—the dowry of thirty thousand marks—the resignation by John of certain possessions—the retention of Angiers—and the bestowal of Brittany and the earldom of Richmond upon Arthur. John, however, retained much of what the poet has recited as being abandoned by him. "The lady Blanch" was not personally consenting to this treaty, for it was stipulated that "the foresaid Blanch should be conveyed into France to her husband, with all speed."

ACT III.

After the peace of 1200, Arthur remained under the care of King Philip, in fear, as it is said, of the treachery of John. But the peace was broken within two years. John, whose passions were ever his betrayers, seized upon the wife of the Count de la Marche, Isabella of Angoulême, and married her, although his wife Avis, to whom he had been married ten years, was living. The injured Count headed an insurrection in Aquitaine, which Philip secretly encouraged. John was, however, courteously entertained by his crafty rival in Paris. But, upon his return to England, Philip openly succoured the insurgents; once more brought the unhappy Arthur upon the scene; and made him raise the banner of war against his powerful uncle. With a small force he marched against the town of Mirebeau, near Poitiers, where his grandmother Elinor was stationed, as "Regent of those parts." Some of the chroniclers affirm that Elinor was captured; but, says Holinshed, "others write far more truly, that she was not taken, but escaped into a tower, within the which she was straitly besieged." John, who was in Normandy, being apprised of the danger of his mother, "used such diligence that he was upon his enemies' necks ere they could understand anything of his coming." On the night of the 31st of July, 1202, John obtained possession of the town by treachery, and Arthur was taken in his bed. The Count de la Marche and the other leaders were captured, and were treated with extreme cruelty and indignity. Arthur was conveyed to the castle of Falaise. The interdict of John by Rome, for refusing to admit Stephen Langton to the archbishopric of Canterbury, did not take place till five years after these events.

ACT IV.

It is unquestionably to be deplored that the greatest writers of imagination have sometimes embodied events not only unsupported by the facts of history, but utterly opposed to them. We are not speaking of those deviations from the actual succession of events,—those omissions of minor particulars,—those groupings of characters who were really never brought together,—which the poet knowingly abandons himself to, that he may accomplish the great purposes of his art, the first of which, in a drama especially, is unity of action. Such a license has Shakspeare taken in King John, and who can doubt that, poetically, he was right? But there is a limit even to the mastery of the poet, when he is dealing with the broad truths of history; for the poetical truth would be destroyed if the historical truth were utterly disregarded. For example, if the grand scenes in this act, between Arthur and Hubert, and between Hubert and John, were entirely contradicted by the truth of history, there would be an abatement

even of the irresistible power of these matchless scenes. Had the proper historians led us to believe that no attempt was made to deprive Arthur of his sight—that his death was not the result of the dark suspicions and cowardly fears of his uncle—that the manner of this death was so clear that he who held him captive was absolved from all suspicion of treachery—then the poet would indeed have left an impression on the mind which even the historical truth could with difficulty have overcome; but he would not have left that complete and overwhelming impression of the reality of his scenes—he could not have produced our implicit belief in the sad story, as he tells it, of Arthur of Brittany—he could not have rendered it impossible for any one to recur to that story, who has read this act of King John, and not think of the dark prison where the iron was hot and the executioner ready, but where nature, speaking in words such as none but the greatest poet of nature could have furnished, made the fire and the iron "deny their office," and the executioner leave the poor boy for awhile to "sleep doubtless and secure." Fortunate is it that we have no records to hold up which should say that Shakspeare built this immortal scene upon a rotten foundation. The story, as told by Holinshed, is deeply interesting; and we cannot read it without feeling how skilfully the poet has followed it :—

"It is said that King John caused his nephew Arthur to be brought before him at Falaise, and there went about to persuade him all that he could to forsake his friendship and alliance with the French king, and to lean and stick to him his natural uncle. But Arthur, like one that wanted good counsel, and abounding too much in his own wilful opinion, made a presumptuous answer, not only denying so to do, but also commanding King John to restore unto him the realms of England, with all those other lands and possessions which King Richard had in his hand at the hour of his death. For sith the same appertaineth to him by right of inheritance, he assured him, except restitution were made the sooner, he should not long continue quiet. King John being sore moved by such words thus uttered by his nephew, appointed (as before is said) that he should be straitly kept in prison, as first in Falaise, and after at Roan, within the new castle there.

"Shortly after King John coming over into England caused himself to be crowned again at Canterbury, by the hands of Hubert, the archbishop there, on the fourteenth of April, and then went back again into Normandy, where, immediately upon his arrival, a rumour was spread through all France, of the death of his nephew Arthur. True it is that great suit was made to have Arthur set at liberty, as well by the French King, as by William de Mches, a valiant baron of Poitou, and divers other noblemen of the Britains, who, when they could not prevail in their suit, they banded themselves together, and joining in confederacy with Robert Earl of Alanson, the Viscount Beaumont, William de Fulgiers, and other, they began to levy sharp wars against King John in divers places, insomuch (as it was thought) that so long as Arthur lived, there would be no quiet in those parts: whereupon it was reported, that King John, through persuasion of his counsellors, appointed certain persons to go into Falaise, where Arthur was kept in prison, under the charge of Hubert de Burgh, and there to put out the young gentleman's eyes.

"But through such resistance as he made against one of the tormentors that came to execute the king's command (for the other rather forsook their prince and country, than they would consent to obey the king's authority therein) and such lamentable words as he uttered, Hubert de Burgh did preserve him from that injury, not doubting but rather to have thanks than displeasure at the king's hands, for delivering him of such infamy as would have redounded unto his highness, if the young gentleman had been so cruelly dealt withal. For he considered, that King John had resolved upon this point only in his heat and fury (which moveth men to undertake many an inconvenient enterprise, unbeseeming the person of a common man, much more reproachful to a prince, all men in that mood being more foolish and furious, and prone to accomplish the perverse conceits of their ill possessed hearts; as one saith right well,

—pronus in iram
Stultorum est animus, facillè excandescit et audet
Omne scelus, quoties concepta bile tumescit),

and that afterwards, upon better advisement, he would both repent himself so to have commanded, and give them small thank that should see it put in execution. Howbeit, to satisfy his mind for the time, and to stay the rage of the Britains, he caused it to be bruted abroad through the country, that the king's commandment was

fulfilled, and that Arthur also, through sorrow and grief, was departed out of this life. For the space of fifteen days this rumour incessantly ran through both the realms of England and France, and there was ringing for him through towns and villages, as it had been for his funerals. It was also bruted, that his body was buried in the monastery of Saint Andrews of the Cisteaux order.

"But when the Britains were nothing pacified, but rather kindled more vehemently to work all the mischief they could devise, in revenge of their sovereign's death, there was no remedy but to signify abroad again, that Arthur was as yet living, and in health. Now when the king heard the truth of all this matter, he was nothing displeased for that his commandment was not executed, sith there were divers of his captains which uttered in plain words, that he should not find knights to keep his castles, if he dealt so cruelly with his nephew. For if it chanced any of them to be taken by the King of France, or other their adversaries, they should be sure to taste of the like cup. But now touching the manner in very deed of the end of this Arthur, writers make sundry reports. Nevertheless certain it is, that in the year next ensuing, he was removed from Falaise unto the castle or tower of Roan, out of the which there was not any that would confess that ever he saw him go alive. Some have written, that as he essayed to have escaped out of prison, and proving to climb over the walls of the castle, he fell into the river of Seine, and so was drowned. Other write, that through very grief and languor he pined away and died of natural sickness. But some affirm that King John secretly caused him to be murdered and made away, so as it is not thoroughly agreed upon, in what sort he finished his days; but verily King John was had in great suspicion, whether worthily or not, the Lord knoweth."

Wisely has the old chronicler said, "Verily King John was had in great suspicion, whether worthily or not, the Lord knoweth;" and wisely has Shakspeare taken the least offensive mode of Arthur's death, which was to be found noticed in the obscure records of those times. It is, all things considered, most probable that Arthur perished at Rouen. The darkest of the stories connected with his death is that which makes him, on the night of April 3rd, 1203, awakened from his sleep, and led to the foot of the castle of Rouen, which the Seine washed. There, say the French historians, he entered a boat, in which sat John, and Peter de Maulac, his esquire. Terror took possession of the unhappy boy, and he threw himself at his uncle's feet; but John came to do or to witness a deed of horror, and with his own hand he slew his nephew, and the deep waters of the river received the body of his victim.

In Act III. the dramatic action exhibits to us the "holy legate of the pope" breaking the peace between John and Philip, demanding of John

"Why thou against the church, our holy mother,
So wilfully dost spurn; and, force per force,
Keep Stephen Langton, chosen archbishop
Of Canterbury, from that holy see?"

The great quarrel between John and the pope, with reference to the election of Stephen Langton, did not take place till 1207, about six years after Arthur was taken prisoner at Mirebeau. Pandulph was not sent into France "to practise with the French king" against John till 1211; and the invasion of England by the Dauphin (which is suggested by Pandulph as likely to be supported by the indignation of the English on the death of Arthur) did not take place till 1216, the year of John's death. The poet has leaped over all those barriers of time which would have impeded the direct march of his own poetical history. Coleridge has well explained the principle of this:—"The history of our ancient kings,—the events of their reigns I mean,—are like stars in the sky;—whatever the real interspaces may be, and however great, they seem close to each other. The stars—the events—strike us and remain in our eye, little modified by the difference of dates. An historic drama is, therefore, a collection of events borrowed from history, but connected together in respect of cause and time, poetically and by dramatic fiction." Again: "The events themselves are immaterial, otherwise than as the clothing and manifestation of the spirit that is working within. In this mode, the unity resulting from succession is destroyed, but is supplied by a unity of a higher order, which connects the events by reference to the workers, gives a reason for them in the motives, and presents men in their causative character."*

The reader may, perhaps, be pleased with an example of the

manner in which Shakspeare follows the Chronicles when the historical and the poetical truth are in unison. We will give him the story of Peter of Pomfret, and the incident of the five moons, from Holinshed:—

"There was in this season (1213, An. Reg. 15) an hermit whose name was Peter, dwelling about York, a man in great reputation with the common people, because that either inspired with some spirit of prophecy, as the people believed, or else having some notable skill in art magic, he was accustomed to tell what should follow after.

This Peter, about the first of January last past, had told the king, that at the feast of the Ascension it should come to pass, that he should be cast out of his kingdom. And he offered himself to suffer death for it, if his words should not prove true. Hereupon being committed to prison within the castel of Corfe, where the day by him prefixed came, without any other notable damage unto King John, he was, by the king's commandment, drawn from the said castle unto the town of Warham, and there hanged together with his son.

Some thought that he had much wrong to die, because the matter fell out even as he had prophesied; for the day before Ascension-day King John had resigned the superiority of his kingdom (as they took the matter) unto the pope, and had done to him homage, so that he was no absolute king indeed, as authors affirm. One cause, and that not the least which moved King John the sooner to agree with the pope, rose through the words of the said hermit, that did put such a fear of some great mishap in his heart, which should grow through the disloyalty of his people, that it made him yield the sooner."

"About the month of December, there were seen in the Province of York, five moons, one in the east, the second in the west, the third in the north, the fourth in the south, and the fifth, as it were, set in the midst of the other, having many stars about it, and went five or six times encompassing the other, as it were the space of one hour, and shortly after vanished away."

ACT V.

It is unnecessary for us to do more than refer our readers to Holinshed for an account of the long-protracted dispute between the pope and John, which ended in the mean submission which Shakspeare has so strikingly recorded in the first scene of this act. The chronicler also details the attempt which the pope made to dissuade the French king from the invasion of England, and the determination of the Dauphin to assert what he called his right to the throne. These narratives are too long, and have too little of dramatic interest, to be here given as illustrations of the poet. We subjoin, however, Holinshed's account, which he gives on the authority of Matthew Paris, of the disclosures of Melun, which determined the revolted lords to return to their obedience to John. But the story is very apocryphal:—

"About the same time (1216, An. Reg. 18), or rather in the year last past, as some hold, it fortune that the Viscount of Melune, a Frenchman, fell sick at London, and perceiving that death was at hand, he called unto him certain of the English barons, which remained in the city, upon safeguard thereof, and to them made this protestation: 'I lament (saith he) your destruction and desolation at hand, because you are ignorant of the perils hanging over your heads. For this understand that Lewis, and with him sixteen earls and barons of France, have secretly sworn (if it shall fortune him to conquer this realm of England, and be crowned king) that he will kill, banish, and confine all those of the English nobility (which now do serve under him, and persecute their own king) as traitors and rebels, and furthermore will dispossess all their lineage of such inheritance as they now hold in England. And because (saith he) you shall not have doubt hereof, I, which lie here at the point of death, do now affirm unto you, and take it on the peril of my soul, that I am one of those sixteen that have sworn to perform this thing. Wherefore I advise you to provide for your own safeties, and your realm's which you now destroy, and keep this thing secret which I have uttered unto you.' After this speech was uttered he straightways died."

The "Plain near St. Edmund's-Bury," which is the locality of the second scene and of the subsequent battle, is not mentioned in the Chronicles, nor is this locality defined in the original edition of this play. The modern editors have introduced it, most probably, from

* Literary Remains, vol. ii. pp. 160, 161.

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTICE.

the circumstance of the Barons and the Dauphin having interchangeably sworn

"Upon the altar at St. Edmund's-Bury."

Matthew Paris, and Matthew of Westminster, have minutely described the route taken by the king, previous to his death. "The country being wasted on each hand, the king passeth forward till he came to Wellestrems Sands, where, in passing the Washes, he lost a great part of his army, with horses and carriages." "Yet the king himself, and a few others, escaped the violence of the waters, by following a good guide." The Long Wash between Lynn and Boston was formerly a morass, intersected by roads of Roman construction. The memory of the precise spot where John lost his baggage is still preserved in the name of a corner of a bank between Cross Keys Wash and Lynn, called King's Corner. The poet, having another dramatic purpose in view, did not take that version of the king's death which ascribed his last illness to be the result of anguish of mind occasioned by this loss; but he supposes the accident to have befallen the forces under the Bastard:—

"Myself, well-mounted, hardly have escaped."

The death of John, by poison administered by a monk, is thus described by Holinshed, upon the authority of Caxton:—

"—There be which have written that after he had lost his army, he came to the abbey of Swineshead, in Lincolnshire, and there understanding the cheapness and plenty of corn, shewed himself greatly displeased therewith; as he that for the hatred which he bare to the English people, that had so traitorously revolted from him unto his adversary Lewis, wished all misery to light upon them, and thereupon said in his anger, that he would cause all kind of grain to be at a far higher price ere many days should pass. Whereupon a monk that heard him speak such words, being moved with zeal for the oppression of his country, gave the king poison in a cup of ale, whereof he first took the assay, to cause the king not to suspect the matter, and so they both died in manner at one time."

The attempt of Lewis to possess himself of the English throne was maintained for two years; and the country was not freed from the French till after "peace was concluded on the eleventh day of September (1218), not far from Stanes."

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTICE.

DR. JOHNSON, in his preface to Shakspeare, speaking of the division, by the players, of our author's works into comedies, histories, and tragedies, thus defines what, he says, was the notion of a dramatic history in those times: "History was a series of actions, with no other than chronological succession, independent on each other, and without any tendency to introduce and regulate the conclusion." Again, speaking of the unities of the critics, he says of Shakspeare: "His histories, being neither tragedies nor comedies, are not subject to any of their laws; nothing more is necessary to all the praise which they expect, than that the changes of action be so prepared as to be understood, that the incidents be various and affecting, and the characters consistent, natural, and distinct. No other unity is intended, and, therefore, none is to be sought. In his other works he has well enough preserved the *unity of action*." Taking these observations together, as a general definition of the character of Shakspeare's histories, we are constrained to say that no opinion can be further removed from the truth. So far from the "unity of action" not being regarded in Shakspeare's histories, and being subservient to the "chronological succession," it rides over that succession, whenever the demands of the scene require "a unity of a higher order which connects the events by reference to the workers, gives a reason for them in the motives, and presents men in their causative character."* It is this principle which in Shakspeare has given offence, as we have shown, to those who have not formed a higher notion of an historical play than that the series of actions should be the transcript of a chronicle, somewhat elevated, and somewhat modified, by the poetical form, but "without any tendency to introduce and regulate the conclusion."

The great connecting link that binds together all the series of actions in the King John of Shakspeare—which refuses to hold any actions, or series of actions, which arise out of other causes—is *the fate of Arthur*. From the first to the last scene, the hard struggles and the cruel end of the young Duke of Brittany either lead to the action, or form a portion of it, or are the direct causes of an ulterior consequence. We must entreat the indulgence of our readers whilst we endeavour to establish this principle somewhat in detail.

In the whole range of the Shakspearean drama there is no opening scene which more perfectly exhibits the effect which is produced by

coming at once, and without the slightest preparation, to the main business of the piece:—

"Now say, Chatillon, what would France with us?"

In three more lines the phrase "borrowed majesty" at once explains the position of John; and immediately afterwards we come to the formal assertion by France of the "most lawful claim" of "Arthur Plantagenet"—

"To this fair island, and the territories;
To Ireland, Poitiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine."

As rapid as the lightning of which John speaks is a defiance given and returned. The ambassador is commanded to "depart in peace;" the king's mother makes an important reference to the "ambitious Constance;" and John takes up the position for which he struggles to the end—

"Our strong possession, and our right, for us."

The scene of the Bastard is not an episode entirely cut off from the main action of the piece; his loss of "lands," and his "new-made honour," were necessary to attach him to the cause of John. The Bastard is the one partisan who never deserts him.

The second act brings us into the very heart of the conflict on the claim of Arthur. What a Gothic grandeur runs through the whole of these scenes! We see the men of six centuries ago as they played the game of their personal ambition—now swearing hollow friendships, now breathing stern denunciations;—now affecting compassion for the weak and the suffering, now breaking faith with the orphan and the mother;—now

"Gone to be married! gone to swear a peace!"

now keeping the feast "with slaughtered men;"—now trembling at and now braving the denunciations of spiritual power;—and agreeing in nothing but to bend "their sharpest deeds of malice" on unoffending and peaceful citizens, unless the citizens have some "commodity" to offer which shall draw them

"To a most base and vile-concluded peace."

With what skill has Shakspeare, whilst he thus painted the spirit of the chivalrous times,—lofty in words, but sordid in acts,—given us a running commentary which interprets the whole in the sarcasms of the Bastard! But amidst all the clatter of conventional dignity

* Coleridge's Literary Remains, vol. ii. p. 160.

which we find in the speeches of John, and Philip, and Lewis, and Austria, the real dignity of strong natural affections rises over the pomp and circumstance of regal ambition with a force of contrast which is little less than sublime. In the second act Constance is almost too much mixed up with the dispute to let us quite feel that she is something very much higher than the "ambitious Constance." Yet even here, how sweetly does the *nature* of Arthur rise up amongst these fierce broils—conducted at the sword's point with words that are as sharp as swords—to assert the supremacy of gentleness and moderation :—

“ Good my mother, peace !
I would that I were low laid in my grave ;
I am not worth this coil that’s made for me.”

This is the key-note to the great scene of Arthur and Hubert in the fourth act. But in the meantime the maternal terror and anguish of Constance become the prominent objects ; and the rival kings, the haughty prelate, the fierce knights, the yielding citizens, appear but as puppets moved by destiny to force on the most bitter sorrows of that broken-hearted mother. We have here the true characteristic of the drama, as described by the philosophical critic,—“ fate and will in opposition to each other.” Mrs. Jameson, in her very delightful work, “The Characteristics of Women,” has formed a most just and beautiful conception of the character of Constance :—

“That which strikes us as the principal attribute of Constance is *power*—power of imagination, of will, of passion, of affection, of pride: the moral energy, that faculty which is principally exercised in self-control, and gives consistency to the rest, is deficient; or rather, to speak more correctly, the extraordinary development of sensibility and imagination, which lends to the character its rich poetical colouring, leaves the other qualities comparatively subordinate. Hence it is that the whole complexion of the character, notwithstanding its amazing grandeur, is so exquisitely feminine. The weakness of the woman, who by the very consciousness of that weakness is worked up to desperation and defiance, the fluctuations of temper and the bursts of sublime passion, the terrors, the impatience, and the tears, are all most true to feminine nature. The energy of Constance not being based upon strength of character, rises and falls with the tide of passion. Her haughty spirit swells against resistance, and is excited into frenzy by sorrow and disappointment; while neither from her towering pride nor her strength of intellect can she borrow patience to submit, or fortitude to endure.”

How exquisitely is this feminine nature exhibited when Constance affects to disbelieve the tale of Salisbury that the kings are “gone to swear a peace ;” or rather, makes her words struggle with her half belief, in very weakness and desperation :—

“Thou shalt be punish’d for thus frightening me,
For I am sick, and capable of fears ;
Oppress’d with wrongs, and therefore full of fears ;
A widow, husbandless, subject to fears ;
A woman, naturally born to fears ;
And though thou now confess thou didst but jest
With my vex’d spirits, I cannot take a truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day.”

Here is the timid, helpless woman, sick even at the shadows of coming events; but when the shadows become realities, the haughty will,

“ Like a proud river peering o’er his bounds,”

asserts its supremacy in little matters which are yet within its control :—

"*Sal.* Pardon me, madam,
I may not go without you to the kings.
"*Const.* Thou may'st, thou shalt, I will not go with thee :
 here I and sorrows sit ;
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it."

The pride of grief for awhile triumphs over the grief itself:—

“ Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjur’d kings !”

She casts away all fear of consequences, and defies her false friends

with words that appear as irrepressible as her tears. When Pandulph arrives upon the scene, she sees the change which his mission is to work only through the medium of her own personal wrongs :—

“ Good father cardinal, cry thou, amen,
To my keen curses : for, without my wrong,
There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.”

Reckless of what may follow, she, who formerly exhorted Philip,

“ Stay for an answer to your embassy,
Lest unadvis'd you stain your swords with blood,”

is now ready to encounter all the perilous chances of another war, and to exhort France to fall off from England, even upon her knee “made hard with kneeling.” This would appear like the intensity of selfishness, did we not see the passion of the mother in every act and word. It is thus that the very weakness of Constance,—the impotent rage, the deceiving hope,—become clothed with the dignity that in ordinary cases belongs to patient suffering and reasonable expectations. Soon, however, this conflict of feeling—almost as terrible as the “*hysterica passio*” of Lear—is swallowed up in the mother’s sense of her final bereavement :—

“ Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form ;
Then, have I reason to be fond of grief.
Fare you well : had you such a loss as I,
I could give better comfort than you do.

* * * * *

O Lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!
My widow-comfort, and my sorrows' cure!"

Matchless as is the art of the poet in these scenes ;—matchless as an exhibition of maternal sorrow only, apart from the whirlwind of conflicting passions that are mixed up with that sorrow ;—matchless in this single point of view, when compared with the “Hecuba” which antiquity has left us,* and of the “Merope” which the imitators of the Greek drama have attempted to revive ;—are we to believe that Shakspeare intended that our hearts should sustain this laceration, and that the effects should pass away when Constance quits the stage? Are we to believe that he was satisfied that his “incidents should be various and affecting,” but “independent on each other, and without any tendency to produce and regulate the conclusion?” Was there to be no “unity of feeling” to sustain and elevate the action to the end? Was his tragedy to be a mere dance of Fantoccini? No, no. The remembrance of Constance can never be separated from the after-scenes in which Arthur appears ; and at the very last, when the poison has done its work upon the guilty king, we can scarcely help believing that the spirit of Constance hovers over him, and that the echo of the mother’s cries is even more insupportable than the “burn’d bosom” and the “parch’d lips,” which neither his “kingdom’s rivers” nor the “bleak winds” of the north can “comfort with cold.”

Up to the concluding scene of the third act we have not learnt from Shakspeare to hate John. We may think him a usurper. Our best sympathies may be with Arthur and his mother. But he is bold and confident, and some remnant of the indomitable spirit of the Plantagenets gives him a lofty and gallant bearing. We are not even sure, from the first, that he had not something of justice in his quarrel, even though his mother confidentially repudiates "his right." In the scene with Pandulph we completely go with him. We have yet to know that he would one day crouch at the feet of the power that he now defies ; and he has therefore all our voices when he tells the wily and sophistical cardinal—

“That no Italian priest
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions.”

But the expression of *one thought* that had long been lurking in the breast of John sweeps away every feeling but that of hatred, and

* In the Troades of Euripides.

worse than hatred; and we see nothing hereafter in the king but the creeping, cowardly assassin, prompting the deed which he is afraid almost to name to himself, with the lowest flattery of his instrument, and showing us, as it were, the sting which wounds, and the slaver which pollutes, of the venomous and loathsome reptile. The—

“Come hither, Hubert. O, my gentle Hubert,
We owe thee much”—

the—

“By heaven, Hubert, I am almost ashamed
To say what good respect I have of thee”—

make our flesh creep. The warrior and the king vanish. If Shakspeare had not exercised his consummate art in making John move thus stealthily to his purpose of blood—if he had made the suggestion of Arthur's death what John afterwards pretended it was—the winking of authority—the humour

“Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance, it frowns,”—

we might have seen him hemmed in with revolted subjects and foreign invaders with something like compassion. But this exhibition of low craft and desperate violence we can never forgive.

At the end of the third act, when Pandolph instigates the Dauphin to the invasion of England, the poet overleaps the historical succession of events by many years, and makes the expected death of Arthur the motive of policy for the invasion:—

“The hearts
Of all his people shall revolt from him,
And kiss the lips of unacquainted change;
And pick strong matter of revolt, and wrath,
Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John.”

Here is the link which holds together the dramatic action still entire; and it wonderfully binds up all the succeeding events of the play.

In the fourth act the poet has put forth all his power of the pathetic in the same ultimate direction as in the grief of Constance. The theme is not now the affection of a mother driven to frenzy by the circumstances of treacherous friends and victorious foes; but it is the irresistible power of the very helplessness of her orphan boy, triumphing in its truth and artlessness over the evil nature of the man whom John had selected to destroy his victim, as one

“Fit for bloody villainy,
Apt, liable, to be employ'd in danger.”

It would be worse than idle to attempt any lengthened comment on that most beautiful scene between Arthur and Hubert, which carries on the main action of this play. Hazlitt has truly said, “If anything ever was penned, heart-piercing, mixing the extremes of terror and pity, of that which shocks and that which soothes the mind, it is this scene.” When Hubert gives up his purpose, we do not the less feel that

“The bloody fingers' ends of John”

have not been washed of their taint:—

“Your uncle must not know but you are dead,”

tells us, at once, that no relenting of John's purpose had prompted the compassion of Hubert. Pleased, therefore, are we to see the retribution beginning. The murmurs of the peers at the once again crown'd,—the lectures which Pembroke and Salisbury read to their sovereign,—are but the preludes to the demand for “the enfranchisement of Arthur.” Then comes the dissembling of John—

“We cannot hold mortality's strong hand,”—

and the bitter sarcasms of Salisbury and Pembroke:—

“Indeed we fear'd his sickness was past cure.
Indeed we heard how near his death he was,
Before the child himself felt he was sick.”

“This must be answer'd” is as a knell in John's ears. Throughout this scene the king is prostrate before his nobles;—it is the prostration of guilt without the energy which too often accompanies it.

Contrast the scene with the unconquerable intellectual activity of Richard III., who never winces at reproach, seeing only the success of his crimes and not the crimes themselves,—as, for example, his answer in the scene where his mother and the widow of Edward upbraid him with his murders,—

“A flourish, trumpets! strike alarums, drums!
Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women
Rail on the Lord's anointed.”

The messenger appears from France:—the mother of John is dead;—“Constance in a frenzy died;” the “powers of France” have arrived “under the Dauphin.” Superstition is brought in to terrify still more the weak king, who is already terrified with “subject enemies” and “adverse foreigners.” The “prophet of Pomfret” and the “five moons” affright him as much as the consequences of “young Arthur's death.” He turns upon Hubert in the extremity of his fears, and attempts to put upon his instrument all the guilt of that deed. Never was a more striking display of the equivocations of conscience in a weak and guilty mind. Shakspeare is here the true interpreter of the secret excuses of many a criminal, who would shift upon accessories the responsibility of the deviser of a wicked act, and make the attendant circumstances more powerful for evil than the internal suggestions. When the truth is avowed by Hubert, John does not rejoice that he has been spared the perpetration of a crime, but he is prompt enough to avail himself of his altered position:—

“O haste thee to the peers.”

Again he crawls before Hubert. But the storm rolls on.

The catastrophe of Arthur's death follows instantly upon the rejoicing of him who exclaimed, “Doth Arthur live?” in the hope to find a safety in his preservation upon the same selfish principle upon which he had formerly sought a security in his destruction. In a few simple lines we have the sad dramatic story of Arthur's end:—

“The wall is high; and yet will I leap down:—
Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not!—
There's few, or none, do know me; if they did,
This ship-boy's semblance hath disguis'd me quite.
I am afraid; and yet I'll venture it.”

How marvellously does Shakspeare subject all his characters and situations to the empire of common sense! The Arthur of the old play, after receiving his mortal hurt, makes a long oration about his mother. The great dramatist carries on the now prevailing feeling of the audience by one pointed line:—

“O me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones.”

If any other recollection were wanting, these simple words would make us feel that John was as surely the murderer of Arthur, when the terrors of the boy drove him to an inconsiderate attempt to escape from his prison, as if the assassin, as some have represented, rode with him in the dim twilight by the side of a cliff that overhung the sea, and suddenly hurled the victim from his horse into the engulfing wave; or as if the king tempted him to descend from his prison at Rouen at the midnight hour, and, instead of giving him freedom, stifled his prayers for pity in the waters of the Seine. It is thus that we know the anger of the “distemper'd lords” is a just anger, when, finding Arthur's body, they kneel before that “ruin of sweet life,” and vow to it the “worship of revenge.” The short scene between Salisbury, Pembroke, the Bastard, and Hubert, which immediately succeeds, is as spirited and characteristic as anything in the play. Here we see “the invincible knights of old” in their most elevated character—fiery, implacable, arrogant, but still drawing their swords in the cause of right, when that cause was intelligible and undoubted. The character of Faulconbridge here rises far above what we might have expected from the animal courage and the exuberant spirits of the Faulconbridge of the former acts. The courage is indeed here beyond all doubt:—

“Thou wert better gall the devil, Salisbury:
If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,
Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,
I'll strike thee dead.”

KING JOHN.

But we were scarcely prepared for the rush of tenderness and humanity that accompany the courage, as in the speech to Hubert:—

“ If thou didst but consent
To this most cruel act, do but despair,
And, if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread
That ever spider twisted from her womb
Will serve to strangle thee ; a rush will be
A beam to hang thee on ; or wouldst thou drown thyself,
Put but a little water in a spoon,
And it shall be, as all the ocean,
Enough to stifle such a villain up.”

It is this instinctive justice in Faulconbridge,—this readiness to uplift the strong hand in what he thinks a just quarrel,—this abandonment of consequences in the expression of his opinions,—that commands our sympathies for him whenever he appears upon the scene. The motives upon which he acts are entirely the antagonist motives by which John is moved. We have, indeed, in Shakspeare none of the essay-writing contrasts of smaller authors. We have no assertors of adverse principles made to play at see-saw, with reverence be it spoken, like the Moloch and Belial of Milton. But, after some reflection upon what we have read, we feel that he who leaped into Cœur de Lion's throne, and he who hath “a trick of Cœur de Lion's face,” are as opposite as if they were the *formal* personifications of subtlety and candour, cowardice and courage, cruelty and kindness. The fox and the lion are not more strongly contrasted than John and Faulconbridge ; and the poet did not make the contrast by accident. And yet with what incomparable management are John and the Bastard held together as allies throughout these scenes ! In the onset the Bastard receives honour from the hands of John, and he is grateful. In the conclusion he sees his old patron, weak indeed and guilty, but surrounded with enemies, and he will not be faithless. When John quails before the power of a spiritual tyrant, the Bastard stands by him in the place of a higher and a better nature. He knows the dangers that surround his king :—

“ All Kent hath yielded ; nothing there holds out
But Dover Castle ; London hath receiv'd,
Like a kind host, the Dauphin and his powers :
Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone
To offer service to your enemy.”

But no dangers can daunt his resolution :—

“ Let not the world see fear, and sad distrust,
Govern the motion of a kingly eye :
Be stirring as the time ; be fire with fire ;
Threaten the threatener, and outface the brow
Of bragging horror : so shall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviours from the great,
Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntless spirit of resolution.”

The very necessity for these stirring words would show us that from henceforth John is but a puppet without a will. The blight of Arthur's death is upon him ; and he moves on to his own destiny, whilst Faulconbridge defies or fights with his enemies ; and his revolted lords, even while they swear

“ A voluntary zeal, and unurg'd faith ”

to the invader, bewail their revolt, and lament

“ That, for the health and physic of our right,
We cannot deal but with the very hand
Of stern injustice and confused wrong.”

But the great retribution still moves onward. The cause of England is triumphant ; “the lords are all come back ;” but the king is “poisoned by a monk :”—

“ Poison'd,—ill fare ;—dead, forsook, cast off :
And none of you will bid the winter come,
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw ;
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course
Through my burn'd bosom ; nor entreat the north
To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips,
And comfort me with cold :—I do not ask you much,
I beg cold comfort ; and you are so strait
And so ingrateful, you deny me that.”

The interval of fourteen years between the death of Arthur and the death of John is annihilated. Causes and consequences, separated in the proper history by long digressions and tedious episodes, are brought together. The attributed murder of Arthur lost John all the inheritances of the house of Anjou, and allowed the house of Capet to triumph in his overthrow. Out of this grew a larger ambition, and England was invaded. The death of Arthur and the events which marked the last days of John were separated in their cause and effect by time only, over which the poet leaps. It is said that a man who was on the point of drowning saw, in an instant, all the events of his life in connection with his approaching end. So sees the poet. It is his to bring the beginnings and the ends of events into that real union and dependence which even the philosophical historian may overlook in tracing their course. It is the poet's office to preserve a unity of action ; it is the historian's to show a consistency of progress. In the chroniclers we have manifold changes of fortune in the life of John after Arthur of Brittany has fallen. In Shakspeare Arthur of Brittany is at once revenged. The heart-broken mother and her boy are not the only sufferers from double courses. The spirit of Constance is appeased by the fall of John. The Niobe of a Gothic age, who vainly sought to shield her child from as stern a destiny as that with which Apollo and Artemis pursued the daughter of Tantalus, may rest in peace !

KING RICHARD II.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

STATE OF THE TEXT, AND CHRONOLOGY, OF RICHARD II.

THE Richard II. of Shakspeare was entered at Stationers' Hall, August 29, 1597, by Andrew Wise, by whom the first edition was published, in the same year, under the title of "The Tragedie of King Richard the Second. As it hath been publikely acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his servants." It is one of the plays enumerated as Shakspeare's by Francis Meres in 1598. A second edition was printed by Wise in 1598, which bears the name of "William Shake-speare" as the author. In 1608 an edition was printed for Matthew Law, of which the copies in general bear this title: "The Tragedie of King Richard the Second, with new additions of the Parliament Sceane, and the deposing of King Richard. As it hath been lately acted by the kinges servantes, at the Globe, by William Shake-speare." A fourth edition, from the same publisher, appeared in 1615. The division of the acts and scenes was first made in the folio of 1623, and not, as Steevens has stated, in a quarto of 1634.

We thus see that one of the most prominent scenes of the play, "The Parliament Scene and the deposing of King Richard," received "new additions" in 1608. In point of fact, all that part of the fourth act in which Richard is introduced to make the surrender of his crown, comprising one hundred and fifty-four lines, was never printed in the age of Elizabeth. The quarto of 1608 first gives this scene.* That quarto is, with very few exceptions, the text of the play as it now stands; for it is remarkable that in the folio there are, here and there, lines which are in themselves beautiful and unexceptionable, amounting, in the whole, to about fifty, which are omitted. It is difficult to account for this; for the omissions are not so important in quantity that the lines should be left out to make room for the deposition scene. The last stage copy was, probably, here used; for one of the passages omitted is a speech of "a lord" without a name in the parliament scene; and the players were, perhaps, desirous to save the introduction of a new character. We have indicated these alterations in our foot-notes. The text is, upon the whole, remarkably pure, and presents few difficulties.

Whether this play were written just anterior to the period of its publication, or some three or four years before, we have no distinct evidence. In the last edition of Malone's Shakspeare, in his essay on the chronological order of Shakspeare's plays, he gives it the date of 1593. In former editions of the same essay he considers it to be written in 1597. For neither of these conjectural dates does he offer any argument or authority. George Chalmers would fix it in 1596, because the play itself has some dozen lines upon Irish affairs; and Irish affairs much occupied the nation in 1596! This appears to us a somewhat absurd refinement upon the intention of the author; for as the fall of Richard was, in some measure, occasioned by his absence in Ireland, it certainly does appear to us that some mention of Ireland was called for in this play, without any allusion being intended to the period of 1595, "when Tir Owen took the Queen's fort at Blackwater."

* Mr. Grant White holds that the speech of the Abbot, at the end of the fourth act,—"*A woeful pageant have we here beheld,*"—appearing in the quartos of 1597 and 1598, implies that the deposition scene had been previously written, though not there printed; for if the Abbot had not witnessed the deposition, he had not "*beheld*" a "*woeful pageant*." In that case the line must have been allowed to stand by mistake.

There is, however, a circumstance connected with the chronology of this play which has been entirely overlooked by Malone and the other commentators, and which we approach with some hesitation, when we consider what labour they have bestowed in bringing to light parallel passages of the text of Shakspeare from the most obscure authors. The first four books of Daniel's "*Civil Warres*," three of which are almost wholly occupied with the story of Richard II., were first published in 1595. We have looked at this poem with some care, and we cannot avoid coming to the conclusion that with reference to parts of the conduct of the story, and in a few modes of expression, each of which differs from the general narrative and the particular language of the chroniclers, there are similarities betwixt Shakspeare and Daniel which would lead to the conclusion, either that the poem of Daniel was known to Shakspeare, or the play of Shakspeare was known to Daniel. We will slightly run over these similarities, and then, with much diffidence, offer a conclusion.

In the first scene of Richard II. the king says, in regard to the appeal of Bolingbroke against Norfolk,—

"Tell me, moreover, hast thou sounded him,
If he appeal the duke on *ancient malice*?"

Daniel adopts Froissart's version of the story, that Norfolk first accused Bolingbroke; but Froissart has not a word of "*ancient malice*;" he simply makes the king exclaim, "Why say you these words?—we will know it." Holinshed, when he makes Hereford first appeal Norfolk of treason, shows the king as hearing them both, and dismissing them with, "No more—we have heard enough." Daniel thus gives the scene:—

"Hereof doth Norfolk presently take hold,
And to the king the whole discourse relate:
Who not conceiting it, as it was told,
But judging it proceeded out of hate," &c.

In the fourth scene of the second act the Welsh Captain thus describes the portents which showed that "the king is dead:—"

"The bay-trees in our country are all wither'd,
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven;
The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth."

Shakspeare found the "bay-trees" in Holinshed:—"In this year, in a manner throughout all the realm of England, old bay-trees withered, and afterwards, contrary to all men's thinking, grew green again,—a strange sight, and supposed to import some unknown event." The other prodigies are in Daniel:—

"Red fiery dragons in the air do fly,
And burning meteors, pointed streaming lights,
Bright stars in midst of day appear in sky."

In the third scene of the third act we have a particular expression, unnoticed by the commentators, which finds a parallel in Daniel:—

"Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons
Shall ill become the *flower of England's face*;"

in Daniel we have:—

"Th' ungodly bloodshed that did so defile
The beauty of the fields, and even did mar
The flower of thy chief pride, thou fairest Isle."

Daniel had read Stow, although he might not have seen the Metrical History; and he gives a minute description of the ambush of

Northumberland between Conway and Flint. This poet has been called, and properly, by Drayton,

"Too much historian in verse."

Shakspeare drew the distinction between poetry and history, and he therefore gives us not this *melo*-dramatic episode. But the entry of Bolingbroke and Richard into London equally came within the province of history and poetry. Matchless and original as this description is in Shakspeare, there is something very similar in Daniel, which is not in the chroniclers:—

"He that in glory of his fortune sate,
Admiring what he thought could never be,
Did feel his blood within salute his state,
And lift up his rejoicing soul, to see
So many hands and hearts congratulate
Th' advancement of his long-desir'd degree;
When, prodigal of thanks, in passing by,
He re-salutes them all with cheerful eye.

Behind him, all aloof, came pensive on
The unregarded king; that drooping went
Alone, and (but for spite) scarce look'd upon:
Judge, if he did more envy, or lament.
See what a wondrous work this day is done;
Which th' image of both fortunes doth present:
In th' one, to show the best of glory's face;
In th' other, worse than worst of all disgrace."

We have mentioned in our Historical Illustration to Act V. that Daniel, as well as Shakspeare, makes the queen use the language of a woman. There was poetical truth in this, with some foundation in historical exactness. Isabel, according to Froissart, had at eight years old the port of a queen. But it is remarkable that two poets should have agreed in a circumstance which forms no part of the ordinary historical narration. Daniel makes the resignation of the crown by Richard take place in the Tower; but he gives the scene the same pomp and ceremony with which Shakspeare has invested it at Westminster. In the speech of the Bishop of Carlisle we have these words in Shakspeare:—

"What subject can give sentence on his king?
And who sits here that is not Richard's subject?"

The words in Holinshed, from which the speech is said to be copied, are these: "There was none amongst them worthy or meet to give judgment upon so noble a prince as King Richard was, whom they had taken for their sovereign and liege lord, by the space of two-and-twenty years and more." In Daniel we have these words of the Bishop:—

"Never shall this poor breath of mine consent,
That he that two-and-twenty years have reign'd
As lawful lord and king by just descent,
Should here be judg'd, unheard, and unarraign'd;
By subjects too (*judges incompetent*)."

Lastly, in the death of Richard, Daniel, as well as Shakspeare, follows the story that he was barbarously murdered by Sir Piers of Exton. Shakspeare puts these words into the mouth of the assassin:—

"Didst thou not mark the king, what words he spake?
Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear?"

Holinshed has, "King Henry, sitting on a day at his table, sore sighing, said, 'Have I no faithful friend which will deliver me of him whose life will be my death, and whose death will be the preservation of my life?' " Daniel shows Henry perturbed while Richard lived:—

"And wished that some would so his life esteem,
As rid him of these fears wherein he stood."

Are these resemblances accidental? We think not. Neither do we think that the parallel passages are derived from common sources. Did Daniel copy Shakspeare? We think not. He was of a modest and retiring nature, and would purposely have avoided provoking a comparison, especially in the scene describing the entrance of Richard and Bolingbroke into London, in which he has put out his own strength, in his own quiet manner. Shakspeare, on the contrary, as it appears to us, took up Daniel's "Civil Warres," as he took up

Hall's, or Holinshed's, or Froissart's Chronicles, and transfused into his play, perhaps unconsciously, a few of the circumstances and images that belonged to Daniel in his character of poet. Daniel's "Civil Warres" was, in truth, founded upon a false principle. It attempts an impossible mixture of the Poem and the Chronicle,—wanting the fire of the one and the accuracy of the other,—and this from the one cause, that Daniel's mind wanted the true poetical elevation. Believing, therefore, that Shakspeare's Richard II. contains passages that might have been suggested by Daniel's "Civil Warres," we consider that the play was written at a very short period before its publication, in 1597. The exact date is really of very little importance; and we should not have dwelt upon it, had it not been pleasant to trace resemblances between contemporary poets, who were themselves personal friends.

SOURCES OF THE HISTORY OF RICHARD II.

The Richard II. of Shakspeare is the Richard II. of real history. The events as they are detailed by the historians, in connection with the use which Shakspeare has made of those events, are pointed out in the Historical Illustrations to each act.

But there is a question whether, as the foundation of this drama, Shakspeare worked upon any previous play. No copy of any such play exists. The character of Richard is so entire,—so thoroughly a whole,—that we can have little doubt in believing it to be a creation, and not a character adapted to the received dramatic notions of the poet's audience. But still there is every reason to suppose that there was another play of Richard II.—perhaps two others; and that one held possession of the stage long after Shakspeare's exquisite production had been acted and published. There is a curious matter connected with the state history of Shakspeare's own times, that has regard to the performance of *some* play of Richard II. On the afternoon previous to the insurrection of the Earl of Essex, in February, 1601, Sir Gilly Merrick, one of his partisans, procured to be acted before a great company of those who were engaged in the conspiracy "the play of deposing Richard II." The official pamphlet of the declarations of the treasons of the Earl of Essex states, that when it was told Merrick, "by one of the players, that the play was old, and they should have loss in playing it, because few would come to it, there was forty shillings extraordinary given to play it; and so, thereupon, played it was." In the printed account of the arraignment of Merrick it is said that he ordered this play "to satisfy his eyes with a sight of that tragedy which he thought soon after his lord should bring from the stage to the state." There is a passage in Camden's Annals which would appear to place it beyond a doubt that the play so acted was an older play than that of Shakspeare. It is there charged against Essex, that he procured, by money, the obsolete tragedy (*exoletam tragediam*) of the abdication of Richard II. to be acted in a public theatre before the conspiracy. Bacon hints at a systematic purpose of bringing Richard II. "upon the stage, and into print in Queen Elizabeth's time." Elizabeth herself, in a conversation with Lambarde, the historian of Kent, and keeper of the Records in the Tower, going over a pandect of the Rolls which Lambarde had prepared, coming to the reign of Richard II., said, "I am Richard II., know ye not that?" Any allusion to Richard II., at that time, was the cause of great jealousy. Haywarde, in 1599, very narrowly escaped a state prosecution for his "First Part of the Life and Reign of King Henry IV." This book was the deposition of Richard II. put "into print," to which Bacon alludes. It appears to us that, without further evidence, there can be no doubt that the play acted before the partisans of the Earl of Essex was not the play of Shakspeare. The deposition scene, we know, professed to be added to the edition of 1608. The play which Merrick ordered was, in 1601, called an obsolete play. Further, would Shakspeare have continued in favour with Elizabeth, had he been the author of a play whose performance gave such deep offence?

But we have now further evidence that there was an old play of

Richard II., which essentially differed from Shakspeare's play. In our Introductory Notice to the *Winter's Tale* (p. 382), we have mentioned the fact of Mr. Collier having published some very curious extracts from a manuscript in the Bodleian Library, which describe, from the observations of a play-goer in the time of James I., a play of Richard II., essentially different in its scenes from the play of Shakspeare. Dr. Symon Forman, who was a sort of quack and astrologer, and who, being implicated in the conspiracy to murder Sir Thomas Overbury, had escaped public accusation by suddenly dying in 1611, kept "a book of plays and notes thereof, for common policy;" by which "common policy" he means—for maxims of prudence. His first entry is entitled "in Richard II., at the Globe, 1611, the 30 of April, Thursday." From the extract which we shall take the liberty of giving from Mr. Collier's book, it will be seen that at Shakspeare's own theatre, the Globe, a Richard II. was performed, which was, unquestionably, not his Richard II.

"Remember therein how Jack Straw, by his overmuch boldness, not being politic nor suspecting anything, was suddenly, at Smithfield bars, stabbed by Walworth, the Mayor of London, and so he and his whole army was overthrown. Therefore, in such case, or the like, never admit any party without a bar between, for a man cannot be too wise, nor keep himself too safe.

"Also remember how the Duke of Gloucester, the Earl of Arundel, Oxford, and others, crossing the king in his humour about the Duke of Erland (Ireland) and Bushy, were glad to fly and raise a host of men: and being in his castle, how the Duke of Erland came by night to betray him, with three hundred men; but, having privy warning thereof, kept his gates fast, and would not suffer the enemy to enter, which went back again with a fly in his ear, and after was slain by the Earl of Arundel in the battle.

"Remember, also, when the Duke (i.e. of Gloucester) and Arundel came to London with their army, King Richard came forth to them and met them, and gave them fair words, and promised them pardon, and that all should be well, if they would discharge their army: upon whose promises and fair speeches they did it; and after, the king bid them all to a banquet, and so betrayed them and cut off their heads, &c., because they had not his pardon under his hand and seal before, but his word.

"Remember therein also, how the Duke of Lancaster privily contrived all villainy to set them all together by the ears, and to make the nobility to envy the king, and mislike him and his government; by which means he made his own son king, which was Henry Bolingbroke.

"Remember, also, how the Duke of Lancaster asked a wise man whether himself should ever be king, and he told him no, but his son should be a king: and when he had told him, he hanged him up for his labour, because he should not bruit abroad, or speak thereof to others. This was a policy in the commonwealth's opinion, but I say it was a villain's part, and a Judas' kiss, to hang the man for telling him the truth. Beware, by this example, of noblemen and their fair words, and say little to them, lest they do the like to thee for thy good will."*

From Forman's account of this play, it will be seen that it embraces the earlier period of Richard II., containing the insurrection of Jack Straw. It seems very doubtful whether it includes the close of the reign. We have a talk for "policy" about the Duke of Lancaster's (Gaunt's) machinations; but nothing about Henry Bolingbroke. Were there *two* plays of Richard II., of which we know nothing—the *obsolete* play of the deposition, which Merrick caused to be acted in 1601, and the play containing Jack Straw, which Forman noted in 1611?

COSTUME.

For the male costume of this play we are overwhelmed with authorities. Not only do we possess elaborately executed portraits

and monumental effigies of Richard, and the greater number of the other historical personages, but the time is particularly rich in illuminated manuscripts, and in anecdotes illustrative of the dress and armour of the people at large.

The poems of Chaucer and the Chronicles of Froissart are full of information on these points; and in the Harleian Collection of MSS. there is the well-known and invaluable Metrical History of the deposition of Richard II., by a gentleman of the household of Charles VI. of France, and who attended Richard during the whole of the period he describes.† The MS. is liberally illustrated by miniatures exhibiting all the principal scenes of that eventful story, and containing portraits, of the dress at least, of Richard II., Bolingbroke, the Earls of Northumberland, Westmoreland, Exeter, Salisbury, the Bishop of Carlisle, &c.

This circumstance is the more fortunate, as, although we possess numberless illuminated copies of Froissart, all that have come under our notice have been executed as late, at least, as the commencement of the reign of our Henry VI., and, consequently, present us with the dress and armour of another century.

The foppery of dress prevailing during the reign of Richard II. is the universal theme of satire and reprobation amongst the poets and historians of the day; and York, in the first scene of the second act of this play, speaks with perfect truth of our "apish nation" limping in base imitation after the "fashions in proud Italy," or wherever "the world thrusts forth a vanity;" a passage which Dr. Johnson has presumed, of course, to be a mistake of Shakspeare, or rather, a wilful anachronism of the man who gave "to all nations the customs of England, and to all ages the manners of his own!" Richard himself was (as the Rev. Mr. Webb has remarked in his description of the Metrical History aforesaid—*Archæologia*, vol. xx.) the greatest fop of his day.‡ He had a coat estimated at thirty thousand marks, the value of which must chiefly have arisen from the quantity of precious stones with which it was embroidered, such being one of the many extravagant fashions of the time.§ Those of working letters and mottoes on the dresses, and cutting the edges of the mantles, hoods, &c., into the shape of leaves and other devices, may be seen by referring to the portrait of Richard in the Jerusalem Chamber at Westminster, and the illuminations of the Metrical History. Bolingbroke, in the miniatures of that work, is represented in mourning for his father. When he entered London with the captive Richard in his train, he was dressed, according to Froissart, in a short jack, or jacket, of cloth of gold, "a la façon d'Almayne."

Of John of Gaunt we are told that he wore his garments "not wide," and yet they became him "full well." In the Cotton MS., marked D 6, he is represented granting the claims at the coronation of Richard II., as Lord High Steward of England. He is attired in a long party-coloured robe, one half white, the other blue, such being the family colours of the house of Lancaster. White and red were, however, assumed by Richard II. as his livery colours, and, as such, worn by the courtiers and citizens on state occasions.

The sleeves of John of Gaunt's robe are tight, and reach to the wrist, after the old fashion of Edward III.'s time, but bearing out the words of the old poet before quoted, who praises him for not giving way to the extravagances of his nephew's court; Chaucer, the Monk of Evesham, and the author of an anonymous work cited by Camden, and called "The Eulogium," all complain of the large, long, and wide sleeves, reaching almost to the feet, which even the servants wore in imitation of their masters.

The shoes had excessively long pikes, sometimes crooked upwards, and then called crackowes (probably from Cracow, in Poland), and, according to the author of "The Eulogium," occasionally fastened to the knees by chains of gold or silver. The chaperon, or hood, of this reign is of a most indescribable shape, and is sometimes worn over the capucium, or cowl. Single ostrich feathers are also seen

† The Monk of Evesham describes him as extravagantly splendid in his entertainments and dress.

§ The statute passed in prohibition of such vanities calls these dresses "apparel broider'd of stone."

* New Particulars regarding the works of Shakspeare: 1836.

† See Historical Illustrations to Act III.

occasionally in front of the hood, or cap. The hair was worn long in the neck and at the sides, and elderly persons are generally represented with forked beards.

The decoration of the white hart, crowned and chained under a tree, was worn by all Richard's friends and retainers. In the wardrobe account of his twenty-second year is an entry of a belt and sheath of a sword, of red velvet, embroidered with white harts crowned, and with rosemary branches.

The armour of this reign was nearly all of plate—a neck-piece of chain fastened to the bascinet, and called the camail, and the indented edge of the chain-apron depending below the jupon, or surcoat, being nearly all the mail visible. The jupon introduced during the preceding reign was a garment of silk or velvet, richly embroidered with the armorial bearings of the wearer, fitting tight to the shape, and confined over the hips by a magnificent girdle. (*Vide* that of the Black Prince at Canterbury.) In the Metrical History, however, Richard and his knights are represented in loose surcoats, sometimes with sleeves, and embroidered all over with fanciful devices, the king's being golden ostrich feathers. The armour worn by Bolingbroke when he entered the lists at Coventry was manufactured expressly for him at Milan by order of Galeazzo Visconti, to whom he had written on the subject.

The chronicler Hall (and Holinshed follows him), describing this event, asserts, but without quoting his authority, that Bolingbroke's horse was caparisoned with blue and green velvet, embroidered all over with swans and antelopes (his badges and supporters), and that the housings of the Duke of Norfolk's charger were of crimson velvet, embroidered with silver lions (his paternal arms) and mulberry-trees, a punning device, the family name being Mowbray. The visor of the bascinet, or war helmet of this time, was of a singular shape, giving to the wearer almost the appearance of having the head of a bird. A specimen is to be seen in the Tower of London, and a still more perfect one is in the armoury of Sir S. Meyrick, at Goodrich Court.

No feathers, as yet, decorated the helmet unless they formed the heraldic crest of the family, and then only the tournament helmet.

Of the female characters in the play the Duchess of Gloster is the only one for whose dress we have any precise authority; and it is probable that she is represented on her monumental brass in Westminster Abbey, which furnishes it, in the habit of a nun of Barking Abbey, to which place she retired after her husband's murder, and took the veil. The nuns of Barking, however, being of the order of St. Benedict, the dress, both in hue and form, would resemble the mourning habit of a widow of high rank at that period, which was quite conventual in its appearance, even to the *barbe*, or plaited chin-cloth.

The general dress of ladies of quality during the reign of Richard II. consisted of the kirtle, a sort of low-bodied gown, with long tight sleeves, and made to fit very close to the figure, over which was worn a singularly shaped sleeveless gown, or robe, with a very full skirt and train, the front and edges generally trimmed with ermine, or other rich furs, and giving the appearance of a tight spencer over a loose dress, instead of which it is, as nearly as possible, the exact reverse.

Over this, on state occasions, was worn a long mantle, which, as well as the skirt of the gown, or robe, was frequently embroidered with armorial bearings. Leithieullier, in his observations on Sepulchral Monuments, has remarked that, in such cases, the arms on the mantle are always those of the husband, and the others those of the lady's own family.

The hair was worn in a gold fret, or caul, of network, surmounted by a chaplet, or garland, of goldsmith's work, a coronet, or a veil, according to the fancy or rank of the wearer. The effigy of Anne of Bohemia, and the illuminated MS. entitled "*Liber Regalis*," preserved in Westminster Abbey, and executed in the time of Richard II., may be considered the best authorities for the royal and noble female costume of the period.

KING RICHARD II.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING RICHARD II.
EDMUND OF LANGLEY, *Duke of York*; } *uncles to the King.*
JOHN OF GAUNT, *Duke of Lancaster*; }
HENRY, surnamed BOLINGBROKE, *Duke of Hereford*, son to John
of Gaunt; afterwards King Henry IV.
DUKE OF AUMERLE, son to the Duke of York.
MOWBRAY, *Duke of Norfolk*.
DUKE OF SURREY.
EARL OF SALISBURY.
EARL BERKLEY.
BUSHY, }
BAGOT, } *creatures to King Richard.*
GREEN, }
EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.
HENRY PERCY, *his son*.
LORD ROSS.

LORD WILLOUGHBY.
LORD FITZWATER.
BISHOP OF CARLISLE.
ABBOT OF WESTMINSTER,
Lord Marshal; and another Lord.
SIR PIERCE OF EXTON.
SIR STEPHEN SCROOP.
Captain of a band of Welshmen.

QUEEN to King Richard.
DUCHESS OF GLOSTER.
DUCHESS OF YORK.
Lady attending on the Queen.

*Lords, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, two Gardeners, Keeper, Messenger,
Groom, and other Attendants.*

SCENE,—*dispersedly in ENGLAND and WALES.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter KING RICHARD, attended; JOHN OF GAUNT, and
other Nobles, with him.*

K. Rich. Old John of Gaunt, time-honour'd Lancaster,
Hast thou, according to thy oath^a and band,¹
Brought hither Henry Hereford,² thy bold son;
Here to make good the boisterous late appeal,
Which then our leisure would not let us hear,
Against the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray

Gaunt. I have, my liege.

K. Rich. Tell me, moreover, hast thou sounded him,
If he appeal the duke on ancient malice;
Or worthily as a good subject should,
On some known ground of treachery in him?

Gaunt. As near as I could sift him on that argument,
On some apparent danger seen in him,
Aim'd at your highness,—no inveterate malice.

K. Rich. Then call them to our presence; face to face,
And frowning brow to brow, ourselves will hear
The accuser, and the accused, freely speak:—

[*Exeunt some Attendants.*]

High-stomach'd are they both, and full of ire,
In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.

Re-enter Attendants, with BOLINGBROKE and NORFOLK.

Boling. Many years of happy days befall
My gracious sovereign, my most loving liege!

Nor. Each day still better other's happiness;
Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,
Add an immortal title to your crown!

K. Rich. We thank you both: yet one but flatters us,
As well appeareth by the cause you come;³
Namely, to appeal each other of high treason.—

Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object
Against the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Boling. First, (heaven be the record to my speech!)

In the devotion of a subject's love,
Tendering the precious safety of my prince,
And free from other misbegotten hate,
Come I appellant to this princely presence.
Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee,
And mark my greeting well; for what I speak,
My body shall make good upon this earth,
Or my divine soul answer it in heaven.
Thou art a traitor, and a miscreant;
Too good to be so, and too bad to live;
Since, the more fair and crystal is the sky,
The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly.
Once more, the more to aggravate the note,
With a foul traitor's name stuff I thy throat;
And wish, (so please my sovereign,) ere I move,
What my tongue speaks, my right-drawn sword may
prove.

Nor. Let not my cold words here accuse my zeal:
'Tis not the trial of a woman's war,
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain:
The blood is hot that must be cool'd for this.
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast,
As to be hush'd, and nought at all to say:
First, the fair reverence of your highness curbs me
From giving reins and spurs to my free speech;
Which else would post, until it had return'd
These terms of treason doubled⁴ down his throat.
Setting aside his high blood's royalty,
And let him be no kinsman to my liege,
I do defy him, and I spit at him;
Call him a slanderous coward, and a villain:
Which to maintain, I would allow him odds;
And meet him, were I tied to run a-foot
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,
Or any other ground inhabitable⁵

¹ *Band.* *Band* and *bond* are each the past participle passive of the verb *to bind*; and hence the *band*, that by which a thing is confined, and the *bond*, that by which one is constrained, are one and the same thing.

² *Hereford.* In the old copies this title is generally spelt and pronounced *Herford*. In Hardyng's Chronicle the word is always written *Herford* or *Harford*. It is constantly *Herford*, as a dissyllable, in Daniel's "Civil Warres."

³ *You come*—on which you come; or you come on. The omission, in such a case, of the preposition is not unusual.

⁴ *Doubled.* In folio of 1623, and first quarto of 1597, *doubly*: *doubled* is the reading of the quarto of 1615.

⁵ *Inhabitable*—uninhabitable, uninhabitable. Jonson, and Taylor the Water-poet, both use the word in this sense, strictly according to its Latin derivation. But the Norman origin of much of our language warrants this use. *Habitable*, and its converse, present no difficulty to a Frenchman.

Wherever Englishman durst set his foot.
Mean time, let this defend my loyalty,—
By all my hopes, most falsely doth he lie.

Boling. Pale trembling coward, there I throw my gage,
Disclaiming here the kindred of the king;
And lay aside my high blood's royalty,
Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to except:
If guilty dread hath left thee so much strength,
As to take up mine honour's pawn, then stoop;
By that, and all the rites of knighthood else,
Will I make good against thee, arm to arm,
What I have spoke, or thou canst worse devise.¹

Nor. I take it up; and by that sword I swear,
Which gently laid my knighthood on my shoulder,
I'll answer thee in any fair degree,
Or chivalrous design of knightly trial:
And, when I mount, alive may I not light,
If I be traitor, or unjustly fight!

K. Rich. What doth our cousin lay to Mowbray's charge?

It must be great, that can inherit us²
So much as of a thought of ill in him.

Boling. Look, what I speak³ my life shall prove it true;—

That Mowbray hath receiv'd eight thousand nobles,
In name of lendings for your highness' soldiers;
The which he hath detain'd for lewd⁴ employments,
Like a false traitor, and injurious villain.
Besides I say, and will in battle prove,—
Or here, or elsewhere, to the furthest verge
That ever was survey'd by English eye,—
That all the treasons, for these eighteen years
Complotted and contrived in this land,
Fetch from false Mowbray their first head and spring.
Further I say,—and further will maintain
Upon his bad life, to make all this good,—
That he did plot the duke of Gloster's death;
Suggest⁵ his soon-believing adversaries;
And, consequently, like a traitor coward,
Slue'd out his innocent soul through streams of blood:
Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries,
Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth,
To me, for justice and rough chastisement;
And, by the glorious worth of my descent,
This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.

K. Rich. How high a pitch his resolution soars!—
Thomas of Norfolk, what say'st thou to this?

Nor. O, let my sovereign turn away his face,
And bid his ears a little while be deaf,
Till I have told this slander of his blood,
How God, and good men, hate so foul a liar.

K. Rich. Mowbray, impartial are our eyes and ears:
Were he my brother, nay, our⁶ kingdom's heir,
(As he is but my father's brother's son,)
Now by my sceptre's awe I make a vow,
Such neighbour nearness to our sacred blood
Should nothing privilege him, nor partialize
The unstooping firmness of my upright soul:
He is our subject, Mowbray, so art thou;
Free speech, and fearless, I to thee allow.

¹ So the quarto of 1597. The first folio reads—

“What I have spoken, or thou canst devise.”

² *Inherit us.* To *inherit* was not only used in the sense of to inherit as an heir, but in that of to receive generally. It is here used for *to cause to receive*, in the same way that to possess is either used for to have, or to cause to have.

³ *Speak.* So the first quarto and most modern editions; *said* in the folio.

⁴ *Lewd*, in its early signification, means misled, deluded; and thence it came to stand, as here, for wicked. The laity—“the body of the Christian people,” as Gibbon calls them—were designated as *lewed* by the clergy. (See Tooke, v. ii. p. 383.)

⁵ *Suggest*—prompt.

⁶ *Our kingdom's heir.* So the folio; the earlier copies, *my kingdom's heir.*
An ambush. By error, corrected in our Library Edition, we had *in ambush* in the Pictorial.

⁷ *When, Harry? when?* *When*, so used, is an expression of impatience, as 490

Nor. Then, Bolingbroke,^b as low as to thy heart,
Through the false passage of thy throat, thou liest!
Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais
Disburs'd I duly to his highness' soldiers:
The other part reserv'd I by consent;
For that my sovereign liege was in my debt,
Upon remainder of a dear account,
Since last I went to France to fetch his queen:
Now swallow down that lie.—For Gloster's death,—
I slew him not; but to my own disgrace,
Neglected my sworn duty in that case.
For you, my noble lord of Lancaster,
The honourable father to my foe,
Once did I lay an ambush⁷ for your life,
A trespass that doth vex my grieved soul:
But, ere I last receiv'd the sacrament,
I did confess it; and exactly begg'd
Your grace's pardon, and, I hope, I had it.
This is my fault: As for the rest appeal'd,
It issues from the rancour of a villain,
A recreant and most degenerate traitor:
Which in myself I boldly will defend;
And interchangeably hurl down my gage
Upon this overweening traitor's foot,
To prove myself a loyal gentleman
Even in the best blood chamber'd in his bosom:
In haste whereof, most heartily I pray
Your highness to assign our trial day.

K. Rich. Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be rul'd by me;
Let's purge this choler without letting blood:
This we prescribe, though no physician;
Deep malice makes too deep incision:
Forget, forgive; conclude, and be agreed;
Our doctors say, this is no month to bleed.^c
Good uncle, let this end where it begun;
We'll calm the duke of Norfolk, you your son.

Gaunt. To be a make-peace shall become my age:—
Throw down, my son, the duke of Norfolk's gage.

K. Rich. And, Norfolk, throw down his.

Gaunt. When, Harry? when?⁸
Obedience bids I should not bid again.

K. Rich. Norfolk, throw down, we bid; there is no boot.⁹

Nor. Myself I throw, dread sovereign, at thy foot:
My life thou shalt command, but not my shame:
The one my duty owes; but my fair name,
(Despite of death,) that lives upon my grave,
To dark dishonour's use thou shalt not have.
I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffled here;
Pierc'd to the soul with slander's venom'd spear;
The which no balm can cure, but his heart-blood
Which breath'd this poison.

K. Rich. Rage must be withstood:
Give me his gage:—Lions make leopards tame.¹⁰

Nor. Yea, but not change his¹¹ spots: take but my shame,
And I resign my gage. My dear dear lord,
The purest treasure mortal times afford,
Is spotless reputation; that away,
Men are but gilded loam,¹² or painted clay.
A jewel in a ten-times-barr'd-up chest
Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast.

in The Taming of the Shrew—“Why when, I say.” Monck Mason, in this passage, suggests a new punctuation, which is very ingenious, though we can scarcely venture to adopt it in the text, contrary to all the old copies. It is this:—

“When, Harry? When
Obedience bids, I should not bid again.”

⁹ *No boot.* *Boot* is here used in its original sense of compensation. There is no boot, no remedy for what is past—nothing to be added or substituted.

¹⁰ *Lions make leopards tame.* The crest of Norfolk was a golden leopard.

¹¹ *His spots.* So the old copies. According to the custom in Shakspere's time of changing from the singular to the plural number, or from the plural to the singular, the alteration by Pope to *their* was scarcely called for. But in this case Mowbray quotes the very text of Scripture—Jer. xiii. 23.

¹² *Gilded loam.* In “England's Parnassus” (1600) these three lines are extracted, but the third line reads thus:—

“Men are but gilded trunks, or painted clay.”

Mine honour is my life ; both grow in one ;
Take honour from me, and my life is done :
Then, dear my liege, mine honour let me try ;
In that I live, and for that will I die.

K. Rich. Cousin, throw down your gage ; do you begin.

Boling. O, heaven defend my soul from such foul sin !
Shall I seem crest-fallen in my father's sight ?
Or with pale beggar fear impeach my height
Before this outdar'd dastard ? Ere my tongue
Shall wound mine honour with such feeble wrong,
Or sound so base a parle, my teeth shall tear
The slavish motive of recanting fear ;
And spit it bleeding, in his high disgrace,
Where shame doth harbour, even in Mowbray's face.

[*Exit GAUNT.*]

K. Rich. We were not born to sue, but to command :
Which since we cannot do to make you friends,
Be ready, as your lives shall answer it,
At Coventry, upon Saint Lambert's day ;
There shall your swords and lances arbitrate
The swelling difference of your settled hate ;
Since we cannot atone you,¹ you shall see²
Justice design³ the victor's chivalry.
Lord Marshal, command our officers at arms
Be ready to direct these home-alarms.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—London. *A Room in the Duke of Lancaster's Palace.*⁴

Enter GAUNT, and DUCHESS OF GLOSTER.

Gaunt. Alas ! the⁴ part I had in Gloster's blood
Doth more solicit me, than your exclams,
To stir against the butchers of his life.
But since correction lieth in those hands,
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our quarrel to the will of heaven ;
Who when he sees⁵ the hours ripe on earth,
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.

Duch. Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper spur ?
Hath love in thy old blood no living fire ?
Edward's seven sons,⁶ whereof thyself art one,
Were as seven phials of his sacred blood,
Or seven fair branches springing from one root :
Some of those seven are dried by nature's course,
Some of those branches by the destinies cut :
But Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my Gloster,—
One phial full of Edward's sacred blood,
One flourishing branch of his most royal root,
Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt ;
Is hack'd down, and his summer leaves all vaded,⁶
By envy's hand, and murder's bloody axe.
Ah, Gaunt ! his blood was thine ; that bed, that womb,
That mettle, that self-mould, that fashioned thee,
Made him a man ; and though thou liv'st and breath'st,
Yet art thou slain in him thou dost consent
In some large measure to thy father's death,
In that thou seest thy wretched brother die,
Who was the model of thy father's life.
Call it not patience, Gaunt, it is despair :

¹ *Atone you*—make you in concord—cause you to be at one.

You shall see. The folio and four of the old quartos have *you* ; the first quarto has *we*.

² *Design*—designate—point out—exhibit—show by a token.

³ *The part I had, &c.*—my consanguinity to Gloster.

⁴ *They see* in all the old copies.

⁵ *Vaded.* So all the old copies ; modern editors read *faded*. But to *vade* seems to have a stronger sense than to *fade*, although *fade* was often written *vade*. Still we may trace the distinction. In the "Mirrour for Magistrates" we have—

"The barren fields, which whilom flower'd as they would never vade."

This is clearly in the sense of *fade*. In Spenser we have—

In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughter'd,
Thou show'st the naked pathway to thy life,
Teaching stern murder how to butcher thee :
That which in mean men we entitle patience
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.
What shall I say ? to safeguard thine own life,
The best way is to 'venge my Gloster's death.

Gaunt. Heaven's is the quarrel ; for heaven's substitute,
His deputy anointed in his sight,
Hath caus'd his death : the which if wrongfully,
Let heaven revenge ; for I may never lift
An angry arm against his minister.

Duch. Where then, alas ! may I complain myself ?⁷

Gaunt. To heaven, the widow's champion and defence.

Duch. Why then, I will. Farewell, old Gaunt.

Thou go'st to Coventry, there to behold
Our cousin Hereford and fell Mowbray fight :
O, sit my husband's wrongs on Hereford's spear,
That it may enter butcher Mowbray's breast !
Or, if misfortune miss the first career,
Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom,⁸
That they may break his foaming courser's back,
And throw the rider headlong in the lists,
A caitiff⁸ recreant to my cousin Hereford !
Farewell, old Gaunt ; thy sometimes brother's wife
With her companion grief must end her life.

Gaunt. Sister, farewell : I must to Coventry :
As much good stay with thee, as go with me !

Duch. Yet one word more ;—Grief boundeth where it falls,

Not with the empty hollowness, but weight :

I take my leave before I have begun ;

For sorrow ends not when it seemeth done.

Commend me to my brother, Edmund York.

Lo, this is all :—Nay, yet depart not so ;

Though this be all, do not so quickly go ;

I shall remember more. Bid him—O, what ?—

With all good speed at Plashy visit me.

Alack, and what shall good old York there see,

But empty lodgings and unfurnish'd walls,⁹

Unpeopled offices,¹⁰ untrodden stones ?

And what cheer⁹ there for welcome but my groans ?

Therefore commend me ; let him not come there,

To seek out sorrow that dwells everywhere :

Desolate, desolate, will I hence, and die ;

The last leave of thee takes my weeping eye. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Open Space near Coventry.*

Lists set out, and a Throne. Heralds, &c., attending.

Enter the Lord Marshal¹ and AUMERLE.²

Mar. My lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford arm'd ?

Aum. Yea, at all points ; and longs to enter in.

Mar. The duke of Norfolk, sprightly and bold,
Stays but the summons of the appellant's trumpet.

Aum. Why then the champions are prepar'd, and stay
For nothing but his majesty's approach.

"However gay their blossom or their blade
Do flourish now, they into dust shall vade."

Here we have, as clearly, the sense to pass away, to vanish. But, after all, the old writers probably used the words without distinction ; for doubtless they are the same words.

⁷ *Complain myself.* The verb is here the same as the French verb *se plaindre*.

⁸ *Caitiff.* The original meaning of this word was, a prisoner. Wickliffe has "he stighynge an high ledde *caityfte caityf*" (captivity captive). As the captive anciently became a slave, the word gradually came to indicate a man in a servile condition—a mean creature—a dishonest person. The history of language is often the history of opinion ; and it is not surprising that in the days of misused power, to be weak, and to be guilty, were synonymous. The French *chétif* had anciently the meaning of *captif*.

⁹ *Cheer.* The quarto of 1597 reads *cheer* ; the subsequent early editions, *hear*.

Flourish of trumpets. Enter KING RICHARD, who takes his seat on his throne; GAUNT, and several Noblemen, who take their places. A trumpet is sounded, and answered by another trumpet within. Then enter NORFOLK, in armour, preceded by a Herald.

K. Rich. Marshal, demand of yonder champion
The cause of his arrival here in arms:
Ask him his name; and orderly proceed
To swear him in the justice of his cause.

Mar. In God's name and the king's, say who thou art,
And why thou com'st thus knightly clad in arms:
Against what man thou com'st, and what's thy quarrel:
Speak truly, on thy knighthood, and thine oath;
As so defend thee heaven, and thy valour!

Nor. My name is Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk;
Who hither come engaged by my oath,
(Which heaven defend a knight should violate!)
Both to defend my loyalty and truth
To God, my king, and my succeeding issue,¹
Against the duke of Hereford that appeals me;
And, by the grace of God, and this mine arm,
To prove him, in defending of myself,
A traitor to my God, my king, and me:
And, as I truly fight, defend me heaven!

[He takes his seat.]

Trumpet sounds. Enter BOLINGBROKE, in armour; preceded by a Herald.

K. Rich. Marshal, ask yonder knight in arms,
Both who he is, and why he cometh hither
Thus plated in habiliments of war;
And formally according to our law
Depose him in the justice of his cause.

Mar. What is thy name? and wherefore com'st thou
hither,
Before King Richard, in his royal lists?
Against whom comest thou? and what's thy quarrel?
Speak like a true knight, so defend thee heaven!

Boling. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Am I; who ready here do stand in arms,
To prove, by heaven's grace, and my body's valour,
In lists, on Thomas Mowbray duke of Norfolk,
That he's a traitor, foul and dangerous,
To God of heaven, king Richard, and to me;
And, as I truly fight, defend me heaven!

Mar. On pain of death, no person be so bold,
Or daring-hardy, as to touch the lists,
Except the marshal, and such officers
Appointed to direct these fair designs.

Boling. Lord marshal, let me kiss my sovereign's hand,
And bow my knee before his majesty:
For Mowbray and myself are like two men
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage;
Then let us take a ceremonious leave,
And loving farewell, of our several friends.

Mar. The appellant in all duty greets your highness,
And craves to kiss your hand, and take his leave.

K. Rich. We will descend, and fold him in our arms.
Cousin of Hereford, as thy cause is right,
So be thy fortune in this royal fight!

Farewell, my blood; which if to-day thou shed,
Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.

Boling. O, let no noble eye profane a tear
For me, if I be gor'd with Mowbray's spear;
As confident as is the falcon's flight
Against a bird do I with Mowbray fight.—
My loving lord, [*to Lord Marshal*] I take my leave of
you;

Of you, my noble cousin, lord Aumerle:—
Not sick, although I have to do with death;
But lusty, young, and cheerly drawing breath.
Lo, as at English feasts, so I regret
The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet:
O thou, the earthly author of my blood,— [*To GAUNT.*]
Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate,
Doth with a two-fold vigour lift me up
To reach at victory above my head,—
Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers;
And with thy blessings steel my lance's point,
That it may enter Mowbray's waxen coat,²
And furbish³ new the name of John of Gaunt,
Even in the lusty 'haviour of his son.

Gaunt. Heaven in thy good cause make thee prosperous!
Be swift like lightning in the execution;
And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the casque
Of thy adverse pernicious enemy:
Rouse up thy youthful blood, be valiant and live.

Boling. Mine innocence, and Saint George to thrive.

[He takes his seat.]

Nor. [*Rising.*] However heaven, or fortune, cast my lot,
There lives, or dies, true to king Richard's throne,
A loyal, just, and upright gentleman:
Never did captive with a freer heart
Cast off his chains of bondage, and embrace
His golden uncontroll'd enfranchisement,
More than my dancing soul doth celebrate
This feast of battle with mine adversary.
Most mighty liege, and my companion peers,
Take from my mouth the wish of happy years:
As gentle and as jocund, as to jest,⁴
Go I to fight; Truth hath a quiet breast.

K. Rich. Farewell, my lord: securely I espy
Virtue with valour couched in thine eye.
Order the trial, marshal, and begin.

[The KING and the Lords return to their seats.]

Mar. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Receive thy lance; and God defend thy right!

Boling. [*Rising.*] Strong as a tower in hope, I cry—
amen.

Mar. Go bear this lance [*to an Officer.*] to Thomas, duke
of Norfolk.

¹ *Her.* Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Stands here for God, his sovereign, and himself,
On pain to be found false and recreant,
To prove the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray,
A traitor to his God, his king, and him,
And dares him to set forward to the fight.

² *Her.* Here standeth Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk,
On pain to be found false and recreant,
Both to defend himself, and to approve
Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
To God, his sovereign, and to him disloyal;

³ *Furbish.* Thus the quarto of 1597; the folio *furnish*. To *furbish* is to polish; to *furnish*, to dress.

⁴ *To jest.* A *jest* was sometimes used to signify a masque, or pageant. Thus, in the old play of "Hieronymo:"—

"He promised us, in honour of our guest,
To grace our banquet with some pompous jest."

To *jest*, therefore, in the sense in which Mowbray here uses it, is to play a part in a masque.

¹ The first folio, deviating from the first three editions, reads "*his succeeding issue*"—the succeeding issue of the king. *My succeeding issue* appears to convey a higher and finer meaning. Mowbray owed to his descendants to defend his loyalty and truth to them, as well as to his God and to his king. Their fortunes would have been ruined by his attainder; their reputations compromised by his disgrace. The sentiment, in its noblest form, is in Burke's most pathetic argument that he owed to the memory of the son he had lost the duty of vindicating himself from unjust accusation.—*Letter to the Duke of Bedford.*

² *Waxen coat.* The original meaning of the noun *wax* is that of something pliable, yielding. *Weak* and *wax* have the same root. Mowbray's waxen coat, into which Bolingbroke's lance's point may enter, is his frail and penetrable coat, or armour.

Courageously, and with a free desire,
Attending but the signal to begin.

Mar. Sound, trumpets; and set forward, combatants.

[*A charge sounded.*]

Stay, the king hath thrown his warder¹ down.

K. Rich. Let them lay by their helmets and their spears,
And both return back to their chairs again:
Withdraw with us: and let the trumpets sound,
While we return these dukes what we decree.—

[*A long flourish.*]

Draw near

[*To the Combatants.*]

And list, what with our council we have done.

For that our kingdom's earth should not be soil'd

With that dear blood which it hath fostered;

And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect

Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbours' swords;

[And for we think the eagle-winged pride

Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts,

With rival-hating envy, set on you

To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle

Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep;]²

Which so rous'd up with boisterous untun'd drums,

With harsh resounding trumpets' dreadful bray,

And grating shock of wrathful iron arms,

Might from our quiet confines fright fair peace,

And make us wade even in our kindred's blood;—

Therefore, we banish you our territories:

You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of death,³

Till twice five summers have enrich'd our fields,

Shall not regret our fair dominions,

But tread the stranger paths of banishment.

Boling. Your will be done: This must my comfort be,

That sun, that warms you here, shall shine on me;

And those his golden beams, to you here lent,

Shall point on me, and gild my banishment.

K. Rich. Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier doom,

Which I with some unwillingness pronounce:

The sly slow hours⁴ shall not determinate

The dateless limit of thy dear⁵ exile;—

The hopeless word of, never to return,

Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life.

Nor. A heavy sentence, my most sovereign liege,

And all unlook'd for from your highness' mouth:

A dearer merit,⁶ not so deep a maim

As to be cast forth in the common air,

Have I deserved at your highness' hands.

The language I have learn'd these forty years,

My native English, now I must forego:

And now my tongue's use is to me no more

Than an unstringed viol, or a harp;

Or like a cunning instrument cas'd up,

Or, being open, put into his hands

That knows no touch to tune the harmony.

Within my mouth you have engaul'd my tongue,

Doubly portcullis'd with my teeth and lips;

And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance

Is made my gaoler to attend on me.

I am too old to fawn upon a nurse,

Too far in years to be a pupil now;

What is thy sentence then, but speechless death,
Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath?

K. Rich. It boots thee not to be compassionate;⁷
After our sentence, plaining comes too late.

Nor. Then thus I turn me from my country's light,
To dwell in solemn shades of endless night. [*Retiring.*]

K. Rich. Return again, and take an oath with thee.

Lay on our royal sword your banish'd hands;

Swear by the duty that you owe to heaven,

(Our part therein we banish¹ with yourselves,)

To keep the oath that we administer:—

You never shall (so help you truth and heaven!)

Embrace each other's love in banishment;

Nor never look upon each other's face;

Nor never write, regret, or reconcile

This lowering tempest of your home-bred hate;

Nor never by advised purpose meet

To plot, contrive, or complot any ill

'Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our land.

Boling. I swear.

Nor. And I, to keep all this.

Boling. Norfolk,—so far as to mine enemy;⁸—

By this time, had the king permitted us,

One of our souls had wander'd in the air,

Banish'd this frail sepulchre of our flesh,

As now our flesh is banish'd from this land:

Confess thy treasons ere thou fly this realm;

Since thou hast far to go, bear not along

The clogging burthen of a guilty soul.

Nor. No, Bolingbroke; if ever I were traitor,

My name be blotted from the book of life,

And I from heaven banish'd as from hence!

But what thou art, heaven, thou, and I do know;

And all too soon, I fear, the king shall rue.

Farewell, my liege:—Now no way can I stray;

Save back to England, all the world's my way. [*Exit.*]

K. Rich. Uncle, even in the glasses of thine eyes

I see thy grieved heart; thy sad aspect

Hath from the number of his banish'd years

Pluck'd four away:—Six frozen winters spent,

Return [*to BOLING.*] with welcome home from banishment.

Boling. How long a time lies in one little word!

Four lagging winters, and four wanton springs,

End in a word: Such is the breath of kings.

Gaunt. I thank my liege, that, in regard of me,

He shortens four years of my son's exile;

But little vantage shall I reap thereby;

For ere the six years that he hath to spend

Can change their moons, and bring their times about,

My oil-dried lamp, and time-bewasted light,

Shall be extinct with age and endless night;

My inch of taper will be burnt and done,

And blindfold death not let me see my son.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, thou hast many years to live.

Gaunt. But not a minute, king, that thou canst give:

Shorten my days thou canst with sullen sorrow,

And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow:

Thou canst help time to furrow me with age,

But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage;

¹ *Warder.* The truncheon, or staff of command.

² These five lines, enclosed in brackets, are omitted in the folio.

³ *Death.* So the folio. The early quartos have *life*. In Richard's speech to Mowbray he uses *life* in the same sense.

⁴ *Sly slow hours.* So the old copies. Pope would read *fly-slow*. Chapman, in his translation of the *Odyssey*, has "those sly hours." It would hardly be fair to think that Pope changed the text that he might have the credit of originality in the following line:—

"All sly slow things, with circumspective eyes."

⁵ *Dear exile.* The manner in which Shakspeare uses the word *dear* often presents a difficulty to the modern reader. Twenty-five lines before this we have the "dear blood" of the kingdom—the valued blood. We have now the "dear exile" of Norfolk—the harmful exile. Horne Tooke has this explanation:—To *dear*, the old English verb, from the Anglo-Saxon *der-ian*, is to hurt—to do mischief; and thence *dearth*, meaning, which hurteth, *dereth*, or maketh *dear*. But one of the most painful consequences of mischief on a large scale, such as the

mischief of a bad season, was *dearth*—the barrenness, the scarcity, produced by the hurtful agent. What was spared was thence called *dear*—precious—costly—greatly coveted—highly prized. Professor Craik points out, in his "Philological Commentary on Julius Cæsar," that the Anglo-Saxon word answering to precious or beloved is *deōran* or *dýran*, to hold dear, to love.

⁶ *A dearer merit*—a more valued *reward*. Johnson says to *deserve a merit* is a phrase of which he knows not any example. Shakspeare here distinctly means to deserve a reward; for merit is strictly the part or share earned or gained. Prior, who wrote a century after Shakspeare, uses the word in the same sense:—

"Those laurel-groves, the merits of thy youth,
Which thou from Mahomet didst greatly gain."

⁷ *Compassionate.* This is the only instance in which Shakspeare uses compassionate in the sense of *complaining*. Theobald suggests *become passionate*.

⁸ *So far.* The earlier editions read *so far*; the second folio, *so farre*. Johnson's interpretation of this passage seems to be just: "Norfolk, so far I have addressed myself to thee as to mine enemy, I now utter my last words with kindness and tenderness; confess thy treasons."

Thy word is current with him for my death :
But, dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.

K. Rich. Thy son is banish'd upon good advice,
Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gave ;
Why at our justice seem'st thou then to lower ?

Gaunt. Things sweet to taste prove in digestion sour.
You urg'd me as a judge ; but I had rather
You would have bid me argue like a father :
[O, had it been a stranger, not my child,
To smooth his fault I should have been more mild :
A partial slander sought I to avoid,
And in the sentence my own life destroy'd.]¹
Alas, I look'd, when some of you should say,
I was too strict, to make mine own away ;
But you gave leave to mine unwilling tongue,
Against my will, to do myself this wrong.

K. Rich. Cousin, farewell :—and, uncle, bid him so ;
Six years we banish him, and he shall go.

[*Flourish.* *Excunt* K. RICHARD and Train.]

Aum. Cousin, farewell : what presence must not know,
From where you do remain, let paper show.

Mar. My lord, no leave take I ; for I will ride,
As far as land will let me, by your side.

Gaunt. O, to what purpose dost thou hoard thy words,
That thou return'st no greeting to thy friends ?

Boling. I have too few to take my leave of you,
When the tongue's office should be prodigal
To breathe the abundant dolour of the heart.

Gaunt. Thy grief is but thy absence for a time.

Boling. Joy absent, grief is present for that time.

Gaunt. What is six winters ? they are quickly gone.

Boling. To men in joy ; but grief makes one hour ten.

Gaunt. Call it a travel that thou tak'st for pleasure.

Boling. My heart will sigh, when I miscall it so,
Which finds it an enforced pilgrimage.

Gaunt. The sullen passage of thy weary steps
Esteem a foil,² wherein thou art to set
The precious jewel of thy home-return.

[*Boling.* Nay, rather, every tedious stride I make
Will but remember me, what a deal of world
I wander from the jewels that I love.

Must I not serve a long apprenticeship
To foreign passages ; and in the end,
Having my freedom, boast of nothing else
But that I was a journeyman to grief ?

Gaunt. All places that the eye of heaven visits,
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens :
Teach thy necessity to reason thus ;
There is no virtue like necessity.
Think not, the king did banish thee ;
But thou the king : Woe doth the heavier sit,
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.
Go, say I sent thee forth to purchase honour,
And not, the king exiled thee : or suppose
Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,
And thou art flying to a fresher clime.
Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it
To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou com'st.
Suppose the singing birds, musicians ;
The grass whereon thou tread'st, the presence strew'd ;
The flowers, fair ladies ; and thy steps, no more
Than a delightful measure or a dance :
For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite
The man that mocks at it, and sets it light.³]

Boling. O, who can hold a fire in his hand,
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus ?^m
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,

By bare imagination of a feast ?
Or wallow naked in December snow,
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat ?
O, no ! the apprehension of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse :
Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more,
Than when it bites but lanceth not the sore.

Gaunt. Come, come, my son, I'll bring thee on thy way :
Had I thy youth and cause, I would not stay.

Boling. Then, England's ground, farewell ; sweet soil,
adieu ;

My mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet !
Where'er I wander, boast of this I can,
Though banish'd, yet a true-born Englishman. [*Excunt.*

SCENE IV.—A Room in the King's Palace.

Enter KING RICHARD, BAGOT, and GREEN ; AUMERLE
following.

K. Rich. We did observe.—Cousin Aumerle,
How far brought you high Hereford on his way ?

Aum. I brought high Hereford, if you call him so,
But to the next highway, and there I left him.

K. Rich. And, say, what store of parting tears were shed ?

Aum. 'Faith none for me,⁴ except the north-east wind,
Which then blew bitterly against our face,
Awak'd the sleepy rheum ; and so, by chance,
Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.

K. Rich. What said our cousin when you parted with
him ?

Aum. Farewell :

And, for my heart disdained that my tongue
Should so profane the word, that taught me craft
To counterfeit oppression of such grief,
That word seem'd buried in my sorrow's grave.
Marry, would the word farewell have lengthen'd hours,
And added years to his short banishment,
He should have had a volume of farewells ;
But, since it would not, he had none of me.

K. Rich. He is our cousin, cousin ; but 'tis doubt,
When time shall call him home from banishment,
Whether our kinsman come to see his friends.
Ourself and Bushy, Bagot here, and Green,
Observ'd his courtship to the common people :—
How he did seem to dive into their hearts,
With humble and familiar courtesy ;
What reverence he did throw away on slaves ;
Wooing poor craftsmen with the craft of smiles,
And patient underbearing of his fortune,
As 'twere to banish their affects with him.
Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench ;
A brace of draymen bid—God speed him well,
And had the tribute of his supple knee,
With—Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends ;
As were our England in reversion his,
And he our subjects' next degree in hope.

Green. Well, he is gone ; and with him go these thoughts.
Now for the rebels, which stand out in Ireland ;
Expedient⁵ manage must be made, my liege,
Ere further leisure yield them further means,
For their advantage, and your highness' loss.

K. Rich. We will ourself in person to this war.
And, for our coffers, with too great a court,
And liberal largess, are grown somewhat light,
We are enforc'd to farm our royal realm ;
The revenue whereof shall furnish us
For our affairs in hand : If that come short,

¹ These four lines, enclosed in brackets, are omitted in the folio.

² *Foil* or *foyl*, the thin plate or leaf of metal used in setting jewellery.

³ The twenty-six lines between brackets are omitted in the folio. They are in the first quarto of 1597, and are continued in the subsequent quartos. (See Introductory Notice.)

⁴ *None for me*—none, on my part.

⁵ *Expedient*—prompt—suitable—disengaged from entanglements. (See note on King John, Act II. Sc. I.)

Our substitute at home shall have blank charters ;
Where to, when they shall know what men are rich,
They shall subscribe them for large sums of gold,
And send them after to supply our wants ;
For we will make for Ireland presently.

Enter BUSHY.

Bushy, what news ?

Bushy. Old John of Gaunt is grievous sick, my lord ;
Suddenly taken ; and hath sent post haste,
To entreat your majesty to visit him.

K. Rich. Where lies he ?

Bushy. At Ely-house.

K. Rich. Now put it, heaven, in his physician's mind,
To help him to his grave immediately !
The lining of his coffers shall make coats
To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars.
Come, gentlemen, let's all go visit him :
Pray God, we may make haste, and come too late !

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—London. A Room in Ely House.

GAUNT *on a couch* ; the DUKE OF YORK, and others standing
by him.

Gaunt. Will the king come ? that I may breathe my last
In wholesome counsel to his unstaïd youth.

York. Vex not yourself, nor strive not with your breath ;
For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.

Gaunt. O, but they say, the tongues of dying men
Enforce attention, like deep harmony ;
Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vain ;
For they breathe truth, that breathe their words in pain.
He, that no more must say, is listen'd more

Than they whom youth and ease have taught to glose ;
More are men's ends mark'd, than their lives before ;

The setting sun and music at the close,
As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last,
Writ in remembrance more than things long past ;¹
Though Richard my life's counsel would not hear,
My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.

York. No ; it is stopp'd with other flattering sounds,
As praises of his state : then, there are found
Lascivious metres ; to whose venom sound
The open ear of youth doth always listen :
Report of fashions in proud Italy ;

¹ We deviate from our first edition in now adopting the ordinary reading of this passage, instead of preferring the change in the punctuation which was suggested by Monck Mason—

“(As the last taste of sweets is sweetest) last.”

By this alteration the word *last*, at the end of the second line, is read as a verb, of which the *sun* and *music* form the nominative case.

² *Infection.* All the ancient copies read *infection*. In “England's Parnassus” (1600), where the passage is quoted, we read *intestion*. Farmer suggested the substitution of *infection*, which Malone adopted, and which we thought right to follow in our first edition. *Infection*, in Shakspeare's time, was used, as it is now, to express the taint of some pernicious quality ; and was more particularly applied to that frightful disease, the plague, to whose ravages London was annually subject. It appeared to us, therefore, that to call England

“This fortress, built by nature for herself,
Against infection,”

would require some explanation to an audience who were constantly witnesses of the ravages of infection.

“The silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,”

was then unavailing to keep out “the pestilence which walketh in darkness.” But, on the other hand, England had been long free from foreign invasion. *Infection* is taken, by Malone, to be an abbreviation of *infestation*, in the same way that, in Bishop Hall, *acceptation* is used for *acceptation*. Infestation appears to have designated those violent incursions of an enemy—those annoying, joy-depriving (*in-festus*) ravages to which an unprotected frontier is peculiarly ex-

Whose manners still our tardy apish nation
Limps after in base imitation.
Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity,
(So it be new, there's no respect how vile,) That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears ?
Then all too late comes counsel to be heard,
Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard.
Direct not him, whose way himself will choose ;
'Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou lose.

Gaunt. Methinks, I am a prophet new inspir'd ;
And thus, expiring, do foretell of him :
His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last ;
For violent fires soon burn out themselves ;
Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short ;
He tires betimes, that spurs too fast betimes ;
With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder :
Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.
This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise ;
This fortress, built by nature for herself,
Against infection² and the hand of war ;
This happy breed of men, this little world ;
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands ;
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Fear'd by their breed, and famous by their birth,
Renowned for their deeds as far from home,
(For Christian service, and true chivalry,) As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry,
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's son :
This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land
Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now leas'd out (I die pronouncing it,) Like to a tenement, or pelting³ farm :
England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
With inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds ;
That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shameful conquest of itself :
Ah, would the scandal vanish with my life,
How happy then were my ensuing death !

Enter KING RICHARD and QUEEN ; AUMERLE, BUSHY,
GREEN, BAGOT, ROSS, and WILLOUGHBY.

York. The king is come : deal mildly with his youth ;
For young hot colts, being rag'd, do rage the more.

posed ; and from which the sea, “as a moat defensive to a house,” shut out “this scepter'd isle.” Still, *infection*, being a word of which there can be no doubt of the meaning, is to be preferred, if we can be content to receive the idea in a limited sense—that the sea in some sort kept out pestilence, though not absolutely. Perhaps an audience of Shakspeare's time might so understand it, in the same way that quarantine was trusted in to keep out the plague.

³ *Pelting.* Whatever doubts there may be as to the origin of this word, its application is perfectly clear. It invariably means something petty—of little worth. The “*pelting farm*” in this passage, and “the poor pelting villages” of Lear, would leave no doubt as to its use, even if we had not “a pelting little town,” and “a pelting village of barbarous people,” in North's “*Plutarch*.” The epithet was not confined to inanimate things. In Measure for Measure we have the famous passage :—

“Could great men thunder
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,
For every *pelting*, petty officer,
Would use his heaven for thunder.”

Gabriel Harvey, it seems, wrote the word *pauling* ; and as *palt* is the Teutonic word for a scrap—a rag—some say that pauling, pelting, and paltry are the same. *Pelt*, as is well known, is a skin. The fur trade is still called the peltry trade. But skins—peltries—in former times, might have been considered comparatively worthless. A dead fowl thrown to a hawk was, according to Grose, a *pelt*. Thus, *pelting* may have been derived directly from *pelt*, although it may have had some original affinity with *paltry*.

Queen. How fares our noble uncle, Lancaster?

K. Rich. What comfort, man? How is 't with aged Gaunt?

Gaunt. O, how that name befits my composition! Old Gaunt, indeed; and gaunt in being old: Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast; And who abstains from meat, that is not gaunt? For sleeping England long time have I watch'd; Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt: The pleasure that some fathers feed upon Is my strict fast,—I mean my children's looks; And, therein fasting, hast thou made me gaunt; Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave, Whose hollow womb inherits nought but bones.

K. Rich. Can sick men play so nicely with their names?

Gaunt. No, misery makes sport to mock itself: Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me, I mock my name, great king, to flatter thee.

K. Rich. Should dying men flatter with those that live?

Gaunt. No, no; men living flatter those that die.

K. Rich. Thou, now a dying, say'st thou flatter'st me.

Gaunt. Oh! no; thou diest, though I the sicker be.

K. Rich. I am in health, I breathe, and see thee ill.

Gaunt. Now, He that made me, knows I see thee ill; Ill in myself to see, and in thee seeing ill. Thy death-bed is no lesser than the land, Wherein thou liest in reputation sick: And thou, too careless patient as thou art, Committ'st thy anointed body to the cure Of those physicians that first wounded thee. A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown, Whose compass is no bigger than thy head; And yet, incaged in so small a verge, The waste is no whit lesser than thy land. O, had thy grandsire, with a prophet's eye, Seen how his son's son should destroy his sons, From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame, Deposing thee before thou wert possess'd, Which art possess'd¹ now to depose thyself. Why, cousin, wert thou regent of the world, It were a shame to let this land by lease: But, for thy world, enjoying but this land, Is it not more than shame to shame it so? Landlord of England art thou, and not king: Thy state of law is bondsman to the law; And——

K. Rich. And thou² a lunatic lean-witted fool, Presuming on an ague's privilege, Dar'st with thy frozen admonition Make pale our cheek; chasing the royal blood, With fury, from his native residence. Now by my seat's right royal majesty, Wert thou not brother to great Edward's son, This tongue, that runs so roundly in thy head, Should run thy head from thy unreverend shoulders.

Gaunt. O, spare me not, my brother Edward's son, For that I was his father Edward's son; That blood already, like the pelican, Hast thou tapp'd out, and drunkenly carous'd: My brother Gloster, plain well meaning soul, (Whom fair befall in heaven 'mongst happy souls!) May be a precedent and witness good, That thou respect'st not spilling Edward's blood: Join with the present sickness that I have; And thy unkindness be like crooked age,³ To crop at once a too-long wither'd flower.

Live in thy shame, but die not shame with thee!—

These words hereafter thy tormentors be!—

Convey me to my bed, then to my grave:

Love they to live, that love and honour have.

[*Exit, borne out by his Attendants.*]

K. Rich. And let them die, that age and sullens have; For both hast thou, and both become the grave.

York. I do beseech your majesty, impute his words⁴ To wayward sickness and age in him:

He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear

As Harry duke of Hereford, were he here.

K. Rich. Right; you say true: as Hereford's love, so his: As theirs, so mine; and all be as it is.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

North. My liege, old Gaunt commends him to your majesty.

K. Rich. What says he?⁵

North. Nay, nothing; all is said: His tongue is now a stringless instrument; Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent.

York. Be York the next that must be bankrupt so! Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.

K. Rich. The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth he; His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be: So much for that. Now for our Irish wars: We must supplant those rough rug-headed kerns, Which live like venom, where no venom else But only they have privilege to live. And for these great affairs do ask some charge, Towards our assistance, we do seize to us The plate, coin, revenues, and moveables, Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stand possess'd.

York. How long shall I be patient? Ah, how long Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong? Not Gloster's death, nor Hereford's banishment, Nor Gaunt's rebukes, nor England's private wrongs, Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke About his marriage, nor my own disgrace, Have ever made me sour my patient cheek, Or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign's face. I am the last of noble Edward's sons, Of whom thy father, prince of Wales, was first; In war, was never lion rag'd more fierce, In peace, was never gentle lamb more mild, Than was that young and princely gentleman: His face thou hast, for even so look'd he, Accomplish'd with the number of thy hours; But when he frown'd it was against the French, And not against his friends; his noble hand Did win what he did spend, and spent not that Which his triumphant father's hand had won: His hands were guilty of no kindred's blood, But bloody with the enemies of his kin. O, Richard! York is too far gone with grief, Or else he never would compare between.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, what's the matter?

York.

O, my liege,

Pardon me, if you please; if not, I, pleas'd Not to be pardon'd, am content withal. Seek you to seize, and gripe into your hands, The royalties and rights of banish'd Hereford? Is not Gaunt dead? and doth not Hereford live? Was not Gaunt just? and is not Harry true?

¹ *Possess'd.* The second *possess'd* in this sentence is used in the same way in which Maria speaks of Malvolio in *Twelfth Night*:—"He is, sure, *possess'd*, madam."

² So the folio. The first quarto reads thus:—

"*Gaunt.* And thou—

K. Rich. —a lunatic lean-witted fool."

³ *Crooked age.* It has been suggested that *age* here means *Time*; and that crooked age is not *bending* age, but *Time* armed with a crook, by which name a sickle was anciently called. The natural meaning of the passage seems to be, like bent old age, which crops the flower of life.

⁴ Steevens struck out *I do* from this line.

⁵ Steevens stuck in *now*, to make ten syllables of this line.

Did not the one deserve to have an heir?
Is not his heir a well-deserving son?
Take Hereford's rights away, and take from time
His charters, and his customary rights;
Let not to-morrow then ensue to-day;
Be not thyself, for how art thou a king,
But by fair sequence and succession?
Now, afore God (God forbid, I say true!)
If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's right,
Call in the letters-patents that he hath
By his attorneys-general to sue
His livery,^a and deny his offer'd homage,
You pluck a thousand dangers on your head,
You lose a thousand well-disposed hearts,
And prick my tender patience to those thoughts
Which honour and allegiance cannot think.

K. Rich. Think what you will; we seize into our hands
His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.

York. I'll not be by the while: My liege, farewell:
What will ensue hereof there's none can tell;
But by bad courses may be understood,
That their events can never fall out good. *[Exit.]*

K. Rich. Go, Bushy, to the earl of Wiltshire straight;
Bid him repair to us to Ely-house
To see this business: To-morrow next
We will for Ireland; and 'tis time, I trow;
And we create, in absence of ourself,
Our uncle York lord governor of England,
For he is just, and always lov'd us well.
Come on, our queen: to-morrow must we part;
Be merry, for our time of stay is short. *[Flourish.]*

*[Exeunt KING, QUEEN, BUSHY, AUMERLE, GREEN,
and BAGOT.]*

North. Well, lords, the duke of Lancaster is dead.

Ross. And living too; for now his son is duke.

Willo. Barely in title, not in revenue.

North. Richly in both, if justice had her right.

Ross. My heart is great; but it must break with silence,
Ere't be disburden'd with a liberal tongue.

North. Nay, speak thy mind; and let him ne'er speak
more

That speaks thy words again to do thee harm!

Willo. Tends that thou'dst speak to the duke of Here-
ford?

If it be so, out with it boldly, man;

Quick is mine ear to hear of good towards him.

Ross. No good at all that I can do for him;

Unless you call it good to pity him,

Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.

North. Now, afore heaven, 'tis shame such wrongs are
borne,

In him a royal prince, and many more

Of noble blood in this declining land.

The king is not himself, but basely led

By flatterers; and what they will inform,

Merely in hate, 'gainst any of us all,

That will the king severely prosecute

'Gainst us, our lives, our children, and our heirs.

Ross. The commons hath he pill'd with grievous taxes,
And quite lost their hearts:¹ the nobles hath he fin'd
For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.

Willo. And daily new exactions are devis'd—
As blanks, benevolences, and I wot not what;
But what, o' God's name, doth become of this?

North. Wars have not wasted it, for warr'd he hath
not,
But basely yielded upon compromise

That which his ancestors achiev'd with blows:
More hath he spent in peace, than they in wars.

Ross. The earl of Wiltshire hath the realm in farm.

Willo. The king's grown bankrupt, like a broken man.

North. Reproach and dissolution hangeth over him.

Ross. He hath not money for these Irish wars,
His burdensome taxations notwithstanding,
But by the robbing of the banish'd duke.

North. His noble kinsman: most degenerate king!

But, lords, we hear this fearful tempest sing,

Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm:

We see the wind sit sore upon our sails,

And yet we strike not,² but securely perish.

Ross. We see the very wrack that we must suffer:
And unavoids is the danger now,
For suffering so the causes of our wrack.

North. Not so; even through the hollow eyes of death
I spy life peering; but I dare not say
How near the tidings of our comfort is.

Willo. Nay, let us share thy thoughts, as thou dost ours.

Ross. Be confident to speak, Northumberland:

We three are but thyself; and, speaking so,

Thy words are but as thoughts; therefore, be bold.

North. Then thus:—I have from Port le Blanc, a bay

In Brittany, receiv'd intelligence,

That Harry duke of Hereford, Reignold lord Cobham,³

That late broke from the duke of Exeter,^b

His brother, archbishop late of Canterbury,

Sir Thomas Erpingham, sir John Ramston,

Sir John Norbery, sir Robert Waterton, and Francis

Quint,—

All these, well furnished by the duke of Bretagne,

With eight tall ships, three thousand men of war,

Are making hither with all due expedience,

And shortly mean to touch our northern shore:

Perhaps, they had ere this, but that they stay

The first departing of the king for Ireland.

If then we shall shake off our slavish yoke,

Imp out⁴ our drooping country's broken wing,

Redeem from broking pawn the blemish'd crown,

Wipe off the dust that hides our sceptre's gilt,

And make high majesty look like itself,

Away with me in post to Ravenspurge:

But if you faint, as fearing to do so,

Stay and be secret, and myself will go.

Ross. To horse, to horse! urge doubts to them that fear.

Willo. Hold out my horse, and I will first be there.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—The same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter QUEEN, BUSHY, and BAGOT.

Bushy. Madam, your majesty is too much sad:

You promis'd, when you parted with the king,

To lay aside life-harming⁵ heaviness,

And entertain a cheerful disposition.

Queen. To please the king, I did; to please myself,

I cannot do it; yet I know no cause

Why I should welcome such a guest as grief,

Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest

As my sweet Richard: Yet, again, methinks,

Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,

Is coming towards me; and my inward soul

With nothing trembles: at something it grieves,

More than with parting from my lord the king.

Bushy. Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,

Which show like grief itself, but are not so:

For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,

¹ Steevens struck out *quite* from this line.

² *Strike not.* To *strike* sail is to lower sail.

³ We print this line according to the old copies. Several editors have omitted *Duke of*.

⁴ *Imp out.* To *imp* a hawk was artificially to supply such wing feathers as were dropped or forced out by accident. To *imp* is to engraft—to insert.

⁵ *Life-harming.* So the quarto of 1597; the folio, *self-harming*.

Divides one thing entire to many objects,
Like perspectives,^o which, rightly gaz'd upon,
Show nothing but confusion,—ey'd awry,
Distinguish form: so your sweet majesty,
Looking awry upon your lord's departure,
Find shapes of griefs, more than himself, to wail;
Which, look'd on as it is, is nought but shadows
Of what it is not. Then, thrice-gracious queen,
More than your lord's departure weep not; more's not
seen:

Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrow's eye,
Which, for things true, weeps things imaginary.

Queen. It may be so; but yet my inward soul
Persuades me it is otherwise: Howe'er it be,
I cannot but be sad; so heavy sad,
As—though, in thinking, on no thought I think,—¹
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.

Bushy. 'Tis nothing but conceit, my gracious lady.

Queen. 'Tis nothing less: conceit is still deriv'd
From some forefather grief; mine is not so;
For nothing hath begot my something grief;
Or something hath the nothing that I grieve:
'Tis in reversion that I do possess;
But what it is, that is not yet known; what
I cannot name; 'tis nameless woe, I wot.

Enter GREEN.

Green. Heaven save your majesty!—and well met,
gentlemen,
I hope, the king is not yet shipped for Ireland.

Queen. Why hop'st thou so? 'tis better hope he is;
For his designs crave haste, his haste good hope;
Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not shipp'd?

Green. That he, our hope, might have retir'd his power,
And driven into despair an enemy's hope,
Who strongly hath set footing in this land:
The banish'd Bolingbroke repeals himself,
And with uplifted arms is safe arriv'd
At Ravenspurg.

Queen. Now God in heaven forbid!

Green. O, madam, 'tis too true; and that is worse,—
The lord Northumberland, his young son Henry Percy,
The lords of Ross, Beaumond, and Willoughby,
With all their powerful friends, are fled to him.

Bushy. Why have you not proclaim'd Northumberland,
And the rest of the revolted faction traitors?

Green. We have: whereupon the earl of Worcester
Hath broke his staff, resign'd his stewardship,
And all the household servants fled with him
To Bolingbroke.

Queen. So, Green, thou art the midwife of my woe,
And Bolingbroke my sorrow's dismal heir:
Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy;
And I, a gasping new-delivered mother,
Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow, join'd.

Bushy. Despair not, madam.

Queen. Who shall hinder me?
I will despair, and be at enmity
With cozening hope; he is a flatterer,
A parasite, a keeper-back of death,
Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,
Which false hope lingers in extremity.

Enter YORK.

Green. Here comes the duke of York.

Queen. With signs of war about his aged neck;
O, full of careful business are his looks!
Uncle,

For heaven's sake, speak comfortable words.

York. [Should I do so, I should belie my thoughts:]²
Comfort's in heaven; and we are on the earth,
Where nothing lives, but crosses, care, and grief.
Your husband he is gone to save far off,
Whilst others come to make him lose at home:
Here am I left to underprop his land;
Who, weak with age, cannot support myself:
Now comes the sick hour that his surfeit made;
Now shall he try his friends that flatter'd him.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, your son was gone before I came.

York. He was?—Why, so!—go all which way it will!
The nobles they are fled, the commons they are cold,³
And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's side.—
Sirrah, get thee to Plashy, to my sister Gloster;
Bid her send me presently a thousand pound:
Hold, take my ring.

Serv. My lord, I had forgot to tell your lordship:
To-day, I came by, and called there;—
But I shall grieve you to report the rest.

York. What is it, knave?

Serv. An hour before I came, the duchess died.

York. Heaven for his mercy! what a tide of woes
Comes rushing on this woeful land at once!
I know not what to do:—I would to heaven,
(So my untruth had not provok'd him to it,)
The king had cut off my head with my brother's.
What, are there posts despatch'd for Ireland?—⁴
How shall we do for money for these wars?—
Come, sister,—cousin, I would say: pray, pardon me.
Go, fellow, [to the Servant.] get thee home, provide some
carts,

And bring away the armour that is there.—[Exit Servant.
Gentlemen, will you go muster men? if I know
How, or which way, to order these affairs,
Thus disorderly thrust into my hands,
Never believe me. Both are my kinsmen;—
The one's my sovereign, whom both my oath
And duty bids defend; the other again
Is my kinsman, whom the king hath wrong'd,
Whom conscience and my kindred bids to right.
Well, somewhat we must do.—Come, cousin, I'll
Dispose of you:—Gentlemen, go muster up your men,⁵
And meet me presently at Berkley castle.
I should to Plashy too;—
But time will not permit:—All is uneven,
And everything is left at six and seven.

[Exit YORK and QUEEN.]

Bushy. The wind sits fair for news to go to Ireland,
But none returns. For us to levy power,
Proportionable to the enemy,
Is all impossible.

Green. Besides, our nearness to the king in love,
Is near the hate of those love not the king.

Bagot. And that's the wavering commons: for their love

¹ Original copies have *on thinking*.

² This line is wanting in the folio.

³ Steevens rejected the second *they* are from this line.

⁴ The first quarto has *no posts*.

⁵ Steevens omits *gentlemen*. In our first Pictorial Edition we thought it right to say "that we notice the principal of these changes, which are very numerous in this play, and were made without any authority from old copies, to account for the differences between our text and that of all the modern editions, except

Malone's of 1821. The principle upon which Steevens invariably worked was to cut out or thrust in a word, or words, wherever he found a verse longer or shorter than ten syllables counted upon his fingers. To restore the popular text to what Shakspeare wrote would, perhaps, be impossible; for every edition, in a portable form, that has been printed within the last thirty years, makes a merit of adopting 'the text of Steevens and Malone,' which is, in point of fact, the text with all the corruptions of Steevens. Malone, when left to himself, and not working in conjunction with Steevens, knew better what was the duty of an editor. We have restored several minor readings without notice."

Lies in their purses ; and whoso empties them,
By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.

Bushy. Wherein the king stands generally condemn'd.

Bagot. If judgment lie in them, then so do we,
Because we ever have been near the king.

Green. Well, I'll for refuge straight to Bristol castle ;
The earl of Wiltshire is already there.

Bushy. Thither will I with you : for little office
Will the hateful commons perform for us ;
Except, like curs, to tear us all in pieces.—
Will you go along with us ?

Bagot. No ; I will to Ireland to his majesty.
Farewell : if heart's presages be not vain,
We three here part, that ne'er shall meet again.

Bushy. That's as York thrives to beat back Bolingbroke.

Green. Alas, poor duke ! the task he undertakes
Is numb'ring sands, and drinking oceans dry ;
Where one on his side fights, thousands will fly.
Farewell at once ; for once, for all, and ever.

Bushy. Well, we may meet again.

Bagot. I fear me, never.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The Wilds in Glostershire.*

Enter BOLINGBROKE and NORTHUMBERLAND, with Forces.

Boling. How far is it, my lord, to Berkley now ?

North. Believe me, noble lord,
I am a stranger here in Glostershire.
These high wild hills, and rough uneven ways,
Draw out our miles, and make them wearisome :
And yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar,
Making the hard way sweet and delectable.
But, I bethink me, what a weary way
From Ravenspurg to Cotswold will be found
In Ross and Willoughby, wanting your company ;
Which, I protest, hath very much beguil'd
The tediousness and process of my travel :
But theirs is sweeten'd with the hope to have
The present benefit which I possess :
And hope to joy,¹ is little less in joy,
Than hope enjoy'd : by this the weary lords
Shall make their way seem short ; as mine hath done
By sight of what I have, your noble company.

Boling. Of much less value is my company
Than your good words. But who comes here ?

Enter HARRY PERCY.

North. It is my son, young Harry Percy,
Sent from my brother Worcester, whencesoever.—
Harry, how fares your uncle ?

Percy. I had thought, my lord, to have learn'd his health
of you.

North. Why, is he not with the queen ?

Percy. No, my good lord ; he hath forsook the court,
Broken his staff of office, and dispers'd
The household of the king.

North. What was his reason ?
He was not so resolv'd when we last spake together.

Percy. Because your lordship was proclaimed traitor.
But he, my lord, is gone to Ravenspurg,
To offer service to the duke of Hereford ;
And sent me over by Berkley, to discover
What power the duke of York had levied there ;
Then with direction to repair to Ravenspurg.

¹ To joy is here used as a verb.

² To Lancaster. I do not answer to the name of Hereford—my answer is to the name of Lancaster.

³ Gracious in the first quarto ; glorious in the folio.

North. Have you forgot the duke of Hereford, boy ?

Percy. No, my good lord ; for that is not forgot
Which ne'er I did remember : to my knowledge,
I never in my life did look on him.

North. Then learn to know him now ; this is the duke.

Percy. My gracious lord, I tender you my service,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young ;
Which elder days shall ripen, and confirm
To more approved service and desert.

Boling. I thank thee, gentle Percy ; and be sure,
I count myself in nothing else so happy
As in a soul rememb'ring my good friends ;
And, as my fortune ripens with thy love,
It shall be still thy true love's recompense :
My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus seals it.

North. How far is it to Berkley ? And what stir
Keeps good old York there, with his men of war ?

Percy. There stands the castle, by yon tuft of trees,
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard :
And in it are the lords of York, Berkley, and Seymour ;
None else of name and noble estimate.

Enter ROSS and WILLOUGHBY.

North. Here come the lords of Ross and Willoughby,
Bloody with spurring, fiery-red with haste.

Boling. Welcome, my lords : I wot your love pursues
A banish'd traitor ; all my treasury
Is yet but unfelt thanks, which, more enrich'd,
Shall be your love and labour's recompense.

Ross. Your presence makes us rich, most noble lord.

Will. And far surmounts our labour to attain it.

Boling. Evermore thanks, the exchequer of the poor ;
Which, till my infant fortune comes to years,
Stands for my bounty. But who comes here ?

Enter BERKLEY.

North. It is my lord of Berkley, as I guess.

Berk. My lord of Hereford, my message is to you.

Boling. My lord, my answer is—to Lancaster :²
And I am come to seek that name in England :
And I must find that title in your tongue,
Before I make reply to aught you say.

Berk. Mistake me not, my lord ; 'tis not my meaning
To raze one title of your honour out :—
To you, my lord, I come, (what lord you will,)
From the most gracious³ regent of this land,
The duke of York ; to know, what pricks you on
To take advantage of the absent time,
And fright our native peace with self-born arms.

Enter YORK, attended.

Boling. I shall not need transport my words by you ;
Here comes his grace in person.—My noble uncle !

[*Kneels.*]

York. Show me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
Whose duty is deceivable and false.

Boling. My gracious uncle !

York. Tut, tut !

Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle.⁴
I am no traitor's uncle ; and that word, grace,
In an ungracious mouth, is but profane.
Why have these banish'd and forbidden legs

⁴ This is the reading of the first quarto. The folio reads—

"Tut, tut, grace me no grace, nor uncle me."

In Romeo and Juliet we have—

"Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds."

Dar'd once to touch a dust of England's ground?
 But then more why;—why have they dar'd to march
 So many miles upon her peaceful bosom,
 Frighting her pale-fac'd villages with war,
 And ostentation of despised arms?¹
 Com'st thou because the anointed king is hence?
 Why, foolish boy, the king is left behind,
 And in my loyal bosom lies his power.
 Were I but now the lord of such hot youth
 As when brave Gaunt, thy father, and myself,
 Rescued the Black Prince, that young Mars of men,
 From forth the ranks of many thousand French,
 O, then, how quickly should this arm of mine,
 Now prisoner to the palsy, chastise thee,
 And minister correction to thy fault!

Boling. My gracious uncle, let me know my fault;
 On what condition stands it, and wherein?

York. Even in condition of the worst degree,—
 In gross rebellion, and detested treason:
 Thou art a banish'd man, and here art come;
 Before the expiration of thy time,
 In braving arms against thy sovereign.

Boling. As I was banish'd, I was banish'd Hereford:

But as I come, I come for Lancaster.
 And, noble uncle, I beseech your grace,
 Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye:
 You are my father, for, methinks in you
 I see old Gaunt alive; O, then, my father!
 Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd
 A wand'ring vagabond; my rights and royalties
 Pluck'd from my arms perforce, and given away
 To upstart unthrifths? Wherefore was I born?
 If that my cousin king be king of England,
 It must be granted I am duke of Lancaster.
 You have a son, Aumerle, my noble kinsman;
 Had you first died, and he been thus trod down,
 He should have found his uncle Gaunt a father,
 To rouse his wrongs, and chase them to the bay.
 I am denied to sue my livery here,
 And yet my letters-patents give me leave:
 My father's goods are all distrain'd, and sold;
 And these, and all, are all amiss employ'd.
 What would you have me do? I am a subject,
 And challenge law: Attorneys are denied me;
 And therefore personally I lay my claim
 To my inheritance of free descent.

North. The noble duke hath been too much abus'd.

Ross. It stands your grace upon, to do him right.

Will. Base men by his endowments are made great.

York. My lords of England, let me tell you this,—
 I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs,
 And labour'd all I could to do him right:
 But in this kind to come, in braving arms,
 Be his own carver, and cut out his way,
 To find out right with wrong,—it may not be;
 And you that do abet him in this kind,
 Cherish rebellion, and are rebels all.

North. The noble duke hath sworn his coming is
 But for his own: and, for the right of that,
 We all have strongly sworn to give him aid;
 And let him ne'er see joy that breaks that oath.

York. Well, well, I see the issue of these arms;
 I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,
 Because my power is weak, and all ill left:
 But, if I could, by Him that gave me life,
 I would attach you all, and make you stoop
 Unto the sovereign mercy of the king;
 But, since I cannot, be it known to you,
 I do remain as neuter. So, fare you well;—

Unless you please to enter in the castle,
 And there repose you for this night.

Boling. An offer, uncle, that we will accept.
 But we must win your grace to go with us
 To Bristol castle; which, they say, is held
 By Bushy, Bagot, and their complices,
 The caterpillars of the commonwealth,
 Which I have sworn to weed, and pluck away.

York. It may be I will go with you:—but yet I'll pause;
 For I am loath to break our country's laws.
 Nor friends, nor foes, to me welcome you are:
 Things past redress are now with me past care. [Exit.]

SCENE IV.—A Camp in Wales.

Enter SALISBURY and a Captain.

Cap. My lord of Salisbury, we have stay'd ten days,
 And hardly kept our countrymen together,
 And yet we hear no tidings from the king;
 Therefore we will disperse ourselves: farewell.

Sal. Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welshman;
 The king reposes all his confidence
 In thee.

Cap. 'Tis thought the king is dead; we will not stay.
 The bay-trees in our country are all wither'd,
 And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven;
 The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth,
 And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful change;
 Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and leap,
 The one, in fear to lose what they enjoy,
 The other, to enjoy by rage and war:
 These signs forerun the death [or fall] of kings.—
 Farewell; our countrymen are gone and fled,
 As well assur'd Richard their king is dead. [Exit.]

Sal. Ah, Richard! with the eyes of heavy mind,
 I see thy glory, like a shooting star,
 Fall to the base earth from the firmament!
 Thy sun sets weeping in the lowly west,
 Witnessing storms to come, woe, and unrest;
 Thy friends are fled, to wait upon thy foes;
 And crossly to thy good all fortune goes. [Exit.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Bolingbroke's Camp at Bristol.

*Enter BOLINGBROKE, YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, PERCY,
 WILLOUGHBY, ROSS: Officers behind, with BUSHY and
 GREEN, prisoners.*

Boling. Bring forth these men.—
 Bushy, and Green, I will not vex your souls
 (Since presently your souls must part your bodies,)
 With too much urging your pernicious lives,
 For 'twere no charity: yet, to wash your blood
 From off my hands, here, in the view of men,
 I will unfold some causes of your deaths.
 You have misled a prince, a royal king,
 A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments,
 By you unhappied and disfigur'd clean.
 You have, in manner, with your sinful hours,
 Made a divorce betwixt his queen and him;
 Broke the possession of a royal bed,
 And stain'd the beauty of a fair queen's cheeks
 With tears drawn from her eyes by your foul wrongs
 Myself—a prince, by fortune of my birth;
 Near to the king in blood; and near in love,

¹ *Despised arms*—the ostentation of arms which we despise.

Till you did make him misinterpret me,—
Have stoop'd my neck under your injuries,
And sigh'd my English breath in foreign clouds,
Eating the bitter bread of banishment:
While you have fed upon my seignories,
Dispark'd my parks,¹ and fell'd my forest woods;
From mine own windows torn my household coat,
Raz'd out my impress, leaving me no sign—
Save men's opinions, and my living blood,—
To show the world I am a gentleman,
This, and much more, much more than twice all this,
Condemns you to the death:—See them deliver'd over
To execution and the hand of death.

Bushy. More welcome is the stroke of death to me,
Than Bolingbroke to England. [Lords, farewell.]²

Green. My comfort is, that heaven will take our souls,
And plague injustice with the pains of hell.

Boling. My lord Northumberland, see them despatch'd.
[*Exeunt* NORTHUMBERLAND and others, with
Prisoners.]

Uncle, you say, the queen is at your house:
For heaven's sake, fairly let her be entreated:
Tell her, I send to her my kind commends;
Take special care my greetings be deliver'd.

York. A gentleman of mine I have despatch'd
With letters of your love to her at large.

Boling. Thanks, gentle uncle.—Come, lords, away;
To fight with Glendower and his complices;
Awhile to work, and, after, holiday. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Coast of Wales. A Castle in view.*

Flourish: Drums and Trumpets. Enter KING RICHARD,
BISHOP OF CARLISLE, AUMERLE, and Soldiers.

K. Rich. Barkloughly castle call you this at hand?

Aum. Yea, my lord. How brooks your grace the air,
After your late tossing on the breaking seas?

K. Rich. Needs must I like it well; I weep for joy,
To stand upon my kingdom once again.
Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,
Though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs:
As a long parted mother with her child
Plays fondly with her tears³ and smiles, in meeting;
So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,⁴
And do thee favour with my royal hands.
Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,
Nor with thy sweets comfort his rav'nous sense:
But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,
And heavy-gaited toads, lie in their way;
Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet
Which with usurping steps do trample thee.
Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies:
And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,
Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder,
Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch
Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.
Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords;
This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones

¹ *Dispark'd my parks.* To disafforest a forest is to annul all the peculiar privileges which belong to it, and render it, with reference to the rights of the owner or lord, and the privileges of the tenants or vassals, the same as that of ordinary land. Bolingbroke, we presume, complains that when the favourites of Richard had disparked his parks, they let out the property to common purposes of pasture or tillage, and at the same time felled his woods; thus not only feeding upon his seignories, but destroying their ancient beauty and propriety.

² *Lords, farewell,* is omitted in the folio.

³ The usual mode of reading these two beautiful lines is as follows:—

"As a long parted mother with her child
Plays fondly with her tears, and smiles in meeting."

Smiles, in this way, is a verb; but, by the transposition of the comma, it is read as a noun. The "long parted mother" does not only play fondly with her tears, but with her smiles also. Richard adds—

"So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth."

Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king
Shall falter under foul rebellion's⁵ arms.

Bishop. Fear not, my lord; that Power that made you
king

Hath power to keep you king, in spite of all.
[The means that heaven yields must be embrac'd,
And not neglected; else, if heaven would,
And we will not, heaven's offer we refuse;
The proffer'd means of succour and redress.]⁶

Aum. He means, my lord, that we are too remiss;
Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security,
Grows strong and great, in substance, and in friends.

K. Rich. Discomfortable cousin! know'st thou not
That when the searching eye of heaven is hid
Behind the globe, and lights⁷ the lower world,
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,
In murders, and in outrage, boldly⁸ here;
But when, from under this terrestrial ball,
He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,
And darts his light through every guilty hole,
Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,
The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs,
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves?
So when this thief, this traitor, Bolingbroke,—
Who all this while hath revell'd in the night,
Whilst we were wand'ring with the antipodes,—
Shall see us rising in our throne the east,
His treasons will sit blushing in his face,
Not able to endure the sight of day,
But, self-affrighted, tremble at his sin.
Not all the water in the rough rude sea
Can wash the balm from an anointed king:
The breath of worldly men cannot depose
The deputy elected by the Lord:
For every man that Bolingbroke hath press'd,
To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown,
Heaven for his Richard hath in heavenly pay
A glorious angel: then, if angels fight,
Weak men must fall; for heaven still guards the right.

Enter SALISBURY.

Welcome, my lord; How far off lies your power?

Sal. Nor near, nor farther off, my gracious lord,
Than this weak arm: Discomfort guides my tongue,
And bids me speak of nothing but despair.
One day too late, I fear, my noble lord,
Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth:
O, call back yesterday, bid time return,
And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men:
To-day, to-day, unhappy day, too late,
O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy state;
For all the Welshmen, hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to Bolingbroke, dispers'd, and fled.

Aum. Comfort, my liege: why looks your grace so pale?

K. Rich. But now, the blood of twenty thousand men
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled;
And, till so much blood thither come again,
Have I not reason to look pale and dead?

⁴ The repeated use, by Richard, of the word *earth*, would seem to indicate that Shakspeare employs the word in the meaning of *inheritance*—possession—"my kingdom"—"my dear earth"—"my earth"—"my gentle earth." Mr. Whiter, in his curious Etymological Dictionary, has shown that the word *heir* is derived from *earth*. "The Latin *heres*, *hered-is*, or, as it was anciently written, *eres*, is the person who possesses, or is destined to possess, the certain spot of *land*,—or of *earth*, *hertha*, *herda*, &c."

⁵ *Rebellion's arms.* So the quarto of 1597; the folio *rebellious*.

⁶ These four lines enclosed in brackets are omitted in the folio.

⁷ *And lights.* All the old copies read *that lights*. *That*, as a relative, has probably *searching eye* for its antecedent; but the construction is still difficult, whilst a slight alteration removes the difficulty.

⁸ *Boldly.* All the early editions read *bloody* with the exception of the quarto of 1597, which has *bouldy*, conjectured by Mr. Collier to be a misprint for *bouldly*. We agree with Mr. Dyce that "nothing can be plainer than that *bouldy* is in opposition to *trembling*, in the last line of this glorious passage."

All souls that will be safe fly from my side;
For time hath set a blot upon my pride.

Aum. Comfort, my liege; remember who you are.

K. Rich. I had forgot myself: Am I not king?
Awake thou sluggard majesty! thou sleepest.
Is not the king's name forty thousand names?
Arm, arm, my name! a puny subject strikes
At thy great glory.—Look not to the ground,
Ye favourites of a king. Are we not high?
High be our thoughts: I know, my uncle York
Hath power enough to serve our turn. But who
Comes here?

Enter SCROOP.

Scroop. More health and happiness betide my liege,
Than can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him.

K. Rich. Mine ear is open, and my heart prepar'd;
The worst is worldly loss thou canst unfold.
Say, is my kingdom lost? why, 'twas my care;
And what loss is it to be rid of care?
Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we?
Greater he shall not be; if he serve God,
We'll serve him too, and be his fellow so.
Revolt our subjects? that we cannot mend;
They break their faith to God, as well as us:
Cry, woe, destruction, ruin, loss, decay;
The worst is death, and death will have his day.

Scroop. Glad am I that your highness is so arm'd
To bear the tidings of calamity.
Like an unseasonable stormy day,
Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores,
As if the world were all dissolv'd to tears;
So high above his limits swells the rage
Of Bolingbroke, covering your fearful land
With hard bright steel, and hearts harder than steel.
White beards have arm'd their thin and hairless scalps
Against thy majesty; and boys, with women's voices,
Strive to speak big, and clap their female joints
In stiff unwieldly arms against thy crown:
Thy very beadsmen learn to bend their bows
Of double-fatal yew against thy state;
Yea, distaff-women manage rusty bills
Against thy seat: both young and old rebel,
And all goes worse than I have power to tell.

K. Rich. Too well, too well, thou tell'st a tale so ill.
Where is the earl of Wiltshire? where is Bagot?
What is become of Bushy? where is Green?
That they have let the dangerous enemy
Measure our confines with such peaceful steps?
If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it.
I warrant they have made peace with Bolingbroke.

Scroop. Peace have they made with him, indeed, my lord.

K. Rich. O villains, vipers, damn'd without redemption!
Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man!
Snakes, in my heart blood warm'd, that sting my heart!
Three Judases, each one thrice worse than Judas!
Would they make peace? terrible hell make war
Upon their spotted squels for this offence!

Scroop. Sweet love, I see, changing his property,
Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate:
Again uncure their souls; their peace is made
With heads, and not with hands: those whom you curse,
Have felt the worst of death's destroying wound,
And lie full low, grav'd in the hollow ground.

Aum. Is Bushy, Green, and the earl of Wiltshire, dead?

Scroop. Yea, all of them at Bristol lost their heads.

Aum. Where is the duke my father with his power?

K. Rich. No matter where. Of comfort no man speak:
Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs;
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.
Let's choose executors, and talk of wills:
And yet not so,—for what can we bequeath,
Save our deposed bodies to the ground?
Our lands, our lives, and all, are Bolingbroke's,
And nothing can we call our own, but death;
And that small model¹ of the barren earth,
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.²
For heaven's sake, let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of kings:—
How some have been depos'd, some slain in war,
Some haunted by the ghosts they have depos'd:³
Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping kill'd;
All murder'd:—For within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
Keeps death his court; and there the antic sits,
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp,—
Allowing him a breath, a little scene
To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks;
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,—
As if this flesh, which walls about our life,
Were brass impregnable,—and, humour'd thus,
Comes at the last, and with a little pin
Bores through his castle walls, and—farewell king!
Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
With solemn reverence; throw away respect,
Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,
For you have but mistook me all this while:
I live with bread like you, feel want, taste grief,
Need friends:—Subjected thus,
How can you say to me—I am a king?

Car. My lord, wise men ne'er wail their present woes,
But presently prevent the ways to wail.
To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength,
Gives, in your weakness, strength unto your foe,
[And so your follies fight against yourself.⁴]
Fear, and be slain; no worse can come, to fight:
And fight and die, is death destroying death;
Where fearing dying pays death servile breath.

Aum. My father hath a power, inquire of him;
And learn to make a body of a limb.

K. Rich. Thou chid'st me well:—Proud Bolingbroke, I
come

To change blows with thee for our day of doom.
This ague-fit of fear is over-blown;
An easy task it is to win our own.
Say, Scroop, where lies our uncle with his power?
Speak sweetly, man, although thy looks be sour.

Scroop. Men judge by the complexion of the sky
The state and inclination of the day:
So may you by my dull and heavy eye;
My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say.
I play the torturer, by small and small,
To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken:—
Your uncle York is join'd with Bolingbroke;
And all your northern castles yielded up,
And all your southern gentlemen in arms
Upon his faction.⁵

K. Rich. Thou hast said enough.—
Beshrew thee, cousin, which didst lead me forth

[To AUMERLE.]

Of that sweet way I was in to despair!
What say you now? What comfort have we now?

¹ *Model.* The word is, probably, here used for something formed or fashioned. The earth assumes the shape of the body which it covers. Douce seems to think it means only measure, portion, or quantity,—a modicum.

² We copy a remark of Johnson upon this line, to show what criticism upon Shakspeare used to be, even in the hands of one of the ablest of modern writers: "A metaphor, not of the most sublime kind, taken from a *pie*."

³ *Ghosts they have depos'd*—ghosts of those whom they have deposed. This sort of ellipsis is very frequently used by our poet.

⁴ This line is omitted in the folio.

⁵ *Faction.* The first quarto reads *party*.

By heaven, I'll hate him everlastingly
That bids me be of comfort any more.
Go to Flint castle; there I'll pine away;
A king, woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey.
That power I have, discharge; and let them go
To ear the land¹ that hath some hope to grow,
For I have none;—Let no man speak again
To alter this, for counsel is but vain.

Aum. My liege, one word.

K. Rich. He does me double wrong
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.
Discharge my followers, let them hence.—Away,
From Richard's night to Bolingbroke's fair day.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Wales. *Before Flint Castle.*

*Enter, with drum and colours, BOLINGBROKE and Forces;
YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, and others.*

Boling. So that by this intelligence we learn,
The Welshmen are dispers'd; and Salisbury
Is gone to meet the king, who lately landed,
With some few private friends, upon this coast.

North. The news is very fair and good, my lord;
Richard, not far from hence, hath hid his head.

York. It would beseem the lord Northumberland,
To say, king Richard: Alack the heavy day,
When such a sacred king should hide his head!

North. Your grace mistakes; only to be brief,
Left I his title out.

York. The time hath been,
Would you have been so brief with him, he would
Have been so brief with you, to shorten you,
For taking so the head,² your whole head's length.

Boling. Mistake not, uncle, farther than you should.

York. Take not, good cousin, farther than you should,
Lest you mis-take: The heavens are o'er your head.

Boling. I know it, uncle; and oppose not myself
Against their will.—But who comes here?

Enter PERCY.

Welcome, Harry;³ what, will not this castle yield?

Percy. The castle royally is mann'd, my lord,
Against thy entrance.

Boling. Royally?
Why, it contains no king?

Percy. Yes, my good lord,
It doth contain a king; king Richard lies
Within the limits of yon lime and stone:
And with him the lord Aumerle, lord Salisbury,
Sir Stephen Scroop; besides a clergyman
Of holy reverence, who, I cannot learn.

North. Oh! belike, it is the bishop of Carlisle.

Boling. Noble lord, [To NORTH.
Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle:
Through brazen trumpet send the breath of parle
Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver.
Henry Bolingbroke
Upon his knees doth kiss king Richard's hand;
And sends allegiance, and true faith of heart,
To his most royal person: hither come

Even at his feet to lay my arms and power;
Provided that, my banishment repeal'd,
And lands restor'd again, be freely granted:
If not, I'll use the advantage of my power,
And lay the summer's dust with showers of blood,
Rain'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen:
The which, how far off from the mind of Bolingbroke
It is such crimson tempest should bedrench
The fresh green lap of fair king Richard's land,
My stooping duty tenderly shall show.
Go, signify as much; while here we march
Upon the grassy carpet of this plain.

[NORTHUMBERLAND advances to the castle, with
a trumpet.]

Let's march without the noise of threat'ning drum,
That from this castle's totter'd⁴ battlements
Our fair appointments may be well perus'd.
Methinks, king Richard and myself should meet
With no less terror than the elements
Of fire and water, when their thund'ring shock⁵
At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven.
Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water:
The rage be his, while on the earth I rain
My waters; on the earth, and not on him.
March on, and mark king Richard how he looks.

A parle sounded, and answered by another trumpet within.

Flourish. Enter on the walls KING RICHARD, the BISHOP
OF CARLISLE, AUMERLE, SCROOP, and SALISBURY.

York. See, see, king Richard doth himself appear,
As doth the blushing discontented sun,
From out the fiery portal of the east;
When he perceives the envious clouds are bent
To dim his glory, and to stain the track
Of his bright passage to the occident.⁶
Yet looks he like a king; behold, his eye,
As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth
Controlling majesty; Alack, alack, for woe,
That any harm should stain so fair a show!

K. Rich. We are amaz'd; and thus long have we
stood

To watch the fearful bending of thy knee,

[To NORTHUMBERLAND.]

Because we thought ourself thy lawful king:
And if we be, how dare thy joints forget
To pay their awful duty to our presence?
If we be not, show us the hand of God
That hath dismiss'd us from our stewardship;
For well we know, no hand of blood and bone
Can gripe the sacred handle of our sceptre,
Unless he do profane, steal, or usurp.
And though you think, that all, as you have done,
Have torn their souls, by turning them from us,
And we are barren, and bereft of friends;
Yet know,—my master, God omnipotent,
Is mustering in his clouds, on our behalf,
Armies of pestilence; and they shall strike
Your children yet unborn, and unbegot,
That lift your vassal hands against my head,
And threat the glory of my precious crown.
Tell Bolingbroke, (for yond', methinks, he is,)
That every stride he makes upon my land,

¹ *Ear the land*—plough the land. So in Shakspeare's dedication of *Venus and Adonis* to the Earl of Southampton, "Never after ear so barren a land, for fear it yield me still so bad a harvest." *Ear* is the same as the Latin *arare*, to plough, to till. *Arable* is ear-able.

² *Taking so the head.* Johnson thinks that to take the head is to take undue liberties. We incline to Douce's opinion, that the expression means to take away the sovereign's chief title.

³ *Welcome, Harry.* In Steevens, who followed Hanmer, we must put up with the feeble *Well, Harry*.

⁴ *Totter'd*—for *tottering*, the passive for the active participle.

⁵ *Thund'ring shock.* All the old copies, with one exception, read *smoke*. The quarto of 1597 has *shock*. The passage was written long before the properties of electricity were known; and the poet attributes, therefore, the thundering shock which "tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven" to the meeting of "the elements of fire and water,"—some obscure notion of the days of conjectural science.

⁶ Warburton held that, in the old copies, the six lines after Richard appears on the castle walls were "absurdly given to Bolingbroke, who is made to condemn his own conduct and disculp the king's."

Is dangerous treason : He is come to ope
The purple testament of bleeding war ;¹
But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,
Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons
Shall ill become the flower of England's face ;
Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace
To scarlet indignation, and bedew
Her pastures' grass with faithful English blood.

North. The king of heaven forbid, our lord the king
Should so with civil and uncivil arms
Be rush'd upon ! Thy thrice noble cousin,
Harry Bolingbroke, doth humbly kiss thy hand ;
And by the honourable tomb he swears,
That stands upon your royal grandsire's bones ;^a
And by the royalties of both your bloods,
Currents that spring from one most gracious head ;
And by the buried hand of warlike Gaunt ;
And by the worth and honour of himself,
Comprising all that may be sworn or said,—
His coming hither hath no further scope,
Than for his lineal royalties, and to beg
Enfranchisement immediate on his knees ;
Which on thy royal party granted once,
His glittering arms he will commend to rust,
His barbed steeds to stables, and his heart
To faithful service of your majesty.
This swears he, as he is a prince, is just ;
And, as I am a gentleman, I credit him.

K. Rich. Northumberland, say,—thus the king returns ;—
His noble cousin is right welcome hither ;
And all the number of his fair demands
Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction :
With all the gracious utterance thou hast,
Speak to his gentle hearing kind commend.—
We do debase ourself, cousin, do we not, [*To AUMERLE.*]
To look so poorly, and to speak so fair ?
Shall we call back Northumberland, and send
Defiance to the traitor, and so die ?

Aum. No, good my lord ; let's fight with gentle words,
Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful swords.

K. Rich. O God ! O God ! that ere this tongue of mine,
That laid the sentence of dread banishment
On yon proud man, should take it off again
With words of sooth !² O, that I were as great
As is my grief, or lesser than my name !
Or that I could forget what I have been !
Or not remember what I must be now !
Swell'st thou, proud heart ? I'll give thee scope to beat,
Since foes have scope to beat both thee and me.

Aum. Northumberland comes back from Bolingbroke.

K. Rich. What must the king do now ? Must he submit ?
The king shall do it. Must he be depos'd ?
The king shall be contented : Must he lose
The name of king ? o' God's name, let it go :
I'll give my jewels, for a set of beads ;
My gorgeous palace, for a hermitage ;
My gay apparel, for an alms-man's gown ;
My figur'd goblets, for a dish of wood ;
My sceptre, for a palmer's walking-staff ;
My subjects, for a pair of carved saints ;
And my large kingdom, for a little grave,
A little little grave, an obscure grave :—
Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,
Some way of common trade,³ where subjects' feet

May hourly trample on their sovereign's head :
For on my heart they tread, now whilst I live ;
And, buried once, why not upon my head ?
Aumerle, thou weep'st ; My tender-hearted cousin !—
We'll make foul weather with despised tears ;
Our sighs, and they, shall lodge the summer corn,
And make a dearth in this revolting land.
Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,
And make some pretty match with shedding tears ?
As thus ;—To drop them still upon one place,
Till they have fretted us a pair of graves
Within the earth ; and, therein laid,—*There lies*
Two kinsmen, digg'd their graves with weeping eyes ?
Would not this ill do well ?—Well, well, I see
I talk but idly, and you mock at me.—
Most mighty prince, my lord Northumberland,
What says king Bolingbroke ? will his majesty
Give Richard leave to live till Richard die ?
You make a leg, and Bolingbroke says—ay.

North. My lord, in the base court⁴ he doth attend
To speak with you ; may't please you to come down ?

K. Rich. Down, down, I come ; like glistening Phaeton,
Wanting the manage of unruly jades.

[*NORTH. retires to BOLING.*]

In the base court ? Base court, where kings grow base,
To come at traitors' calls, and do them grace.
In the base court ? Come down ? Down court ! down
king !

For night-owls shriek, where mounting larks should sing.

[*Exeunt from above.*]

Boling. What says his majesty ?

North. Sorrow and grief of heart
Makes him speak fondly, like a frantic man :
Yet he is come.

Enter KING RICHARD, and his Attendants, below.

Boling. Stand all apart,
And show fair duty to his majesty.—
My gracious lord.—

[*Kneeling.*]

K. Rich. Fair cousin, you debase your princely knee,
To make the base earth proud with kissing it :
Me rather had my heart might feel your love,
Than my unpleas'd eye see your courtesy.
Up, cousin, up ; your heart is up, I know,
Thus high at least, [*touching his own head.*] although your
knee be low.

Boling. My gracious lord, I come but for mine own.

K. Rich. Your own is yours, and I am yours, and all.

Boling. So far be mine, my most redoubted lord,
As my true service shall deserve your love.

K. Rich. Well you deserve :—They well deserve to
have

That know the strong'st and surest way to get.
Uncle, give me your hand : nay, dry your eyes ;
Tears show their love, but want their remedies.—
Cousin, I am too young to be your father,
Though you are old enough to be my heir.
What you will have, I'll give, and willing too ;
For do we must what force will have us do.—
Set on towards London :—Cousin, is it so ?

Boling. Yea, my good lord.

K. Rich. Then I must not say no.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

¹ There is a very similar line in the first part of "Jeronimo," a play which, it is supposed, was produced in 1588 (see Dodsley's Old Plays, edition 1825, vol. iii. p. 51) :—

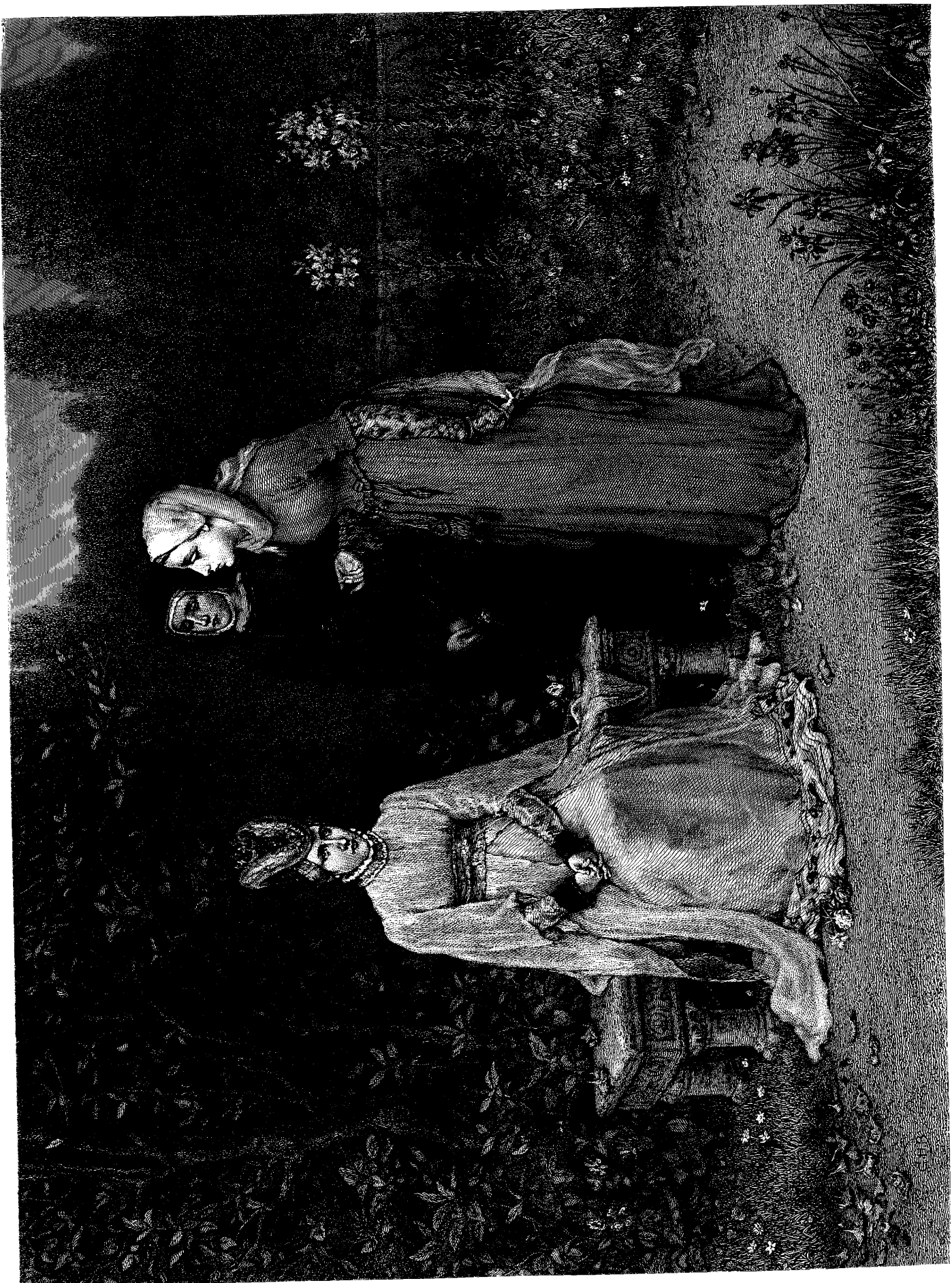
"Then I unclasp the purple leaves of war."

Whiter pointed this out in his "Specimen of a Commentary," in 1794.

² Words of sooth—words of assent—assuaging, soothing words. As sooth, in its first meaning, is true or truth ; so to soothe is to receive as true, and thence to assent, and further to propitiate.

³ Some way of common trade. The early meddling editors changed trade into tread. The original meaning of trade is a course—a path traded or trodden continuously. The trade winds are not winds favourable to commerce, but winds blowing in a regular course. Our modern usage of the word as intercourse for buying and selling is a secondary meaning engrafted upon the original meaning of habitual course or practice.

⁴ Base court—lower court—bas cour.





SCENE IV.—Langley. *The Duke of York's Garden.**Enter the QUEEN and two Ladies.*

Queen. What sport shall we devise here in this garden,
To drive away the heavy thought of care?

1 Lady. Madam, we'll play at bowls.

Queen. 'Twill make me think
The world is full of rubs, and that my fortune
Runs 'gainst the bias.

1 Lady. Madam, we will dance.

Queen. My legs can keep no measure in delight,
When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief:
Therefore, no dancing, girl; some other sport.

1 Lady. Madam, we'll tell tales.

Queen. Of sorrow, or of joy?¹

1 Lady. Of either, madam.

Queen. Of neither, girl:
For if of joy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of sorrow;
Or if of grief, being altogether had,
It adds more sorrow to my want of joy:
For what I have, I need not to repeat;
And what I want, it boots not to complain.

1 Lady. Madam, I'll sing.

Queen. 'Tis well, that thou hast cause;
But thou shouldst please me better wouldst thou weep.

1 Lady. I could weep, madam, would it do you good.

Queen. And I could sing,² would weeping do me
good,

And never borrow any tear of thee.

But stay, here come the gardeners:

Let's step into the shadow of these trees.—

Enter a Gardener and two Servants.

My wretchedness unto a row of pins,
They'll talk of state: for every one doth so
Against a change: Woe is forerun with woe.

[QUEEN and Ladies retire.]

Gard. Go, bind thou up yon' dangling apricocks,³
Which, like unruly children, make their sire
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight:
Give some supportance to the bending twigs.
Go thou, and like an executioner
Cut off the heads of too-fast-growing sprays,
That look too lofty in our commonwealth:
All must be even in our government.
You thus employ'd, I will go root away
The noisome weeds, that without profit suck
The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.

1 Serv. Why should we, in the compass of a pale,
Keep law, and form, and due proportion,
Showing, as in a model, our firm estate?
When our sea-walled garden, the whole land,
Is full of weeds; her fairest flowers chok'd up,
Her fruit-trees all unprun'd, her hedges ruin'd,
Her knots disorder'd,⁴ and her wholesome herbs
Swarming with caterpillars?

Gard. Hold thy peace:—
He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd spring
Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf:

¹ *Of sorrow, or of joy?* All the old copies read "Of sorrow or of grief?" which the context clearly shows to be an error. It was corrected by Pope.

² *And I could sing.* Thus all the old copies; but Pope, having corrected the error just above, was satisfied that another error existed, and changed *sing* to *weep*. This reading has been adopted in some subsequent editions. We believe that the original was right, and that the sense of the passage was mistaken. The queen, who speaks constantly of her sorrow, it may be presumed does weep, or has been weeping. The lady offers to sing, but the queen desires sympathy:—"Thou shouldst please me better wouldst thou weep." The lady could weep, "would it do you good." The queen rejoins—

"And I could sing, would weeping do me good."

The weeds, that his broad-spreading leaves did shelter,
That seem'd in eating him to hold him up,
Are pluck'd up, root and all, by Bolingbroke;
I mean the earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green.

1 Serv. What, are they dead?

Gard. They are; and Bolingbroke
Hath seiz'd the wasteful king.—Oh! what pity is it,
That he had not so trimm'd and dress'd his land,
As we this garden! We at time of year
Do wound the bark, the skin of our fruit-trees;
Lest, being over-proud with sap and blood,
With too much riches it confound itself:
Had he done so to great and growing men,
They might have liv'd to bear, and he to taste
Their fruits of duty: superfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live:
Had he done so, himself had borne the crown,
Which waste of idle hours hath quite thrown down.

1 Serv. What, think you then, the king shall be depos'd?

Gard. Depress'd he is already; and depos'd,
'Tis doubt, he will be: Letters came last night
To a dear friend of the good duke of York's,
That tell black tidings.

Queen. O, I am press'd to death through want of speaking!

[Coming from her concealment.]

Thou, old Adam's likeness, set to dress this garden,
How dares thy harsh-rude tongue sound this unpleasing
news?

What Eve, what serpent hath suggested thee
To make a second fall of cursed man?
Why dost thou say king Richard is depos'd?
Dar'st thou, thou little better thing than earth,
Divine his downfall? Say where, when, and how,
Cam'st thou by these ill-tidings? speak, thou wretch.

Gard. Pardon me, madam: little joy have I
To breathe these news: yet what I say is true.
King Richard, he is in the mighty hold
Of Bolingbroke; their fortunes both are weigh'd:
In your lord's scale is nothing but himself,
And some few vanities that make him light;
But in the balance of great Bolingbroke,
Besides himself, are all the English peers,
And with that odds he weighs king Richard down.
Post you to London, and you'll find it so:
I speak no more than every one doth know.

Queen. Nimble mischance, that art so light of foot,
Doth not thy embassy belong to me,
And am I last that knows it? O, thou think'st
To serve me last, that I may longest keep
Thy sorrow in my breast. Come, ladies, go,
To meet at London London's king in woe.
What, was I born to this! that my sad look
Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke?
Gardener, for telling me this news of woe,
I would the plants thou graft'st may never grow.

[Exeunt QUEEN and Ladies.]

Gard. Poor queen! so that thy state might be no
worse,

I would my skill were subject to thy curse.—
Here did she drop a tear; here, in this place,
I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace:
Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall be seen,
In the remembrance of a weeping queen.

[Exeunt.]

If my griefs were removed by weeping—if my tears could take away my sorrow—I should be ready to sing—I could sing, and then, my sorrows being past, I would "never borrow any tear of thee"—nor ask thee to weep, as I did just now. Mr. Grant White adopts this reading.

³ *Apricocks.* Our modern *apricot* is from the French *abricot*. But the name came with the fruit from Persia—*bricoc*; and we probably derived it from the Italian. Florio, in his "New World of Words," has "Berricocoli—Apricock-plumbes."

⁴ *Knots disorder'd.* The symmetrical beds of a garden were the knots. (See Love's Labour's Lost, Illustrations of Act I.)

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—London. Westminster Hall. *The Lords spiritual on the right side of the throne; the Lords temporal on the left; the Commons below.*

Enter BOLINGBROKE, AUMERLE, SURREY, NORTHUMBERLAND, PERCY, FITZWATER, another Lord, BISHOP OF CARLISLE, ABBOT OF WESTMINSTER, and Attendants. Officers behind with BAGOT.

Boling. Call forth Bagot.
Now, Bagot, freely speak thy mind;
What thou dost know of noble Gloster's death;
Who wrought it with the king, and who perform'd
The bloody office of his timeless¹ end.
Bagot. Then set before my face the lord Aumerle.
Boling. Cousin, stand forth, and look upon that man.
Bagot. My lord Aumerle, I know your daring tongue
Scorns to unsay what once it hath deliver'd.
In that dead time when Gloster's death was plotted,
I heard you say,—Is not my arm of length,
That reacheth from the restful English court
As far as Calais, to my uncle's head?—
Amongst much other talk, that very time,
I heard you say, that you had rather refuse
The offer of an hundred thousand crowns,
Than Bolingbroke's return to England;
Adding withal, how blest this land would be,
In this your cousin's death.

Aum. Princes, and noble lords,
What answer shall I make to this base man?
Shall I so much dishonour my fair stars,
On equal terms to give him chastisement?
Either I must, or have mine honour soil'd
With the attainder of his slanderous lips.
There is my gage, the manual seal of death,
That marks thee out for hell: I say, thou liest,
And will maintain what thou hast said is false,
In thy heart-blood, though being all too base
To stain the temper of my knightly sword.

Boling. Bagot, forbear, thou shalt not take it up.

Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the best
In all this presence, that hath mov'd me so.

Fitz. If that thy valour stand on sympathies,²
There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine:
By that fair sun that shows me where thou stand'st,
I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spak'st it,
That thou wert cause of noble Gloster's death.

If thou deny'st it, twenty times thou liest;
And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart,
Where it was forged, with my rapier's point.³

Aum. Thou dar'st not, coward, live to see the day.

Fitz. Now, by my soul, I would it were this hour.

Aum. Fitzwater, thou art damn'd to hell for this.

Percy. Aumerle, thou liest; his honour is as true,
In this appeal, as thou art all unjust:
And, that thou art so, there I throw my gage,
To prove it on thee to the extremest point
Of mortal breathing; seize it, if thou dar'st.

Aum. And if I do not, may my hands rot off,
And never brandish more revengeful steel
Over the glittering helmet of my foe!

¹ Timeless—untimely.

² Sympathies. Sympathy is, passion with—mutual passion. Aumerle thinks that to accept the challenge of Bagot would dishonour his "fair stars:" the stars that presided over his birth made him Bagot's superior. Fitzwater, who is his equal in blood, throws down his gage with the retort—

"If that thy valour stand on sympathies."

³ Rapier's point. The rapier was a weapon not known in the time of Richard. This is an anachronism which the commentators dwell on, but which is justified upon the principle of employing terms which were familiar to an audience.

⁴ Task the earth. This is the reading of the first quarto. The subsequent editions read take. When the lord threw down his gage, he task'd the earth, in

[*Lord.* I task the earth⁴ to the like, forsworn Aumerle;
And spur thee on with full as many lies
As may be holla'd in thy treacherous ear
From sun to sun:⁵ there is my honour's pawn;
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.

Aum. Who sets me else? by heaven, I'll throw at all:
I have a thousand spirits in one breast,
To answer twenty thousand such as you.]⁶

Surrey. My lord Fitzwater, I do remember well
The very time Aumerle and you did talk.

Fitz. 'Tis very true:⁷ you were in presence then;
And you can witness with me, this is true.

Surrey. As false, by heaven, as heaven itself is true.

Fitz. Surrey, thou liest.

Surrey. Dishonourable boy!
That lie shall lie so heavy on my sword,
That it shall render vengeance and revenge,
Till thou the lie-giver, and that lie, do lie
In earth as quiet as thy father's skull.
In proof whereof, there is my honour's pawn;
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.

Fitz. How fondly dost thou spur a forward horse!
If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,
I dare meet Surrey in a wilderness,
And spit upon him, whilst I say, he lies,
And lies, and lies: there is my bond of faith,
To tie thee to my strong correction.
As I intend to thrive in this new world,
Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal:
Besides, I heard the banish'd Norfolk say
That thou, Aumerle, didst send two of thy men
To execute the noble duke at Calais.

Aum. Some honest Christian trust me with a gage,
That Norfolk lies: here do I throw down this,
If he may be repeal'd to try his honour.

Boling. These differences shall all rest under gage,
Till Norfolk be repeal'd: repeal'd he shall be,
And, though mine enemy, restor'd again
To all his land and seignories; when he's return'd
Against Aumerle we will enforce his trial.

Car. That honourable day shall ne'er be seen.
Many a time hath banish'd Norfolk fought
For Jesu Christ; in glorious Christian field
Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross,
Against black pagans, Turks, and Saracens:
And, toil'd with works of war, retir'd himself
To Italy; and there, at Venice, gave
His body to that pleasant country's earth,⁸
And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,
Under whose colours he had fought so long.

Boling. Why, bishop, is Norfolk dead?

Car. As sure as I live, my lord.

Boling. Sweet peace conduct his sweet soul to the bosom
Of good old Abraham!—Lords appellants,
Your differences shall all rest under gage,
Till we assign you to your days of trial.

Enter YORK, attended.

York. Great duke of Lancaster, I come to thee
From plume-pluck'd Richard; who with willing soul
Adopts thee heir, and his high sceptre yields

the same way that Percy had done by throwing down his gage. Johnson would read *thy oath*, instead of *the earth*. Whiter, although he does not suppose that there was a connection between an oath and the earth when the gage was thrown—or, as Warner has it in his "Albion's England," when the glove was "*terr'd*"—yet points at an etymological affinity between the Gothic *aith* (juramentum) and *airtha* (terra).

⁵ From sun to sun. The old copies read "from *sin* to *sin*." The time appointed for the combats of chivalry was betwixt the rising and the setting sun. Shakspeare, in *Cymbeline*, uses the phrase in this sense.

⁶ The challenge of the anonymous lord to Aumerle, and his answer (eight lines in brackets) are omitted in the folio.

⁷ 'Tis very true. So the quarto of 1597. The folio reads, "*My lord, 'tis very true.*"

To the possession of thy royal hand :
Ascend his throne, descending now from him,—
And long live Henry, of that name the fourth !
Boling. In God's name, I'll ascend the regal throne.

Car. Marry, heaven forbid !—
Worst in this royal presence may I speak,
Yet best beseeching me to speak the truth.
Would God, that any in this noble presence
Were enough noble to be upright judge
Of noble Richard ; then true noblesse¹ would
Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong.
What subject can give sentence on his king ?
And who sits here that is not Richard's subject ?
Thieves are not judg'd but they are by to hear,
Although apparent guilt be seen in them :
And shall the figure of God's majesty,
His captain, steward, deputy-elect,
Anointed, crowned, planted many years,
Be judg'd by subject and inferior breath,
And he himself not present ? O, forbend² it, God,
That, in a Christian climate, souls refin'd
Should show so heinous, black, obscene a deed !
I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,
Stirr'd up by heaven thus boldly for his king.
My lord of Hereford here, whom you call king,
Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king :
And if you crown him, let me prophesy,—
The blood of English shall manure the ground,
And future ages groan for this foul act ;
Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,
And, in this seat of peace, tumultuous wars
Shall kin with kin and kind with kind confound ;
Disorder, horror, fear, and mutiny,
Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd
The field of Golgotha, and dead men's skulls.
O, if you rear³ this house against this house,
It will the woofullest division prove
That ever fell upon this cursed earth :
Prevent it, resist it, and let it not be so,
Lest child, child's children, cry against you—woe !

North. Well have you argued, sir ; and, for your pains,
Of capital treason we arrest you here :
My lord of Westminster, be it your charge
To keep him safely till his day of trial.
May't please you, lords, to grant the commons' suit ?

Boling. Fetch hither Richard, that in common view
He may surrender ; so we shall proceed
Without suspicion.

York. I will be his conduct. [Exit.]

Boling. Lords, you that here are under our arrest,
Procure your sureties for your days of answer :
Little are we beholden to your love, [To CARLISLE.
And little look'd for at your helping hands.

*Re-enter YORK, with KING RICHARD, and Officers bearing
the crown, &c.*

K. Rich. Alack, why am I sent for to a king,
Before I have shook off the regal thoughts
Wherewith I reign'd ? I hardly yet have learn'd
To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my knee :—
Give sorrow leave awhile to tutor me
To this submission. Yet I well remember

The favours⁴ of these men : Were they not mine ?
Did they not sometime cry, all hail ! to me ?
So Judas did to Christ : but he, in twelve,
Found truth in all, but one ; I, in twelve thousand, none.
God save the king !—Will no man say, amen ?
Am I both priest and clerk ? well then, amen.
God save the king ! although I be not he ;
And yet, amen, if heaven do think him me.—
To do what service am I sent for hither ?

York. To do that office, of thine own good will,
Which tired majesty did make thee offer,—
The resignation of thy state and crown
To Henry Bolingbroke.

K. Rich. Give me the crown :—Here, cousin, seize the
crown ;

Here, cousin, on this side my hand ; on that side thine.⁵
Now is this golden crown like a deep well,
That owes two buckets filling one another ;
The emptier ever dancing in the air,
The other down, unseen, and full of water :
That bucket down, and full of tears, am I,
Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high.

Boling. I thought you had been willing to resign.

K. Rich. My crown I am, but still my griefs are mine :
You may my glories and my state depose,
But not my griefs ; still am I king of those.

Boling. Part of your cares you give me with your crown.

K. Rich. Your cares set up do not pluck my cares down.
My care is loss of care, by old care done ;
Your care is gain of care, by new care won ;
The cares I give I have, though given away ;
They tend the crown, yet still with me they stay.

Boling. Are you contented to resign the crown ?

K. Rich. Ay, no ;—no, ay ;—for I must nothing be ;
Therefore no, no, for I resign to thee.
Now mark me how I will undo myself :—
I give this heavy weight from off my head,
And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand,
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart ;
With mine own tears I wash away my balm,
With mine own hands I give away my crown,
With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,
With mine own breath release all duteous oaths :
All pomp and majesty I do forswear ;
My manors, rents, revenues, I forego ;
My acts, decrees, and statutes, I deny :
God pardon all oaths that are broke to me !
God keep all vows unbroke are made to thee !
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd ;
And thou with all pleas'd, that hast all achiev'd !
Long may'st thou live in Richard's seat to sit,
And soon lie Richard in an earthly pit !
God save king Henry unking'd Richard says,
And send him many years of sunshine days !
What more remains ?

North. No more, but that you read
[Offering a paper.]

These accusations, and these grievous crimes,
Committed by your person, and your followers,
Against the state and profit of this land ;
That, by confessing them, the souls of men
May deem that you are worthily depos'd.

K. Rich. Must I do so ? and must I ravel out
My weav'd-up follies ! Gentle Northumberland,

¹ All the old copies, with the exception of the first quarto, read *nobleness*. The more antique word, *noblesse*, is now adopted by us. There is authority for the use of *noblesse* in the sense of nobleness in Ben Jonson (Epigram 102) :—

“But thou, whose noblesse keeps one stature still.”

Forfend. So the quarto of 1597 ; the folio, *forbid*. We cling to the less common word, as in *Othello* :—

“No, heavens forbend, I would not kill thy soul.”

³ *Rear* in the folio ; in the quartos, *raise*.

⁴ *Favours*—features, countenances.

This is the reading of the folio. The quarto of 1608, the only other edition in which the passage appears, reads thus :—

“Give me the crown.—Seize the crown.

Here, cousin, on this side my hand, and on that side yours.”

It appears to us that the repetition of “here, cousin,” is Shaksperian, and that Malone does not show his usual judgment in omitting “here, cousin,” in the second line.

If thy offences were upon record,
Would it not shame thee, in so fair a troop,
To read a lecture of them? If thou wouldst,
There shouldst thou find one heinous article,
Containing the deposing of a king,
And cracking the strong warrant of an oath,
Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of heaven:—
Nay, all of you, that stand and look upon me,
Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait myself,
Though some of you, with Pilate, wash your hands,
Showing an outward pity; yet you Pilates
Have here deliver'd me to my sour cross,
And water cannot wash away your sin.

North. My lord, despatch; read o'er these articles.

K. Rich. Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot see:
And yet salt water blinds them not so much,
But they can see a sort¹ of traitors here.
Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself,
I find myself a traitor with the rest:
For I have given here my soul's consent,
To undeck the pompous body of a king;
Make glory base, and sovereignty a slave;
Proud majesty a subject; state a peasant.

North. My lord,—

K. Rich. No lord of thine, thou haught, insulting man,
Nor no man's lord; I have no name, no title,—
No, not that name was given me at the font,—
But 'tis usurp'd:—Alack the heavy day,
That I have worn so many winters out,
And know not now what name to call myself!
O, that I were a mockery king of snow,
Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke,
To melt myself away in water-drops!—
Good king,—great king,—(and yet not greatly good,)
An if my word be sterling yet in England,
Let it command a mirror hither straight,
That it may show me what a face I have,
Since it is bankrupt of his majesty.

Boling. Go some of you, and fetch a looking-glass.

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

North. Read o'er this paper, while the glass doth come.

K. Rich. Fiend! thou torment'st me ere I come to hell.

Boling. Urge it no more, my lord Northumberland.

North. The commons will not then be satisfied.

K. Rich. They shall be satisfied: I'll read enough.
When I do see the very book indeed
Where all my sins are writ, and that's myself.

Re-enter Attendant, with a glass.

Give me that glass, and therein will I read.
No deeper wrinkles yet? Hath sorrow struck
So many blows upon this face of mine,
And made no deeper wounds?—O, flattering glass,
Like to my followers in prosperity,
Thou dost beguile me! Was this face the face
That every day under his household roof
Did keep ten thousand men? Was this the face
That, like the sun, did make beholders wink?
Was this the face that fac'd so many follies,
And was at last outfac'd by Bolingbroke?
A brittle glory shineth in this face:
As brittle as the glory is the face;

[*Dashes the glass against the ground.*]

For there it is, crack'd in an hundred shivers.
Mark, silent king, the moral of this sport,—
How soon my sorrow hath destroy'd my face.

¹ *A sort*—a company. So in Richard III.—

"A sort of vagabonds, rascals, and runaways."

² *Laments* is the reading of the old copies.
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Boling. The shadow of your sorrow hath destroy'd
The shadow of your face.

K. Rich. Say that again.
The shadow of my sorrow? Ha! let's see:—
'Tis very true, my grief lies all within;

And these external manners of laments²
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief,
That swells with silence in the tortur'd soul;
There lies the substance: and I thank thee, king,
For thy great bounty, that not only giv'st
Me cause to wail, but teachest me the way
How to lament the cause. I'll beg one boon,
And then be gone, and trouble you no more.
Shall I obtain it?

Boling. Name it, fair cousin.

K. Rich. Fair cousin? I am greater than a king?
For, when I was a king, my flatterers
Were then but subjects; being now a subject,
I have a king here to my flatterer.
Being so great, I have no need to beg.

Boling. Yet ask.

K. Rich. And shall I have?

Boling. You shall.

K. Rich. Then give me leave to go.

Boling. Whither?

K. Rich. Whither you will, so I were from your sights.

Boling. Go, some of you, convey him to the Tower.

K. Rich. O, good! Convey?—Conveyers³ are you all,
That rise thus nimbly by a true king's fall.

[*Exeunt K. RICHARD, some Lords, and a Guard.*]

Boling. On Wednesday next, we solemnly set down
Our coronation: lords, prepare yourselves.

[*Exeunt all but the ABBOT, BISHOP OF CARLISLE,
and AUMERLE.*]

Abbot. A woeful pageant have we here beheld.

Car. The woe's to come; the children yet unborn
Shall feel this day as sharp to them as thorn.

Aum. You holy clergymen, is there no plot
To rid the realm of this pernicious blot?

Abbot. Before I freely speak my mind herein,
You shall not only take the sacrament
To bury mine intents, but to effect
Whatever I shall happen to devise:—
I see your brows are full of discontent,
Your hearts of sorrow, and your eyes of tears;
Come home with me to supper; I will lay
A plot shall show us all a merry day.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—London. *A Street leading to the Tower.*

Enter QUEEN and Ladies.

Queen. This way the king will come; this is the way
To Julius Cæsar's ill-erected⁴ tower,
To whose flint bosom my condemned lord
Is doom'd a prisoner by proud Bolingbroke:
Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth
Have any resting for her true king's queen.

Enter KING RICHARD and Guards.

But soft, but see, or rather do not see,
My fair rose wither: Yet look up; behold;

³ *Conveyers.* *Conveyer* was sometimes used in an ill sense—as a fraudulent appropriator of property, a juggler. In Tyndall's works we have, "What say ye of this crafty *conveyer*, which feareth not to juggle with the Holy Scripture?" Pistol gives it as a soft name for stealing:—"Convey the wise it call."

⁴ *Ill-erected*—erected for evil.

That you in pity may dissolve to dew,
And wash him fresh again with true-love tears.
Ah, thou, the model where old Troy did stand;¹
Thou map of honour; thou king Richard's tomb,
And not king Richard; thou most beauteous inn,²
Why should hard-favour'd grief be lodg'd in thee,
When triumph is become an alehouse guest?

K. Rich. Join not with grief, fair woman, do not so,
To make my end too sudden: learn, good soul,
To think our former state a happy dream;
From which awak'd, the truth of what we are
Shows us but this: I am sworn brother,³ sweet,
To grim necessity; and he and I
Will keep a league till death. Hie thee to France,
And cloister thee in some religious house:
Our holy lives must win a new world's crown,
Which our profane hours here have stricken down.

Queen. What, is my Richard both in shape and mind
Transform'd, and weaken'd? Hath Bolingbroke
Depos'd thine intellect? Hath he been in thy heart?
The lion, dying, thrusteth forth his paw,
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage
To be o'erpower'd; and wilt thou, pupil-like,
Take thy correction mildly? kiss the rod;
And fawn on rage with base humility,
Which art a lion, and a king of beasts?

K. Rich. A king of beasts, indeed; if aught but beasts,
I had been still a happy king of men.
Good sometime queen, prepare thee hence for France:
Think, I am dead; and that even here thou tak'st,
As from my death-bed, my last living leave.
In winter's tedious nights, sit by the fire
With good old folks; and let them tell thee tales
Of woeful ages, long ago betid:
And, ere thou bid good night, to quit their grief,
Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,
And send the hearers weeping to their beds.
For why, the senseless brands will sympathize
The heavy accent of thy moving tongue,
And, in compassion, weep the fire out:
And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-black,
For the deposing of a rightful king.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, attended.

North. My lord, the mind of Bolingbroke is chang'd;
You must to Pomfret, not unto the Tower.
And, madam, there is order ta'en for you;
With all swift speed you must away to France.

K. Rich. Northumberland, thou ladder wherewithal
The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne,
The time shall not be many hours of age
More than it is, ere foul sin, gathering head,
Shall break into corruption: thou shalt think,
Though he divide the realm, and give thee half,
It is too little, helping him to all:
And he shall think, that thou, which know'st the way
To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again,
Being ne'er so little urg'd another way,
To pluck him headlong from the usurped throne.
The love of wicked friends converts to fear;
That fear, to hate; and hate turns one, or both,
To worthy danger, and deserved death.

¹ The queen, in a series of bold metaphors, compares her "condemned lord" to a ruin, or a mere outward form of greatness. He is "the model where old Troy did stand"—the representation of the waste on which the most renowned city of antiquity once stood.

² *Inn.* We doubt whether the word is here used as Falstaff uses it—"Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?" An inn was originally a dwelling—a place of cover or protection. We have still the Inns of Court; Lord Braybrooke's seat in Essex, commonly called Audley End, is probably Audley Inn. When the queen opposes the term *ale-house* to *inn*, she certainly does not mean, as Monck Mason thinks, to discriminate between two classes of houses of entertainment, but between a public-house and a "beauteous mansion."

North. My guilt be on my head, and there an end.
Take leave, and part; for you must part forthwith.

K. Rich. Doubly divorc'd?—Bad men, ye violate
A twofold marriage; 'twixt my crown and me;
And then betwixt me and my married wife.
Let me unkiss the oath 'twixt thee and me;
And yet not so, for with a kiss 'twas made.⁴
Part us, Northumberland; I towards the north,
Where shivering cold and sickness pines the clime;
My queen⁵ to France; from whence, set forth in pomp,
She came adorned hither like sweet May,
Sent back like Hallowmas,⁶ or short'st of day.

Queen. And must we be divided? must we part?

K. Rich. Ay, hand from hand, my love, and heart from heart.

Queen. Banish us both, and send the king with me.

North. That were some love, but little policy.

Queen. Then whither he goes thither let me go.

K. Rich. So two, together weeping, make one woe.
Weep thou for me in France, I for thee here;
Better far off, than near, be ne'er the near'.⁷
Go, count thy way with sighs; I mine with groans.

Queen. So longest way shall have the longest moans.

K. Rich. Twice for one step I'll groan, the way being short,

And piece the way out with a heavy heart.
Come, come, in wooing sorrow, let's be brief,
Since, wedding it, there is such length in grief.
One kiss shall stop our mouths, and dumbly part;
Thus give I mine, and thus take I thy heart. [*They kiss.*]

Queen. Give me mine own again; 'twere no good part,
To take on me to keep, and kill thy heart. [*Kiss again.*]
So, now I have mine own again, begone,
That I may strive to kill it with a groan.

K. Rich. We make woe wanton with this fond delay;
Once more, adieu; the rest let sorrow say. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room in the Duke of York's Palace.*

Enter YORK and his DUCHESS.^a

Duch. My lord, you told me you would tell the rest,
When weeping made you break the story off
Of our two cousins coming into London.

York. Where did I leave?

Duch. At that sad stop, my lord,
Where rude misgovern'd hands, from windows' tops,
Threw dust and rubbish on king Richard's head.

York. Then, as I said, the duke, great Bolingbroke,
Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,
Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,
With slow, but stately pace, kept on his course,
While all tongues cried—God save thee, Bolingbroke!
You would have thought the very windows spake,
So many greedy looks of young and old
Through casements darted their desiring eyes
Upon his visage; and that all the walls,
With painted imagery, had said at once,—
Jesu preserve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!
Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,
Bare-headed, lower than his proud steed's neck,

^a *Sworn brother.* Military adventurers were sometimes leagued to share each other's fortunes—to divide their plunder, and even their honours. They were then *fratres jurati*—sworn brothers.

⁴ The kiss was an established form of the ancient ceremony of affiancing. (See Illustrations of Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act II. Sc. II.)

⁵ *Queen.* So the folio; the quartos, *wife*.

⁶ *Hallowmas.* The 1st of November—opposed to "sweet May."

⁷ *Ne'er the near'.* Some deem this a proverbial expression, meaning, not nearer to good. It appears to us here to mean "never the nearer."

Bespake them thus,—I thank you, countrymen :
And thus still doing, thus he pass'd along.
Duch. Alas, poor Richard! where rides he the whilst?
York. As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-grac'd actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious :
Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
Did scowl on Richard; no man cried, God save him;
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home :
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head ;
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,
His face still combating with tears and smiles,
The badges of his grief and patience,
That had not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
And barbarism itself have pitied him.¹
But heaven hath a hand in these events;
To whose high will we bound our calm contents.
To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now,
Whose state and honour I for aye allow.

Enter AUMERLE.

Duch. Here comes my son Aumerle.
York. Aumerle that was;²
But that is lost, for being Richard's friend,
And, madam, you must call him Rutland now :
I am in parliament pledge for his truth,
And lasting fealty to the new-made king.
Duch. Welcome, my son : Who are the violets now
That strew the green lap of the new-come spring?
Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not;
God knows, I had as lief be none, as one.
York. Well, bear you well in this new spring of time,
Lest you be cropp'd before you come to prime.
What news from Oxford? hold those justs and triumphs?
Aum. For aught I know, my lord, they do.
York. You will be there, I know.
Aum. If God prevent it not; I purpose so.
York. What seal is that that hangs without thy bosom?³
Yea, look'st thou pale? let me see the writing.
Aum. My lord, 'tis nothing.
York. No matter then who sees it:
I will be satisfied,—let me see the writing.
Aum. I do beseech your grace to pardon me;
It is a matter of small consequence,
Which for some reasons I would not have seen.
York. Which for some reasons, sir, I mean to see.
I fear, I fear,—
Duch. What should you fear?
'Tis nothing but some bond, that he is enter'd into
For gay apparel, 'gainst the triumph day.
York. Bound to himself? what doth he with a bond
That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a fool.—
Boy, let me see the writing.
Aum. I do beseech you, pardon me; I may not
show it.
York. I will be satisfied; let me see it, I say.
[*Snatches it, and reads.*
Treason! foul treason!—villain! traitor! slave!
Duch. What is the matter, my lord?
York. Ho! who is within there? [*Enter a Servant.*]
Saddle my horse.
Heaven for his mercy! what treachery is here!
Duch. Why, what is it, my lord?

York. Give me my boots, I say; saddle my horse :—
Now by my honour, by my life, my troth,
I will appeach the villain. [*Exit Servant.*
Duch. What's the matter?
York. Peace, foolish woman.
Duch. I will not peace :—What is the matter, son
Aum. Good mother, be content; it is no more
Than my poor life must answer.
Duch. Thy life answer?

Re-enter Servant, with boots.

York. Bring me my boots, I will unto the king.
Duch. Strike him, Aumerle.—Poor boy, thou art amaz'd :
Hence, villain; never more come in my sight.—
[*To the Servant.*
York. Give me my boots, I say.
Duch. Why, York, what wilt thou do?
Wilt thou not hide the trespass of thine own?
Have we more sons? or are we like to have?
Is not my teeming date drunk up with time?
And wilt thou pluck my fair son from mine age,
And rob me of a happy mother's name?
Is he not like thee? is he not thine own?
York. Thou fond mad woman,
Wilt thou conceal this dark conspiracy?
A dozen of them here have ta'en the sacrament
And interchangeably set down their hands,
To kill the king at Oxford.
Duch. He shall be none;
We'll keep him here: Then what is that to him?
York. Away,
Fond woman! were he twenty times my son
I would appeach him.
Duch. Hadst thou groan'd for him,
As I have done, thou'dst be more pitiful.
But now I know thy mind; thou dost suspect
That I have been disloyal to thy bed,
And that he is a bastard, not thy son:
Sweet York, sweet husband, be not of that mind:
He is as like thee as a man may be,
Not like to me, or any of my kin,
And yet I love him.
York. Make way, unruly woman. [*Exit.*
Duch. After, Aumerle; mount thee upon his horse;
Spur, post; and get before him to the king,
And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee.
I'll not be long behind; though I be old:
I doubt not but to ride as fast as York:
And never will I rise up from the ground,
Till Bolingbroke have pardon'd thee: Away;
Begone. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Windsor. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter BOLINGBROKE, as King; PERCY, and other Lords.

Boling. Can no man tell of my unthrifty son?^b
'Tis full three months since I did see him last:
If any plague hang over us, 'tis he.
I would to heaven, my lords, he might be found:
Inquire at London, 'mongst the taverns there,
For there, they say, he daily doth frequent,
With unrestrained loose companions—
Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes,

¹ It is pleasant, in reading what has been written upon Shakspeare, to meet occasionally with the genial criticism of one who understands him. Dryden, speaking of this celebrated passage, says, "The painting of this description is so lively, and the words so moving, that I have scarce read anything comparable to it in any other language."

² *Aumerle that was.* Aumerle was deprived of his dukedom by an act of Henry's first Parliament, but was suffered to retain his earldom of Rutland.

³ The seal was formerly not impressed on the deed itself, but attached to it by a slip of parchment. The Great Seal is applied in a similar manner at the present day.

And beat our watch, and rob our passengers ;
While he, young, wanton, and effeminate boy,¹
Takes on the point of honour, to support
So dissolute a crew.

Percy. My lord, some two days since I saw the prince,
And told him of these triumphs held at Oxford.

Boling. And what said the gallant ?

Percy. His answer was,—he would unto the stews,
And from the common'st creature pluck a glove,
And wear it as a favour ; and with that
He would unhorse the lustiest challenger.

Boling. As dissolute as desperate : yet, through both
I see some sparkles of a better hope,²
Which elder days may happily bring forth.
But who comes here ?

Enter AUMERLE, hastily.

Aum. Where is the king ?

Boling. What means
Our cousin, that he stares and looks so wildly ?

Aum. God save your grace. I do beseech your majesty,
To have some conference with your grace alone.

Boling. Withdraw yourselves, and leave us here alone.
[*Exeunt PERCY and Lords.*]

What is the matter with our cousin now ?

Aum. For ever may my knees grow to the earth,
[*Kneels.*]

My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth,
Unless a pardon, ere I rise, or speak.

Boling. Intended, or committed, was this fault ?
If on the first, how heinous e'er it be,
To win thy after-love, I pardon thee.

Aum. Then give me leave that I may turn the key,
That no man enter till my tale be done.

Boling. Have thy desire. [AUMERLE locks the door.]

York. [Within.] My liege, beware ; look to thyself ;
Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there.

Boling. Villain, I'll make thee safe. [Drawing.]

Aum. Stay thy revengeful hand ;
Thou hast no cause to fear.

York. [Within.] Open the door, secure, foolhardy king ;
Shall I, for love, speak treason to thy face ?
Open the door, or I will break it open.

[BOLINGBROKE opens the door.]

Enter YORK.

Boling. What is the matter, uncle ? speak ;
Recover breath ; tell us how near is danger,
That we may arm us to encounter it.

York. Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know
The treason that my haste forbids me show.

Aum. Remember, as thou read'st, thy promise past :
I do repent me ; read not my name there,
My heart is not confederate with my hand.

York. It was, villain, ere thy hand did set it down.—
I tore it from the traitor's bosom, king ;
Fear, and not love, begets his penitence :
Forget to pity him, lest thy pity prove
A serpent that will sting thee to the heart.

¹ *While he.* This is Pope's alteration of the original *Which he.*
In the folio these lines stand thus :—

"I see some sparks of better hope ; which elder days
May happily bring forth. But who comes here ?"

The usual reading is certainly an improvement ; and several of the quartos have *sparkles.*

² *Sheer* means separated, unmingled, free from admixture, and thus *pure.*

³ *Walk upon my knees.* This is the reading of the first quarto. The folio has "*kneel upon my knees,*" which is a redundancy. We say to *walk* upon our hands and feet ; and why not then upon our knees ? To *walk* is figuratively used for to move generally. Thus, in Spenser—

Boling. O heinous, strong, and bold conspiracy !
O loyal father of a treacherous son !
Thou sheer,³ immaculate, and silver fountain,
From whence this stream through muddy passages
Hath held his current, and defil'd himself !
Thy overflow of good converts to bad ;
And thy abundant goodness shall excuse
This deadly blot in thy digressing son.

York. So shall my virtue be his vice's bawd ;
And he shall spend mine honour with his shame,
As thriftless sons their scraping father's gold.
Mine honour lives when his dishonour dies,
Or my sham'd life in his dishonour lies ;
Thou kill'st me in his life ; giving him breath,
The traitor lives, the true man's put to death.

Duch. [Within.] What ho, my liege ! for heaven's sake
let me in.

Boling. What shrill-voic'd suppliant makes this eager
cry ?

Duch. A woman, and thine aunt, great king ; 'tis I.
Speak with me, pity me, open the door :
A beggar begs that never begg'd before.

Boling. Our scene is alter'd,—from a serious thing,
And now chang'd to *The Beggar and the King.*
My dangerous cousin, let your mother in ;
I know she's come to pray for your foul sin.

York. If thou do pardon, whosoever pray,
More sins, for this forgiveness, prosper may.
This fester'd joint cut off, the rest rests sound ;
This, let alone, will all the rest confound.

Enter DUCHESS.

Duch. O king, believe not this hard-hearted man ;
Love, loving not itself, none other can.

York. Thou frantic woman, what dost thou make here ?
Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor rear ?

Duch. Sweet York, be patient. Hear me, gentle liege.
[*Kneels.*]

Boling. Rise up, good aunt.

Duch. Not yet, I thee beseech :
For ever will I walk upon my knees,⁴
And never see day that the happy sees,
Till thou give joy ; until thou bid me joy,
By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing boy.

Aum. Unto my mother's prayers I bend my knee.
[*Kneels.*]

York. Against them both my true joints bended be.
[*Kneels.*]

[Ill may'st thou thrive if thou grant any grace !]⁵

Duch. Pleads he in earnest ? look upon his face ;
His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are in jest ;
His words come from his mouth, ours from our breast :
He prays but faintly, and would be denied ;⁶
We pray with heart, and soul, and all beside :
His weary joints would gladly rise, I know ;
Our knees shall kneel till to the ground they grow :
His prayers are full of false hypocrisy ;
Ours of true zeal and deep integrity.
Our prayers do out-pray his ; then let them have
That mercy, which true prayers ought to have.

"From every coast that heaven *walks* about."

In our poet's Hundred and Twenty-eighth Sonnet, addressing a lady playing on the virginal, he speaks of the keys of the instrument as

"Those dancing chips,
O'er whom thy fingers *walk* with gentle gait."

⁵ This line is not in the folio.

⁶ Blair, in his "Lectures on Rhetoric," compares this argument to a passage in Cicero, where the orator maintains that the coldness of Marcus Calidius, in making an accusation of an attempt to poison him, was a proof that the charge was false. "An tu, M. Callidi, nisi fingeres, sic ageres ?"

Boling. Good aunt, stand up

Duch. Nay, do not say—stand up;

But pardon, first; and afterwards, stand up.

An if I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach,

Pardon—should be the first word of thy speech.

I never long'd to hear a word till now;

Say—pardon, king: let pity teach thee how:

The word is short, but not so short as sweet;

No word like pardon for kings' mouths so meet.

York. Speak it in French, king: say, *pardonnez moy.*

Duch. Dost thou teach pardon pardon to destroy?

Ah, my sour husband, my hard-hearted lord,

That sett'st the word itself against the word!

Speak, pardon, as 'tis current in our land:

The chopping French¹ we do not understand.

Thine eye begins to speak, set thy tongue there:

Or, in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear;

That, hearing how our complaints and prayers do pierce,

Pity may move thee pardon to rehearse.

Boling. Good aunt, stand up.

Duch. I do not sue to stand,

Pardon is all the suit I have in hand.

Boling. I pardon him, as heaven shall pardon me.

Duch. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee!

Yet am I sick for fear: speak it again;

Twice saying pardon doth not pardon twain,

But makes one pardon strong.

Boling. With all my heart

I pardon him.

Duch. A god on earth thou art.

Boling. But for our trusty brother-in-law^c and the abbot,

With all the rest of that consorted crew,

Destruction straight shall dog them at the heels.

Good uncle, help to order several powers

To Oxford, or where'er these traitors are:

They shall not live within this world, I swear,

But I will have them, if I once know where.

Uncle, farewell,—and cousin too, adieu:

Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true.

Duch. Come, my old son;—I pray heaven² make thee new. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

Enter EXTON and a Servant.

Exton. Didst thou not mark the king, what words he spake?

"Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear?"

Was it not so?

Serv. Those were his very words.

Exton. "Have I no friend?" quoth he: he spake it twice.

And urg'd it twice together; did he not?

Serv. He did.

Exton. And, speaking it, he wistly³ look'd on me; As who should say,—I would thou wert the man

That would divorce this terror from my heart;

Meaning the king at Pomfret. Come, let's go;

I am the king's friend, and will rid his foe. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—Pomfret. *The Dungeon of the Castle.*

Enter KING RICHARD.

K. Rich. I have been studying how I may compare

This prison, where I live, unto the world:

And, for because the world is populous,

And here is not a creature but myself,

I cannot do it;—yet I'll hammer it out.

My brain I'll prove the female to my soul;

My soul, the father: and these two beget

A generation of still-breeding thoughts,

And these same thoughts people this little world:⁴

In humours like the people of this world,

For no thought is contented. The better sort,—

As thoughts of things divine,—are intermix'd

With scruples, and do set the Word itself

Against the Word⁵

As thus,—Come, little ones; and then again,—

It is as hard to come, as for a camel

To thread the postern of a needle's eye.

Thoughts tending to ambition they do plot

Unlikely wonders: how these vain weak nails

May tear a passage through the flinty ribs

Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls;

And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.

Thoughts tending to content flatter themselves

That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,

Nor shall not be the last; like silly beggars,

Who, sitting in the stocks, refuge their shame,

That many have, and others must sit there:

And in this thought they find a kind of ease,

Bearing their own misfortunes on the back

Of such as have before endur'd the like.

Thus play I, in one person, many people,

And none contented: Sometimes am I king;

Then treason makes me wish myself a beggar,

And so I am: Then crushing penury

Persuades me I was better when a king;

Then am I king'd again: and by-and-by,

Think that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,

And straight am nothing:—But, whate'er I am,

Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,

With nothing shall be pleas'd till he be eas'd

With being nothing. Music do I hear?

Ha, ha! keep time:—How sour sweet music is,

When time is broke, and no proportion kept!

So is it in the music of men's lives.

And here have I the daintiness of ear,

To check time broke in a disorder'd string;

But, for the concord of my state and time,

Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.

I wasted time, and now doth time waste me.

For now hath time made me his numb'ring clock:

My thoughts are minutes; and, with sighs, they jar

Their watches on unto mine eyes, the outward watch,

[Music.]

¹ *Chopping French.* *Chopping* is here used in the sense of changing, which is derived from cheaping, trafficking. We still say a *chopping wind*. Malone, we apprehend, mistakes when he explains the word by *jabbering*. York exhorts the king, instead of saying *pardon*, to say *pardonnez moy*—excuse me. The duchess will have pardon as "'tis current in our land." The "chopping French"—the French which changes the meaning of words—which sets "the word itself against the word," she says, "we do not understand."

² *Heaven.* This is the last passage of the play in which we have substituted, according to the authority of the folio of 1623, the word *heaven* for *God*. It is to be observed that the editors of the folio have retained the name of the Most High when it is used in a peculiarly emphatic or reverential manner, and have not made the change to *heaven* indiscriminately. The substitution of this word, in most cases, was made in obedience to a statute of James I. (3 Jac. I. c. 21); and it appears to us that in many recent instances good taste has not been exercised in restoring the readings of the earliest copies, which were issued at a time when the habits of society sanctioned the habitual and therefore light em-

ployment of the Sacred Name. We have no desire to *Bowdlerise* Shakspeare, but, on the other hand, it is desirable to avoid, if possible, giving offence to the serious.

³ *Wistly.* So the old copies. *Wistly* is constantly used by the writers of Shakspeare's time—by Drayton, for example:—

"But when more *wistly* they did her behold."

⁴ *This little world.* "The little world of man," as in *Lear*. Shakspeare here uses the philosophy which is thus described by Raleigh:—"Because in the little frame of man's body there is a representation of the universal, and (by allusion) a kind of participation of all the parts there, therefore was man called *microcosmos*, or the little world."—*History of the World*.

⁵ We give the reading of the first quarto. The folio has "the *faith* itself against the *faith*." We must remark that, in the third scene of this act the duchess uses precisely the same expression—"That sett'st the word itself against the word;" the sense of *the word* there being, as will be seen, altogether different.

Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,
Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.¹
Now, sir, the sounds that tell what hour it is,
Are clamorous groans, that strike upon my heart,
Which is the bell: So sighs, and tears, and groans,
Show minutes, times, and hours:—but my time
Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,
While I stand fooling here, his Jack o' the clock.²
This music mads me, let it sound no more;
For, though it have holpe madmen to their wits,
In me it seems it will make wise men mad.
Yet blessing on his heart that gives it me!
For 'tis a sign of love; and love to Richard
Is a strange brooch³ in this all-hating world.

Enter Groom.

Groom. Hail, royal prince!

K. Rich. Thanks, noble peer
The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.
What art thou? and how comest thou hither,
Where no man ever comes, but that sad dog⁴
That brings me food, to make misfortune live?

Groom. I was a poor groom of thy stable, king,
When thou wert king; who, travelling towards York,
With much ado, at length have gotten leave
To look upon my sometimes royal master's face.
O, how it yearn'd my heart, when I beheld,
In London streets that coronation day,
When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary!
That horse that thou so often hast bestrid;
That horse that I so carefully have dress'd!

K. Rich. Rode he on Barbary? Tell me, gentle friend,
How went he under him?

Groom. So proudly as if he had disdain'd the ground.

K. Rich. So proud that Bolingbroke was on his back!
That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand;
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.
Would he not stumble? Would he not fall down,
(Since pride must have a fall,) and break the neck
Of that proud man that did usurp his back?
Forgiveness, horse! why do I rail on thee,
Since thou, created to be aw'd by man,
Wast born to bear? I was not made a horse;
And yet I bear a burden like an ass,
Spur-gall'd, and tir'd by jauncing⁵ Bolingbroke.

Enter Keeper, with a dish.

Keeper. Fellow, give place; here is no longer stay.

[*To the Groom.*

K. Rich. If thou love me 'tis time thou wert away.

Groom. What my tongue dares not that my heart shall
say. [*Exit.*

Keeper. My lord, will 't please you to fall to?

K. Rich. Taste of it first, as thou art wont to do.

Keeper. My lord, I dare not; Sir Pierce of Exton, who
lately came from the king, commands the contrary.

K. Rich. The devil take Henry of Lancaster, and thee!
Patience is stale, and I am weary of it. [*Beats the Keeper.*

Keeper. Help! help! help!

¹ It is somewhat difficult to follow this reading. Richard says, Time has made him a numbering clock. A clock and a watch were formerly the same instruments; a clock so called because it clicks—a watch so called because it marks the *watches*, the ancient divisions of the day. Comparing, then, himself to such an instrument, he says, his thoughts jar—that is, tick their watches on (unto) his eyes, which are the outward part of the instrument—the dial plate on which the hours are numbered—whereto his finger, the dial's point, is pointing. These analogies may appear forced, and somewhat obscure; but it must be observed that throughout the character of Richard, the poet has made him indulge in those freaks of the imagination which belong to weakness of character. (See Supplementary Notice.)

Enter EXTON, and Servants, armed.

K. Rich. How now? what means death in this rude
assault?

Villain, thine own hand yields thy death's instrument.

[*Snatching a weapon, and killing one.*

Go thou, and fill another room in hell.

[*He kills another, then EXTON strikes him down.*

That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire,
That staggers thus my person.—Exton, thy fierce hand
Hath with the king's blood stain'd the king's own land.
Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high;
Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die. [*Dies.*

Exton. As full of valour as of royal blood:

Both have I spilt; O, would the deed were good!

For now the devil, that told me I did well,

Says that this deed is chronicled in hell.

This dead king to the living king I'll bear.

Take hence the rest, and give them burial here. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—Windsor. A Room in the Castle.

Flourish. *Enter BOLINGBROKE and YORK, with Lords
and Attendants.*

Boling. Kind uncle York, the latest news we hear
Is, that the rebels have consum'd with fire
Our town of Cicester in Glostershire;
But whether they be ta'en, or slain, we hear not.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

Welcome, my lord: what is the news?

North. First, to thy sacred state wish I all happiness.

The next news is,—I have to London sent

The heads of Salisbury, Spencer, Blunt, and Kent:

The manner of their taking may appear

At large discoursed in this paper here.

[*Presenting a paper.*

Boling. We thank thee, gentle Percy, for thy pains;
And to thy worth will add right worthy gains.

Enter FITZWATER.

Fitz. My lord, I have from Oxford sent to London
The heads of Brocas, and sir Bennet Seely;
Two of the dangerous consorted traitors
That sought at Oxford thy dire overthrow.

Boling. Thy pains, Fitzwater, shall not be forgot;
Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.

Enter PERCY, with the BISHOP OF CARLISLE.

Percy. The grand conspirator, abbot of Westminster,
With clog of conscience and sour melancholy,
Hath yielded up his body to the grave;^d
But here is Carlisle living, to abide
Thy kingly doom, and sentence of his pride.

Boling. Carlisle, this is your doom:—

Choose out some secret place, some reverend room,

² *Jack o' the clock.* An automaton, such as formerly constituted one of the wonders of London, before St. Dunstan's Church in Fleet Street, but which the ruthless hand of improvement has now swept away.

³ *A strange brooch.* The brooch, a valuable ornament, was, it seems, out of fashion in Shakspeare's time. In *All's Well that Ends Well* we have, "The brooch and the toothpick which wear not now." Love to Richard is, therefore, called "a strange brooch," a thing of value out of fashion.

⁴ *Sad dog.* *Sad* is here used in the sense of grave, gloomy.

⁵ *Jauncing.* Richard compares himself to a spur-galled beast that Bolingbroke rides. *Jauncing*—jaunting—hurriedly moving, Bolingbroke. It is possible, however, that it may be a contraction of *joyauncing*.

KING RICHARD II.

More than thou hast, and with it joy thy life ;
So, as thou liv'st in peace, die free from strife :
For though mine enemy thou hast ever been,
High sparks of honour in thee have I seen.

Enter EXTON, *with Attendants bearing a coffin.*

Exton. Great king, within this coffin I present
Thy buried fear ; herein all breathless lies
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,
Richard of Bordeaux, by me hither brought.

Boling. Exton, I thank thee not ; for thou hast wrought
A deed of slander, with thy fatal hand,
Upon my head, and all this famous land.

Exton. From your own mouth, my lord, did I this deed.

Boling. They love not poison that do poison need,
Nor do I thee ; though I did wish him dead,
I hate the murtherer, love him murdered.
The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word, nor princely favour :
With Cain go wander through the shade of night,
And never show thy head by day nor light.
Lords, I protest, my soul is full of woe
That blood should sprinkle me to make me grow :
Come, mourn with me for that I do lament,
And put on a sullen black, incontinent ;
I'll make a voyage to the Holy Land,
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand :—
March sadly after ; grace my mourning here,
In weeping after this untimely bier.

[*Exeunt.*]

ILLUSTRATIONS TO KING RICHARD II.

ACT I.

^a SCENE I.—“*Hast thou, according to thy oath and band ?*”

THE appeal of Hereford against Mowbray was to be decided by a “trial by combat.” This practice was very ancient, and traces of it are found in the fifth century. The “oath and band” of John of Gaunt were the *pledges* that he gave for his son's appearance. Thus, in the “Fairy Queen” of Spenser :—

“These three that hardy challenge took in hand,
For Canace with Cambel for to fight ;
The day was set, that all might understand,
And *pledges* pawn'd, the same to keep aright.”

^b SCENE I.—“*Then, Bolingbroke.*”

Henry of Lancaster was not called Bolingbroke, or Bullingbrook, till he had ascended the throne. This name of Henry IV. was derived from his birthplace, Bolingbroke Castle, in Lincolnshire. The last remains of this ancient edifice crumbled over their base in May, 1815.—*Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. lxxv.

^c SCENE I.—“*Our doctors say, this is no month to bleed.*”

Malone says, “This alludes to the almanacs of the time, when particular seasons were pointed out as the most proper times for being bled.” In an English almanac for 1386—the earliest known, and which was printed in 1812—we have full directions for blood-letting. (See Companion to the Almanac, 1839, p. 55.)

^d SCENE II.—“*Duke of Lancaster's Palace.*”

The *Savoy* Palace, of which some remains existed within a few years, was situated near the Thames. The chapel, nearly four centuries old, was destroyed to the bare walls by fire on July 7th, 1864 ; but the Queen was graciously pleased to undertake its restoration. This was anciently the seat of Peter, Earl of Savoy, uncle to Eleanor, queen of Henry III. Upon his death it devolved to the queen, who gave it to her second son, Edmund, afterwards Earl of Lancaster. From that time the Savoy was taken as part and parcel of the earldom and honour of Lancaster, and was used as the London palace of the earls and dukes of that house. John of Gaunt married Blanch, the daughter of Henry, the first *Duke* of Lancaster. Blanch was a co-heiress with her sister Matilda to the vast estates of this duchy ; and by the death of Matilda without issue, John of Gaunt became subsequently possessed of all the property in right of his wife, and was himself created Duke of Lancaster.

^e SCENE II.—“*Edward's seven sons.*”

The seven sons of the great Edward III. were, 1. Edward of Woodstock, the Black Prince ; William of Hatfield ; 3. Lionel, Duke of Clarence ; 4. John of Gaunt ; 5. Edmund of Langley, Duke of York ; 6. William of Windsor ; 7. Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloster.

^f SCENE II.—“*Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom.*”

Did not this fine description suggest the equally fine scene in “Ivanhoe,” where the guilty Templar falls without a blow ?

^g SCENE II.—“*Unfurnish'd walls.*”

“The usual manner,” says Percy, in his preface to the Northumberland Household Book, “of hanging the rooms in the old castles, was only to cover the naked stone walls with tapestry, or arras, hung upon tenter-hooks, from which they were easily taken down upon every removal.”

^h SCENE II.—“*Unpeopled offices.*”

The offices were those parts of a great house or castle in which the vast train of servants lived and carried on their duties. They were not out-buildings, nor subterraneous, but on the ground-floor within the house. The “unpeopled offices,” therefore, of the Duchess of Gloster's desolate mansion would present no sound of life, nor “cheer for welcome.”

ⁱ SCENE III.—“*Lord Marshal.*”

Mowbray was himself Earl Marshal of England ; but the Duke of Surrey officiated as marshal on this occasion.

^k SCENE III.—“*Aumerle.*”

The eldest son of the Duke of York was created Duke of Aumerle, or Albemarle, a town in Normandy. He officiated as high constable at the lists of Coventry.

^l SCENE III.—“*Our part therein we banish.*”

The king here alludes to a disputed question amongst writers on public law :—Is a banished man tied in his allegiance to the state which exiled him ? Richard requires them to swear by their duty to heaven ; for “our part” in your duty “we banish with yourselves.” Hobbes and Puffendorf hold this opinion ; Cicero thought differently.

^m SCENE III.—“*The frosty Caucasus.*”

“In the language of the Calmuc Tartars, *C’hasu* signifies snow,” according to Mr. Wilford, in the sixth volume of “*Asiatic Researches.*” There are two papers in the “*Censura Literaria*” of Sir E. Brydges which refute this notion of the origin of the name of Caucasus. (Vol. iv. p. 412; vol. v. p. 87.)

ACT II.

^a SCENE I.—“*His livery.*”

Malone gives the following explanation of this passage:—“On the death of every person who held by knight’s service, the escheator of the court in which he died summoned a jury, who inquired what estate he died seized of, and of what age his next heir was. If he was under age, he became a ward of the king’s; but if he was found to be of full age, he then had a right to sue out a writ of *ouster le main*,—that is, *his livery*,—that the *king’s hand might be taken off*, and the land *delivered* to him.” Bolingbroke had appointed attorneys to execute this office for him, if his father should die during the period of his banishment.

^b SCENE I.—“*That late broke from the duke of Exeter.*”

Thomas, the son of the Earl of Arundel, was in the custody of the Duke of Exeter, and escaped from his house—broke from him. The description could not apply to “Reignold, Lord Cobham;” and therefore Malone has introduced a line, which he supposes, or something like it, to have been accidentally omitted:—

“*The son of Richard, Earl of Arundel,
That late broke from the Duke of Exeter.*”

^c SCENE II.—“*Like perspectives.*”

These perspectives were produced by cutting a board, so that it should present a number of sides, or flats, when looked at obliquely. To these sides a print or drawing, cut into parts, was affixed; so that, looked at “awry,” the whole picture was seen; looked at *direct*—“*rightly gaz’d upon*”—it showed “nothing but confusion.” Dr. Plot, in his “*History of Staffordshire*,” describes these “perspectives.”

ACT III.

^a SCENE III.—“*By the honourable tomb he swears,
That stands upon your royal grandsire’s bones.*”

The allusion is to the splendid tomb of Edward III. in Westminster Abbey. The reverence in which the memory of this illustrious king

was held by his descendants and by the people made this oath of peculiar solemnity. And yet Bolingbroke violated it in an oath-breaking age.

ACT IV.

^a SCENE I.—“*And there, at Venice, gave
His body to that pleasant country’s earth.*”

The remains of Thomas Mowbray were interred in St. Mark’s Church, in Venice, A.D. 1399; but his ashes were removed to England in 1533. The slab which originally covered these remains, at the latter part of the seventeenth century, stood under the gallery of the ducal palace; and the arms of Thomas Mowbray being very elaborately engraved upon it, the stone was described by an Italian writer, in 1682, as a Venetian hieroglyphic. By the indefatigable inquiries of Mr. Rawdon Brown, an English gentleman residing in Venice, this most curious monument was traced, in 1839, to the possession of a stonemason, and removed to the custody of Mr. Howard of Corby.

ACT V.

^a SCENE II.—“*Duchess of York.*”

The mother of Aumerle died in 1394. Edmund of Langley was subsequently married.

^b SCENE III.—“*Can no man tell of my unthrifty son?*”

Shakspeare has here laid the connection between this play and that of Henry IV. by a dramatic relation of the real events of history. Henry of Monmouth was at this time only twelve years old. Richard had taken him with his army to Ireland; had knighted him; and had kept him as a hostage when he knew of Bolingbroke’s invasion.

^c SCENE III.—“*Our trusty brother-in-law.*”

John, Duke of Exeter (own brother to Richard II.), who married Elizabeth, the sister of Bolingbroke.

^d SCENE VI.—“*Hath yielded up his body to the grave.*”

William de Colchester, Abbot of Westminster, according to Holinshed’s Chronicle, which Shakspeare followed, died about this time. The relation is not correct. He outlived Henry IV.

HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

ACT I.

SHAKSPEARE’S “*History*” of Richard II. presents, in one particular, a most remarkable contrast to that of King John. In the King John, for the purpose of securing a dramatic unity of action, the chronological succession of events, as they occurred in the real history of the times, is constantly disregarded. In the Richard II. that chronological succession is as strictly adhered to. The judgment of the poet is remarkably exhibited in these opposite modes of working. He had to mould a drama out of the disjointed materials of the real

history of John, in which events remote in the order of time, and apparently separated as to cause and consequence, should all conduce to the development of one great action—the persecution of Arthur by his uncle, and the retribution to which the fate of Arthur led. In the life of Richard II. there were two great dramatic events, far separated in the order of time, and having no connection in their origin or consequences. The rebellion of Wat Tyler, in 1381, might in itself have formed the subject of a drama not unworthy of the hand of Shakspeare. It might have stood as the “*First Part*” of the Life of Richard II. Indeed, it is probable, as we have shown in

the Introductory Notice, that a play in which this event formed a remarkable feature did exist. But the greater event of Richard's life was the banishment and the revolt of Bolingbroke, which led to his own deposition and his death. This is the one event which Shakspeare has made the subject of the great drama before us. With a few very minute deviations from history—deviations which are as nothing compared with the errors of the contemporary historian, Froissart—the scenes which this play presents, and the characters which it develops, are historically true to the letter. But what a wonderful vitality does the truth acquire in our poet's hands! The hard and formal abstractions of the old chroniclers—the figures that move about in robes and armour, without presenting to us any distinct notions of their common human qualities—here show themselves to us as men like ourselves, partaking of like passions and like weaknesses; and, whilst they exhibit to us the natural triumph of intellectual vigour and decision over frailty and irresolution, they claim our pity for the unfortunate, and our respect for the "faithful amongst the faithless." But in the *Chronicles* Shakspeare found the rude outline ready to his hand, which he was to fill up with his surpassing colouring. There was nothing in the course of the real events to alter for the purposes of dramatic propriety. The history was full of the most stirring and picturesque circumstances; and the incidents came so thick and fast upon one another, that it was unnecessary for the poet to leap over any long intervals of time. Bolingbroke first appealed Norfolk of treason in January, 1398. Richard was deposed in September, 1399.

The first scene of this act exhibits the course of the quarrel between Bolingbroke and Mowbray, as it proceeded, after Harry Hereford's "boisterous late appeal." We must observe that the Bolingbroke of Shakspeare is called Duke of Hereford (or Earl of Derby, his former title) by all the old historians; it being pretty clear that he was not distinguished by the name of Bolingbroke till after he had assumed the crown. Drayton states this without any qualification. We must, however, follow the poet in calling him Bolingbroke. It is somewhat difficult to understand the original cause of the quarrel between Bolingbroke and Norfolk. They were each elevated in rank at the Christmas of 1398, probably with the view, on the part of Richard, to propitiate men of such power and energy. They were the only two who remained of the great lords who, twelve years before, had driven Richard's favourites from his Court and kingdom, and had triumphantly asserted their resistance to his measures at the battle of Radcot Bridge. The Duke of Gloster, the uncle of the king, with whose party Bolingbroke and Norfolk had always been confederated, was murdered at Calais, in 1398. Bolingbroke, in the same year, had received a full pardon in Parliament for his proceedings in 1386. "In this parliament, holden at Shrewsbury," says Holinshed, "Henry Duke of Hereford accused Thomas Mowbray of certain words, which he should utter in talk, had betwixt them as they rode together lately before, betwixt London and Brainford, sounding highly to the king's dishonour." Froissart (we quote from Lord Berners' translation) gives a different version of the affair, and says—"On a day the Earl of Derby and the Earl Marshal communed together of divers matters; at last, among other, they spake of the state of the king and of his council, such as he had about him, and believed them; so that, at the last, the Earl of Derby spake certain words which he thought for the best, wenyng that they should never have been called to rehearsal, which words were neither villainous nor outrageous." Froissart then goes on to make the Earl Marshal repeat these words to the king, and Derby to challenge him as a false traitor, after the breach of confidence. Shakspeare has followed Holinshed. The accusation of Bolingbroke against Norfolk was first made, according to this chronicler, at Shrewsbury; and "there was a day appointed, about six weeks after, for the king to come unto Windsor, to hear and to take some order betwixt the two dukes which had thus appealed each other." The scene then proceeds in the essential matters very much as is exhibited by Shakspeare, except that the appellant and defendant each speak by the mouth of a knight that had "license to speak." Norfolk is accused of being a false and disloyal traitor—of appropriating eight thousand nobles, which he had received to pay the king's soldiers at Calais—of being the occasion of all the treason contrived in the realm for eighteen years—and, by his false suggestions and malicious counsels, having caused the Duke of Gloster to be murdered. Norfolk, in the answer by his knight, declares that Henry of Lancaster hath "falsely and wickedly lied as a false and disloyal knight;" and he then, in his own person, adds the explanation which Shakspeare gives about the

use of the money for Calais. The chronicler, however, makes him say not a word about Gloster's death; but he confesses that he once "laid an ambush to have slain the Duke of Lancaster that there sitteth." The king once again requires them to be asked, if they would agree and make peace together; "but they both flatly answered that they would not; and withal the Duke of Hereford cast down his gage, and the Duke of Norfolk took it up. The king, perceiving this demeanour betwixt them, sware by St. John Baptist, that he would never seek to make peace betwixt them again." The combat was then appointed to be done at Coventry, "some say upon a Monday in August; other, upon St. Lambert's day, being the 17th September; other, on the 11th September."

The narrative of Holinshed upon which Shakspeare has founded the third scene of this act is most picturesque. We see all the gorgeous array of chivalry, as it existed in an age of pageants, called forth with unusual magnificence upon an occasion of the gravest import. The old stage of Shakspeare's time could exhibit none of this magnificence. The great company of men apparelled in silk sendall—the splendid coursers of the combatants, with their velvet housings—the king on his throne, surrounded by his peers and his ten thousand men in armour—all these were to be wholly imagined upon the ancient stage. Our poet, in his chorus to Henry V., thus addresses his audience:—

"Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts;
Into a thousand parts divide one man,
And make imaginary puissance:
Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them
Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth."

To assist our readers in seeing the "imaginary puissance" of the lists of Coventry, we subjoin Holinshed's description:—

"The Duke of Aumerle, that day, being high constable of England, and the Duke of Surry, marshal, placed themselves between them, well armed and appointed; and when they saw their time, they first entered into the lists with a great company of men apparelled in silk sendall, embroidered with silver, both richly and curiously, every man having a tipped staff to keep the field in order. About the hour of prime came to the barriers of the lists, the Duke of Hereford, mounted on a white courser barded with green and blue velvet, embroidered sumptuously with swans and antelopes of goldsmith's work, armed at all points. The constable and marshal came to the barriers, demanding of him what he was, he answered 'I am Henry of Lancaster Duke of Hereford, which am come hither to do mine endeavour against Thomas Mowbray Duke of Norfolk, as a traitor untrue to God, the king, his realm, and me.' Then, incontinently, he sware upon the holy evangelists, that his quarrel was true and just, and upon that point he required to enter the lists. Then he put by his sword, which before he held naked in his hand, and, putting down his visor, made a cross on his horse, and with spear in hand entered into the lists, and descended from his horse, and set him down in a chair of green velvet, at the one end of the lists, and there reposed himself, abiding the coming of his adversary.

"Soon after him, entered into the field with great triumph, King Richard, accompanied with all the peers of the realm, and in his company was the Earl of St. Paul, which was come out of France in post to see this challenge performed. The king had there above ten thousand men in armour, least some fray or tumult might rise amongst his nobles, by quarrelling or partaking. When the king was set in his seat, which was richly hanged and adorned, a king-at-arms made open proclamation, prohibiting all men, in the name of the king, and of the high constable and marshal, to enterprise or attempt to approach, or touch any part of the lists upon pain of death, except such as were appointed to order or marshal the field. The proclamation ended, another herald cried: 'Behold here Henry of Lancaster Duke of Hereford appellant, which is entered into the lists royal to do his devoir against Thomas Mowbray Duke of Norfolk defendant, upon pain to be found false and recreant.'

"The Duke of Norfolk hovered on horseback at the entrance of the lists, his horse being barded with crimson velvet, embroidered richly with lions of silver and mulberry trees; and when he had made his oath before the constable and marshal that his quarrel was just and true, he entered the field manfully, saying aloud: 'God aid him that hath the right;' and then he departed from his horse, and sate him down in his chair, which was of crimson velvet, curtained about with white and red damask. The lord marshal viewed their spears, to see that they were of equal length, and delivered the one spear himself to the Duke of Hereford, and sent the other unto the Duke of Norfolk

by a knight. Then the herald proclaimed that the traverses and chairs of the champions should be removed, commanding them on the king's behalf to mount on horseback, and address themselves to the battle and combat.

"The Duke of Hereford was quickly horsed, and closed his beaver, and cast his spear into the rest, and when the trumpet sounded, set forward courageously towards his enemy, six or seven paces. The Duke of Norfolk was not fully set forward, when the king cast down his warder, and the heralds cried, 'Ho, ho!' Then the king caused their spears to be taken from them, and commanded them to repair again to their chairs, where they remained two long hours, while the king and his council deliberately consulted what order was best to be had in so weighty a cause."

The sentence of Richard upon Bolingbroke and Norfolk was, in effect, the same as Shakspeare has described it; but the remission of a portion of the term of Bolingbroke's banishment did not take place at the lists of Coventry. Froissart says that when Bolingbroke's day of departure approached, he came to Eltham, to the king, who thus addressed him:—"As God help me, it right greatly displeaseth me the words that hath been between you and the earl marshal; but the sentence that I have given is for the best, and for to appease thereby the people, who greatly murmured on this matter; wherefore, cousin, yet to ease you somewhat of your pain, I release my judgment from ten year to six year. Cousin, take this aworth, and ordain you thereafter." The earl answered and said: 'Sir, I thank your grace, and when it shall please you, ye shall do me more grace.'"

ACT II.

John of Gaunt, who, in the first line of this play, is called

"Old John of Gaunt, time-honour'd Lancaster,"

was the fourth son of Edward III., by his Queen Philippa. He was called of Gant, or Ghent, from the place of his birth; was born in 1340; and died in 1399. The circumstance of the king naming him as *Old John of Gaunt* has many examples in the age of Shakspeare. Spenser calls the Earl of Leicester an old man, though he was then not fifty; Lord Huntingdon represents Coligny as very old, though he died at fifty-three. There can be little doubt, we apprehend, that the average duration of human life has been much increased during the last two centuries; and, at that period, marriages were much earlier, so that it was not uncommon for a man to be at the head of a family before he was twenty. When John of Gaunt was fifty-eight (in the year of Bolingbroke's appeal against Norfolk), Henry of Monmouth, his grandson, was eleven years old; so that Bolingbroke, who was born in 1366, must have been a father at twenty-one. Froissart thus speaks of the death of John of Gaunt:—"So it fell, that, about the feast of Christmas, Duke John of Lancaster, who lived in great displeasure, what because the King had banished his son out of the realm for so little a cause, and also because of the evil governing of the realm, by his nephew, King Richard; (for he saw well if he long persevered, and were suffered to continue, the realm was likely to be utterly lost)—with these imaginations and other, the duke fell sick, whereon he died; whose death was greatly sorrowed of all his friends and lovers."

Shakspeare found no authority in the Chronicles for the fine death scene of John of Gaunt; but the principal circumstance for which he reproaches the king, that England "is now leas'd out," is distinctly supported. Fabian says, "In this 22nd year of King Richard, the common fame ran, that the king had *letten to farm* the realm unto Sir William Scrope, Earl of Wiltshire, and then treasurer of England, to Sir John Bushey, Sir John Bagot, and Sir Henry Green, Knights." The subsequent reproach of the confederated lords that

"Daily new exactions are devis'd;
As blanks, benevolences,"

is also fully supported. The "blanks" were most ingenious instruments of pillage, principally devised for the oppression of substantial and wealthy citizens. For these blanks, they of London "were fain to seal, to their great charge, as in the end appeared. And the like charters were sent abroad into all shires within the realm, whereby great grudge and murmuring arose amongst the people; for when

they were so sealed, the king's officers wrote in the same what liked them, as well for charging the parties with payment of money, as otherwise."

The general condition of the country, while the commons were "pill'd" and the nobles "fin'd" by Richard and his creatures, was, according to Froissart, most lamentable. We copy the passage, as it is highly characteristic of the manners of the times. The period thus described is that immediately before the departure of Richard for Ireland:—"The state generally of all men in England began to murmur and to rise one against another, and ministering of justice was clean stopped up in all courts of England; whereof the valiant men and prelates, who loved rest and peace, and were glad to pay their duties, were greatly abashed: for there rose in the realm companies in divers routs, keeping the fields and highways, so that merchants durst not ride abroad to exercise their merchandise for doubt of robbing: and no man knew to whom to complain to do them right, reason, and justice, which things were right prejudicial and displeasing to the good people of England, for it was contrary to their accustomed usage; for all people, labourers and merchants in England, were wont to live in rest and peace, and to occupy their merchandise peaceably, and the labourers to labour their lands quietly; and then it was contrary, for when merchants rode from town to town with their merchandise, and had either gold or silver in their purses, it was taken from them; and from other men and labourers out of their houses these companions would take wheat, oats, beefs, muttons, porks, and the poor men durst speak no word. These evil deeds daily multiplied so, that great complaints and lamentations were made thereof throughout the realm, and the good people said, the time is changed upon us from good to evil, ever since the death of good King Edward the Third, in whose days justice was well kept and ministered: in his days there was no man so hardy in England to take a hen or a chicken, or a sheep, without he had paid truly for it; and now-a-days, all that we have is taken from us, and yet we dare not speak; these things cannot long endure, but that England is likely to be lost without recovery: we have a king now that will do nothing; he intendeth but to idleness, and to accomplish his pleasure, and by that he sheweth he careth not how every thing goeth, so he may have his will. It were time to provide for remedy, or else our enemies will rejoice and mock us." There is a remarkable corroboration of the state of cruel oppression in which the common people lived, furnished by a copy of the stipulations made by the Duke of Surrey, in 1398, on taking upon him the government of Ireland:—"Item, That he, the lieutenant, may have, at sundry times, out of every parish, or every two parishes, in England, a man and his wife, at the cost of the king, in the land of Ireland, to inhabit the same land where it is wasted upon the marshes." (Cotton MS.) This compulsory colonisation must have been most odious to the people, who knew that the "wild men" of Ireland, amongst whom they were to be placed, kept the Government in constant terror.

The seizure of Bolingbroke's patrimony by Richard, after the death of Gaunt, is thus described by Holinshed, and Shakspeare has most accurately followed the description as to its facts:—"The death of this duke gave occasion of encreasing more hatred in the people of this realm toward the king, for he seized into his hands all the goods that belonged to him, and also received all the rents and revenues of his lands, which ought to have descended unto the Duke of Hereford, by lawful inheritance, in revoking his letters patents, which he had granted to him before, by virtue whereof he might make his attornies general to sue livery for him, of any manner of inheritances or possessions that might from thenceforth fall unto him, and that his homage might be respited with making reasonable fine: whereby it was evident that the king meant his utter undoing." The private malice of Richard against his banished cousin—

"The prevention of poor Bolingbroke,
About his marriage"—

is also detailed in the Chronicles.

Fired with revenge by these aggressions, and encouraged by letters from the leading men of England—nobility, prelates, magistrates, and rulers, as Holinshed describes them—promising him all their aid, power, and assistance in "expulsing" King Richard—Bolingbroke took the step which involved this land in blood for nearly a century. He quitted Paris, and sailed from *Port Blanc*, in Lower Brittany, with very few men-at-arms, according to some accounts—with three thousand, according to others. This event took place about a fort-

night after Richard had sailed for Ireland. His last remaining uncle, the Duke of York, had been left in the government of the kingdom. He was, however, unfitted for a post of so much difficulty and danger; and Shakspeare has well described his perplexities upon hearing of the landing of Bolingbroke:—

“If I know
How, or which way to order these affairs,
Thus disorderly thrust into my hands,
Never believe me.”

He had been little accustomed to affairs of state. Hardyng, in his Chronicle, thus describes him at an early period of his life:—

“Edmonde hyght of Langley of good chere,
Glad and mery and of his owne ay lyved
Without wrong as chronicles have breved:
When all the lordes to counsell and parlyament
Went, he wolde to hunte, and also to hawekyng.
All gentyll disporte as to a lorde appent,
He used aye, and to the pore supportyng.”

Froissart describes him as living at his own castle with his people, interfering not with what was passing in the country, but taking all things as they happened. According to Holinshed, the army that he raised to oppose Bolingbroke “boldly protested that they would not fight against the Duke of Lancaster, whom they knew to be evil dealt with.” It seems to be agreed on all hands that Froissart, who makes Bolingbroke land at Plymouth, and march direct to London, was incorrectly informed. Holinshed, upon the authority of “our English writers,” says, “The Duke of Lancaster, after that he had coasted alongst the shore a certain time, and had got some intelligence how the people’s minds were affected towards him, landed, about the beginning of July, in Yorkshire, at a place sometimes called Ravenspur, betwixt Hull and Bridlington, and with him not past threescore persons, as some write: but he was so joyfully received of the lords, knights, and gentlemen of those parts, that he found means (by their help) forthwith to assemble a great number of people, that were willing to take his part.” The subsequent events, previous to the return of Richard, are most correctly delineated by our poet. Bolingbroke was joined by Northumberland and Harry Percy, by Ross and Willoughby. “He sware unto those lords that he would demand no more but the lands that were to him descended by inheritance from his father, and in right of his wife.” From Doncaster, with a mighty army, Bolingbroke marched through the counties of Derby or Nottingham, Leicester, Warwick, and Worcester;—“through the countries coming by Evesham unto Berkley.” The Duke of York had marched towards Wales to meet the king, upon his expected arrival from Ireland. Holinshed says he “was received into the Castle of Berkley, and there remained till the coming thither of the Duke of Lancaster, whom when he perceived that he was not able to resist, on the Sunday after the feast of St. James, which as that year came about, fell upon a Friday, he came forth into the church that stood without the castle, and there communed with the Duke of Lancaster. On the morrow after, the foresaid dukes with their power went towards Bristow, where (at their coming) they shewed themselves before the town and castle, being an huge multitude of people.” The defection of the Welsh under Salisbury is detailed in the writers of the period; and so is the prodigy of the withered bay-trees.

ACT III.

We have hitherto traced the course of events in Shakspeare’s History of Richard II. by the aid of the Chronicles. Froissart was a contemporary of Richard; and in the days of the king’s prosperity had presented him with a book “fair enlumined and written,” of which, when the king demanded whereof it treated, the maker of histories “shewed him how it treated matters of love, whereof the king was glad, and looked in it, and read it in many places, for he could speak and read French very well.” Holinshed was, in another sense, a “maker of histories.” He compiled, and that admirably well, from those who had written before him; and he was properly Shakspeare’s great authority for the incidents which he dramatized. But we have now to turn to one of the most remarkable documents that affords materials for the history of any period—the narrative of an eye-witness of what took place from the period when Richard, being in Ireland,

received the news of Bolingbroke’s landing, to the time when the king was utterly prostrate at the feet of the man whom he had banished and plundered. All the historians have been greatly indebted to this narrative. It is entitled, “*Histoire du Roy d’Angleterre Richard, Traictant particulièrement la Rebellion de ses subiectz et prinse de sa personne. Composee par un gentlehom’e François de marque, qui fut à la suite du dict Roy, avecq permission du Roy de France, 1399.*” The most beautiful, and, apparently, the earliest copy of this manuscript is in the British Museum. It contains sixteen illuminations, in which the identity of the portraits and of the costume is preserved throughout. It appears to have been the property of Charles of Anjou, Count of Maine, and formed part of the Harleian collection. Another manuscript of the same history, which is in the library at Lambeth, was that consulted and quoted by the early historians, and it is called, by Holinshed, “A French Pamphlet that belongeth to Master John Dee:” the name of John Dee, with the date 1575, appears in the last leaf. The author of the Metrical History informs us, in his title, that he was “un gentlehom’e François de marque;” and, when brought before Bolingbroke, the writer says of himself and his companion, “The herald told him, in the English language, that we were of France, and that the king had sent us with King Richard into Ireland for recreation, and to see the country.” This manuscript has been republished in the twentieth volume of the “*Archæologia*,” with a most admirable translation, and notes alike distinguished for their learning and good sense, by the Rev. John Webb.

The author of the Metrical History, with his companion, “in the year one thousand and four hundred save one, quitted Paris, full of joy;” and, travelling late and early, reached London. He found that Richard had set out, anxious to journey day and night. He followed him to Milford Haven, where “he waited ten days for the north-wind, and passed his time pleasantly amidst trumpets and the sounds of minstrelsy.” The king had proceeded to Waterford, whither the French knight at length followed him. Six days afterwards the king took the field, with the English, for Kilkenny, whence, after a fortnight’s delay, he marched directly towards Mac-more (the Irish chieftain) into the depths of the deserts, who, with his wild men—Shakspeare’s “rough rug-headed kerns”—defied England and its power. The usual accompaniment of war was not wanting on this occasion:—“Orders were given by the king that everything should be set fire to.” Neither were the pageantries of chivalry—the gilding of the horrors—absent from this expedition. Henry of Monmouth, the son of Bolingbroke, being then eleven years old, was with the king; and Richard knighted him, making, at the same time, eight or ten other knights. The English army appears to have suffered greatly from the want of provisions. A negotiation took place with Mac-more, which ended in nothing. The king’s face grew pale with anger, and he sware, in great wrath, by St. Edward, that no, never, would he depart from Ireland till, alive or dead, he had Mac-more in his power. The want of provisions dislodged the army and drove them to Dublin, where, for six weeks, they lived “easy of body as fish in Seine.” No news came from England. The winds were contrary. At last, “a barge arrived, which was the occasion of much sorrow.” Those who came in her related to the king how Scrope was beheaded by Bolingbroke—how the people had been stirred to insurrection—how the invader had taken towns and castles for his own. “It seemed to me,” says the French knight, “that the king’s face at this turned pale with anger, while he said, ‘Come hither, friends. Good Lord, this man designs to deprive me of my country.’” Richard consulted his council on a Saturday, and they agreed to put to sea on the next Monday. The king, however, according to this writer, was deceived and betrayed by Aumerle, who persuaded him to remain himself, and send Salisbury to raise the Welsh against Bolingbroke. The French knight and his companion departed with Salisbury, and landed at Conway. Salisbury raised, it seems, forty thousand men within four days. The earl kept them in the field a fortnight; but they then deserted him, as Shakspeare has represented, because they heard “no tidings from the king.” He “tarried eighteen days,” says the French knight, “after our departure from Ireland. It was very great folly.”

The Metrical History now proceeds to the events which followed the landing of Richard upon the Welsh coast. “He did not stop there,” says the history, “considering the distress, complaints, and lamentations of the poor people, and the mortal alarm of all. Then he resolved that, without saying a word, he would set out at midnight from his host, attended by a few persons, for he would on no account

be discovered. In that place he clad himself in another grab, like a poor priest of the Minors (Franciscans), for the fear that he had of being known of his foes.

Thus the king set out that very night, with only thirteen others, and arrived, by break of day, at Conway." He here met Salisbury. "At the meeting of the king and the earl, instead of joy there was very great sorrow. Tears, lamentations, sighs, groans, and mourning, quickly broke forth. Truly it was a piteous sight to behold their looks and countenances, and woeful meeting. The earl's face was pale with watching. He related to the king his hard fate." Aumerle, the constable, according to this writer, basely went off with the king's men—his last hope. "The king continued all sorrowful at Conway, where he had no more with him than two or three of his intimate friends, sad and distressed.

Reckoning nobles and other persons we were but sixteen in all." From Conway they went to Beaumaris, and thence to Carnarvon. "In his castles, to which he retired, there was no furniture, nor had he anything to lie down upon but straw. Really, he lay in this manner for four or six nights; for, in truth, not a farthing's worth of victuals or anything else was to be found in them." In consequence of this poverty, the king returned to Conway. The Metrical History then details, at considerable length, and with great spirit and circumstantiality, the remarkable incident of Northumberland entrapping Richard to leave Conway, so that he might convey him as his prisoner to Flint Castle. "This is one of the instances," says Mr. Courtenay ("Shakspeare's Historical Plays considered Historically"), "in which a more minute knowledge of history might have furnished Shakspeare with some good scenes and further discriminations of character." One would suppose, from this remark, that the account of the meeting between Northumberland and the king at Conway, and the king's agreement, upon Northumberland's assurances of safety, to go with him to Flint, was unrecorded by the chronicler whom Shakspeare is known to have consulted. Holinshed relates this affair with great distinctness; and he moreover gives an account of the ambush described by the French knight. We must, therefore, conclude that Shakspeare knew his own business as a dramatist in the omission of the scene. The passage is also given very fully in Stow, and is versified by Daniel in his "Civil Warres."

"In the castle of Flint," says the Metrical History, "King Richard awaited the coming of the Duke of Lancaster, who set out from the city of Chester on Tuesday, the 22nd of August, with the whole of his force." King Richard, "having heard mass, went up upon the walls of the castle, which are large and wide in the inside, beholding the Duke of Lancaster as he came along the sea-shore with all his host." Messengers came from Henry to Richard, and an interview took place between them. Shakspeare has made Northumberland the negotiator on this occasion, as he really was at Conway. "The king went up again upon the walls, and saw that the army was two bow-shots from the castle; then he, together with those that were with him, began anew great lamentation." At length Lancaster entered the castle. "Then they made the king, who had dined in the donjon, come down to meet Duke Henry, who, as soon as he perceived him at a distance, bowed very low to the ground; and, as they approached each other, he bowed a second time, with his cap in his hand; and then the king took off his bonnet, and spake first in this manner: 'Fair cousin of Lancaster, you be right welcome.' Then Duke Henry replied, bowing very low to the ground, 'My lord, I am come sooner than you sent for me: the reason wherefore I will tell you. The common report of your people is such, that you have, for the space of twenty or two and twenty years, governed them very badly and very rigorously, and in so much that they are not well contented therewith. But if it please our Lord, I will help you to govern them better than they have been governed in time past.' King Richard then answered him, 'Fair cousin, since it pleaseth you, it pleaseth us well.' And be assured that these are the very words that they two spake together, without taking away or adding anything: for I heard and understood them very well." This version of the remarkable dialogue between Bolingbroke and Richard is not given by Holinshed, although he quotes all the substance of what had previously taken place between Northumberland and Richard "out of Master Dee's book." Holinshed thus describes the interview:—"Forthwith as the duke got sight of the king, he shewed a reverend duty, as became him, in bowing his knee; and, coming forward, did so likewise the second and third time, till the king took him by the hand, and lift him up, saying, 'Dear cousin, ye are welcome.' The duke, humbly thanking him, said, 'My sovereign lord and king, the cause of my coming at this present, is (your honour saved) to have again restitution of my

person, my lands, and heritage, through your favourable license.' The king hereunto answered, 'Dear cousin, I am ready to accomplish your will, so that ye may enjoy all that is your's, without exception.'" Shakspeare's version of the scene appears to lie between the two extremes of Bolingbroke's defiance, as recorded by the French knight, and copied by Stow, and of his assumed humility, as described by Holinshed.

ACT IV.

The fourth act of Shakspeare's history of Richard II. opens with the assembly of Bolingbroke and the Peers in Parliament. The entry of the triumphant Henry of Lancaster and the captive king into London is reserved by the poet for the unequalled description by York to his duchess in the fifth act. But, as we are following the course of real events, we will very briefly describe the proceedings between the surrender of Richard at Flint Castle and his deposition.

After the interview between Richard and Bolingbroke, the author of the Metrical History thus proceeds:—"The said Duke Henry called aloud with a stern and savage voice, 'Bring out the king's horses,' and then they brought him two little horses that were not worth forty francs. The king mounted one, and the Earl of Salisbury the other." Henry, with his captives, set out from Flint, and proceeded to Chester, where he stayed three days. The duke then dismissed many of his followers, saying that thirty or forty thousand men would be sufficient to take the king to London. At Lichfield the unhappy Richard attempted to escape by night, letting himself down into a garden through a window of his tower. The French knight goes on to record that a deputation arrived from London, to request Henry, on the part of the Commons, to cut off the king's head; to which request Henry replied, "Fair Sirs, it would be a very great disgrace to us for ever if we should thus put him to death; but we will bring him to London, and there he shall be judged by the Parliament." Proceeding by Coventry, Daventry, Northampton, Dunstable, and St. Alban's, the army reached within six miles of London. Here the cavalcade was met by the Mayor, accompanied by a very great number of the Commons. "They paid much greater respect," says the writer, "to Duke Henry than to the king, shouting with a loud and fearful voice, 'Long live the Duke of Lancaster.'" Richard was taken, according to this relation, to Westminster. Henry, who entered the city at the hour of vespers, "alighted at St. Paul's, and went all armed before the High Altar to make his orisons. He returned by the tomb of his father, which is very nigh to the said altar, and there he wept very much, for he had never seen it since his father had been laid there." The personal narrative of the French knight here closes, the remainder of his narrative being given on the faith of another person, a clerk. From Westminster Richard was removed to the Tower. The Parliament, which began on the 13th of September, drew up thirty-three "Articles objected to King Richard, whereby he was counted worthy to be deposed from his principality."

The scene of fiery contention in Westminster Hall, with which this act opens, follows the chroniclers very literally. Shakspeare has, however, placed this remarkable exhibition of vindictive charges and recriminations before the deposition of Richard. It took place after Henry's coronation. The protest of the Bishop of Carlisle, whom Holinshed calls "a bold bishop and a faithful," also, according to most authorities, followed the deposition. It is stated to have been made on a request from the Commons that Richard might have "judgment decreed against him, so as the realm were not troubled by him." There is considerable doubt whether this speech was delivered at all. It does not appear that Richard made his resignation in Parliament, but that Northumberland and other peers, prelates and knights, with justices and notaries, attended the captive on the 29th of September, 1399, in the chief chamber of the king's lodging in the Tower, where he read aloud and subscribed the scroll of resignation, saying that, if it were in his power, he would that the Duke of Lancaster there present should be his successor. These instruments were read to the Parliament the day following. So Holinshed relates the story. Froissart, however, retails the ceremonies of the surrender with more minuteness:—"On a day the Duke of Lancaster, accompanied with lords, dukes, prelates, earls, barons, and knights, and of the notablest men of London, and of other good towns, rode to the

Tower, and there alighted. Then King Richard was brought into the hall, apparelled like a king in his robes of state, his sceptre in his hand, and his crown on his head; then he stood up alone, not holden nor stayed by no man, and said aloud: 'I have been king of England, duke of Aquitaine, and lord of Ireland, about twenty-one years, which signiory, royalty, sceptre, crown, and heritage I clearly resign here to my cousin Henry of Lancaster; and I desire him here, in this open presence, in entering of the same possession, to take this sceptre;' and so delivered it to the duke, who took it." There can be no doubt that this apparently willing resignation, which his enemies said was made even with a merry countenance, was extorted from Richard by the fear of death. Northumberland openly proclaimed this when he rebelled against Henry. In a very curious manuscript in the library of the King of France, from which copious extracts are given in Mr. Webb's notes to the Metrical History, there is a detailed account of a meeting between Richard and Bolingbroke in the Tower, at which York and Aumerle were present, where the king, in a most violent rage, says, "I am king, and will still continue king, in spite of all my enemies." Shakspeare has most skilfully portrayed this natural struggle of the will of the unhappy man against the necessity by which he was overwhelmed. The deposition scene shows us—as faithfully as the glass which the poet introduces exhibits the person of the king—the vacillations of a nature irresolute and yielding, but clinging to the phantom of power when the substance had passed away. There can be no doubt that Shakspeare's portrait of Richard II. is as historically true as it is poetically just.

The chroniclers have shown us the fierce, and, as we should call them in modern times, the brutal contests of the Peers in the first Parliament of Henry IV. But another view is presented to us in a most curious record of the days of Richard, which shows us a Parliament that more nearly approaches to our notions of an assembly of men called together for the public good, but not forgetting their private interests in their peaceful moods, and deporting themselves as men do who have mighty questions to deliberate upon, but who bring to that deliberation the sloth, the petty feelings, and the other individual characteristics that remind us that great legislators are sometimes small men. The Camden Society, which is doing for literature the very reverse of what the Roxburgh Club did—which is making unpublished and rare Tracts accessible to all men, instead of gaining a petty reputation by rendering scarce things known, and then causing them to be scarcer—has published an "Alliterative Poem on the Deposition of King Richard II." This most curious production is printed from a manuscript in the Public Library at Cambridge. There seems to be no doubt that the poem was written about the time when Richard fell into the hands of his enemies. The first lines represent the author as being informed that "Henri was entrid on the est half" of the kingdom, while Richard "werrid be west on the wilde Yrisshe." The author of the poem appears to have been a partisan of Bolingbroke—the transcriber was of the opposite faction; and to this circumstance we owe the loss of the more important part of the original composition; for he broke off abruptly in the description of Richard's servile Parliament—the Parliament that, giving a colour to his exactions and despotic exercise of authority, led to the great revolution which ended in his deposition. Of this famous Parliament the following is a part of the description to which we have alluded:—

"And somme slombrid and slepte, and said but a lite;
And somme mafflid with the mouth, and nyst what they ment;
And somme had hire, and helde ther-with evere,
And wolde no fforther a ffoot, ffor ffer of her maistris;
And somme were so soleyne, and sad of her wittis,
That er they come to the clos a-combred they were,
That thei the conclucioun than constrewe ne couthe
No burne of the benche, of borowe nather ellis,
So blynde and so ballid and bare was the reson;
And somme were so ffers at the ffrist come,
That they bente on a bouet, and bare a topte saile
A-ffor the wynde fresshely, to make a good fare."

We venture on a free prose translation of the old English:—

"And some slumbered and slept, and said but a little; and some stammered with the mouth, and knew not what they meant; and some were paid, and held to that, and would no further afoot, for fear of their masters; and some were so sullen and grave in their wits, that before they came to the close they were so much encumbered, that their conclusions could be construed by no baron of the bench, nor by no one else of the borough,—so blind, and so bald, and so bare was their reason. And some were so fierce at the

first coming, that they were bent on a bout, and bare a topsail afore the wind freshly, to make a good fare."—Unchangeable human nature!

ACT V.

We have avoided any previous illustration of the history and character of Richard's queen, reserving a short notice for this act, in which she occupies so interesting a position. Richard was twice married. His first wife, who was called the good Queen Anne, died in 1394. His second wife, the queen of this play, was Isabel, eldest daughter of Charles VI. of France. When Richard espoused her, on the 31st of October, 1396, she was but eight years old. The alliance with France gave the greatest dissatisfaction in England, and was one amongst the many causes of Richard's almost general unpopularity. Froissart mentions Richard's obstinacy in this matter with great naïveté:—"It is not pleasant to the realm of England that he should marry with France, and it hath been shewed him that the daughter of France is over young, and that this five or six year she shall not be able to keep him company; thereto he hath answered and saith, that she shall grow right well in age." Isabel was espoused at Paris by proxy. Froissart says, "As I was informed, it was a goodly sight to see her behaviour: for all that she was but young, right pleasantly she bare the port of a queen." Isabel lived at Windsor, under the care of Lady de Coucy; but this lady was dismissed for her extravagance, and an Englishwoman, Lady Mortimer, succeeded her in the charge. It appears from the Metrical History that Richard was very much attached to her. In his lamentations in Conway Castle he uses these passionate expressions: "My mistress and my consort! accursed be the man, little doth he love us, who thus shamefully separateth us two. I am dying of grief because of it. My fair sister, my lady, and my sole desire. Since I am robbed of the pleasure of beholding thee, such pain and affliction oppresseth my whole heart, that, oftentimes, I am hard upon despair. Alas! Isabel, rightful daughter of France, you were wont to be my joy, my hope, and my consolation; I now plainly see, that through the great violence of fortune, which hath slain many a man, I must wrongfully be removed from you." When we observe that Froissart describes the girl of eight years old as deporting herself right pleasantly as a queen, and read of the lamentations of Richard for their separation, as described by one who witnessed them, we may consider that there was an historical as well as a dramatic propriety in the character which Shakspeare has drawn of her. In the garden scene at Langley we have scarcely more elevation of character than might belong to a precocious girl. In one part, however, of the last scene with Richard, we have the majesty of the high-minded woman:—

"What, is my Richard both in shape and mind
Transform'd and weaken'd? Hath Bolingbroke
Depos'd thine intellect? Hath he been in thy heart?"

The poet, however, had an undoubted right to mould his materials to his own purpose. Daniel, in his descriptive Poem of the Civil Wars, which approaches to the accuracy of a chronicle, makes "the young affected queen" a much more prominent personage than Shakspeare does. These are her words, as she witnesses the procession of Richard and Bolingbroke in an imaginary situation altogether:—

"And yet, dear lord, though thy ungrateful land
Hath left thee thus; yet I will take thy part:
I do remain the same, under thy hand;
Thou still doth rule the kingdom of my heart:
If all be lost, that government doth stand;
And that shall never from thy rule depart:
And, so thou be, I care not how thou be:
Let greatness go, so it go without thee."

Poor Isabel was sent back to France; and there she became, a second time, the victim of a state alliance, being married to the eldest son of the Duke of Orleans, who was only nine years old. Her younger sister became the wife of our Henry V.

The writer of the Metrical History appears to have conceived a violent suspicion of Aumerle and of all his proceedings. He represents him as the treacherous cause of Richard's detention in Ireland; and, in the conspiracy of the Abbot of Westminster and the other lords, he is described as basely becoming privy to their designs, that he might betray them to Henry IV. Shakspeare's version of the story is the more dramatic one, which is given by Holinshed:—

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTICE.

"This Earl of Rutland departing before from Westminster, to see his father the Duke of York, as he sat at dinner had his counterpart of the indenture of the confederacy in his bosom. The father, espying it, would needs see what it was: and though the son humbly denied to shew it, the father being more earnest to see it, by force took it out of his bosom, and, perceiving the contents thereof, in a great rage caused his horses to be saddled out of hand, and spitefully reproving his son of treason, for whom he was become surety and mainperneur for his good bearing in open parliament, he incontinently mounted on horseback to ride towards Windsor to the king, to declare to him the malicious intent of his son and his accomplices. The Earl of Rutland, seeing in what danger he stood, took his horse and rode another way to Windsor, in post, so that he got thither before his father, and when he was alighted at the castle-gate, he caused the gates to be shut, saying, that he must needs deliver the keys to the king. When he came before the king's presence, he kneeled down on his knees, beseeching him of mercy and forgiveness, and declaring the whole matter unto him in order as every thing had passed; obtained pardon; and therewith came his father, and, being let in, delivered the indenture which he had taken from his son, unto the king; who thereby perceiving his son's words to be true, changed his purpose for his going to Oxford, and dispatched messengers forth to signify unto the Earl of Northumberland his high constable, and to the Earl of Westmoreland his high marshal, and to others his assured friends, of all the doubtful danger and perilous jeopardy."

The death of Richard II. is one of those historical mysteries which, perhaps, will never be cleared up. The story which Shakspeare has adopted, of his assassination by Sir Piers of Exton and his followers, was related by Caxton in his addition to Hygden's "Polycronicon," was copied by Fabyan, and, of course, found its way into Holinshed. The honest old compiler, however, notices the other stories—that he died either by compulsory famine or by voluntary pining. Caxton borrowed his account, it is supposed, from a French manuscript in the royal library at Paris, written by a partisan of Richard. In his Chronicle, printed two years before the additions to the "Polycronicon," Caxton takes no notice of the story of the assassination by Sir Piers of Exton, but says, "He was enfeamed unto the death by his keeper, yet much people in England, and in other lands, said, that he was alive many year after his death." It is a remarkable confirmation of the belief that Richard did not die by the wounds of a battle-axe, that when his tomb was opened in

Westminster Abbey, some years since, his skull was found uninjured. Thomas of Walsingham, who was living at the time of Richard's death, relates that the unhappy captive voluntarily starved himself. His body was removed to the Tower, where it was publicly exhibited. The story of his voluntary starvation is, however, doubtful; that of his violent assassination seems altogether apocryphal. In an important document, whose publication we owe to Sir Henry Ellis—the Manifesto of the Percies against Henry IV., issued just before the battle of Shrewsbury—Henry is distinctly charged with having caused Richard to perish from hunger, thirst, and cold, after fifteen days and nights of sufferings unheard of among Christians. Two years afterwards Archbishop Scroop repeats the charge; but he adds, what unquestionably weakens its force, "*ut vulgariter dicitur.*" There is one other story which has formed the subject of a very curious controversy, but which it would be out of place here to detail—that espoused by Mr. Tytler—that Richard escaped, and lived nineteen years in Scotland. The various arguments for and against this incredible tale may be found in a paper, by the late amiable and accomplished Lord Dover, read before the Royal Society of Literature. The conflicting evidence as to the causes of Richard's death in Pomfret Castle is very ably detailed by Mr. Amyot in the twentieth volume of the "Archæologia." The prison scene in Shakspeare will, perhaps, more than any accredited relation, continue to influence the popular belief; and yet, on the other hand, we have the beautiful passage in Gray's "Bard" to support the less dramatic story:—

"Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm,
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes;
Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm;
Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's spray,
That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening prey.

Fill high the sparkling bowl,
The rich repast prepare,
Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast:
Close by the regal chair
Fell thirst and famine scowl
A baleful smile upon their baffled guest."

The body of Richard was brought to London; and, being publicly exposed, was removed to Langley for interment. Henry V., who appears always to have cherished a generous regard for the memory of the unfortunate king, caused it to be removed in great state to Westminster Abbey.

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTICE.

WE scarcely know how to approach this drama, even for the purpose of a simple analysis. We are almost afraid to trust our own admiration, when we turn to the cold criticism by which opinion in this country has been wont to be governed. We have been told that it cannot "be said much to affect the passions or enlarge the understanding."* It may be so. And yet we think it might somewhat "affect the passions,"—for "gorgeous tragedy" hath here put on her "scepter'd pall," and if she bring not Terror in her train, Pity, at least, claims the sad story for her own. And yet it may somewhat "enlarge the understanding,"—for though it abound not in those sententious moralities which may fitly adorn "a theme at school," it lays bare more than one human bosom with a most searching anatomy; and, in the moral and intellectual strength and weakness of humanity, which it discloses with as much precision as the scalpel reveals to the student of our physical nature the symptoms of health or disease, may we read the proximate and final causes of this world's success or loss, safety or danger, honour or disgrace, elevation or ruin. And then, moreover, the profound truths which, half hidden to the careless reader, are to be drawn out from this drama, are contained in such a splendid framework of the picturesque and the

poetical, that the setting of the jewel almost distracts our attention from the jewel itself. We are here plunged into the midst of the fierce passions and the gorgeous pageantries of the antique time. We not only enter the halls and galleries where is hung

"Armoury of the invincible knights of old,"

but we see the beaver closed, and the spear in rest: under those cuirasses are hearts knocking against the steel with almost more than mortal rage: the banners wave, the trumpets' sound—heralds and marshals are ready to salute the victor—but the absolute king casts down his warder, and the anticipated triumph of one proud champion must end in the unmerited disgrace of both. The transition is easy from the tourney to the battle-field. A nation must bleed that a subject may be avenged. A crown is to be played for, though

"Tumultuous wars
Shall kin with kin, and kind with kind confound."

The luxurious lord,

"That every day under his household roof
Did keep ten thousand men,"

perishes in a dungeon; the crafty usurper sits upon his throne, but it is undermined by the hatreds even of those who placed him on it.

* Johnson.

Here is indeed "a kingdom for a stage." And has the greatest of poets dealt with such a subject without affecting the passions or enlarging the understanding? No, no. Away with this! We *will* trust our own admiration.

It is a sincere pleasure to us to introduce our remarks upon the Richard II. by some acute and just observations upon Shakspeare's historical plays in general from a French source. The following passage is from the forty-ninth volume of the "Dictionnaire de la Conversation et de la Lecture" (Paris, 1838). The article bears the signature of Philarète Chasles:—

"This poet, so often sneered at as a frantic and barbarous writer, is, above all, remarkable for a judgment so high, so firm, so uncompromising, that one is almost tempted to impeach his coldness, and to find in this impassible observer something that may be almost called cruel towards the human race. In the historical pieces of Shakspeare, the picturesque, rapid, and vehement genius which has produced them, seems to bow before the superior law of a judgment almost ironical in its clear-sightedness. Sensibility to impressions, the ardent force of imagination, the eloquence of passion—these brilliant gifts of nature, which would seem destined to draw a poet beyond all limits, are subordinated in this extraordinary intelligence to a calm and almost deriding sagacity, which pardons nothing and forgets nothing. Thus, the dramas of which we speak are painful as real history. Æschylus exhibits to us Fate hovering over the world; Calderon opens to us heaven and hell as the last words of the enigma of life; Voltaire renders his drama an instrument for asserting his own peculiar doctrines; but Shakspeare seeks *his* Fate in the hearts of men, and when he makes us see them so capricious, so bewildered, so irresolute, he teaches us to contemplate, without surprise, the untoward events and sudden changes of fortune. In the purely poetical dramas to which this great poet has given so much verisimilitude, we console ourselves in believing that the evils which he paints are imaginary, and that their truth is but general. But the dramatic chronicles which Shakspeare has sketched are altogether real. There we behold irrevocable evils—we see the scenes that the world has seen, and the horrors that it has suffered. The more the details that accompany these events are irresistible in their truth, the more they grieve us. The more the author is impartial, the more he wounds and overpowers us. This employment of his marvellous talent is in reality a profound satire upon what we are, upon what we shall be, upon what we were."

It is this wonderful subjection of the poetical power to the higher law of truth—to the poetical truth, which is the highest truth, comprehending and expounding the historical truth—which must furnish the clue to the proper understanding of the drama of Richard II. It appears to us that when the poet first undertook

"to ope
The purple testament of bleeding war,"—

to unfold the roll of the causes and consequences of that usurpation of the house of Lancaster which plunged three or four generations of Englishmen in bloodshed and misery—he approached the subject with an inflexibility of purpose as totally removed as it was possible to be from the levity of a partisan. There were to be weighed in one scale the follies, the weaknesses, the crimes of Richard—the injuries of Bolingbroke—the insults which the capricious despotism of the king had heaped upon his nobles—the exactions under which the people groaned—the real merits and the popular attributes of him who came to redress and to repair. In the other scale were to be placed the afflictions of fallen greatness—the revenge and treachery by which the fall was produced—the heart-burnings and suspicions which accompany every great revolution—the struggles for power which ensue when the established and legitimate authority is thrust from its seat. All these phases, personal and political, of a deposition and a usurpation, Shakspeare has exhibited with that marvellous impartiality which the French writer whom we have quoted has well described. The political impartiality is so remarkable that, during the time of Elizabeth, the deposition scene was neither acted nor

printed, lest it should give occasion to the enemies of legitimate succession to find examples for the deposing of a monarch. Going forward into the spirit of another age, during the administration of Walpole, the play, in 1738, had an unusual success, principally because it contained many passages which seemed to point to the then supposed corruption of the Court; and, on this occasion, a letter published in the "Craftsman," in which many lines of the play were thus applied to the political topics of the times, was the subject of state prosecution. The statesmen of Elizabeth and of George II. were thus equally in fear of the popular tendencies of this history. On the other hand, when Richard, speaking dramatically in his own person, says—

"Not all the water in the rough rude sea
Can wash the balm from an anointed king;
The breath of worldly men cannot depose
The deputy elected by the Lord,"—

Dr. Johnson rejoicingly says—"Here is the doctrine of indefeasible right expressed in the strongest terms; but our poet did not learn it in the reign of James, to which it is now the practice of all writers whose opinions are regulated by fashion or interest, to impute the original of every tenet which they have been taught to think false or foolish." Again, when the Bishop of Carlisle, in the deposition scene, exclaims—

"And shall the figure of God's majesty,
His captain, steward, deputy elect,
Anointed, crowned, planted many years,
Be judg'd by subject and inferior breath,
And he himself not present?"

Johnson remarks—"Here is another proof that our author did not learn in King James' court his *elevated notions of the right of kings*. I know not any flatterer of the Stuarts who has expressed this doctrine in much stronger terms." Steevens adds that Shakspeare found the speech in Holinshed, and that "the politics of the historian were the politics of the poet." The contrary aspects which this play has thus presented to those who were political partisans is a most remarkable testimony to Shakspeare's political impartiality. He appears to us as if he, "apart, sat on a hill retired," elevated far above the temporary opinions of his own age, or of succeeding ages. His business is with universal humanity, and not with a fragment of it. He is, indeed, the poet of a nation in his glowing and genial patriotism, but never the poet of a party. Perhaps the most eloquent speech in this play is that of Gaunt, beginning—

"This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle."

It is full of such praise of our country as, taken apart from the conclusion, might too much pamper the pride of a proud nation. But the profound impartiality of the master-mind comes in at the close of this splendid description, to show us that all these glories must be founded upon just government.

It is in the same lofty spirit of impartiality which governs the general sentiments of this drama that Shakspeare has conceived the mixed character of Richard. Sir Joshua Reynolds, in his admirable Discourses—(a series of compositions which present the example of high criticism upon the art of painting, when the true principles of criticism upon poetry were neglected or misunderstood)—has properly reprobated "the difficulty as well as danger, in an endeavour to concentrate in a single subject those various powers, which, rising from different points, naturally move in different directions." He says, with reference to this subject, "Art has its boundaries, though imagination has none." Here is the great line of distinction between poetry and painting. Painting must concentrate all its power upon the representation of one action, one expression, in the same person. The range of poetry is as boundless as the diversities of character in the same individual. Sir Joshua Reynolds has, however, properly laughed at those principles of criticism which would even limit the narrow range of pictorial expression to conventional, and therefore hackneyed, forms. He quotes a passage from Du Piles as an example of the attempt of a false school of criticism to substitute the "pompous and laboured insolence of grandeur" for that dignity

which, "seeming to be natural and inherent, draws spontaneous reverence." "If you draw persons of high character and dignity," says Du Piles, "they ought to be drawn in such an attitude, that the portraits must seem to speak to us of themselves, and, as it were, to say to us, 'Stop, take notice of me, I am that invincible king, surrounded by Majesty:' 'I am that valiant commander who struck terror everywhere:' 'I am that great minister who knew all the springs of politics:' 'I am that magistrate of consummate wisdom and probity.'" Now, this is absurd enough as regards the painter; but, absurd as it is in its limited application, it is precisely the same sort of reasoning that the French critics in the time of Voltaire, and the English who caught the infection of their school, applied to the higher range of the art of Shakspeare. The criticism of Dr. Johnson, for example, upon the *character* of Richard II. is, for the most part, a series of such mistakes. He misinterprets Shakspeare's delineation of Richard, upon a preconceived theory of his own. Thus he says, in a note to the second scene in the third act, where Richard for a moment appears resigned

"To bear the tidings of calamity,"

"It seems to be the design of the poet to raise Richard to esteem in his fall, and, consequently, to interest the reader in his favour. He gives him only *passive fortitude*, the virtue of a confessor, rather than of a king. In his prosperity we saw him imperious and oppressive; but in his distress he is wise, patient, and pious." Now this is precisely the reverse of Shakspeare's representation of Richard. Instead of passive fortitude we have passionate weakness; and it is that very weakness upon which our pity is founded. Having mistaken Shakspeare's purpose in the delineation of Richard in his fall, this able but sometimes prejudiced writer flounders on in a series of carping objections to the language which Richard uses. After Richard has said—

"Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,
Some way of common trade, where subjects' feet
May hourly trample on their sovereign's head,"—

he flies off into a series of pretty imaginings, and ends thus:—

"Well, well, I see
I talk but idly, and you mock at me."

Now, in nothing is the exquisite tact of the poet more shown than in these riots of the imagination in the unhappy king, whose mind was altogether prostrate before the cool and calculating intellect of Bolingbroke. But Johnson, quite in the Du Piles style, here says, "Shakspeare is very apt to deviate from the pathetic to the ridiculous. Had the speech of Richard ended at this line ('May hourly trample on their sovereign's head'), it had exhibited the natural language of submissive misery, conforming its intention to the present fortune, and calmly ending its purposes in death." Now, it is most certain that Shakspeare had no intention to exhibit "the natural language of submissive misery." Such a purpose would have been utterly foreign to the great ideal truth of his conception of Richard's character. Again, in the interview with the queen, when Richard says—

"Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,
And send the hearers weeping to their beds.
For why, the senseless brands will sympathize," &c.,—

Johnson observes, "The poet should have ended this speech with the foregoing line, and have spared his childish prattle about the fire." Mr. Monck Mason very innocently remarks upon this comment of Johnson, "This is certainly childish prattle, but it is of the same stamp with the other speeches of Richard after the landing of Bolingbroke, which are a strange medley of sense and puerility." Of course they are so. There are probably no passages of criticism upon Shakspeare that more forcibly point out to us, than these of Johnson and his followers do, the absurdity of trying a poet by laws which he had of purpose cast off and spurned. Had Johnson been applying his test of excellence to the conventional kings and heroes of the French stage, and of the English stage of his own day, he might have been nearer the truth. But Shakspeare undertook to show us, not only a

fallen king, but a fallen man. Richard stands before us in the nakedness of humanity, stripped of the artificial power which made his strength. The props are cut away upon which he leaned. He is,

"in shape and mind,
Transform'd and weaken'd,"—

humbled to the lot of the commonest slave, to

"feel want, taste grief,
Need friends."

This is the Richard of our poet. Is it not the Richard of history? We must trespass upon the patience of the reader while we run through the play, that we may properly note the dependence of its events upon its characters.

Froissart has given us the key to two of the most remarkable and seemingly opposite traits of Richard's mind—cunning and credulity. Speaking of his devising the death of his uncle of Gloster, Froissart says, "King Richard of England noted well these said words, the which was shewed him in secretness; and *like an imaginative prince as he was*, within a season after that his uncles of Lancaster and of York were departed out of the court, then the king took more hardiness on him." Lord Berners, the translator of Froissart, always uses "imaginative" in the sense of deviceful, crafty—following his original. As to the king's credulity, the same accurate observer, who knew the characters of his own days well, thus speaks:—"King Richard of England had a condition that if he loved a man, he would make him so great, and so near him, that it was marvel to consider, and no man durst speak to the contrary; and also *he would lightly believe sooner than any other king of remembrance before him*." Upon these historical truths is Shakspeare's Richard, in the first scenes of this drama,—the absolute Richard,—founded. But with what skill has Shakspeare indicated the evil parts of Richard's character—just as much as, and no more than, is sufficient to qualify our pity for his fall! We learn from Gaunt that Richard was the real cause of Gloster's death;—the matter is once mentioned, and there an end. We ourselves see his arbitrary bearing in the banishment of Bolingbroke and Norfolk; his moral cowardice in requiring an oath for his own safety from the two enemies that he was at that moment oppressing; his meanness in taunting Gaunt with his "party-verdict" as to his son's banishment; his levity in mitigating the sentence after it had been solemnly delivered. After this scene we have an exhibition of his cold-hearted rapacity in wishing for the death of Gaunt:—

"Now put it, heaven, in his physician's mind
To help him to his grave immediately!
The lining of his coffers shall make coats
To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars."

This prepares us for the just reproaches of his dying uncle, in the next act, when the dissembling king is moved from his craft to an exhibition of childish passion toward the stern but now powerless Gaunt, before whom he had trembled till he saw him on a death-bed. The

"make pale our cheek,"

was not a random expression. The king again speaks in this way when he hears of the defection of the Welsh under Salisbury:—

"Have I not reason to look pale and dead?"

Richard, who was of a ruddy complexion, exhibited in his cheeks the internal workings of fear or rage. This was a part of his weakness of character. The writer of the *Metrical History* twice notices the peculiarity. When the king received a defying message from the Irish chieftain, the French knight, who was present, says, "This speech was not agreeable to the king; it appeared to me that his face grew pale with anger." When he heard of the landing of Bolingbroke, the writer again says, "It seemed to me, that the king's face at this turned pale with anger." Richard's indignation at the reproaches of Gaunt is at once brutal and childish:—

"And let them die that age and sullens have."

Then comes the final act of despotism, which was to be his ruin :—

“ We do seize to us
The plate, coin, revenues, and moveables,
Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stand possess’d.”

He is amazed that York is indignant at this outrage. He is deaf to the prophetic denunciation—

“ You pluck a thousand dangers on your head.”

Still, Shakspeare keeps us from the point to which he might have led us, of unmitigated contempt towards Richard. To make us hate him was no part of his purpose. We know that the charges of the discontented nobles against him are just ;—we almost wish success to their enterprise ;—but we are most skilfully held back from discovering so much of Richard’s character as would have disqualified us from sympathising in his fall. It is highly probable, too, that Shakspeare abstained from painting the actual king as an object to be despised, while he stood as “ the symbolic, or representative, on which all genial law, no less than patriotism, depends.” The poet does not hesitate, when the time is past for reverencing the king, or compassionating the man, to speak of Richard, by the mouth of Henry IV., with that contempt which his weakness and his frivolities would naturally excite :—

“ The skipping king, he ambled up and down
With shallow jesters, and rash bavin wits,
Soon kindled and soon burn’d : carded his state ;
Mingled his royalty with capering fools ;
Had his great name profaned with their scorns ;
And gave his countenance, against his name,
To laugh at gibing boys,” &c.—*Henry IV.*, Part I.

There is nothing of this bitter satire put in the mouths of any of the speakers in Richard II. ; and the poetical reason for this appears obvious. Yet it is perfectly true, historically, that Richard “ carded his state,” by indiscriminately mixing with all sorts of favourites, who used the most degrading freedoms towards him.

Bolingbroke (then Henry IV.) thus describes himself to his son :—

“ And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,
And dress’d myself in such humility,
That I did pluck allegiance from men’s hearts,
Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
Even in the presence of the crowned king.”

The Bolingbroke who, in Henry IV., is thus retrospectively painted, is the Bolingbroke in action in Richard II. The king

“ Observ’d his courtship to the common people.”

When he returns from banishment, in arms against his unjust lord, he wins Northumberland by his powers of pleasing :—

“ And yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar.”

Mark, too, his professions to the “ gentle Percy :—

“ I count myself in nothing else so happy,
As in a soul remembering my good friends.”

When York accuses him of

“ Gross rebellion and detested treason,”

how temperate, and yet how convincing, is his defence ! York remains with him—he “ cannot mend it.” But Bolingbroke, with all his humility to his uncle, and all his courtesy to his friends, abates not a jot of his determination to be supreme. He announces this in no under-tones—he has no confidences about his ultimate intentions ; but we feel that he has determined to sit on the throne, even while he says—

“ I am a subject,
And challenge law.”

He is, in fact, the king when he consigns Bushy and Green to the scaffold. He speaks not as one of a council—he neither vindicates nor alludes to his authority. He addresses the victims as the one interpreter of the law, and he especially dwells upon his own personal wrongs :—

“ See them deliver’d over
To execution and the hand of death.”

Most skilfully does this violent and uncompromising exertion of authority prepare us for what is to come.

We are arrived at those wonderful scenes which, to our minds, may be classed amongst the very highest creations of art—even of the art of Shakspeare. “ Barkloughly Castle” is “ at hand.” Richard stands upon his “ kingdom once again.” Around him are armed bands ready to strip him of his crown and life. Does he step upon his “ earth” with the self-confiding port of one who will hold it against all foes ? The conventional dignity of the king cannot conceal the intellectual weakness of the man ; and we see that he must lose his “ gentle earth” for ever. His sensibility—his plastic imagination—his effeminacy, even when strongly moved to love or to hatred—his reliance upon his office more than his own head and heart—doom him to an overthrow. How surpassingly characteristic are the lines in which he addresses his “ earth” as if it were a thing of life—a favourite that he could honour and cherish—a friend that would adopt and cling to his cause—a partisan that could throw a shield over him, and defend him from his enemies !

“ So weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,
And do thee favour with my royal hands.
Feed not thy sovereign’s foe, my gentle earth,” &c.

He feels that this is a “ senseless conjuration ;” but when Aumerle ventures to say, “ We are too remiss,” he reproaches his “ discomfortable cousin,” by pointing out to him the heavenly aid that a king might expect. His is not the holy confidence of a high-minded chieftain, nor the pious submission of a humble believer. He, indeed, says—

“ For every man that Bolingbroke hath press’d
To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown,
God, for his Richard, hath in heavenly pay
A glorious angel.”

But when Salisbury announces that the “ Welshmen” are dispersed, Richard, in a moment, forgets the “ angels” who will guard the right. His cheek pales at the evil tidings. After a pause, and upon the exhortation of his friends, his “ sluggard majesty” awakes ;—the man still sleeps. How artificial and externally sustained is his confidence :—

“ Arm, arm, my name ! a puny subject strikes
At thy great glory. Look not to the ground,
Ye favourites of a king.”

Scroop arrives ; and Richard avows that he is prepared for the worst. His fortitude is but a passing support. He dissimulates with himself ; for, in an instant, he flies off into a burst of terrific passion at the supposed treachery of his minions. Aumerle, when their unhappy end is explained, like a man of sense casts about for other resources :—

“ Where is the duke, my father, with his power ?”

But Richard abandons himself to his despair, in that most solemn speech, which is at once so touching with reference to the speaker, and so profoundly true in its general application—

“ No matter where ; of comfort no man speak.”

His grief has now evaporated in words :—

“ This ague-fit of fear is over-blown ;
An easy task it is to win our own.
Say, Scroop, where lies our uncle with his power ?”

Scroop’s reply is decisive :—

“ Your uncle York hath join’d with Bolingbroke.”

Richard is positively relieved by knowing the climax of his misfortunes. The alternations of hope and fear were too much for his indecision. He is forced upon a course, and he is almost happy in his weakness :—

“ Beshrew thee, cousin, which didst lead me forth
Of that *sweet* way I was in to despair !
What say you now ? What comfort have we now ?
By heaven, I’ll hate him everlastingly
That bids me be of comfort any more.”

Shakspeare has painted indecision of character in Hamlet ; but what a difference is there between the indecision of Hamlet and of Richard !

The depth of Hamlet's philosophy engulfs his powers of action ;—the reflective strength of his intellect destroys the energy of his will :—Richard is irresolute and inert, abandoning himself to every new impression, because his faculties, though beautiful in parts, have no principle of cohesion ;—judgment, the key-stone of the arch, is wanting.

Bolingbroke is arrived before Flint Castle. Mr. Courtenay says, "By placing the negotiation with Northumberland at Flint, Shakspeare loses the opportunity of describing the disappointment of the king, when he found himself, on his progress to join Henry at Flint, a prisoner to Northumberland, who had concealed the force by which he was accompanied." * A Mr. Goodhall, of Manchester, in 1772, gave us a new Richard II., "altered from Shakspeare, and the style imitated." We are constrained to say that such criticism as we have extracted, and such imitations of style as that of Mr. Goodhall, are entirely on a par. Shakspeare wanted not the additional scene of Northumberland's treachery to eke out the story of Richard's fall. He was too sagacious to make an audience think that Richard might have surmounted his difficulties but for an accident. It was his business to show what was essentially true (though one episode of the truth might be wanting), that Bolingbroke was coming upon him with steps as certain as those of a rising tide towards the shivering tenant of a naked sea-rock. What was still more important, it was his aim to exhibit the overthrow of Richard and the upraising of Bolingbroke as the natural result of the collision of two such minds meeting in mortal conflict. The mighty physical force which Bolingbroke subdued to his purpose was called forth by his astute and foreseeing intellect: every movement of this wary chief—perhaps even from the hour when he resolved to appeal Norfolk—was a consequence from a calculated cause. On the other hand, Richard threw away every instrument of defence: the "one day too late," with which Salisbury reproaches him—which delay was the fruit of his personal weakness and vacillation—shows that it was impossible to save him. Had he escaped from Conway, after being reduced to the extremities of poverty and suffering, in company with a few wretched followers, he must have rushed, from his utter want of the ability to carry through a consistent plan, into the toils of Bolingbroke. Shakspeare, as we must repeat, painted events whilst he painted characters. Look at Bolingbroke's bearing when York reproaches Northumberland for not saying "*King Richard*;"—look at his decision when he learns that the king is at Flint ;—look at his subtlety in the message to the king :—

" Harry Bolingbroke
On both his knees doth kiss king Richard's hand."

Compare the affected humility of his professions with the real, though subdued, haughtiness of his threats :—

" If not, I'll use the advantage of my power."

He marches "without the noise of threat'ning drum;" but he marches as a conqueror upon an undefended citadel. On the one hand we have power without menaces; on the other, menaces without power. How loftily Richard asserts to Northumberland the terrors which are in store—the "armies of pestilence" which are to defend his "precious crown." But how submissively he replies to the message of Bolingbroke :—

" Thus the king returns—
His noble cousin is right welcome hither—
Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends."

Marvellously is the picture of the struggles of irresolution still coloured :—

" Shall we call back Northumberland, and send
Defiance to the traitor, and so die?"

Beautiful is the transition to his habitual weakness—to his extreme sensibility to evils, and the shadows of evils—to the consolation which finds relief in the exaggeration of its own sufferings, and in the

bewilderments of imagination which carry even the sense of suffering into the regions of fancy. We have already seen that this has been thought "deviating from the pathetic to the ridiculous." Be it so. We are content to accept this and similar passages in the character of Richard as exponents of that feeling which made him lie at the feet of Bolingbroke, fascinated as the bird at the eye of the serpent :—

" For do we must, what force will have us do."

This is the destiny of tragedy; but it is a destiny with foregoing causes—its seeds are sown in the varying constitution of the human mind; and thus it may be said, even without a contradiction, that a Bolingbroke governs destiny, a Richard yields to it.

We pass over the charming repose scene of the garden—in which the poet, who in this drama has avoided all dialogues of manners, brings in "old Adam's likeness," to show us how the vicissitudes of state are felt and understood by the practical philosophy of the humblest of the people. We pass over, too, the details of the quarrel scene in Westminster Hall, merely remarking that those who say, as Johnson has said, "This play is extracted from the Chronicle of Holinshed, in which many passages may be found which Shakspeare has, *with very little alteration*, transplanted into his scenes," would have done well to have printed the passages of the Chronicle and of the parallel scenes side by side. This scene is one to which the remark refers. Will our readers excuse us giving them half-a-dozen lines, as a specimen of this "very little alteration?"

HOLINSHED.

" The Lord Fitzwater herewith rose up, and said to the king, that where the Duke of Aumerle excuseth himself of the Duke of Gloucester's death, I say (quoth he) that he was the very cause of his death; and so he appealed him of treason, offering, by throwing down his hood as a gage, to prove it with his body."

SHAKSPEARE.

" If that thy valour stand on sympathies,
There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine:
By that fair sun which shows me where thou stand'st,
I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spak'st it,
That thou wert cause of noble Gloster's death.
If thou deny'st it, twenty times thou liest;
And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart,
Where it was forged, with my rapier's point."

We have long borne with these misrepresentations of what Shakspeare took from the Chronicles, and what Shakspeare took from Plutarch. The sculptor who gives us the highest conception of an individual, idealized into something higher than the actual man—(Roubilliac, for example, when he figured that sublime image of Newton, in which the upward eye, and the finger upon the prism, tell us of the great discoverer of the laws of gravity and of light)—the sculptor has to collect something from authentic records of the features, and of the character of the subject he has to represent. The Chronicles might, in the same way, give Shakspeare the general idea of his historical Englishmen, as Plutarch of his Romans. But it was for the poet to mould and fashion these outlines into the vital and imperishable shapes in which we find them. This is creation—not alteration.

Richard is again on the stage. Is there a jot in the *deposition scene* that is not perfectly true to his previous character? As to Bolingbroke's consistency there cannot be a doubt, even with the most hasty reader. The king's dallying with the resignation of the crown—the prolonged talk, to parry, as it were, the inevitable act,—the "ay, no; no, ay;"—the natural indignation at Northumberland's unnecessary harshness ;—the exquisite tenderness of self-shrinking abasement, running off into poetry, "too deep for tears:"—

" O, that I were a mockery king of snow,
Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke,
To melt myself away in water drops;"—

and, lastly, the calling for the mirror, and the real explanation of all his apparent affectation of disquietude :—

* Shakspeare's Historical Plays historically considered.

"These external manners of lament,
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief
That swells with silence in the tortur'd soul:"—

who but Shakspeare could have given us these wonderful tints of one human mind—so varying and yet so harmonious—so forcible and yet so delicate—without being betrayed into something different from his own unity of conception? In the *parting scene* with the queen we have still the same unerring consistency. We are told that "the interview of separation between her and her wretched husband is remarkable for its poverty and tameness."* The poet who wrote the parting scene between Juliet and her Montague had, we presume, the command of his instruments; and though, taken separately from what is around them, there may be differences in the degree of beauty in these parting scenes, they are each *dramatically* beautiful, in the highest sense of the term. Shakspeare never went from his proper path to produce a beauty that was out of place. And yet who can read these lines, and dare to talk of "poverty and tameness?"

"In winter's tedious nights, sit by the fire
With good old folks, and let them tell thee tales
Of woeful ages long ago betid;
And, ere thou bid good night, to quit their griefs,
Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,
And send the hearers weeping to their beds."

We are told, as we have already noticed, that this speech ends with "childish prattle." Remember, Richard II. is speaking.—Lastly, we come to the *prison scene*. The soliloquy is Richard all over. There is not a sentence in it that does not tell of a mind deeply reflective in its misfortunes, but wanting the guide to all sound reflection—the power of going out of himself, under the conduct of a loftier reason than could endure to dwell upon the merely personal. His *self-consciousness* (to use the word in a German sense) intensifies, but lowers, every thought. And then the beautiful little episode of

Roan Barbary," and Richard's all-absorbing application to himself of the story of the "poor groom of the stable." Froissart tells a tale how Richard was "forsaken by his favourite greyhound, which fawns on the earl." The quaint historian, as well as the great dramatist who transfused the incident, knew the avenues to the human heart. Steevens thinks the story of Roan Barbary might have been of Shakspeare's own invention, but informs us that "Froissart relates *a yet more silly tale!*" Even to the death, Richard is historically as well as poetically true. His sudden valour is shown as the consequence of passionate excitement. The prose manuscript in the library of the King of France, to which we have alluded in the Historical Illustrations, exhibits a somewhat similar scene, when Lancaster, York, Aumerle, and others went to him in the Tower, to confer upon his resignation:—"The king, in great wrath, walked about the room; and at length broke out into passionate exclamations and appeals to heaven; called them false traitors, and offered to fight any four of them." The Chronicles which Shakspeare might consult were somewhat meagre, and might gain much by the addition of the records of this eventful reign which modern researches have discovered. If we compare *every* account, we must say that the Richard II. of Shakspeare is rigidly the true Richard. The poet is the truest historian in all that belongs to the higher attributes of history.

But with this surpassing dramatic truth in the Richard II., perhaps, after all, the most wonderful thing in the whole play—that which makes it so exclusively and entirely Shaksperian—is the evolvment of the truth under the poetical form. The character of Richard, especially, is entirely subordinated to the poetical conception of it;—to something higher than the historical propriety, yet including all that historical propriety, and calling it forth under the most striking aspects. All the vacillations and weaknesses of the king, in the hands of an artist like Shakspeare, are reproduced with the most natural and vivid colours, so as to display their own characteristic effects, in combination with the principle of poetical beauty, which carries them into a higher region than the perfect command over the elements of strong individualization could alone produce. For example, when Richard says—

"O, that I were a mockery king of snow,
Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke!"—

we see in a moment how this speech belongs to the shrinking and overpowered mind of the timid voluptuary, who could form no notion of power, apart from its external supports. But then, separated from the character, how exquisitely beautiful is it in itself! Byron, in his finest drama of "Sardanapalus," has given us an entirely different conception of a voluptuary overpowered by misfortune; and though he has said, speaking of his ideal of his own dramatic poem—"You will find all this very *unlike* Shakspeare, and so much the better in one sense, for I look upon him to be the worst of models, though the most extraordinary of writers"—it is to us very doubtful if "Sardanapalus" would have been written, had not the Richard II. of Shakspeare offered the temptation to pull the bow of Ulysses in the direction of another mark. The characters exhibit very remarkable contrasts. Sardanapalus becomes a hero when the king is in danger; Richard, when the sceptre is struck out of his hands, forgets that his ancestors won the sceptre by the sword. The one is the sensualist of misdirected native energy, who casts off his sensuality when the passion for enjoyment is swallowed up in the higher excitement of rash and sudden daring; the other is the sensualist of artificial power, whose luxury consists in pomp without enjoyment, and who loses the sense of gratification when the factitious supports of his pride are cut away from him. Richard, who should have been a troubadour, has become a weak and irresolute voluptuary through the corruptions of a throne;—Sardanapalus, who might have been a conqueror, retains a natural heroism that a throne cannot wholly corrupt. But here we stop. "Sardanapalus" is a beautiful poem, but the characters, and especially the chief character, come before us as something shadowy, and not of earth. Richard II. possesses all the higher attributes of poetry, but the characters, and especially the leading character, are of flesh and blood like ourselves.

And why is it, when we have looked beneath the surface at this matchless poetical delineation of Richard, and find the absolute king capricious, rapacious, cunning,—and the fallen king irresolute, effeminate, intellectually prostrate,—why is it, when we see that our Shakspeare herein never intended to present to us the image of "a good man struggling with adversity," and conceived a being the farthest removed from the ideal that another mighty poet proposed to himself as an example of heroism, when he described his own fortitude—

"I argue not
Against heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope, but still bear up and steer
Right onward"—

why is it that Richard II. still commands our tears—even our sympathies? It is this:—His very infirmities make him creep into our affections—for they are so nearly allied to the beautiful parts of his character, that, if the little leaven had been absent, he might have been a ruler to kneel before, and a man to love. We see, then, how thin is the partition between the highest and the lowliest parts of our nature; and we love Richard even for his faults, for they are those of our common humanity. Inferior poets might have given us Bolingbroke the lordly tyrant, and Richard the fallen hero. We might have had the struggle for the kingdom painted with all the glowing colours with which, according to the authorities which once governed opinion, a poet was bound to represent the crimes of an usurper and the virtues of a legitimate king; or, if the poet had despised the usual current of authority, he might have made the usurper one who had cast aside all selfish and unpatriotic principles, and the legitimate king an unmitigated oppressor, whose fall would have been hailed as the triumph of injured humanity. Impartial Shakspeare! How many of the deepest lessons of toleration and justice have we not learned from thy wisdom, in combination with thy power! If the power of thy poetry could have been separated from the truth of thy philosophy, how much would the world have still wanted to help it forward in the course of gentleness and peace!

* Skottowe's Life of Shakspeare, vol. i. p. 141.

KING HENRY IV

PART I.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

PARTS I. AND II.

STATE OF THE TEXT, AND CHRONOLOGY, OF KING HENRY IV.

THE first edition of Henry IV., Part I., appeared in 1598, under the following title:—"The History of Henrie the Fourth; with the Battell at Shrewsburie, betweene the King and Lord Henry Percy, surnamed Henrie Hotspur of the North. With the Humourous Conceits of Sir John Falstafle. Printed by P. S. for Andrew Wise." Five other editions were printed before the folio of 1623. In the second edition of 1599 *Falstafle* is put for *Falstafle*. The first edition of Henry IV., Part II., appeared in 1600, under the following title:—"The Second Part of Henrie the Fourth, continuing to his Death, and Coronation of Henry the Fifth. With the Humours of Sir John Falstafle, and swaggering Pistoll. As it hath been sundrie times publikely acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his Servants. Written by William Shakspeare. Printed by V. S. for Andrew Wise and William Aspley." Another edition was issued the same year, by the same publishers, for the purpose of supplying the omission of the first scene of the third act. No subsequent edition appeared till the folio of 1623. The text of the folio, from which we print, does not materially differ from the original quartos in the First Part. In the Second Part there are large additions, and those some very important passages, in the folio. In both parts not a few of the expressions which were thought profane, especially some of the ejaculations of Falstaff, have, in the folio, been softened or expunged. We do not think that the wit has been in the slightest degree injured by this process. This class of variations we have not deemed it necessary to point out in detail; but all other material differences between the quartos and the folio are indicated in our foot-notes.

The First Part of King Henry IV. was entered in the books of the Stationers' Company in 1597. Chalmers, for several reasons which we think altogether unimportant, believes it to have been written in 1596. The Second Part was entered in the Stationers' books in 1600. Francis Meres, in 1598, enumerated Henry IV. amongst Shakspeare's tragedies. He might, or he might not, have referred to both parts. The Second Part was probably written in 1598; for the following passage is found in Ben Jonson's "Every Man out of his Humour," first acted in 1599:—

"*Savi.* What's he, gentle Mons. Brisk? Not that gentleman.
Fast. No lady; this is a kinsman to *Justice Silence*."

SOURCES OF THE "HISTORY" OF HENRY IV.

Dr. Johnson has correctly remarked that Shakspeare "apparently designed a regular connection of these dramatic histories, from Richard the Second to Henry the Fifth;" and he further says, "These two plays (Henry IV., the First and Second Parts) 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." This essential connection of the two parts renders it necessary that our Introductory Notice should embrace both plays, and that the same principle should also govern our Supplementary Notice.

Shakspeare, indeed, found the stage in possession of a rude drama, "The Famous Victories of Henry V.," upon the foundation of which he constructed not only his two parts of Henry IV., but his Henry V. That old play was acted prior to 1588; Tarleton, a celebrated comic actor who played the Clown in it, having died in that year. It was entered on the Stationers' books in 1594, and was performed by Henslowe's company in 1595. Mr. Collier thinks it was written soon after 1580. It is, in many respects, satisfactory that this very extraordinary performance has been preserved. None of the old dramas exhibit in a more striking light the marvellous reformation which Shakspeare, more than all his contemporaries, produced in the dramatic amusements of the age of Elizabeth. We have shown how immeasurably superior the King John of our poet is to the King John of 1591, upon which it was founded. But even that play, feeble and coarse as it is, is of a far higher character, as a work of art, than "The Famous Victories of Henry V.," of which the comic parts are low buffoonery, without the slightest wit, and the tragic monotonous stupidity, without a particle of poetry. And yet Shakspeare built upon this thing, and for a very satisfactory reason—the people were familiar with it. It is highly probable that in many more cases than we are acquainted with, Shakspeare adopted the same principle. A gentleman whose name, were we at liberty to publish it, would stamp the highest value upon his opinions, writes to us, "I begin to doubt whether we have a single play that is altogether by that master-hand." In the instance of "The Famous Victories" some improvements might have been made upon the original when it was acted in 1595; for it seems almost impossible that an audience which was then familiar with Shakspeare could have tolerated such a mass of ribaldry and dulness. We can, however, only judge of Shakspeare's obligations to that play from the copy which has come down to us. By examining this old play somewhat in detail, we shall have an opportunity of touching upon several controverted points, such as the historical truth of Shakspeare's delineation of Prince Henry, and the supposed originals of his character of Falstaff.

In "The Famous Victories" we are introduced to the "young prince" in the opening scene. His companions are "Ned," "Tom," and "Sir John Oldcastle," who bears the familiar name of "Jockey." They have been committing a robbery upon the king's receivers; and Jockey informs the prince that his (the prince's) man has robbed a poor carrier. The plunder of the receivers amounts to a thousand pounds; and the prince worthily says, "As I am a true gentleman I will have the half of this spent to-night." He shows his gentility by calling the receivers villains and rascals. The royal amusements in the old tavern in Eastcheap are thus described by a boy of the tavern:—"This night, about two hours ago, there came the young prince, and three or four more of his companions, and called for wine good store, and then they sent for a noise of musicians, and were very merry for the space of an hour: then, whether their music liked them or not, or whether they had drunk too much wine or no, I cannot tell, but our pots flew against the walls, and then they drew their swords, and went into the streets

and fought, and some took one part, and some took another." The prince is sent to the "counter" by the Lord Mayor. "Gadshill," the prince's man, who robbed the carrier, is taken before the Lord Chief Justice; and the young prince, who seems to have got out of the counter as suddenly as he got in, rescues the thief, after the following fashion:—

Henry. Why then belike you mean to hang my man.

Judge. I am sorry that it falls out so.

Henry. Why, my Lord, I pray ye who am I?

Judge. An please your Grace, you are my lord the young Prince, our King that shall be after the decease of our Sovereign Lord King Henry the Fourth, whom God grant long to reign.

Henry. You say true, my Lord: And you will hang my man.

Judge. An like your Grace, I must needs do justice.

Henry. Tell me, my Lord, shall I have my man?

Judge. I cannot, my Lord.

Henry. But will you not let him go?

Judge. I am sorry that his case is too ill.

Henry. Tush, case me no casings, shall I have my man?

Judge. I cannot, nor I may not, my Lord.

Henry. Nay, and I shall not, say, and then I am answered.

Judge. No.

Henry. No, then I will have him.

[*He gives him a box on the ear.*]

Ned. Gog's wounds, my Lord, shall I cut off his head?"

The scene ends with the Chief Justice committing Henry to the Fleet. In a subsequent scene with Oldcastle, Ned, and Tom, we have a passage which has evidently suggested a part of the dialogue betwixt the prince and Falstaff.

FAMOUS VICTORIES.

Henry. Here's such ado now-a-days, here's prisoning, here's hanging, whipping, and the devil and all: but I tell you, sirs, when I am king, we will have no such thing, but, my lads, if the old king my father were dead, we would be all kings.

Oldcastle. He is a good old man. God take him to his mercy the sooner.

Henry. But Ned, so soon as I am king, the first thing I will do, shall be to put my Lord Chief Justice out of office, and thou shalt be my Lord Chief Justice of England.

Ned. Shall I be Lord Chief Justice? By Gog's wounds I'll be the bravest Lord Chief Justice that ever was in England."

SHAKSPERE'S HENRY IV.

Falst. I pr'ythee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king? and resolution thus fobbed as it is with the rusty curb of old father antic the law? Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief.

Henry. No, thou shalt.

Falst. Shall I? O rare, I'll be a brave judge."

The ruffian prince of the old play goes on in the same low strain:—"That fellow that will stand by the way side courageously, with his sword and buckler, and take a purse,—that fellow, give him commendations." "But whither are ye going now?" quoth Ned. "To the court," answers the true gentleman of a prince, "For I hear say my father lies very sick. The breath shall be no sooner out of his mouth but I will clap the crown on my head." To the court he goes, and there the bully becomes a hypocrite. "Ah, Harry, now thrice unhappy Harry. But what shall I do? I will go take me to some solitary place, and there lament my sinful life, and when I have done I will lay me down and die." The great scene in the Second Part of Henry IV.,—

"I never thought to hear you speak again,"—

is founded, probably, upon a passage in Holinshed; but there is a similar scene in "The Famous Victories." It is, perhaps, the highest attempt in the whole play. The blank verse of this old play is blank verse only to the eye.

And now that we have seen what the popular notion of the conqueror of Agincourt was at the period when Shakspeare began to write, and perhaps, indeed, up to the time when he gave us his own idea of Henry of Monmouth; when we have seen that, for some ten years at least, the Henry of the stage was an ill-bred, unredeemed blackguard, without a single sparkle of a "better hope," surrounded by companions of the very lowest habits, thieves and cut-throats; when we see him, not seduced from the gravity of his station by an irrepressible love of fun, kept alive by the wit of his principal

associate, but given up only to drinking and debauchery, to throwing of pots, and brawls in the streets; when we see not a single gleam of that "sun,"

"Who doth permit the base contagious clouds,
To smother up his beauty from the world;"

and when we know that nearly all the historians, up to the time of Shakspeare, took pretty much the same view of Henry's character—we may, perhaps, be astonished to be told that Shakspeare's fascinating representation of Henry of Monmouth, "as an historical portrait, is not only unlike the original, but misleading and unjust in essential points of character." * Misleading and unjust! We admire, and even honour Mr. Tyler's enthusiasm in the vindication of his favourite hero from every charge of early impurity. In the nature of things it was impossible that Henry of Monmouth—in many particulars so far above his age in literature, in accomplishments, in real magnanimity of character—should have been the low profligate which nearly all the ancient historians represent him to have been. But Mr. Tyler, instead of blaming Shakspeare for the view which he took of Henry's character;—instead of calling upon us "to allow it no weight in the scale of evidence;"—instead of informing us that the poet's descriptions are "wholly untenable when tested by facts, and irreconcilable with what history places beyond doubt;"—instead of attempting to shake our belief in Shakspeare's general truth by minute comparisons of particular passages with real dates, trying the poet by a test altogether out of the province of poetry;—instead of telling us that the great dramatist's imagination worked "only on the vague traditions of a sudden change for the better in the prince, immediately on his accession;"—instead of all this, Mr. Tyler ought to have called our attention to the fact that Shakspeare was the *only* man of his age who rejected the imperfect evidence of all the historians as to the character of Henry of Monmouth, and nobly vindicated him even from his own biographers, and, what was of more importance, from the coarser traditions embodied in a popular drama of Shakspeare's own day. It is not our business to enter into a discussion whether the early life of Henry was entirely blameless, as Mr. Tyler would prove. This is a question which, as far as an editor of Shakspeare is concerned, may be classed with a somewhat similar question of the character of Richard III., as argued in Walpole's "Historic Doubts." But the real question for us to consider is this,—what were the opinions of all the historians up to Shakspeare's own time? Mr. Tyler himself says, "Before Shakspeare's day, the reports adopted by our historiographers had fully justified him in his representations of Henry's early courses." But we contend that Shakspeare did *not* rest upon the historiographers;—he did *not* give credence to the vulgar traditions;—he did *not* believe in the story of Henry's sudden conversion;—he did *not* make him the low profligate of the old play, or of the older Chronicles. We are very much accustomed to say, speaking of Shakspeare's historical plays, that he follows Holinshed. He does so, indeed, when the truth of the historian is not incompatible with the higher poetical truth of his own conceptions. Now, what says Holinshed about Henry V.? "After that he was invested king, and had received the crown, he determined with himself to put upon him the shape of a new man—turning insolency and wildness into gravity and soberness. And whereas he had passed his youth in wanton pastime and riotous disorder, with a sort of misgoverned mates, and unthrifty play-feers, he now banished them from his presence." Holinshed wrote this in 1577; but did he invent this character? Thomas Elmham, a contemporary of Henry V., who wrote his life, distinctly tells us of his passing the bounds of modesty, and, "when not engaged in military exercises, he also indulged in other excesses, which unrestrained youth is apt to fall into." Of Henry's sudden conversion this author also tells the story; and he dates it from his father's death-bed. Otterburn, another contemporary of Henry, gives us also the story of his sudden conversion:—"Repenté mutatus est in virum alterum."

* Henry of Monmouth, by J. Endell Tyler, B.D., vol. i. p. 356.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

Hardyng, another contemporary, and an adherent of the house of Lancaster, says—

“The hour he was crowned and anoint
He changed was of all his old condition;”

or, as he says in the argument to this chapter of his Chronicle, “he was changed from all vices, unto virtuous life.” Walsingham, a fourth contemporary, speaking of a heavy fall of snow on the 9th of April, the day of his coronation, says “that some interpreted this unseasonable weather to be a happy omen; as if he would cause the snow and frost of vices to fall away in his reign, and the serene fruit of virtues to spring up. That it might be truly said by his subjects, ‘Lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone.’ Who, indeed, as soon as he was invested with the ensigns of royalty, was suddenly changed into a new man, behaving with propriety, modesty and gravity, and shewing a desire to practise every kind of virtue.” There is a ballad of Henry IV.’s time addressed to Prince Henry and his brothers, to dissuade them from spending time in “youthed folly.” Caxton, who wrote in the time of Edward IV., says, “Here is to be noted that the King Henry V. was a noble prince after he was king and crowned; howbeit before in his youth he had been wild, reckless, and spared nothing of his lusts nor desires, but accomplished them after his liking.” Fabyan is even more severe:—“This man before the death of his father applied himself to all vice and insolency.” The story of Henry insulting the Lord Chief Justice, and being by him committed to prison, was first told by Sir Thomas Elyot, in 1534, in his book entitled “The Governor;” and he sets out by saying, “The most renowned Prince Henry V., late King of England, during the life of his father, was noted to be fierce and of wanton courage.” His servant, according to this story, was arraigned for felony, and the prince, “incensed by light persons about him, in furious rage came hastily to the bar.” According to Sir Thomas Elyot, the prince did not strike the judge; but “being set all in a fury, all chafed, in a terrible manner came up to the place of judgment, men thinking that he would have slain the judge.” Holinshed makes the blow to have been inflicted. Stow, whose Chronicle was published in 1580, gives us a much more natural version of the prince’s robberies than that of the old play: he makes them to have been wanton frolics, followed by restitution. Lastly, Hall collects and repeats all the charges against Henry of the earlier historians. In a word, there is not one solitary writer up to the time of Shakspeare that entertained any doubt that

“His addiction was to courses vain;
His companies unletter’d, rude, and shallow;
His hours fill’d up with riots, banquets, sports.”

This passage in Henry V., which is introduced by the Archbishop to heighten his praises of the king by contrast with his former state, is the severest passage which Shakspeare has against the early character of the prince. It is stronger than his father’s reproof in the third act of the First Part. But where is the “insolency” of Holinshed—the “all vices” of Hardyng—the “spared nothing of his lusts and desires” of Caxton? Let it be observed, too, how careful Shakspeare has been to make the common tradition of Henry’s almost miraculous conversion rest only upon the opinion of others. The Archbishop indeed says—

“Never Hydra-headed wilfulness
So soon did lose his seat, and all at once,
As in this king.”

But the prince, in the very first scene in which he appears, thus apostrophizes his companions:—

“I know you all, and will awhile uphold
The unyok’d humour of your idleness.”

Even in the Richard II., when Henry IV. speaks of his “unthrifty son,” we are prepared, not for the coarse profligate of the old play, but for a high-couraged and reckless boy, offending in the very wantonness of his hot blood, which despises conventional forms and opinions:—

“As dissolute as desperate; yet, through both,
I see some sparkles of a better hope.”

But it is not from the representations of others that we must form our opinion of the character of the Prince of Shakspeare. He is, indeed, the “mad-cap Prince of Wales,”

“that daff’d the world aside,”

but he is not the “sword and buckler Prince of Wales,” that Hotspur would have “poison’d with a pot of ale.” He is a gentleman; a companion, indeed, of loose revellers, but one who infinitely prefers the excitement of their wit to their dissipation. How graceful too, and how utterly devoid of meanness and hypocrisy, is his apology to his father for his faults! How gallantly he passes from the revels at the Boar’s Head to the preparations for the battle-field! How just are his praises of Hotspur! How modest his challenge!

“I have a truant been to chivalry.”

What a key to his real kindness of heart and good nature is his apostrophe to Falstaff!

“Poor Jack, farewell!
I could have better spar’d a better man!”

How magnanimous is his pleading for the life of the Douglas! Never throughout the two plays is there a single expression of unfilial feeling towards his father. “My heart bleeds inwardly,” says the Prince of Shakspeare, “that my father is so sick.” The low profligate of the old play says, “I stand upon thorns till the crown be on my head.” The king’s description of his son in Shakspeare is truly in accordance with the poet’s delineation of his character:—

“He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day for melting charity;
Yet notwithstanding, being incens’d, he’s flint;
As humorous as winter.”

And yet, according to Mr. Tyler, Shakspeare has done injustice to Henry of Monmouth. When in Richard II. Bolingbroke speaks of his “unthrifty son,” Mr. Tyler informs us that the boy was only twelve years and a half old. “*At the very time*,” says Mr. Tyler, “when, according to the poet’s representation, Henry IV. uttered this lamentation (Part I. Act I. Scene I.) expressive of deep present sorrow at the reckless misdoings of his son, and of anticipations of worse, that very son was doing his duty valiantly and mercifully in Wales.” Again, according to Mr. Tyler, the noble scene between Henry and his father in the third act of the First Part was not the real truth—*Henry was not then in London*; and from a letter of Henry to his council we find that the king had received “most satisfactory accounts of this very dear and well-beloved son the prince, which gave him very great pleasure.” Mr. Tyler remarks upon this letter, “It is as though history were designed on set purpose, and by especial commission, to counteract the bewitching fictions of the poet.” For our own parts we have a love of Henry, as Shakspeare evidently himself had; but we have derived that love more from “the bewitching fictions” of the poet than from what we learn from history apart from the poet. With every respect for Mr. Tyler’s excellent intentions, we are inclined to think that Shakspeare has elevated the character of Henry, not only far above the calumnies of the old chroniclers, which, we believe, were gross exaggerations, but has painted him much more amiable, and just, and merciful than we find him in the original documents which Mr. Tyler has rendered popular. Mr. Tyler has printed a letter of Prince Henry to the council, written in 1401, and describing his proceedings in Wales against Owen Glendower. It contains the following passages:—
“So we caused the whole place to be set on fire, and many other houses around it, belonging to his tenants. And then we went straight to his other place there we burnt a fine lodge in his park, and the whole country round. And certain of our people sallied forth, and took a gentleman of high degree he was put to death; and several of his companions, who were taken the same day, met with the same fate. We then

proceeded to the commote of Edionyon, in Merionethshire, and there laid waste a fine and populous country." Our tastes may be wrong; but we would rather hold in our affections "the mad-cap Prince of Wales" at the Boar's Head, "of all humours, that have showed themselves humours, since the old days of goodman Adam," than adulterate the poetical idea with the documentary history of a precocious boy, burning, wasting, and slaying; or, as Mr. Tyler says, "doing his duty valiantly." There is sometimes a higher truth even than documentary truth. The burnings and slayings of Henry of Monmouth must be judged of according to the spirit of his age. Had the great dramatist represented these things, he would, indeed, have done injustice to Henry in his individual character. We believe that he most wisely vindicated his hero from the written and traditionary calumnies that had gathered round his name, not by showing him, as he did Prince John of Lancaster, a "sober-blooded boy," but by divesting his dissipation of the grossness which up to his time had surrounded it; and by exhibiting the misdirected energy of an acute and active mind, instead of the violent excesses and the fierce passions that had anciently been attributed to him. The praiseworthy attempt of Mr. Tyler to prove that there was no solid historical ground for Henry's early profligacy is founded upon a very ingenious treatise, full of antiquarian research, by Mr. Alexander Luders.* That gentleman, as it appears to us, has left the question pretty much where he found it. He has, however, taken a right view of what our poet did for the character of Henry:—"Shakspeare seemed to struggle against believing the current stories of misconduct as much as he could, that he might not let the prince down to their level."

In the play of "The Famous Victories of Henry V." we have, as already mentioned, the character of "Sir John Oldcastle." This personage, like all the other companions of the prince in that play, is a low, worthless fellow, without a single spark of wit or humour to relieve his grovelling profligacy. But he is also a very insignificant character, with less stage business than even "Ned" and "Tom." Derieke, the clown, is, indeed, the leading character throughout this play. Altogether, Oldcastle has only thirty lines put in his mouth in the whole piece. We have no allusion to his being fat; we hear nothing of his gluttony. Malone, however, calls this Sir John Oldcastle "a pampered glutton." The question which we have here to consider is, whether this Oldcastle, or Jockey, suggested to Shakspeare his Falstaff. We cannot discover the very slightest similarity, although Malone, with less caution than usual, decidedly says, "Shakspeare appears evidently to have caught the idea of the character of Falstaff from a wretched play, entitled *The Famous Victories of King Henry V.*" But Malone is arguing for the support of a favourite theory. Rowe has noticed a tradition that Falstaff was written originally under the name of Oldcastle. This opinion would receive some confirmation from the fact that Shakspeare has transferred other names from the old play, Ned, Gadshill,—and why not, then, Oldcastle? The prince in one place calls Falstaff "my old lad of the castle;" but this may be otherwise explained. The Sir John Oldcastle of history, Lord Cobham, was, as is well known, one of the most strenuous supporters of the Reformation of Wickliffe; and hence it has been argued that the original name of Shakspeare's fat knight was offensive to zealous Protestants in the time of Elizabeth, and was accordingly changed to that of Falstaff. Malone holds a contrary opinion to this belief, and prefers to make Shakspeare catch the idea of the character of Falstaff from the old play, instead of holding that he took the name alone. We are inclined to think, with Ritson, that Shakspeare took the name without receiving the slightest hint of the character. In our opinion there was either another play besides "The Famous Victories" in which the name of Oldcastle was introduced, or the remarks of contemporary writers applied to Shakspeare's Falstaff, who had originally borne the name of Oldcastle. The following passage is from Fuller's "Church History:"—"Stage

poets have themselves been very bold with, and others very merry at, the memory of Sir John Oldcastle, whom they have fancied a boon companion, a jovial royster, and a coward to boot. The best is, Sir John Falstaff hath relieved the memory of Sir John Oldcastle, and of late is substituted buffoon in his place." This description of Fuller cannot apply to the Sir John Oldcastle of "The Famous Victories." The dull dog of that play is neither a jovial companion, nor a coward to boot. The prologue to the old play of "Sir John Oldcastle," printed in 1600, has these lines:—

"It is no pamp'rd glutton we present,
Nor aged counsellor to youthful sin,
But one whose virtue shone above the rest,
A valiant martyr, and a virtuous peer."

Whether or not Shakspeare's Falstaff was originally called Oldcastle, he was, after the character was fairly established as Falstaff, anxious to vindicate himself from the charge that he had attempted to represent the Oldcastle of history. In the epilogue to the Second Part of Henry IV. we find this passage:—"For anything 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." It is remarkable, however, that as late as 1611, or perhaps later, in a comedy by Nathaniel Field, called "Amends for Ladies," Falstaff's description of honour is mentioned by one of the characters as if it had been delivered by Sir John Oldcastle.

But another controversy has arisen out of the substitution of Falstaff for Oldcastle. Fuller is once more the complainant against Shakspeare. In his "Worthies," speaking of Sir John Fastolff, he says, "The stage has been over bold with his memory, making him a Thrasonical puff, and emblem of mock valour.—True it is, Sir John Oldcastle did first bear the brunt of the one, being made the makesport in all plays for a coward. Now as I am glad that Sir John Oldcastle is put out, so I am sorry that Sir John Fastolfe is put in.

Nor is our comedian excusable by some alteration of his name, writing him Sir John Falstafe (and making him the property and pleasure of King Henry V. to abuse), seeing the vicinity of sounds intrench on the memory of that worthy knight." The charge against Shakspeare of libelling the memory of Sir John Fastolff is repeated by other writers, as we find in a very curious note under the article Fastolff in Kippis's edition of the "Biographia Britannica." Our readers, who are perhaps already weary of the subject, will be satisfied with the following very sensible remarks of Oldys, the writer of that note:—

"Upon whom does the horsing of a dead corpse on Falstaff's back reflect? whose honour suffers, in his being forced by the unexpected surprise of his armed plunderers to surrender his treasure? whose policy is impeached by his creeping into a bucking-basket to avoid the storms of a jealous husband? whose reputation suffers by his being buffeted in the disguise of an old witch, or fortune-teller, of Brentford? or whose valour is to be called in question, because he cannot avoid being tormented by a swarm of little fairies in Windsor Forest? If the good name of Fastolff, or any other man of honour, had ever been maliciously doomed to be sacrificed to durable disgrace or exposure in the character of Falstaff, it would have been founded upon some important, some significant transactions, some instances of flagitious and irreputable misconduct, not such odd, droll, inconsiderable circumstances as these, the harmless issue of pleasant wit and humour, or delightful union of nature and fancy; all so visibly devised of the comic strain, so designed only for innocent merriment and diversion, without any personal reflection on this great man, or any other, that we believe there is no real character to be read of in all history, that can be justly disparaged by any application, discernibly intended, of this imaginary one in poetry."

COSTUME.

The fashions of the reign of Richard II. underwent little if any variation during that of Henry IV., as our descriptions of the monumental effigies and other portraits of the principal historical personages introduced in the two parts of this play will show.

To begin with the king. The effigy of Henry in Canterbury Cathedral is one of the most magnificent of the series of royal monuments. The king is represented in his robes of state, consisting of a long tunic, with pocket-holes richly embroidered, as are also the

* An Essay on the Character of Henry V. when Prince of Wales. 1813.
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borders of the sleeves. Over his shoulders is a cape which descends in front low enough to cover the girdle. The inner tunic has a rolling collar sitting close up into the neck. The mantle, with a broad edging of embroidery, is connected not only by cords and tassels, but by a splendidly jewelled band, passing over the chest. The face has beard and moustaches, but no hair is visible on the head, it being cropped all round excessively short—a fashion which commenced towards the close of this reign. The crown is very large and most tastefully ornamented, and may have been a faithful representation of the "great Harry Crown," which was broken up by Henry V., and pawned in pieces, A.D. 1415, to raise moneys for the expenses of the French war.

Of Henry Prince of Wales there is a representation in a copy of Occleve's Poems in the Royal Collection, Brit. Mus., marked 17 D 6, in which the poet is depicted presenting a copy of his "Regimine Principis" to the prince, who is dressed in a pink robe, and wears a peculiarly shaped coronet on his head; and another in a painting by Vertue, copied from some other illuminated MS. of Occleve's Poems, also representing that poet offering a book to the prince. This painting was formerly in the possession of Mr. Douce, whose splendid collection of prints, drawings, MSS., &c., went to the Bodleian Library at Oxford. The prince is therein habited in a long blue robe, with the extravagantly long sweeping sleeves of the period, lined with ermine, and scalloped at the edges. His coronet is without the high pinnacles which distinguish it in the former representation.

The decoration of the collar SS. first appears during this reign; but of the derivation we have still no precise information. The most plausible conjecture is that it was formed of the repetition of the initial letter of Henry IV.'s word or device, "Souveraine;" which appears also to have been that of his father, John of Gaunt. The collar of Esses is seen round the neck of Joan of Navarre, Henry's queen, who lies beside him at Canterbury; and the canopy of the monument is powdered with the letter S, intermingled with the eagle volant and crowned, which in this reign was usually appended to the collar of SS. That of Queen Joan had formerly such a pendant, but it is now broken off. A great gold collar, called of Ilkington, is mentioned, in Rymer's "Foedera," as having been a personal jewel of Henry V. while Prince of Wales. It was richly adorned with rubies, sapphires, and pearls, and pawned for £500 to the Bishop of Wor-

cester in 1415. To the prince also belonged a sword, the sheath of which was garnished with ostrich feathers, in goldsmith's work, or embroidery. Such dresses and decorations would, of course, be worn by Prince Henry only on state occasions. In his revels at the Boar's Head he would wear only the dress of a private gentleman; and for the general dress of the time the best authorities are the illuminations in the MSS. marked Digby, 283, in the Bodleian Lib. Oxford, and No. 2332 in the Harleian Collect. Brit. Mus., which latter is a curious little calendar of the year 1411, every month being headed with the representation of a personage following some occupation or amusement indicative of its peculiarities, and affording a most authentic specimen of the habits of the period.

Of Prince John of Lancaster we know no representation until after he became Duke of Bedford. Nor are we aware of any portrait of Thomas Duke of Clarence or Prince Humphrey of Gloster at this period. In Staindrop Church, Durham, there is an effigy of the Earl of Westmoreland in complete armour, which may be regarded as a type of the military costume of this reign. The bascinet is ornamented with a splendid border and fillet of goldsmith's work and jewellery; the jupon emblazoned with the arms of Neville, confined over the hips by an equally magnificent military girdle. With the difference of the armorial bearings, such would be the appointments of every knight in the field, from the sovereign downwards, the king's bascinet, of those of the knights armed in *imitation* of the king, being surrounded by a crown instead of a jewelled band or fillet.

The seal of Owen Glendower, as Prince of Wales, exhibits that famous personage, on one side, in his robes of state, and, on the other, in complete armour, with his tilting helmet and crest, encircled by a coronet.

Sir William Gascoigne, Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench, is represented in his judicial costume on his monument in Harwood Church, Yorkshire.

For the dress of Falstaff and his companions the MSS. before mentioned must be consulted.

For the proper costume of the Ladies Northumberland, Percy, and Mortimer, we should point to the effigy of the Countess of Westmoreland in Staindrop Church, Durham; and for that of Dame Quickly and Doll Tearsheet, to the descriptions of Chaucer and the illuminated MSS. of the period.

KING HENRY IV.

PART I.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY IV.
HENRY, *Prince of Wales*, } *sons to the King.*
PRINCE JOHN of Lancaster, }
EARL OF WESTMORELAND, } *friends to the King.*
SIR WALTER BLUNT, }
THOMAS PERCY, *Earl of Worcester.*
HENRY PERCY, *Earl of Northumberland.*
HENRY PERCY, surnamed HOTSPUR, *his son.*
EDMUND MORTIMER, *Earl of March.*
SCROOP, *Archbishop of York.*
SIR MICHAEL, *a friend of the Archbishop.*
ARCHIBALD, *Earl of Douglas.*
OWEN GLENDOWER.

SIR RICHARD VERNON
SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.
POINS.
GADSHILL.
PETO.
BARDOLPH.

LADY PERCY, *wife to Hotspur, and sister to Mortimer.*
LADY MORTIMER, *daughter to Glendower, and wife to Mortimer.*
MRS. QUICKLY, *hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap.*

Lords, Officers, Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drawers, Two Carriers, Travellers, and Attendants.

SCENE,—ENGLAND.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING HENRY, WESTMORELAND, SIR WALTER BLUNT, *and others.*

K. Hen. So shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find we a time for frightened peace to pant,
And breathe short-winded accents of new broils
To be commenc'd in stronds¹ afar remote.
No more the thirsty entrance² of this soil
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood;
No more shall trenching war channel her fields,
Nor bruise her flowrets with the armed hoofs
Of hostile paces: those opposed eyes,
Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
All of one nature, of one substance bred,
Did lately meet in the intestine shock
And furious close of civil butchery,
Shall now, in mutual well-beseeming ranks,
March all one way; and be no more oppos'd
Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies:
The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,
No more shall cut his master. Therefore, friends,
As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,
(Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross

¹ *Stronds*—strands, shores.

² *Entrance*. In the variorum editions of Shakspeare, except Malone's of 1821, we have the following correction of the text:—

“No more the thirsty *Erinnys* of this soil.

This ingenious reading was suggested by Monck Mason, and adopted by Steevens, in defiance “of such as restrain themselves within the bounds of timid conjecture.” *Erinnys*, according to Monck Mason, is the Fury of Discord. He gives examples of the use of the name from Virgil, Lucan, and Statius. We will add another example from Ovid (*Ep. vi.*):—

“Sed tristis Erinnys
Prætulit infaustas sanguinolenta faces.”

But such a change is beside the proper duty of an editor, whose business is not to attempt the improvement of his author, but to explain what he has written. *Entrance* could not be a misprint for *Erinnys*; the words could not be confounded by a transcriber; nor could the ear mistake the one for the other. The first conjecture of Steevens that the word was *entrants* came within the proper line of editorial emendation; the suggestion of Douce, *entrails*, is not far beyond it. But why is the original text to be disturbed at all?

“No more the thirsty entrance of this soil
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood,”

is somewhat obscure; but the obscurity is perfectly in the manner of Shakspeare, and in great part arises from the boldness of the metaphor. *Entrance* is put for *mouth*; and if we were to read—No more the thirsty mouth of this earth shall daub her lips with the blood of her own children—we should find little more difficulty than with the passage in Genesis, which was probably in Shakspeare's mind

We are impressed and engag'd to fight,
Forthwith a power of English shall we levy;³
Whose arms were moulded in their mothers' womb
To chase these pagans, in those holy fields,
Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet,
Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were nail'd,
For our advantage, on the bitter cross.
But this our purpose is a twelvemonth old,
And bootless 'tis to tell you—we will go;
Therefore we meet not now:⁴—Then let me hear
Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,
What yesternight our council did decree,
In forwarding this dear expedience.

West. My liege, this haste was hot in question,
And many limits⁵ of the charge set down
But yesternight: when, all athwart, there came
A post from Wales, loaden with heavy news;
Whose worst was,—that the noble Mortimer,
Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
Against the irregular and wild Glendower,
Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,
And a thousand of his people butchered:
Upon whose dead corpse there was such misuse,
Such beastly, shameless transformation,
By those Welshwomen done,⁶ as may not be,
Without much shame, re-told or spoken of.

when he wrote the line:—“And now art thou cursed from the earth, which hath opened her mouth to receive thy brother's blood from thy hand.” The terms *entrance* and *mouth* are convertible even now, as the mouth of a river, for the entrance of a river. Or, suppose the word *surface* stood in the place of *entrance*—for as the surface is the outward part, so is the entrance—the difficulty is lessened. “No more this soil shall daub her lips” is clear;—“no more the thirsty surface of this soil shall daub her lips” is equally clear. The only difficulty, then, is in taking “entrance” to mean “surface.” A correspondent of the present editor suggests *crannies*; and there is authority for this in a line of the old King John, with reference to “blood”

“Closing the crannies of the thirsty earth,”

(which passage had been previously pointed out by Malone). We should be inclined to prefer *crannies*, did not *entrance* give a perfectly clear meaning if we receive it in the sense of mouth.

³ *Lery*. Gifford (*Ben Jonson*, v. 138) has properly rebuked the rash disposition of Steevens to meddle with the text, in a remark upon the passage before us. Steevens says, to *levy* a power as far as to the sepulchre of Christ is an expression quite unexampled, if not corrupt; and he proposes to read *lead*. “The expression is neither unexampled nor corrupt,” says Gifford, “but good authorized English. One instance of it is before me: ‘Scipio, before he levied his force to the walls of Carthage, gave his soldiers the print of the citie in a cake to be devoured.’ Gossion's School of Abuse, 1587.”

⁴ *Therefore we meet not now*—we do not meet now on that account.

⁵ *Limits*. To *limit* is to define, and therefore the limits of the charge may be the calculations, the estimates.

⁶ *Welshwomen*, &c. The story is told in Walsingham, and may be found in Andrews's History of Great Britain, vol. i. part ii. p. 4.

K. Hen. It seems, then, that the tidings of this broil
 Brake off our business for the Holy Land.

West. This, match'd with other like, my gracious lord.
 Far more uneven and unwelcome news
 Came from the north, and thus it did report :¹
 On Holy-rood day, the gallant Hotspur there,
 Young Harry Percy, and brave Archibald,
 That ever-valiant and approved Scot,
 At Holmedon met,
 Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour ;
 As by discharge of their artillery,
 And shape of likelihood, the news was told ;
 For he that brought them, in the very heat
 And pride of their contention did take horse,
 Uncertain of the issue any way.

K. Hen. Here is a dear and true-industrious friend,
 Sir Walter Blunt, new-lighted from his horse,
 Stain'd with the variation of each soil
 Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of ours ;
 And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news :
 The earl of Douglas is discomfited ;
 Ten thousand bold Scots, two-and-twenty knights,
 Balk'd² in their own blood, did sir Walter see
 On Holmedon's plains : Of prisoners, Hotspur took
 Mordake earl of Fife, and eldest son
 To beaten Douglas ; and the earl of Athol,
 Of Murray, Angus, and Menteith.
 And is not this an honourable spoil ?
 A gallant prize ? ha, cousin, is it not ?

West. In faith,
 It is a conquest for a prince to boast of.

K. Hen. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st me
 sin

In envy that my lord Northumberland
 Should be the father of so blest a son :
 A son, who is the theme of honour's tongue ;
 Amongst a grove, the very straightest plant ;
 Who is sweet fortune's minion, and her pride :
 Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,
 See riot and dishonour stain the brow
 Of my young Harry. O, that it could be prov'd,
 That some night-tripping fairy had exchang'd
 In cradle-clothes our children where they lay,
 And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet !
 Then would I have his Harry, and he mine.
 But let him from my thoughts :—What think you, coz,
 Of this young Percy's pride ? the prisoners,
 Which he in this adventure hath surpris'd,
 To his own use he keeps ; and sends me word,
 I shall have none but Mordake earl of Fife.

West. This is his uncle's teaching, this is Worcester,
 Malevolent to you in all aspects ;
 Which makes him prune himself, and bristle up
 The crest of youth against your dignity.

K. Hen. But I have sent for him to answer this :
 And, for this cause, awhile we must neglect
 Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.
 Cousin, on Wednesday next our council we
 Will hold at Windsor ; and so inform the lords ;
 But come yourself with speed to us again ;

¹ Our reading of this passage is that of the folio and some of the quartos. The first quarto, which has been followed in most modern editions, is thus :—

" This, match'd with other, *did*, my gracious lord ;
 For more uneven and unwelcome news
 Came from the north, and thus it did *import*."

Balk'd. To *balk* is to raise into ridges, as in Minshew—"to balke, or make a balk in earing of land." Thus, the ten thousand bold Scots, *balk'd* in their own blood, are the slain heaped up—the "hills of dead" of Pope's translation of the *Iliad*. Some conjecture the passage ought to be "*bak'd* in their own blood," as in Heywood's "*Iron Age* :—"

" Troilus lies *embak'd*
 In his cold blood."

For more is to be said, and to be done,
 Than out of anger can be uttered.

West. I will, my liege.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—London. *An Apartment of the Prince's.*

Enter HENRY, PRINCE OF WALES, and FALSTAFF.

Fal. Now, Hal, what time o' day is it, lad ?

P. Hen. Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking of old sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly which thou wouldst truly know. What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day ? unless hours were cups of sack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of bawds, and dials the signs of leaping houses, and the blessed sun himself a fair hot wench in flame-colour'd taffata ; I see no reason why thou shouldst be so superfluous to demand the time of the day.

Fal. Indeed, you come near me, now, Hal : for we, that take purses, go by the moon and seven stars ; and not by Phœbus,—he, that wandering knight so fair.³ And, I prithee, sweet wag, when thou art king, as, God save thy grace, (majesty, I should say ; for grace thou wilt have none,)—

P. Hen. What ! none ?

Fal. No, by my troth ; not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

P. Hen. Well, how then ? come, roundly, roundly.

Fal. Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us that are squires of the night's body be called thieves of the day's beauty ;³ let us be Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon : And let men say, we be men of good government ; being governed as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we steal.

P. Hen. Thou say'st well ; and it holds well too : for the fortune of us, that are the moon's men, doth ebb and flow like the sea ; being governed as the sea is by the moon. As for proof,⁴ Now, a purse of gold most resolutely snatched on Monday night, and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning ; got with swearing—lay by ;⁵ and spent with crying—bring in :⁶ now, in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder ; and, by and by, in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

Fal. Thou say'st true, lad. And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench ?

P. Hen. As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle.⁷ And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance ?⁸

Fal. How now, how now, mad wag ? what, in thy quips and thy quiddities ? what a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin ?

P. Hen. Why, what a pox have I to do with my hostess of the tavern ?

Fal. Well, thou hast called her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

P. Hen. Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part ?

Fal. No ; I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

³ *Day's beauty.* Perhaps *beauty* is meant to be pronounced *booty*, as it is sometimes provincially.

⁴ *As for proof.* We point this according to the punctuation of the old copies.

⁵ *Lay by*—stop. To *lay by*, in navigation, is to slacken sail.

⁶ *Bring in*—the call to the drawers for more wine.

⁷ *Old lad of the castle.* *Lad of the castle* was a somewhat common term in Shakspeare's time, and is found in several contemporary writers. Farmer says it meant *lad of Castile*—a Castilian. The passage in the text, in connection with other circumstances, has given rise to the notion that Sir John Oldcastle was pointed at in the character of Falstaff. (See Introductory Notice.)

⁸ *Robe of durance.* The *buff jerkin*, the coat of ox-skin, (*bœuf*) was worn by sheriffs' officers. It was a robe of durance, an "everlasting garment," as in The Comedy of Errors ; but it was also a robe of "durance" in a sense that would not furnish an agreeable association to one who was always in debt and danger, as Falstaff was.

P. Hen. Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch; and where it would not I have used my credit.

Fal. Yea, and so used it, that were it not here apparent that thou art heir apparent,—But, I prithee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king? and resolution thus fobbed as it is, with the rusty curb of old father antic the law? Do not thou when thou art king hang a thief.

P. Hal. No; thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! I'll be a brave judge.

P. Hen. Thou judgest false already; I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves, and so become a rare hangman.

Fal. Well, Hal, well; and in some sort it jumps with my humour, as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

P. Hen. For obtaining of suits?

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of suits: whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. I am as melancholy as a gib cat,¹ or a lugged bear.

P. Hen. Or an old lion; or a lover's lute.

Fal. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bag-pipe.^b

P. Hen. What say'st thou to a hare, or the melancholy of Moor-ditch?^c

Fal. Thou hast the most unsavoury similes; and art, indeed, the most comparative, rascaldest, sweet young prince. But Hal, I prithee trouble me no more with vanity. I would thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought! An old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street about you, sir; but I marked him not: and yet he talked very wisely; but I regarded him not: and yet he talked wisely, and in the street too.

P. Hen. Thou didst well; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

Fal. O, thou hast damnable iteration:² and art, indeed, able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm unto me, Hal,—God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now I am, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over; an I do not, I am a villain; I'll be damned for never a king's son in Christendom.

P. Hen. Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack?

Fal. Where thou wilt, lad, I'll make one; an I do not, call me villain and baffle me.

P. Hen. I see a good amendment of life in thee; from praying to purse-taking.

Enter POINS, at a distance.

Fal. Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation. Poins!—Now shall we know if Gadshill have set a watch.³ O, if men were to be saved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent villain that ever cried Stand, to a true man.

P. Hen. Good morrow, Ned.

Poins. Good morrow, sweet Hal. What says monsieur Remorse? What says sir John Sack-and-Sugar?^d Jack,

how agrees the devil and thee about thy soul, that thou soldest him on Good Friday last, for a cup of Madeira and a cold capon's leg?

P. Hen. Sir John stands to his word,—the devil shall have his bargain; for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs,—he will give the devil his due.

Poins. Then art thou damned for keeping thy word with the devil.

P. Hen. Else he had been damned for cozening the devil.

Poins. But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gadshill:^e There are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses: I have visors for you all, you have horses for yourselves; Gadshill lies to-night in Rochester; I have bespoke supper to-morrow in Eastcheap; we may do it as secure as sleep: If you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home and be hanged.

Fal. Hear ye,⁴ Yedward; if I tarry at home and go not, I'll hang you for going.

Poins. You will, chops?

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one?

P. Hen. Who, I rob? I a thief? not I, by my faith.

Fal. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou camest not of the blood royal, if thou darest not stand for ten shillings.⁵

P. Hen. Well, then, once in my days I'll be a mad-cap.

Fal. Why that's well said.

P. Hen. Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

Fal. I'll be a traitor then, when thou art king.

P. Hen. I care not.

Poins. Sir John, I prithee, leave the prince and me alone; I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure that he shall go.

Fal. Well, may'st thou have the spirit of persuasion and he the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may move and what he hears may be believed, that the true prince may (for recreation sake) prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewell: You shall find me in Eastcheap.

P. Hen. Farewell, thou latter spring! Farewell All-hallowen summer!⁶ [*Exit FALSTAFF.*]

Poins. Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow; I have a jest to execute, that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill,⁷ shall rob those men that we have already waylaid; yourself and I will not be there: and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders.

P. Hen. But how shall we part with them in setting forth?

Poins. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail: and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves: which they shall have no sooner achieved, but we'll set upon them.

P. Hen. Ay, but 'tis like that they will know us, by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be ourselves.

Poins. Tut! our horses they shall not see, I'll tie them in the wood; our visors we will change, after we leave

¹ *Gib cat.* Gib and Tib were old English names for a male cat. We have Tybalt called "king of cats" in *Romeo and Juliet*. Tybert is the cat in "Reynard the Fox." Chaucer, in the "Romaunt of the Rose," gives "Gibbe" as the translation of "Thibert," the cat. The name appears to have been applied to an old male cat, whose gravity approaches to the character of melancholy.

² *Iteration*—repetition—not mere citation, as some have thought. Falstaff does not complain only of Hal's quoting a scriptural text, but that he has been retorting and distorting the meaning of his words throughout the scene. For example, Falstaff talks of the *sun and moon*—the Prince retorts with the *sea and moon*; Falstaff uses *hanging* in one sense—the Prince in another. So of *judging*; and so in the passage which at last provokes Falstaff's complaint.

³ *Set a watch.* The folio reads thus; the quartos, *set a match*. Steevens says, "As no *watch* is afterwards *set* I suppose *match* is the true reading." To "set a match" appears, from a passage in Ben Jonson, to be to "make an appoint-

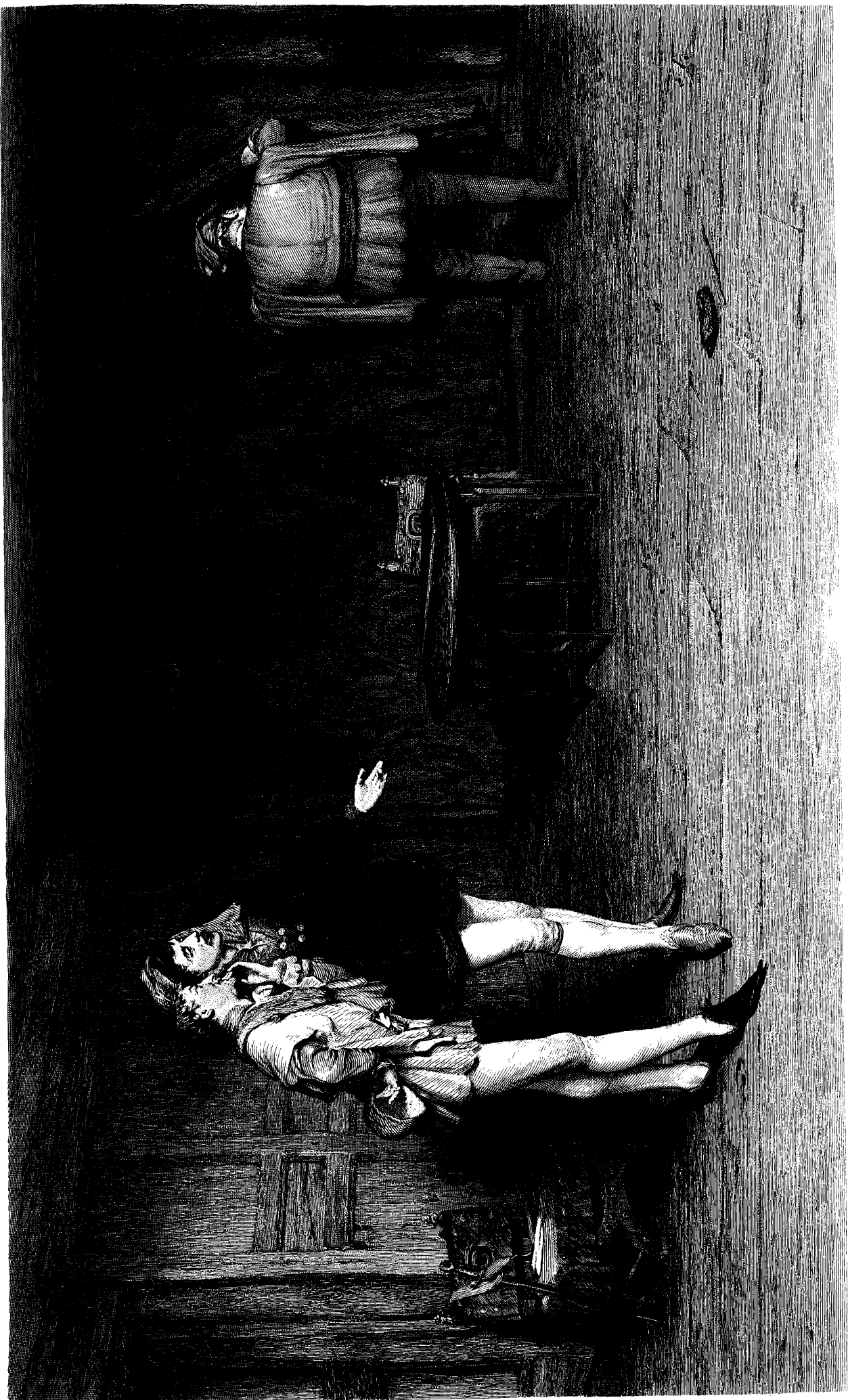
ment." But Gadshill, it seems to us, was in communication with the chamberlain of the Rochester inn; and this chamberlain, who was to have a share in the "purchase," was the watch or spy that Gadshill had *set*. When Gadshill meets Falstaff and Poins he is received with "O, 'tis our *setter*."

⁴ *Hear ye.* This, which is the reading of the old editions, was once changed into the feeble *Hear me*. "Hear ye" is the same as "Hark ye."

⁵ *Ten shillings* was the value of the *royal*. Hence Falstaff's quibble.

⁶ *All-hallowen summer*—Summer in November, on the first of which month is the feast of All-hallows, or All Saints.

⁷ *Falstaff, &c.* In the old copies we read, "Falstaff, *Harvey, Rossil*, and Gadshill." Harvey and Rossil were, most probably, the names of actors; for Bardolph and Peto were two of the four robbers. (See Act II.) The correction was made by Theobald.





them; and, sirrah,¹ I have cases of buckram for the nonce,² to immask our noted outward garments.

P. Hen. But, I doubt they will be too hard for us.

Poins. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turned back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this fat rogue will tell us, when we meet at supper: how thirty, at least, he fought with; what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured; and in the reproof of this lies the jest.

P. Hen. Well, I'll go with thee; provide us all things necessary and meet me. To-morrow night³ in Eastcheap, there I'll sup. Farewell.

Poins. Farewell, my lord. [Exit POINS.]

P. Hen. I know you all, and will awhile uphold
The unyok'd humour of your idleness;
Yet herein will I imitate the sun,
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world,
That when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
Of vapours that did seem to strangle him.
If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work;
But when they seldom come they wish'd-for come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.
So, when this loose behaviour I throw off,
And pay the debt I never promised,
By how much better than my word I am,
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes;⁴
And like bright metal on a sullen ground,
My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
Shall show more goodly and attract more eyes
Than that which hath no foil to set it off.
I'll so offend to make offence a skill;
Redeeming time when men think least I will. [Exit.]

SCENE III.—London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING HENRY, NORTHUMBERLAND, WORCESTER,
HOTSPUR, SIR WALTER BLUNT, and others.

K. Hen. My blood hath been too cold and temperate
Unapt to stir at these indignities,
And you have found me; for, accordingly,
You tread upon my patience: but, be sure,
I will from henceforth rather be myself,
Mighty, and to be fear'd, than my condition;⁵
Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,
And therefore lost that title of respect
Which the proud soul ne'er pays but to the proud.

Wor. Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves
The scourge of greatness to be used on it;
And that same greatness too which our own hands
Have help to make so portly.

¹ *Sirrah* in this and other passages is used familiarly, and even sharply, but not contemptuously. The word is supposed to have meant, originally, *Sir, ha!* which etymology agrees with Shakspeare's general application of the term.

² *For the nonce.* Gifford's explanation of this phrase (which is also the interpretation of Lord Hailes) is undoubtedly the true one. "*For the nonce* is simply *for the once*—for the *one thing* in question, whatever it be. . . . The progress of this expression is distinctly marked in our early writers,—'a ones'—'an anes'—'for the ones'—'for the nanes'—'for the nones'—'for the nonce.'" (Ben Jonson's Works, iii. 218.)

³ *To-morrow night.* Steevens thinks we should read *to-night*, for the robbery was to be committed at four in the morning. But the prince is thinking less of the exploit at Gadshill than of "the virtue of this jest—when we meet at supper,"—after the robbery. Perhaps some intermediate place of meeting was thought of by the prince; but he breaks off exultingly, with his head full of the supper "to-morrow night." We have ventured to point the passage in this sense.

⁴ *Hopes*—expectations. Thus, the Tanner of Tamworth said to Edward IV., "*I hope* I shall be hanged to-morrow."

⁵ *Condition*—temper of mind.

⁶ We print these three lines as in the old copies. Steevens, who was followed in the current editions, tampered with them thus:—

North. My lord,—

K. Hen. Worcester, get thee gone, for I do see
Danger and disobedience in thine eye:
O, sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory,⁶
And majesty might never yet endure
The moody frontier⁷ of a servant brow.
You have good leave to leave us; when we need
Your use and counsel we shall send for you.—

[Exit WORCESTER.]

You were about to speak.

[To NORTH.]

North. Yea, my good lord.

Those prisoners in your highness' name demanded,
Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,
Were, as he says, not with such strength denied
As is deliver'd to your majesty:
Either envy, therefore, or misprision⁸
Is guilty of this fault, and not my son.

Hot. My liege, I did deny no prisoners.
But, I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, and trimly dress'd,
Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new reap'd,
Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home;
He was perfum'd like a milliner;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose, and took 't away again;
Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in snuff:⁹ and still he smil'd and talk'd;
And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by
He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms
He question'd me; among the rest, demanded
My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.
I then, all smarting, with my wounds being cold,
To be so pester'd with a popinjay,
Out of my grief and my impatience
Answer'd neglectingly, I know not what;
He should, or should not;—for he made me mad,
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman
Of guns, and drums, and wounds, (God save the mark!)
And telling me, the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was parmaceti for an inward bruise;
And that it was great pity, so it was,
That villainous saltpetre should be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly; and but for these vile guns
He would himself have been a soldier.
This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,
I answer'd indirectly,¹⁰ as I said;
And, I beseech you, let not this report
Come current for an accusation,
Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

"Worcester, get thee gone, for I see danger,
And disobedience in thine eye: O, sir,
Your presence is too bold and peremptory."

⁷ *Frontier.* Steevens says "frontier was anciently used for *forehead*;" but assuredly it is not so used here. What means "the moody forehead of a brow?" Capell, who has been unwisely neglected, through his general obscurity, tells us that "frontier is a metaphorical expression, highly proper, implying—arm'd to oppose: opposition to the will of a master being as plainly indicated by such a 'brow' as the king is describing, as war by a town or town's frontier, furnished against invasion." (Notes and various Readings, vol. i. p. 153.)

⁸ *Misprision.* So the quartos. The folio reads—

"Who either through envy or misprision."

⁹ *Snuff.* Aromatic powders were used as snuff long before the introduction of tobacco.

¹⁰ *I answer'd indirectly.* So the quartos; the folio, "made me to answer indirectly."

Blunt. The circumstance consider'd, good my lord,
Whatever Harry Percy then had said
To such a person, and in such a place,
At such a time, with all the rest re-told,
May reasonably die, and never rise
To do him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he said, so he unsay it now.

K. Hen. Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners;
But with proviso, and exception,
That we, at our own charge, shall ransom straight
His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer;
Who, in my soul, hath wilfully betray'd
The lives of those that he did lead to fight
Against the great magician, damn'd Glendower;
Whose daughter, as we hear, the earl of March
Hath lately married. Shall our coffers then
Be emptied, to redeem a traitor home?
Shall we buy treason? and indent with feres,¹
When they have lost and forfeited themselves?
No, on the barren mountains let him starve;
For I shall never hold that man my friend
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost
To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

Hot. Revolted Mortimer!
He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,
Put by the chance of war;—To prove that true
Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds,
Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,
When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,
In single opposition, hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an hour
In changing hardiment with great Glendower:
Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drink,
Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood;
Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,²
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank
Blood-stained with these valiant combatants.
Never did base and rotten policy²
Colour her working with such deadly wounds;
Nor never could the noble Mortimer
Receive so many, and all willingly:
Then let him not be slander'd with revolt.

K. Hen. Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost belie him,
He never did encounter with Glendower;
I tell thee,
He durst as well have met the devil alone,
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.
Art thou not asham'd? But, sirrah, henceforth
Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer:
Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,
Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
As will displease you.—My lord Northumberland,
We license your departure with your son:—
Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it.

[*Exeunt KING HENRY, BLUNT, and Train.*]

Hot. And if the devil come and roar for them
I will not send them:—I will after straight,
And tell him so; for I will ease my heart,
Although it be with hazard of my head.

North. What, drunk with choler? stay, and pause awhile;
Here comes your uncle.

Re-enter WORCESTER.

Hot. Speak of Mortimer?
'Zounds, I will speak of him; and let my soul

Want mercy, if I do not join with him:
In his behalf³ I'll empty all these veins,
And shed my dear blood drop by drop i' the dust,
But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer
As high i' the air as this unthankful king,
As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.

North. Brother, the king hath made your nephew mad.
[*To WORCESTER.*]

Wor. Who struck this heat up, after I was gone?

Hot. He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners;
And when I urg'd the ransom once again
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale;
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

Wor. I cannot blame him: Was he not proclaim'd,
By Richard that dead is, the next of blood?

North. He was: I heard the proclamation:
And then it was, when the unhappy king
(Whose wrongs in us God pardon!) did set forth
Upon his Irish expedition;
From whence he, intercepted, did return
To be depos'd, and shortly murdered.

Wor. And for whose death, we in the world's wide
mouth

Live scandaliz'd, and foully spoken of.

Hot. But, soft, I pray you; Did king Richard then
Proclaim my brother Mortimer
Heir to the crown?

North. He did; myself did hear it.

Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin king,
That wish'd him on the barren mountains starv'd.
But shall it be that you, that set the crown
Upon the head of this forgetful man,
And, for his sake, wear the detested blot
Of murd'rous subornation, shall it be,
That you a world of curses undergo,
Being the agents, or base second means,
The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?
O, pardon, if⁴ that I descend so low,
To show the line and the predicament
Wherein you range under this subtle king.
Shall it, for shame, be spoken in these days,
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,
That men of your nobility and power
Did 'gage them both in an unjust behalf,—
As both of you, God pardon it! have done,—
To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
And plant this thorn, this canker,⁵ Bolingbroke?
And shall it, in more shame, be further spoken,
That you are fool'd, discarded, and shook off
By him for whom these shames ye underwent?
No; yet time serves, wherein you may redeem
Your banish'd honours, and restore yourselves
Into the good thoughts of the world again:
Revenge the jeering and disdain'd contempt
Of this proud king; who studies, day and night,
To answer all the debt he owes unto you,
Even with the bloody payment of your deaths.
Therefore, I say,—

Wor. Peace, cousin, say no more;
And now I will unclasp a secret book,
And to your quick-conceiving discontents
I'll read you matter deep and dangerous,
As full of peril, and advent'rous spirit,
As to o'er-walk a current, roaring loud,
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

Hot. If he fall in, good night:—or sink or swim:—

¹ *Feres.* The usual reading is *fears*. We have explained our reasons for the change in the Illustrations to this act—Illustration (f).

² *Base and rotten policy.* This is the reading of the folio; the quartos, *bare*. Bare policy, Monck Mason well observes, is no policy at all.

³ *In his behalf.* This is the reading of the folio; the quartos, *yea, on his part*.

⁴ *O, pardon, if.* So the folio and some of the quartos; the first quarto, and that of 1604, *O, pardon me*.

⁵ *This canker.* The canker is the dog-rose—the rose of the hedge, not of the garden. In *Much Ado about Nothing* we have, "I had rather be a canker in a hedge than a rose in his grace."

Send danger from the east unto the west,
So honour cross it from the north to south,
And let them grapple;—the blood more stirs
To rouse a lion than to start a hare.

North. Imagination of some great exploit
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

Hot. By heaven, methinks, it were an easy leap
To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon;
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks;
So he, that doth redeem her thence, might wear,
Without corrival, all her dignities:
But out upon this half-fac'd fellowship!

Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here,
But not the form of what he should attend.—
Good cousin, give me audience for awhile,
And list to me.¹

Hot. I cry you mercy.

Wor. Those same noble Scots,
That are your prisoners,——

Hot. I'll keep them all;
By heaven, he shall not have a Scot of them;
No, if a Scot would save his soul he shall not:
I'll keep them, by this hand.

Wor. You start away,
And lend no ear unto my purposes.—
Those prisoners you shall keep.

Hot. Nay, I will; that's flat :—
He said he would not ransom Mortimer;
Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer;
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I'll holla—Mortimer!

Nay,
I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but Mortimer, and give it him
To keep his anger still in motion.

Wor. Hear you,
Cousin; a word.

Hot. All studies here I solemnly defy,
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke:
And that same sword-and-buckler prince of Wales,
But that I think his father loves him not,
And would be glad he met with some mischance,
I'd have him poison'd with a pot of ale.

Wor. Farewell, kinsman! I will talk to you,
When you are better temper'd to attend.

North. Why, what a wasp-tongue² and impatient fool
Art thou, to break into this woman's mood;
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own!

Hot. Why look you, I am whipp'd and scourg'd with
rods,
Nettled, and stung with pismires, when I hear
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.

In Richard's time,—What do you call the place?—
A plague upon't!—it is in Gloucestershire;—
'Twas where the mad-cap duke his uncle kept;
His uncle York;—where I first bow'd my knee
Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke,
When you and he came back from Ravenspur.

North. At Berkley castle.

Hot. You say true :—
Why, what a candy deal of courtesy
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!
Look,—when his infant fortune came to age,

And,—gentle Harry Percy,—and, kind cousin,—
O, the devil take such cozeners!—God forgive me!—
Good uncle, tell your tale, for I have done.

Wor. Nay, if you have not, to't again;
We'll stay your leisure.

Hot. I have done, in sooth.

Wor. Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.
Deliver them up without their ransom straight,
And make the Douglas' son your only mean
For powers in Scotland; which, for divers reasons,
Which I shall send you written, be assur'd
Will easily be granted.—You, my lord,

[To NORTHUMBERLAND.]

Your son in Scotland being thus employ'd,
Shall secretly into the bosom creep
Of that same noble prelate, well belov'd,
The archbishop.

Hot. Of York, is't not?

Wor. True; who bears hard
His brother's death at Bristol, the lord Scroop.
I speak not this in estimation³
As what I think might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and set down;
And only stays but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

Hot. I smell it.
Upon my life it will do wondrous well.

North. Before the game's afoot thou still let'st slip.⁴

Hot. Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot :—
And then the power of Scotland and of York,—
To join with Mortimer, ha?

Wor. And so they shall.

Hot. In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.

Wor. And 'tis no little reason bids us speed,
To save our heads by raising of a head:
For, bear ourselves as even as we can,
The king will always think him in our debt;
And think we think ourselves unsatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay us home.
And see already, how he doth begin
To make us strangers to his looks of love.

Hot. He does, he does; we'll be reveng'd on him.

Wor. Cousin, farewell;—No further go in this,
Than I by letters shall direct your course
When time is ripe, which will be suddenly;⁵
I'll steal to Glendower, and lord Mortimer;
Where you and Douglas, and our powers at once,
(As I will fashion it,) shall happily meet,
To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

North. Farewell, good brother: we shall thrive, I trust.

Hot. Uncle, adieu :—O, let the hours be short,
Till fields and blows and groans applaud our sport!

[Exeunt.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Rochester. *An Inn Yard.*

Enter a Carrier, with a lantern in his hand.

1 Car. Heigh ho! An't be not four by the day, I'll be
hanged: Charles' wain⁶ is over the new chimney, and yet
our horse not packed. What, ostler!

⁵ *Suddenly.* We make the sentence here end, as in the first folio. The modern editors read—

“No further go in this
Than I by letters shall direct your course.
When time is ripe,” &c.

⁶ *Charles' wain*—the churl's wain—the countryman's waggon. The popular name for the constellation of the Great Bear.

¹ *And list to me.* This short line is found in the folio, but not in the quartos.

² *Wasp-tongue.* *Wasp-stung*, which finds a place in most editions, is the reading of the first quarto. Steevens says Shakspeare knew the sting of a wasp was not situated in its mouth: Malone properly replies, “It means only having a tongue as peevish and mischievous as a wasp.”

³ *Estimation*—conjecture.

⁴ *Let'st slip.* The greyhound is held in slips, and is slipped when “the game's afoot.”

Ost. [*Within.*] Anon, anon.

1 Car. I prithee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle, put a few flocks in the point; the poor jade is wrung in the withers out of all cess.¹

Enter another Carrier.

2 Car. Peas and beans are as dank here as a dog, and this is the next way to give poor jades the bots: this house is turned upside down since Robin ostler died.

1 Car. Poor fellow! never joyed since the price of oats rose;^a it was the death of him.

2 Car. I think this is the most villainous house in all London road for fleas: I am stung like a tench.^b

1 Car. Like a tench? by the mass, there is ne'er a king in Christendom could be better bit than I have been since the first cock.

2 Car. Why, you will allow us ne'er a jordan, and then we leak in your chimney; and your chamber-lie breeds fleas like a loach.

1 Car. What, ostler! come away, and be hanged, come away.

2 Car. I have a gammon of bacon, and two razes of ginger,² to be delivered as far as Charing Cross.^c

1 Car. 'Odsbody! the turkeys in my pannier are quite starved.—What, ostler!—A plague on thee! hast thou never an eye in thy head? canst not hear? An'twere not as good a deed as drink to break the pate of thee, I am a very villain.—Come, and be hanged:—Hast no faith in thee?

Enter GADSHILL.

Gads. Good morrow, carriers. What's o'clock?

1 Car. I think it be two o'clock.³

Gads. I prithee, lend me thy lantern, to see my gelding in the stable.

1 Car. Nay, soft, I pray ye; I know a trick worth two of that.

Gads. I prithee, lend me thine.

2 Car. Ay, when? canst tell?⁴—Lend me thy lantern, quoth a?—marry, I'll see thee hanged first.

Gads. Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean to come to London?

2 Car. Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee.—Come, neighbour Mugs, we'll call up the gentlemen; they will along with company, for they have great charge. [*Exeunt Carriers.*]

Gads. What, ho! chamberlain!

Cham. [*Within.*] At hand, quoth pick-purse.

Gads. That's even as fair as—at hand, quoth the chamberlain: for thou variest no more from picking of purses, than giving direction doth from labouring; thou lay'st the plot how.

Enter Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, master Gadshill. It holds current that I told you yesternight: There's a franklin in the wild of Kent⁵ hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold: I heard him tell it to one of his company, last night at supper; a kind of auditor; one that hath abundance of charges too, God knows what. They are up already, and call for eggs and butter: They will away presently.

¹ *Out of all cess*—ex-cess-ively. The French *sans cesse* is supposed by Cotgrave to be the same as *out of all cess*.

² *Razes of ginger.* Mr. Grant White says, "A raze of ginger, according to Theobald, was a package, and must be distinguished from a race, which was merely a root." (See Hakluyt, vol. iii. p. 493.)

³ *Two o'clock.* The carrier is deceiving Gadshill. He has just said it is four o'clock.

⁴ *Ay, when? canst tell?* A slang phrase, which we also find in *The Comedy of Errors*. It seems equivalent to the modern "I wish you may get it."

⁵ *Wild of Kent.* Undoubtedly the *weald* of Kent.

⁶ *Saint Nicholas' clerks*—thieves.

Gads. Sirrah, if they meet not with saint Nicholas' clerks⁶ I'll give thee this neck.

Cham. No, I'll none of it: I prithee, keep that for the hangman; for I know thou worship'st saint Nicholas as truly as a man of falsehood may.

Gads. What talkest thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows: for if I hang old sir John hangs with me; and thou knowest he's no starveling. Tut! there are other Trojans that thou dreamest not of, the which, for sport sake, are content to do the profession some grace; that would, if matters should be looked into, for their own credit sake make all whole. I am joined with no foot-land-rakers, no long-staff, sixpenny strikers;⁷ none of these mad, mustachio purple-hued malt-worms;⁸ but with nobility and tranquillity; burgomasters and great oneyers;⁹ such as can hold in; such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray: And yet I lie; for they pray continually to their saint, the commonwealth; or, rather, not pray to her, but prey on her; for they ride up and down on her, and make her their boots.

Cham. What, the commonwealth their boots? will she hold out water in foul way?

Gads. She will, she will; justice hath liquored her. We steal as in a castle, cock-sure; we have the receipt of fern-seed,^d we walk invisible.

Cham. Nay, by my faith; I think rather you are more beholding to the night than to fern-seed, for your walking invisible.

Gads. Give me thy hand: thou shalt have a share in our purchase,¹⁰ as I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false thief.

Gads. Go to; *Homo* is a common name to all men. Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable. Farewell, ye muddy knave. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Road by Gadshill.*

Enter PRINCE HENRY and POINS.

Poins. Come, shelter, shelter; I have removed Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gummed velvet.

P. Hen. Stand close.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Poins! Poins, and be hanged! Poins!

P. Hen. Peace, ye fat-kidneyed rascal; What a brawling dost thou keep!

Fal. Where's Poins, Hal?

P. Hen. He is walked up to the top of the hill; I'll go seek him. [*Pretends to seek POINS.*]

Fal. I am accursed to rob in that thief's company: the rascal hath removed my horse, and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the squire¹¹ further afoot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I 'scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly any time these two-and-twenty years; and yet I am bewitched with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to

⁷ *Sixpenny strikers*—petty footpads, robbers for sixpence.

⁸ *Malt-worms*—drunkards.

⁹ *Oneyers.* Pope interprets this *oneraires*—trustees or commissioners; Theobald, *moneys*; Hanmer, *owners*; Hardinge, *moniers*—mintmen; Capell, *mynheers*; Malone, *onyers*—public accountants. Johnson wisely dispenses with such subtleties, and thinks that *great oneyers* is merely a cant phrase for *great ones*. The variorum editions contain many comments on other parts of Gadshill's slang, which leave the text pretty much as they found it.

¹⁰ *Purchase.* This was another soft name for a theft, of the same kind as convey. (See note to Richard II., Act IV.)

¹¹ *By the squire*—by the rule.

make me love him, I'll be hanged; it could not be else; I have drunk medicines.—Poins!—Hal!—A plague upon you both!—Bardolph!—Peto!—I'll starve, ere I'll rob a foot further. An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to turn true man, and leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chewed with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground is threescore and ten miles afoot with me; and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough: A plague upon 't, when thieves cannot be true one to another! [*They whistle.*] Whew!—A plague light upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues; give me my horse, and be hanged.

P. Hen. Peace, ye fat-guts! lie down; lay thine ear close to the ground, and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

Fal. Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood, I'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again, for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye to colt¹ me thus?

P. Hen. Thou liest, thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

Fal. I prithee, good prince Hal, help me to my horse, good king's son.

P. Hen. Out, you rogue! shall I be your ostler?

Fal. Go, hang thyself in thine own heir-apparent garters! If I be ta'en, I'll peach for this. An I have not ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison: When a jest is so forward, and afoot too,—I hate it.

Enter GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, and PETO.

Gads. Stand.

Fal. So I do, against my will.

Poins. O, 'tis our setter: I know his voice; Bardolph, what news?

Gads. Case ye, case ye; on with your visors; there's money of the king's coming down the hill; 'tis going to the king's exchequer.

Fal. You lie, you rogue; 'tis going to the king's tavern.

Gads. There's enough to make us all.

Fal. To be hanged.

P. Hen. You four shall front them in the narrow lane; Ned and I will walk lower: if they 'scape from your encounter then they light on us.

Peto. How many be there of them?

Gads. Some eight, or ten.

Fal. Zounds! will they not rob us?

P. Hen. What, a coward, sir John Paunch?

Fal. Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather: but yet no coward, Hal.

P. Hen. We'll leave that to the proof.

Poins. Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge; when thou need'st him, there thou shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast.

Fal. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hanged.

P. Hen. Ned, where are our disguises?

Poins. Here, hard by; stand close.

[*Exeunt P. HENRY and POINS.*]

Fal. Now, my masters, happy man be his dole, say I; every man to his business.

Enter Travellers.

¹ *Trav.* Come, neighbour; the boy shall lead our horses down the hill: we'll walk afoot awhile, and ease our legs.

Thieves. Stand.

Trav. Jesu bless us!

Fal. Strike; down with them; cut the villains' throats: Ah! whoreson caterpillars! bacon-fed knaves! they hate us youth: down with them; fleece them.

¹ *Trav.* O, we are undone, both we and ours, for ever

Fal. Hang ye, gorbellied knaves; Are ye undone? No, ye fat chuffs;² I would your store were here! On, bacons, on! What, ye knaves, young men must live: You are grand-jurors, are ye? We'll jure ye, i' faith.

[*Here they rob and bind the travellers.*³ *Exeunt*

FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, and the others.]

Re-enter PRINCE HENRY and POINS.

P. Hen. The thieves have bound the true men:⁴ Now could thou and I rob the thieves, and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.

Poins. Stand close, I hear them coming.

Re-enter Thieves.

Fal. Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day. An the prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring: there's no more valour in that Poins than in a wild duck.

P. Hen. Your money. [*Rushing out upon them.*

Poins. Villains.

[*As they are sharing, the PRINCE and POINS set upon them; they all run away; and FALSTAFF, after a blow or two, runs away too, leaving the booty behind them.*⁵

P. Hen. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse: The thieves are scatter'd, and possess'd with fear So strongly, that they dare not meet each other; Each takes his fellow for an officer. Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death, And lards the lean earth as he walks along: Were't not for laughing, I should pity him.

Poins. How the rogue roar'd! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Warkworth. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter HOTSPUR, reading a letter.

—"But, for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house."—He could be contented,—Why is he not then? In respect of the love he bears our house:—he shows in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. "The purpose you undertake is dangerous;"—Why, that's certain; 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink: but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. "The purpose you undertake is dangerous; the friends you have named uncertain; the time itself unsorted; and your whole plot too light for the counterpoise of so great an opposition."—Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow, cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this! I protest, our plot is as good a plot as ever was laid; our friends true and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation: an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this! Why, my lord of York commends the plot and the general course of the action. By this hand, if I were now by this rascal I could brain him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father,

¹ To colt—to trick.

² Chuffs. The word *chuff* seems to mean a swollen pampered glutton.

³ This is the old stage direction, as is the one beginning with, "As they are sharing."

⁴ True men. See narrative of robberies at Gadshill (Illustrations to Act I.).

⁵ Falstaff staying behind after the rest have run away, and giving a blow or two, is clearly not represented as an absolute coward.

my uncle, and myself? lord Edmund Mortimer, my lord of York, and Owen Glendower? Is there not, besides, the Douglas? Have I not all their letters, to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month? and are they not, some of them, set forward already? What a pagan rascal is this! an infidel! Ha! you shall see now, in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the king and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide myself and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skimmed milk with so honourable an action! Hang him! Let him tell the king: We are prepared: I will set forward to-night.

Enter LADY PERCY.

How now, Kate? I must leave you within these two hours.

Lady. O, my good lord, why are you thus alone? For what offence have I, this fortnight, been A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed? Tell me, sweet lord, what is 't that takes from thee Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep? Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth; And start so often when thou sitt'st alone? Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks; And given my treasures, and my rights of thee, To thick-eyed musing and curs'd melancholy? In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watch'd, And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars: Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed; Cry, Courage!—to the field! And thou hast talk'd Of sallies and retires;¹ of trenches, tents; Of palisadoes, frontiers,² parapets; Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin;³ Of prisoners' ransom, and of soldiers slain, And all the current³ of a heady fight. Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war, And thus hath so bestirr'd thee in thy sleep, That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow, Like bubbles in a late disturbed stream: And in thy face strange motions have appear'd, Such as we see when men restrain their breath On some great sudden haste.⁴ O, what portents are these? Some heavy business hath my lord in hand, And I must know it, else he loves me not.

Hot. What, ho! is Gilliams with the packet gone?

Enter Servant.

Serv. He is, my lord, an hour ago.⁵

Hot. Hath Butler brought those horses from the sheriff?

Serv. One horse, my lord, he brought even now.

Hot. What horse? a roan, a crop-ear, is it not?

Serv. It is, my lord.

Hot. That roan shall be my throne.

Well, I will back him straight: *Esperancé!*⁶—

Bid Butler lead him forth into the park. [*Exit* Servant.]

Lady. But hear you, my lord.

Hot. What say'st thou, my lady?

Lady. What is it carries you away?

Hot. Why, my horse, my love, my horse.

Lady. Out you mad-headed ape!

A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen

As you are toss'd with. In sooth

I'll know your business, Harry, that I will.

I fear, my brother Mortimer doth stir About his title; and hath sent for you, To line his enterprise: But if you go—

Hot. So far afoot, I shall be weary, love.

Lady. Come, come, you paraquito, answer me Directly to this question that I shall ask.⁷

In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry,

An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

Hot. Away,

Away, you trifler!—Love?—I love thee not,

I care not for thee, Kate: this is no world To play with mammets⁸ and to tilt with lips:

We must have bloody noses and crack'd crowns,

And pass them current too.—Gods me, my horse!—

What say'st thou, Kate? what wouldst thou have with me?

Lady. Do you not love me? do you not, indeed?

Well, do not then; for, since you love me not,

I will not love myself. Do you not love me?

Nay, tell me, if you speak in jest, or no.

Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride?

And when I am a horseback, I will swear

I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate;

I must not have you henceforth question me

Whither I go, nor reason whereabouts:

Whither I must, I must; and, to conclude, This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate.

I know you wise; but yet no further wise

Than Harry Percy's wife: constant you are,

But yet a woman: and for secrecy,

No lady closer; for I will believe

Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know;

And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate!

Lady. How! so far?

Hot. Not an inch further. But hark you, Kate:

Whither I go thither shall you go too;

To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.—

Will this content you, Kate?

Lady. It must of force. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Eastcheap. *A Room in the Boar's Head Tavern.*¹

Enter PRINCE HENRY and POINS.

P. Hen. Ned, prithee, come out of that fat room, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poins. Where hast been, Hal?

P. Hen. With three or four loggerheads, amongst three or four score hogsheads. I have sounded the very base string of humility. Sirrah, I am sworn brother to a leash of drawers; and can call them all by their Christian names, as—Tom, Dick, and Francis.² They take it already upon their salvation, that, though I be but prince of Wales, yet I am the king of courtesy; and tell me flatly I am no proud Jack, like Falstaff; but a Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy, and when I am king of England, I shall command all the good lads in Eastcheap. They call drinking deep, dyeing scarlet: and when you breathe in your watering,³ they cry—hem! and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any tinker in his own language during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou hast lost much honour that thou wert not with me in this action. But, sweet Ned,—to

¹ *Retires*—retreats.

² *Frontiers*. A frontier is something standing in front. Thus the *frontier* of a territory is the part opposed to, fronting, another territory; and in this way a fort is a frontier, as in this passage.

³ *Current*. So the folio. Some editions read *currents*, for *occurents*, *occurrences*. But surely "the current of a heady fight"—the course, the rush—presents no difficulty.

⁴ *Haste*. So the folio and several quartos; the first quarto, *hest*.

⁵ *Ago*. So the quartos; the folio *agone*, which makes an unpleasant jingle with the *gone* of the preceding line.

⁶ *Esperancé*. This is the motto of the Percy family. Hotspur pictures himself on his roan—his throne—and leading on his men with the family war-cry. The passage is generally printed *O Esperance*; but not so in the old editions. *Esperancé* is here a word of four syllables, as in the second scene of the fourth act, Shakspeare knowing that in French metre, the *e* final always forms a syllable.

⁷ *Shall ask*. So the folio. Several of the quartos omit *shall*.

⁸ *Mammets*—puppets.

⁹ *Breathe in your watering*—to take breath when you are drinking. To *water* was a common word for *to drink*, as we still say to *water* a horse. Some mechanics have still their *watering time* in the afternoon.

sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this pennyworth of sugar,¹ clapped even now into my hand by an under-skinker; one that never spake other English in his life, than—*Eight shillings and sixpence*, and *You are welcome*; with this shrill addition,—*Anon, anon, sir! Score a pint of bastard in the Half-moon*, or so. But, Ned, to drive away time till Falstaff come, I prithee do thou stand in some by-room, while I question my puny drawer to what end he gave me the sugar; and do thou never leave calling Francis, that his tale to me may be nothing but—anon. Step aside, and I'll show thee a precedent.

Poins. Francis!

P. Hen. Thou art perfect.

Poins. Francis!

[*Exit* POINS.]

Enter FRANCIS.

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.—Look down into the Pomegranate, Ralph.

P. Hen. Come hither, Francis.

Fran. My lord.

P. Hen. How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

Fran. Forsooth, five years, and as much as to—

Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. Five years! by'r lady, a long lease for the clinking of pewter. But, Francis, darest thou be so valiant as to play the coward with thine indenture, and show it a fair pair of heels, and run from it?

Fran. O lord, sir, I'll be sworn upon all the books in England I could find in my heart—

Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. How old art thou, Francis?

Fran. Let me see,—About Michaelmas next I shall be—

Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, sir.—Pray you stay a little, my lord.

P. Hen. Nay, but hark you, Francis: For the sugar thou gavest me,—'twas a pennyworth, was't not?

Fran. O lord, sir! I would it had been two.

P. Hen. I will give thee for it a thousand pound: ask me when thou wilt and thou shalt have it.

Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon.

P. Hen. Anon, Francis? No, Francis: but to-morrow, Francis; or, Francis, on Thursday; or, indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis,—

Fran. My lord?

P. Hen. Wilt thou rob this leathern jerkin, crystal button, nott-pated,² agate-ring, puke-stocking,³ caddis-garter, smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch,—

Fran. O lord, sir, who do you mean?

P. Hen. Why then, your brown bastard is your only drink: for, look you, Francis, your white canvas doublet will sully: in Barbary, sir, it cannot come to so much.

Fran. What, sir?

Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!

P. Hen. Away, you rogue; Dost thou not hear them call?

[*Here they both call him; the Drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.*]

Enter Vintner.

Vint. What! stand'st thou still and hear'st such a calling? Look to the guests within. [*Exit* FRAN.] My lord, old sir John, with half a dozen more, are at the door; Shall I let them in?

P. Hen. Let them alone awhile, and then open the door. [*Exit* Vintner.] Poins!

Re-enter POINS.

Poins. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. Sirrah, Falstaff, and the rest of the thieves are at the door. Shall we be merry?

Poins. As merry as crickets, my lad. But hark ye; What cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer? come, what's the issue?

P. Hen. I am now of all humours that have showed themselves humours, since the old days of goodman Adam, to the pupil age⁴ of this present twelve o'clock at midnight. [*Re-enter* FRANCIS *with wine.*] What's o'clock, Francis?

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman! His industry is—up-stairs, and down-stairs; his eloquence, the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hotspur of the north; he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife—"Fie upon this quiet life! I want work." "O my sweet Harry," says she, "how many hast thou killed to-day?" "Give my roan horse a drench," says he; and answers, "Some fourteen"—an hour after; "a trifle, a trifle." I prithee, call in Falstaff: I'll play Percy, and that damned brawn shall play dame Mortimer his wife. *Rivo* says the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

Enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, and PETO.

Poins. Welcome, Jack. Where hast thou been?

Fal. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen!—Give me a cup of sack, boy.—Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether-stocks, and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards!—Give me a cup of sack, rogue.—Is there no virtue extant?

[*He drinks.*]

P. Hen. Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter (pitiful-hearted Titan) that melted at the sweet tale of the sun? If thou didst, then behold that compound.⁵

Fal. You rogue, here's lime in this sack too. There is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man: Yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it: a villainous coward.—Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not three good men unchanged in England; and one of them is fat, and grows old: God help the while! a bad world, I say! I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms or any thing:⁶ A plague of all cowards, I say still.

P. Hen. How now, woolsack? what mutter you?

¹ Pennyworth of sugar—to sweeten the wine. (See Illustrations to Act I.)
² Nott-pated—with the hair cut close. A word of contempt equivalent to the Roundhead of the next half-century.

³ Puke-stocking. Puke, puce, is a sober brown colour. The prince describes the drawer's master as a person whose dress and appearance were entirely opposite to those of the gay courtiers who frequented his house. The caddis garter, the garter of ferret, matches the puce stocking.

⁴ Pupil age—the young time of this present midnight, contrasted with the old days of goodman Adam. Bacon, on the contrary, makes the present time the old days, and the days of Adam the pupil age of the world.

⁵ Didst thou never see Titan, &c. We have three mortal pages of commentary on this passage in the variorum editions. We adopt Warburton's reading, which appears to present no difficulty:—"Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter that melted at the sweet tale of the sun." "Pitiful hearted Titan" is parenthetical. The first quarto reads, "at the sweet tale of the son's;" the folio, "of the sun." Falstaff is the "compound," that looks like a dish of butter in the sun.

⁶ This is the reading of the early quartos. The corrections in the folio make a large concession to a more decorous system of morals, which some deemed puritanical. For example, in this passage we have "all manner of songs."

Fal. A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath,¹ and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You prince of Wales!

P. Hen. Why, you whoreson round man! what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? answer me to that; and Poins there?

Poins. 'Zounds, ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, I'll stab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward! I'll see thee damned ere I call thee coward: but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back: Call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me. Give me a cup of sack:—I am a rogue if I drunk to-day.

P. Hen. O villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunk'st last.

Fal. All's one for that. A plague on all cowards, still say I. [*He drinks.*]

P. Hen. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter? there be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this morning.

P. Hen. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

Fal. Where is it? taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four us.

P. Hen. What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet; four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hacked like a hand-saw, *ecce signum*. I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all cowards!—Let them speak: if they speak more or less than truth they are villains, and the sons of darkness.

P. Hen. Speak, sirs; how was it?

Gads. We four set upon some dozen,—

Fal. Sixteen, at least, my lord.

Gads. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

Gads. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us,—

Fal. And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

P. Hen. What, fought he with them all?

Fal. All? I know not what ye call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

P. Hen. Pray heaven you have not murdered some of them.²

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for: I have peppered two of them: two, I am sure, I have paid: two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal,—if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward;—here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me,—

P. Hen. What, four? thou saidst but two, even now.

Fal. Four, Hal; I told thee four.

Poins. Ay, ay, he said four.

Fal. These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

P. Hen. Seven? why there were but four, even now.

Fal. In buckram.

Poins. Ay, four, in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

P. Hen. Prithee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

Fal. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

P. Hen. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram, that I told thee of,—

P. Hen. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken,—

Poins. Down fell their hose.

Fal. Began to give me ground: But I followed me close, came in foot and hand; and with a thought seven of the eleven I paid.

P. Hen. O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

Fal. But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves in Kendal green³ came at my back, and let drive at me;—for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

P. Hen. These lies are like the father that begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained guts; thou knotty-pated fool: thou whoreson, obscene, greasy tallow-ketch,⁴—

Fal. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

P. Hen. Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? come tell us your reason; what sayest thou to this?

Poins. Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Fal. What, upon compulsion? No; were I at the strap-pado,^h or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plenty as blackberries I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

P. Hen. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin; this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horseback-breaker, this huge hill of flesh;—

Fal. Away, you starveling, you elf-skin, you dried neat's-tongue, bull's pizzle, you stock-fish—O, for breath to utter what is like thee!—you tailor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck;—

P. Hen. Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again: and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Poins. Mark, Jack.

P. Hen. We two saw you four set on four, and bound them, and were masters of their wealth.—Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down.—Then did we two set on you four: and, with a word, out-faced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house:—and, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ran and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou to hack thy sword as thou hast done; and then say, it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole, canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Poins. Come, let's hear, Jack; What trick hast thou now?

Fal. By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters: Was it for me to kill the heir apparent? Should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great

¹ *Dagger of lath.* The Vice in the old Moralities was thus armed, as described in Twelfth Night. The modern Harlequin, who is the lineal descendant of the Vice, retains the lath.

² This line belongs to the prince in the early quartos; Poins was substituted in the folio. It seems more correct that Poins should not interpose.

³ *Kendal green* was the livery of Robin Hood.

⁴ *Ketch.* All the old copies read *catch*. A *ketch* is a tub, a cask; a tallow-cask is no unapt comparison for Falstaff. Some editions read *keech*, and Dr. Percy says that a *keech* of tallow is the fat of an ox rolled up in a lump. *Catch* and *ketch* appear to have been formerly spelt the same. Our musical *catch* is *ketch* in Beaumont and Fletcher. *Ketch* and *cask* are each derived from the French *caisse*.

matter; I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself, and thee, during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, lads, I am glad you have the money.—Hostess, clap to the doors; watch to-night, pray to-morrow.—Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

P. Hen. Content;—and the argument shall be, thy running away.

Fal. Ah! no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me.

Enter Hostess.

Host. My lord the prince,—

P. Hen. How now, my lady the hostess? what say'st thou to me?

Host. Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door, would speak with you: he says he comes from your father.

P. Hen. Give him as much as will make him a royal man, and send him back again to my mother.

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Host. An old man.

Fal. What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight?—Shall I give him his answer?

P. Hen. Prithee, do, Jack.

Fal. 'Faith, and I'll send him packing. *[Exit.]*

P. Hen. Now, sirs; by'r lady, you fought fair; so did you, Peto;—so did you, Bardolph: you are lions too, you ran away upon instinct, you will not touch the true prince; no,—fie!

Bard. 'Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

P. Hen. Tell me now in earnest, how came Falstaff's sword so hacked?

Peto. Why, he hacked it with his dagger; and said, he would swear truth out of England, but he would make you believe it was done in fight; and persuaded us to do the like.

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-grass, to make them bleed; and then to beslobber our garments with it, and swear it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seven years before, I blushed to hear his monstrous devices.

P. Hen. O villain, thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner,¹ and ever since thou hast blushed extempore: Thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou rann'st away; What instinct hadst thou for it?

Bard. My lord, do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations?

P. Hen. I do.

Bard. What think you they portend?

P. Hen. Hot livers and cold purses.

Bard. Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

P. Hen. No, if rightly taken, halter.

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone. How now, my sweet creature of bombast? How long is't ago, Jack, since thou sawest thine own knee?

Fal. My own knee? when I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring: A plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. There's villainous news abroad: here was sir John Bracy from your father; you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the north, Percy; and he of Wales, that gave

Amaimon the bastinado,ⁱ and made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook,^k—What, a plague, call you him?—

Poins. O, Glendower.

Fal. Owen, Owen; the same;—and his son-in-law, Mortimer; and old Northumberland; and that sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs a' horseback up a hill perpendicular.

P. Hen. He that rides at high speed, and with his pistol kills a sparrow flying.

Fal. You have hit it.

P. Hen. So did he never the sparrow.

Fal. Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him: he will not run.

P. Hen. Why, what a rascal art thou then, to praise him so for running.

Fal. A' horseback, ye cuckoo! but, afoot, he will not budge a foot.

P. Hen. Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

Fal. I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand blue-caps more: Worcester is stolen away by night; thy father's beard is turned white with the news; you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackerel.

P. Hen. Then 'tis like, if there come a hot June, and this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy maidenheads as they buy hob-nails, by the hundreds.

Fal. By the mass, lad, thou say'st true; it is like we shall have good trading that way.—But, tell me, Hal, art thou not horribly afeard, thou being heir apparent? Could the world pick thee out three such enemies again, as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? Art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

P. Hen. Not a whit, i' faith; I lack some of thy instinct.

Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow, when thou comest to thy father: if thou do love me, practise an answer.

P. Hen. Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

Fal. Shall I? content:—This chair shall be my state, this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown.

P. Hen. Thy state is taken for a joint-stool, thy golden sceptre for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown!

Fal. Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved.—Give me a cup of sack, to make mine eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in king Cambyse's vein.

P. Hen. Well, here is my leg.

Fal. And here is my speech:—Stand aside, nobility.

Host. This is excellent sport, i' faith.

Fal. Weep not, sweet queen, for trickling tears are vain.

Host. O the father, how he holds his countenance!

Fal. For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful queen, For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

Host. O rare! he doth it as like one of these harlotry players as ever I see.

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-brain.—Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied: for though the camomile, the more it is trodden the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted the sooner it wears. That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion; but chiefly, a villainous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be son to me, here lies the point;—Why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a micher,² and eat blackberries? a question not to be asked. Shall the son of England prove a

¹ Taken with the manner—taken with a stolen thing in hand. (See Love's Labour's Lost, Act I. Sc. I.)

² Micher—truant.

thief, and take purses? a question to be asked. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou keepest: for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink, but in tears; not in pleasure, but in passion; not in words only, but in woes also:—And yet there is a virtuous man, whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

P. Hen. What manner of man, an it like your majesty?

Fal. A good portly man, i' faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by'r lady, inclining to threescore; and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff: if that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff: him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

P. Hen. Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

Fal. Depose me? if thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker, or a poulter's hare.

P. Hen. Well, here I am set.

Fal. And here I stand:—judge, my masters.

P. Hen. Now, Harry? whence come you?

Fal. My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

P. Hen. The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Fal. 'Sblood, my lord, they are false:—nay, I'll tickle ye for a young prince, i' faith.

P. Hen. Swearest thou, ungracious boy? henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace: there is a devil haunts thee, in the likeness of a fat old man: a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that bolting-hutch of beastliness, that swoln parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard of sack, that stuffed cloak-bag of guts, that roasted Manningtree ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning,¹ but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villainy? wherein villainous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Fal. I would your grace would take me with you.² Whom means your grace?

P. Hen. That villainous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

Fal. My lord, the man I know.

P. Hen. I know thou dost.

Fal. But to say I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old (the more the pity,) his white hairs do witness it: but that he is (saving your reverence,) a whoremaster, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, heaven help the wicked! If to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damned: if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord; banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poin: but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company; banish not him thy Harry's company; banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.

P. Hen. I do, I will.

[*A knocking heard.*

[*Exeunt* Hostess, FRANCIS, and BARDOLPH.]

Re-enter BARDOLPH, *running.*

Bard. O, my lord, my lord; the sheriff, with a most monstrous watch, is at the door.

Fal. Out, you rogue! play out the play: I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

Re-enter Hostess, *hastily.*

Host. O, my lord, my lord!—

Fal. Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddle-stick: What's the matter?

Host. The sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to search the house; Shall I let them in?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit: thou art essentially mad, without seeming so.

P. Hen. And thou a natural coward, without instinct.

Fal. I deny your *major*: if you will deny the sheriff, so: if not, let him enter: if I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up! I hope, I shall as soon be strangled with a halter as another.

P. Hen. Go, hide thee behind the arras;¹—the rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face, and good conscience.

Fal. Both which I have had: but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

[*Exeunt all but the* PRINCE *and* PETO.]

P. Hen. Call in the sheriff.—

Enter Sheriff and Carrier.

Now, master sheriff; what's your will with me?

Sher. First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry Hath follow'd certain men unto this house.

P. Hen. What men?

Sher. One of them is well known, my gracious lord; A gross fat man.

Car. As fat as butter.

P. Hen. The man, I do assure you, is not here; For I myself at this time have employ'd him.

And, sheriff, I will engage my word to thee, That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time, Send him to answer thee, or any man, For any thing he shall be charg'd withal. And so let me entreat you leave the house.

Sher. I will, my lord: There are two gentlemen Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

P. Hen. It may be so: if he have robb'd these men He shall be answerable; and, so, farewell.

Sher. Good night, my noble lord.

P. Hen. I think it is good morrow; Is it not?

Sher. Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock.

[*Exeunt* Sheriff and Carrier.]

P. Hen. This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's. Go, call him forth.

Peto. Falstaff!—fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting like a horse.

P. Hen. Hark, how hard he fetches breath: Search his pockets. [*PETO searches.*] What hast thou found?

Peto. Nothing but papers, my lord.

P. Hen. Let's see what be they: read them.

Peto. Item, A capon, 2s. 2d.

Item, Sauce, 4d.

Item, Sack, two gallons, 5s. 8d.

Item, Anchovies, and sack after supper, 2s. 6d.

Item, Bread, a halfpenny. Ob.³

P. Hen. O monstrous! but one halfpenny-worth of bread

¹ *Cunning*—skilful.

² *Take me with you.* A common expression for let me know your meaning.

³ *Ob.* The old mode of writing a halfpenny. But we must give expression to the meaning, or the passage would be unintelligible on the modern stage.

to this intolerable deal of sack!—What there is else, keep close; we'll read it at more advantage: there let him sleep till day. I'll to the court in the morning: we must all to the wars, and thy place shall be honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot; and, I know, his death will be a march of twelve-score.¹ The money shall be paid back again with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning; and so good morrow, Peto.

Peto. Good morrow, good my lord.

[*Exeunt.*²

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Bangor. A Room in the Archdeacon's House.*

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, MORTIMER, and GLENDOWER.

Mort. These promises are fair, the parties sure,
And our induction³ full of prosperous hope.

Hot. Lord Mortimer,—and cousin Glendower,—
Will you sit down?—

And, uncle Worcester:—A plague upon it!
I have forgot the map.

Glend. No, here it is.
Sit, cousin Percy; sit, good cousin Hotspur:
For by that name as oft as Lancaster
Doth speak of you, his cheek looks pale, and, with
A rising sigh, he wisheth you in heaven.

Hot. And you in hell, as oft as he hears Owen Glendower
spoke of.

Glend. I cannot blame him: at my nativity,
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning cressets;⁴ and, at my birth,
The frame and huge foundation of the earth
Shak'd like a coward.

Hot. Why, so it would have done at the same season, if
your mother's cat had but kitten'd, though yourself had
ne'er been born.

Glend. I say, the earth did shake when I was born.

Hot. And I say, the earth was not of my mind,
If you suppose, as fearing you it shook.

Glend. The heavens were all on fire, the earth did
tremble.

Hot. O, then the earth shook to see the heavens on
fire,

And not in fear of your nativity.
Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions: oft the teeming earth
Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vex'd
By the imprisoning of unruly wind
Within her womb; which, for enlargement striving,
Shakes the old beldame earth, and topples⁵ down
Steeple, and moss-grown towers. At your birth,
Our grandam earth, having this distemperature,
In passion shook.

Glend. Cousin, of many men
I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave
To tell you once again,—that at my birth,

The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes;
The goats ran from the mountains,⁶ and the herds
Were strangely clamorous to the frightened fields.
These signs have mark'd me extraordinary;
And all the courses of my life do show
I am not in the roll of common men.
Where is he⁵ living,—clipp'd in with the sea
That chides the banks of England, Scotland, Wales,—
Which calls me pupil, or hath read to me?
And bring him out, that is but woman's son,
Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,
And hold me pace in deep experiments.

Hot. I think there's no man speaks better Welsh: I'll to
dinner.

Mort. Peace, cousin Percy: you will make him mad.

Glend. I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

Hot. Why, so can I; or so can any man:
But will they come, when you do call for them?

Glend. Why, I can teach thee, cousin, to command
The devil.

Hot. And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the devil,
By telling truth; Tell truth, and shame the devil.—
If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither,
And I'll be sworn I have power to shame him hence.
O, while you live, tell truth, and shame the devil.

Mort. Come, come,
No more of this unprofitable chat.

Glend. Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made head
Against my power: thrice from the banks of Wye,
And sandy-bottom'd Severn, have I sent him,
Bootless home, and weather-beaten back.

Hot. Home without boots, and in foul weather too?
How 'scapes he agues, in the devil's name?

Glend. Come, here's the map; Shall we divide our right,
According to our three-fold order ta'en?

Mort. The archdeacon hath divided it
Into three limits, very equally:
England, from Trent and Severn hitherto,
By south and east, is to my part assign'd:
All westward, Wales beyond the Severn shore,
And all the fertile land within that bound,
To Owen Glendower:—and, dear coz, to you
The remnant northward, lying off from Trent.
And our indentures tripartite are drawn:
Which being sealed interchangeably,
(A business that this night may execute,)
To-morrow, cousin Percy, you, and I,
And my good lord of Worcester, will set forth,
To meet your father, and the Scottish power,
As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury.
My father Glendower is not ready yet,
Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days:—
Within that space, [*to GLEND.*] you may have drawn to-
gether

Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentlemen.

Glend. A shorter time shall send me to you, lords.
And in my conduct shall your ladies come:
From whom you now must steal, and take no leave;
For there will be a world of water shed,
Upon the parting of your wives and you.

Hot. Methinks, my moiety,⁶ north from Burton here,

theatrical associations. An example of his discrimination in language is offered to us in Richard III.:—

“Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,
By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams.”

Here the word is used in its metaphysical sense of *deductions* from facts or propositions, and not in the sense of *introduction*, as in the passage before us, which Steevens infers.

⁴ *Topples.* So the quartos; *tumbles* in the folio.

⁵ *He living* in the first three quartos; the folio, *the*.

⁶ *Moiety.* Hotspur calls his third share a “moiety.” Lear divides his kingdom into three parts, and yet Gloucester talks of either duke's “moiety.” In his dedication to the Rape of Lucrece, Shakspeare uses “moiety” in the sense of a

¹ *Twelve-score*—the common phraseology for twelve score yards. We have in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, “This boy will carry a letter twenty miles, as easily as a cannon will shoot point blank twelve score.”

² In the old copies the dialogue about the contents of Falstaff's pocket is between the prince and Peto. Johnson transferred the dialogue to Poins, saying—“Poins has the prince's confidence, and is a man of courage—they all retired but Poins, who, with the prince, having only robbed the robbers, had no need to conceal himself from the travellers.”

³ *Induction.* Steevens properly says that an *induction* was anciently something introductory to a play; but he adds, somewhat absurdly, that Shakspeare's attendance on the theatre might have familiarised him to the conception of the word. In the sense in which Shakspeare here uses the word it is synonymous with *introduction*—a leading in, a beginning; and this meaning would have been perfectly familiar to such a master of “the tongue” as Shakspeare was, without any

In quantity equals not one of yours :
See how this river comes me cranking¹ in,
And cuts me, from the best of all my land,
A huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle² out.
I'll have the current in this place damm'd up ;
And here the smug and silver Trent shall run
In a new channel, fair and evenly :
It shall not wind with such a deep indent,
To rob me of so rich a bottom here.

Glend. Not wind ? it shall, it must ; you see it doth.

Mort. Yea,

But mark how he bears his course, and runs me up
With like advantage on the other side ;
Gelding the opposed continent as much
As on the other side it takes from you.

Wor. Yea, but a little charge will trench him here,
And on this north side win this cape of land ;
And then he runs straight and even.

Hot. I'll have it so ; a little charge will do it.

Glend. I will not have it alter'd.

Hot. Will not you ?

Glend. No, nor you shall not.

Hot. Who shall say me nay ?

Glend. Why, that will I.

Hot. Let me not understand you then,
Speak it in Welsh.

Glend. I can speak English, lord, as well as you :
For I was train'd up in the English court :
Where, being but young, I framed to the harp
Many an English ditty, lovely well,
And gave the tongue³ a helpful ornament ;
A virtue that was never seen in you.

Hot. Marry, and I'm glad of't with all my heart :
I had rather be a kitten and cry mew,
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers ;
I had rather hear a brazen candlestick⁴ turn'd,
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree ;
And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,
Nothing so much as mincing poetry ;
'Tis like the forc'd gait of a shuffling nag.

Glend. Come, you shall have Trent turn'd.

Hot. I do not care : I'll give thrice so much land
To any well-deserving friend :
But in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.
Are the indentures drawn ? shall we be gone ?

Glend. The moon shines fair, you may away by night :
I'll haste the writer,⁵ and, withal,
Break with your wives of your departure hence :
I am afraid my daughter will run mad,
So much she doteth on her Mortimer.

[*Exit.*]

Mort. Fie, cousin Percy ! how you cross my father !

Hot. I cannot choose : sometimes he angers me,
With telling me of the moldwarp and the ant,
Of the dreamer Merlin, and his prophecies ;
And of a dragon and a finless fish,
A clip-wing'd griffin, and a moulten raven,
A couching lion, and a ramping cat,
And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff
As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,—
He held me, last night, at least nine hours,
In reckoning up the several devils' names
That were his lackeys : I cried, hum,—and well,—go to,—
But mark'd him not a word. O, he's as tedious
As is a tired horse, a railing wife ;

Worse than a smoky house :—I had rather live
With cheese and garlick in a windmill, far,
Than feed on cates, and have him talk to me,
In any summer-house in Christendom.

Mort. In faith, he is a worthy gentleman ;
Exceedingly well read, and profited
In strange concealments ; valiant as a lion,
And wondrous affable ; and as bountiful
As mines of India. Shall I tell you, cousin ?
He holds your temper in a high respect,
And curbs himself even of his natural scope,
When you do cross his humour ; 'faith, he does :
I warrant you that man is not alive
Might so have tempted him as you have done,
Without the taste of danger and reproof ;
But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.

Wor. In faith, my lord, you are too wilful-blame ;
And since your coming hither, have done enough
To put him quite beside his patience.
You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault.
Though sometimes it show greatness, courage, blood,—
And that's the dearest grace it renders you,—
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,
Defect of manners, want of government,
Pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain :
The least of which, haunting a nobleman,
Loseth men's hearts ; and leaves behind a stain
Upon the beauty of all parts besides,
Beguiling them of commendation.

Hot. Well, I am school'd ; good manners be your speed !
Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.

Re-enter GLENDOWER, with the Ladies.

Mort. This is the deadly spite that angers me,—
My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.

Glend. My daughter weeps ; she will not part with you,
She'll be a soldier too, she'll to the wars.

Mort. Good father, tell her,—that she, and my aunt Percy,
Shall follow in your conduct speedily.

[*GLENDOWER speaks to his daughter in Welsh, and she answers him in the same.*]

Glend. She's desperate here ; a peevish, self-will'd
harlotry,
One that no persuasion⁶ can do good upon.

[*LADY M. speaks to MORTIMER in Welsh.*]

Mort. I understand thy looks : that pretty Welsh
Which thou pourest down from these swelling heavens
I am too perfect in ; and, but for shame,
In such a parley should I answer thee.

[*LADY M. speaks.*]

I understand thy kisses, and thou mine,
And that's a feeling disputation :
But I will never be a truant, love,
Till I have learn'd thy language : for thy tongue
Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,
Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,
With ravishing division, to her lute.

Glend. Nay, if thou melt, then will she run mad.

[*LADY M. speaks again.*]

Mort. O, I am ignorance itself in this.

Glend. She bids you on the wanton rushes⁷ lay you
down,¹
And rest your gentle head upon her lap,

small part of a whole. The explanation which we find, in modern deeds, of moiety—"a moiety or half-part"—would show that it anciently signified any part, otherwise the explanation is superfluous.

¹ *Cranking*—bending.

² *Cantle*—a corner, according to some etymologists ; a portion, or parcel, according to others.

³ *The tongue*—the English language, according to Johnson.

⁴ *Candlestick.* So the folios ; the quartos *canstick*, which is not an uncommon word in the old poets.

⁵ *I'll haste the writer.* So all the old copies. The earlier modern editors read, "I'll in and haste the writer."

⁶ *That no persuasion.* All the old copies retain *that*.

⁷ All the old copies give this as one line. Steevens reads—

"She bids you
Upon the wanton rushes lay you down."

And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,
And on your eyelids crown the god of sleep,
Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness;
Making such difference betwixt wake and sleep,
As is the difference betwixt day and night,
The hour before the heavenly-harness'd team
Begins his golden progress in the east.

Mort. With all my heart I'll sit and hear her sing:
By that time will our book,^a I think, be drawn.

Glend. Do so;
And those musicians that shall play to you,
Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence:
And straight they shall be here: sit, and attend.

Hot. Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying down: Come,
quick, quick; that I may lay my head in thy lap.

Lady P. Go, ye giddy goose.

GLENDOWER *speaks some Welsh words, and then the Music plays.*

Hot. Now I perceive, the devil understands Welsh;
And 'tis no marvel, he's so humorous.
By'r lady, he's a good musician.

Lady P. Then would you be nothing but musical; for
you are altogether governed by humours. Lie still, ye
thief, and hear the lady sing in Welsh.

Hot. I had rather hear *Lady*, my brach, howl in Irish.

Lady P. Wouldst have thy head broken?

Hot. No.

Lady P. Then be still.

Hot. Neither; 'tis a woman's fault.

Lady P. Now, God help thee!

Hot. To the Welsh lady's bed.

Lady P. What's that?

Hot. Peace! she sings.

A Welsh SONG, sung by LADY M.

Hot. Come, Kate, I'll have your song too.

Lady P. Not mine, in good sooth.

Hot. Not yours, in good sooth! 'Heart, you swear like
a comfit-maker's wife! Not you, in good sooth; and, As
true as I live; and, As God shall mend me; and, As sure
as day:

And giv'st such sarcenet surety for thy oaths,
As if thou never walk'dst further than Finsbury.

Swear me, Kate, like a lady, as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath; and leave in sooth,
And such protest of pepper-gingerbread,¹

To velvet-guards,^e and Sunday-citizens.

Come, sing.

Lady P. I will not sing.

Hot. 'Tis the next way to turn tailor, or be redbreast
teacher.^f An the indentures be drawn, I'll away within
these two hours; and so come in when ye will. [*Exit.*

Glend. Come, come, lord Mortimer; you are as slow,
As hot lord Percy is on fire to go.

By this our book's drawn; we'll but seal, and then
To horse immediately.

Mort. With all my heart. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING HENRY, PRINCE OF WALES, and Lords.

K. Hen. Lords, give us leave; the Prince of Wales
and I

Must have some private conference:² But be near at hand,
For we shall presently have need of you.— [*Exeunt Lords.*
I know not whether God will have it so,
For some displeasing service I have done,
That, in his secret doom, out of my blood
He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me:
But thou dost, in thy passages of life,
Make me believe, that thou art only mark'd
For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven,
To punish my mis-treadings. Tell me else,
Could such inordinate and low desires,
Such poor, such bare, such lewd, such mean attempts
Such barren pleasures, rude society,
As thou art match'd withal and grafted to,
Accompany the greatness of thy blood,
And hold their level with thy princely heart?

P. Hen. So please your majesty, I would I could
Quit all offences with as clear excuse,
As well as, I am doubtless, I can purge
Myself of many I am charg'd withal:
Yet such extenuation let me beg,
As, in reproof³ of many tales devis'd,—
Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear,—
By smiling pick-thanks and base newsmongers,
I may, for some things true, wherein my youth
Hath faulty wander'd and irregular,
Find pardon on my true submission.

K. Hen. God pardon thee!—yet let me wonder, Harry,
At thy affections, which do hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
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:
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd; and the soul of every man
Prophetically does forethink thy fall.
Had I so lavish of my presence been,
So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,
So stale and cheap to vulgar company,
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
Had still kept loyal to possession;
And left me in reputeless banishment,
A fellow of no mark, nor likelihood.
By being seldom seen, I could not stir
But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at:
That men would tell their children,—This is he;
Others would say,—Where? which is Bolingbroke?
And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,
And dress'd myself in such humility,
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
Even in the presence of the crowned king.
Thus I did keep my person fresh, and new;
My presence, like a robe pontifical,
Ne'er seen, but wonder'd at: and so my state,
Seldom, but sumptuous, showed like a feast;
And won, by rareness, such solemnity.
The skipping king, he ambled up and down
With shallow jesters and rash bavin⁴ wits,
Soon kindled and soon burn'd: carded⁵ his state;
Mingled his royalty with carping⁶ fools,
Had his great name profaned with their scorns:
And gave his countenance, against his name,
To laugh at gibing boys, and stand the push
Of every beardless vain comparative:
Grew a companion to the common streets,

¹ *Pepper-gingerbread*—spice gingerbread.

Private conference. So all the old copies. Steevens omits *private*.

³ *Reproof*—disproof.

⁴ *Bavin.* Bavin is brushwood, used for kindling fires.

⁶ *Carded.* It is possible that Henry simply means that "the skipping king"

discarded his state. But in the sense in which Shelton, in his translation of Don Quixote, uses the word—"it is necessary that this book be *carded* and purged of certain base things"—we may consider that Richard fretted away his state, as the *wool-carder* makes the lock attenuated by continual tearing.

⁶ *Carping.* So the folio, and all the quartos except that of 1598, which reads *capring*. *Carping* was formerly used in the sense of *jesting*.

Enfeoff'd himself to popularity :
 That being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,
 They surfeited with honey, and began
 To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little
 More than a little is by much too much.
 So, when he had occasion to be seen,
 He was but as the cuckoo is in June,
 Heard, not regarded ; seen, but with such eyes,
 As, sick and blunted with community,
 Afford no extraordinary gaze,
 Such as is bent on sun-like majesty
 When it shines seldom in admiring eyes :
 But rather drows'd, and hung their eyelids down,
 Slept in his face, and render'd such aspect
 As cloudy men use to their adversaries ;
 Being with his presence glutted, gorg'd, and full.
 And in that very line, Harry, standest thou :
 For thou hast lost thy princely privilege
 With vile participation ; not an eye
 But is a-weary of thy common sight,
 Save mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more ;
 Which now doth that I would not have it do,
 Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

P. Hen. I shall hereafter, my thrice-gracious lord,
 Be more myself.

K. Hen. For all the world,
 As thou art to this hour, was Richard then
 When I from France set foot at Ravenspurg ;
 And even as I was then is Percy now.
 Now by my sceptre, and my soul to boot,
 He hath more worthy interest to the state,
 Than thou, the shadow of succession :
 For, of no right, nor colour like to right,
 He doth fill fields with harness in the realm :
 Turns head against the lion's armed jaws ;
 And, being no more in debt to years than thou,
 Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on,
 To bloody battles, and to bruising arms.
 What never-dying honour hath he got
 Against renowned Douglas ; whose high deeds,
 Whose hot incursions, and great name in arms,
 Holds from all soldiers chief majority,
 And military title capital,
 Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ !
 Thrice hath this Hotspur Mars in swathing clothes,
 This infant warrior in his enterprises
 Discomfited great Douglas ; ta'en him once,
 Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
 To fill the mouth of deep defiance up,
 And shake the peace and safety of our throne.
 And what say you to this ? Percy, Northumberland,
 The archbishop's grace of York, Douglas, Mortimer,
 Capitulate¹ against us, and are up.
 But wherefore do I tell these news to thee ?
 Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,
 Which art my near'st and dearest enemy ?
 Thou that art like enough,—through vassal fear,
 Base inclination, and the start of spleen,—
 To fight against me, under Percy's pay,
 To dog his heels, and court'sy at his frowns,
 To show how much thou art degenerate.

P. Hen. Do not think so, you shall not find it so ;
 And God forgive them that so much have sway'd
 Your majesty's good thoughts away from me !
 I will redeem all this on Percy's head,
 And, in the closing of some glorious day,
 Be bold to tell you that I am your son ;
 When I will wear a garment all of blood,

And stain my favours² in a bloody mask,
 Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame with it.
 And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,
 That this same child of honour and renown,
 This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,
 And your unthought-of Harry, chance to meet :
 For every honour sitting on his helm,
 'Would they were multitudes ; and on my head
 My shames redoubled ! for the time will come,
 That I shall make this northern youth exchange
 His glorious deeds for my indignities.
 Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
 To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf ;
 And I will call him to so strict account,
 That he shall render every glory up,
 Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,
 Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.
 This, in the name of God, I promise here :
 The which if He be pleas'd I shall perform,
 I do beseech your majesty, may salve
 The long-grown wounds of my intemperance :
 If not, the end of life cancels all bands ;
 And I will die a hundred thousand deaths,
 Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

K. Hen. A hundred thousand rebels die in this :—
 Thou shalt have charge, and sovereign trust, herein.

Enter BLUNT.

How now, good Blunt ? thy looks are full of speed.

Blunt. So hath the business that I come to speak of.
 Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word,—
 That Douglas, and the English rebels, met,
 The eleventh of this month, at Shrewsbury :
 A mighty and a fearful head they are,
 If promises be kept on every hand,
 As ever offer'd foul play in a state.

K. Hen. The earl of Westmoreland set forth to-day ;
 With him my son, lord John of Lancaster ;
 For this advertisement is five days old :—
 On Wednesday next, Harry, thou shalt set forward ;
 On Thursday, we ourselves will march :
 Our meeting is Bridgnorth : and, Harry, you
 Shall march through Glostershire ; by which account,
 Our business valued, some twelve days hence
 Our general forces at Bridgnorth shall meet.
 Our hands are full of business : let's away ;
 Advantage feeds him fat, while men delay. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Eastcheap. *A Room in the Boar's Head Tavern.*

Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely since this last action ? do I not bate ? do I not dwindle ? Why, my skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown ; I am wither'd like an old apple-John. Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking ;³ I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a peppercorn, a brewer's horse : the inside of a church ! Company, villainous company, hath been the spoil of me.

Bard. Sir John, you are so fretful, you cannot live long.

Fal. Why, there is it :—come, sing me a bawdy song ; make me merry. I was as virtuously given as a gentleman need to be ; virtuous enough : swore little ; diced, not above seven times a week ; went to a bawdy-house, not

¹ *Capitulate*—to settle the *heads* of an agreement.

² *Favours*—features. So in Richard II. :—

“Yet I well remember
 The favours of these men.”

³ *In some liking*—in some substance.

above once in a quarter—of an hour; paid money that I borrowed, three or four times; lived well, and in good compass: and now I live out of all order, out of all compass.

Bard. Why you are so fat, sir John, that you must needs be out of all compass; out of all reasonable compass, sir John.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life: Thou art our admiral, thou bearest the lantern in the poop, —but 'tis in the nose of thee; thou art the knight of the burning lamp.

Bard. Why, sir John, my face does you no harm.

Fal. No, I'll be sworn; I make as good use of it as many a man doth of a death's head, or a *memento mori*. I never see thy face but I think upon hell-fire, and Dives that lived in purple; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face; my oath should be, By this fire: but thou art altogether given over; and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness. When thou rann'st up Gadshill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of wildfire, there's no purchase in money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire-light! Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern: but the sack that thou hast drunk me would have bought me lights as good cheap, at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have maintained that salamander of yours with fire, any time this two and thirty years; Heaven reward me for it!

Bard. 'Sblood, I would my face were in your belly!

Fal. God-a-mercy! so should I be sure to be heart-burned.

Enter Hostess.

How now, dame Partlet the hen? have you inquired yet who picked my pocket?

Host. Why, sir John! what do you think, sir John? do you think I keep thieves in my house? I have searched, I have inquired, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant: the tithe of a hair was never lost in my house before.

Fal. You lie, hostess; Bardolph was shaved, and lost many a hair: and I'll be sworn my pocket was picked: Go to, you are a woman, go.

Host. Who, I? I defy thee: I was never called so in mine own house before.

Fal. Go to, I know you well enough.

Host. No, sir John; you do not know me, sir John: I know you, sir John: you owe me money, sir John, and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.

Fal. Dowlas, filthy dowlas: I have given them away to bakers' wives, and they have made bolters of them.

Host. Now, as I am a true woman, holland of eight shillings an ell.⁵ You owe money here besides, sir John, for your diet, and by-drinkings, and money lent you, four and twenty pound.

Fal. He had his part of it; let him pay.

Host. He? alas, he is poor; he hath nothing.

Fal. How! poor? look upon his face; What call you rich? let them coin his nose, let them coin his cheeks; I'll not pay a denier. What, will you make a younker of me? shall I not take mine ease in mine inn, but I shall have my pocket picked? I have lost a seal-ring of my grandfather's, worth forty mark.

Host. I have heard the prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that ring was copper.

Fal. How! the prince is a Jack, a sneak-cup; and, if he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would say so.

Enter PRINCE HENRY and PETO, marching. FALSTAFF meets the PRINCE, playing on his truncheon, like a fife.

Fal. How now, lad? is the wind in that door, i' faith? must we all march?

Bard. Yea, two and two, Newgate-fashion.

Host. My lord, I pray you, hear me.

P. Hen. What sayest thou, mistress Quickly? How does thy husband? I love him well, he is an honest man.

Host. Good my lord, hear me.

Fal. Prithee, let her alone, and list to me.

P. Hen. What sayest thou, Jack?

Fal. The other night I fell asleep here behind the arras, and had my pocket picked: this house is turned bawdy-house, they pick pockets.

P. Hen. What didst thou lose, Jack?

Fal. Wilt thou believe me, Hal? three or four bonds of forty pound a-piece, and a seal-ring of my grandfather's.

P. Hen. A trifle, some eight-penny matter.

Host. So I told him, my lord; and I said I heard your grace say so: And, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouthed man as he is; and said he would cudgel you.

P. Hen. What! he did not?

Host. There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee than in a stewed prune; nor no more truth in thee than in a drawn fox; and for womanhood, maid Marian may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thing, go.

Host. Say, what thing? what thing?

Fal. What thing? why, a thing to thank heaven on.

Host. I am no thing to thank heaven on, I would thou shouldst know it; I am an honest man's wife: and, setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

Fal. Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

Host. Say, what beast, thou knave thou?

Fal. What beast? why an otter.

P. Hen. An otter, sir John! why an otter?

Fal. Why? she's neither fish nor flesh; a man knows not where to have her.

Host. Thou art an unjust man in saying so; thou or any man knows where to have me, thou knave thou!

P. Hen. Thou sayest true, hostess; and he slanders thee most grossly.

Host. So he doth you, my lord; and said this other day, you ought him a thousand pound.

P. Hen. Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

Fal. A thousand pound, Hal? a million: thy love is worth a million; thou owest me thy love.

Host. Nay, my lord, he called you Jack, and said he would cudgel you.

Fal. Did I, Bardolph?

Bard. Indeed, sir John, you said so.

Fal. Yea; if he said my ring was copper.

P. Hen. I say, 'tis copper: Darest thou be as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why, Hal, thou knowest as thou art but a man, I dare: but as thou art a prince, I fear thee, as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

P. Hen. And why not as the lion?

Fal. The king himself is to be feared as the lion: Dost thou think I'll fear thee as I fear thy father? nay, an I do, let my girdle break!

P. Hen. O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees! But, sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty, in this bosom of thine; it is all filled up with guts and midriff. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket! Why, thou whoreson, impudent, embossed¹

¹ Embossed—swollen, puffed up. In Lear we have "embossed carbuncle."
7 A

rascal, if there were anything in thy pocket but tavern reckonings, memorandums of bawdy-houses, and one poor penny-worth of sugar-candy, to make thee long-winded; if thy pocket were enriched with any other injuries but these, I am a villain. And yet you will stand to it, you will not pocket up wrong: Art thou not ashamed?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? thou knowest, in the state of innocency, Adam fell; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do, in the days of villainy? Thou seest I have more flesh than another man; and therefore more frailty. You confess, then, you picked my pocket?

P. Hen. It appears so by the story.

Fal. Hostess, I forgive thee: Go, make ready breakfast; love thy husband, look to thy servants, cherish thy guests: thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason: thou seest I am pacified.—Still?—Nay, prithee, be gone. [*Exit Hostess.*] Now, Hal, to the news at court: For the robbery, lad,—How is that answered?

P. Hen. O, my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee:—The money is paid back again.

Fal. O, I do not like that paying back, 'tis a double labour.

P. Hen. I am good friends with my father, and may do anything.

Fal. Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou doest, and do it with unwashed hands too.

Bard. Do, my lord.

P. Hen. I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of foot.

Fal. I would it had been of horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well? O, for a fine thief, of the age of two and twenty, or thereabouts! I am heinously unprovided. Well, God be thanked for these rebels, they offend none but the virtuous; I laud them, I praise them.

P. Hen. Bardolph.

Bard. My lord.

P. Hen. Go bear this letter to lord John of Lancaster, To my brother John; this to my lord of Westmoreland.—Go, Peto, to horse, to horse: for thou and I Have thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner time. Jack, meet me to-morrow i' the Temple-hall, At two o'clock i' the afternoon:

There shalt thou know thy charge; and there receive Money, and order for their furniture.

The land is burning; Percy stands on high; And either they, or we, must lower lie.

[*Exeunt PRINCE, PETO, and BARDOLPH.*]

Fal. Rare words! brave world! Hostess, my breakfast; come:—

O, I could wish this tavern were my drum. [*Exit.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury.*

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, and DOUGLAS.

Hot. Well said, my noble Scot: If speaking truth, In this fine age, were not thought flattery, Such attribution should the Douglas have, As not a soldier of this season's stamp Should go so general current through the world. By heaven, I cannot flatter; I defy

The tongues of soothers; but a braver place In my heart's love hath no man than yourself: Nay, task me to my word; approve me, lord.

Doug. Thou art the king of honour:

No man so potent breathes upon the ground, But I will beard him.

Hot.

Do so, and 'tis well:—

Enter a Messenger, with letters.

What letters hast thou there?—I can but thank you.

Mess. These letters come from your father,—

Hot. Letters from him! why comes he not himself?

Mess. He cannot come, my lord; he's grievous sick.

Hot. 'Zounds! how has he the leisure to be sick In such a justling time? Who leads his power?

Under whose government come they along?

Mess. His letters bear his mind, not I, my lord.¹

Wor. I prithee tell me, doth he keep his bed?

Mess. He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth; And at the time of my departure thence, He was much fear'd by his physicians.

Wor. I would the state of time had first been whole, Ere he by sickness had been visited: His health was never better worth than now.

Hot. Sick now! droop now! this sickness doth infect The very life-blood of our enterprise: 'Tis catching hither, even to our camp.

He writes me here,—that inward sickness—

And that his friends by deputation could not

So soon be drawn; nor did he think it meet

To lay so dangerous and dear a trust

On any soul remov'd, but on his own.

Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,—

That with our small conjunction we should on, To see how fortune is dispos'd to us;

For, as he writes, there is no quailing now;

Because the king is certainly possess'd

Of all our purposes. What say you to it?

Wor. Your father's sickness is a maim to us.

Hot. A perilous gash, a very limb lopp'd off:—

And yet, in faith, 'tis not; his present want

Seems more than we shall find it:—Were it good

To set the exact wealth of all our states

All at one cast? to set so rich a main

On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?

It were not good: for therein should we read²

The very bottom and the soul of hope;

The very list, the very utmost bound

Of all our fortunes.

Doug. Faith, and so we should;

Where now remains a sweet reversion:

We may boldly spend upon the hope of what

Is to come in:

A comfort of retirement lives in this.—

Hot. A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,

If that the devil and mischance look big

Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.

Wor. But yet I would your father had been here.

The quality and air³ of our attempt

Brooks no division: It will be thought

By some, that know not why he is away,

That wisdom, loyalty, and mere dislike

Of our proceedings kept the earl from hence;

¹ *Not I, my lord.* The folio reads *not I his mind*; the earliest quarto, *not I my mind*. The present is the received reading, upon the correction of Capell.

² *Read.* By receiving this word in its literal and secondary meaning the commentators have been much perplexed with this passage. Steevens says, "Sight being necessary to reading, *to read* is here used, in Shakspeare's licentious language, for *to see*." This is really most marvellous ignorance of our primitive English, in which *to discover* is a meaning of the word *read* as well understood as its peculiar meaning with regard to written language. "*Arede my riddle*" is scarcely obsolete.

³ *Air.* The folio reads *heire*; the first quarto, *haire*. In the modern editions of Macbeth we have—

"The crown does sear mine eye-balls: and thy *air*,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first."

Now in the folio the *air* in this passage also is spelt *haire*. It seems to us that the correction is as much called for in the text before us as in Macbeth, although "*hair*" is retained in most modern editions. Worcester considers that not only the *quality* but the *appearance* of their attempt "brooks no division." *Air* was suggested by Boswell.

And think, how such an apprehension
May turn the tide of fearful faction,
And breed a kind of question in our cause :
For, well you know, we of the offering side¹
Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement ;
And stop all sight-holes, every loop, from whence
The eye of reason may pry in upon us :
This absence of your father draws a curtain,
That shows the ignorant a kind of fear
Before not dreamt of.

Hot. You strain too far.
I, rather, of his absence make this use ;—
It lends a lustre, and more great opinion,
A larger dare to our great enterprise,
Than if the earl were here : for men must think
If we, without his help, can make a head
To push against the kingdom, with his help
We shall o'erturn it topsy-turvy down.
Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.

Doug. As heart can think : there is not such a word
Spoke of in Scotland as this term of fear.²

Enter SIR RICHARD VERNON.

Hot. My cousin Vernon ! welcome, by my soul.

Ver. Pray God, my news be worth a welcome, lord.
The earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,
Is marching hitherwards ; with him, prince John.

Hot. No harm : What more ?

Ver. And further, I have learn'd,
The king himself in person hath set forth,
Or hitherwards intended speedily,
With strong and mighty preparation.

Hot. He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,
The nimble-footed mad-cap prince of Wales,
And his comrades, that daff'd the world aside,
And bid it pass ?

Ver. All furnish'd, all in arms :
All plum'd, like estridges that with the wind
Bated,—like eagles having lately bath'd ;³
Glittering in golden coats, like images ;
As full of spirit as the month of May,
And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer ;
Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.
I saw young Harry, with his beaver on,⁴
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,
And vaulted with such ease into his seat
As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

Hot. No more, no more ; worse than the sun in March,
This praise doth nourish agues. Let them come ;
They come like sacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-eyed maid of smoky war,

¹ *Offering side*—assailing side.

² *Term of fear.* So the first quarto ; the folio, *dream of fear*.

³ This passage has always been given thus since the time of Johnson :—

“ All furnish'd, all in arms,
All plum'd like estridges that *wing* the wind ;
Bated like eagles having lately bath'd.”

Johnson substituted *wing* for *with*, the ancient reading. But the passage thus changed has become even more perplexed and contradictory. We have ventured to restore *with*, and to change the punctuation. The meaning appears to us to be this :—The prince and his comrades all furnish'd, all in arms, are plumed like estridges (*falcons*, not ostriches) that *with* the wind bated,—(to *bate* is to swoop upon the quarry, a term of falconry)—like eagles having lately bath'd. Their plumes, their caparisons, are as smooth as the unruffled feathers of the hawk that flies with the wind upon his prey—as brilliant as the eagles that have just dipped their wings in the crystal waters of the mountain tarn. The Cambridge editors say—“The phrase ‘wing the wind,’ seems to apply to ostriches (for such is unquestionably the meaning of ‘estridges’) less than to any other birds.” We have said that estridges are falcons, and we support our opinion by a passage in which Shakspeare describes how, being “frighted out of fear,”

“The dove will peck the estridge.”

Unquestionably the falcon, and not the ostrich, is here meant.

All hot, and bleeding, will we offer them :
The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit,
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire,
To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh,
And yet not ours :—Come, let me take my horse,⁵
Who is to bear me, like a thunderbolt,
Against the bosom of the prince of Wales :
Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse,
Meet, and ne'er part, till one drop down a corse.—
O, that Glendower were come !

Ver. There is more news :
I learn'd in Worcester, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his power this fourteen days.

Doug. That's the worst tidings that I hear of yet.

Wor. Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound.

Hot. What may the king's whole battle reach unto ?

Ver. To thirty thousand.

Hot. Forty let it be ;
My father and Glendower being both away,
The powers of us may serve so great a day.
Come, let us take⁶ a muster speedily :
Doomsday is near ; die all, die merrily.

Doug. Talk not of dying ; I am out of fear
Of death, or death's hand, for this one half year.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A public Road near Coventry.

Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry ; fill me a
bottle of sack ; our soldiers shall march through : we'll to
Sutton-Cop-hill⁷ to-night.

Bard. Will you give me money, captain ?

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. This bottle makes an angel.

Fal. An if it do take it for thy labour ; and if it make
twenty take them all, I'll answer the coinage. Bid my
lieutenant Peto meet me at the town's end.

Bard. I will, captain : farewell.

[*Exit.*]

Fal. If I be not ashamed of my soldiers I am a soused
gurnet. I have misused the king's press damnably. I
have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three
hundred and odd pounds. I press me none but good house-
holders, yeomen's sons : inquire me out contracted bache-
lors, such as had been asked twice on the bans ; such a
commodity of warm slaves as had as lief hear the devil as
a drum ; such as fear the report of a caliver worse than a
struck fowl, or a hurt wild-duck. I pressed me none but
such toasts and butter,⁸ with hearts in their bellies no
bigger than pins' heads, and they have bought out their
services ; and now my whole charge consists of ancients,
corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as
ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the glutton's
dogs licked his sores : and such as, indeed, were never

⁴ *Beaver.* This, which is a part of the helmet, is often used to express a helmet generally. It is so used in Richard III. :—

“What, is my *beaver* easier than it was ?”

But in the following passage from Henry IV., Part II., we have the word used for a part of the helmet, as it also is in Hamlet :—

“Their armed staves in charge, their *beavers* down.”

⁵ *Take my horse* is the reading of the folio. The first two quartos have *taste*. The word was used (but rarely) in the sense of *try*.

⁶ *Take.* All the old copies read “*take* a muster ;” modern editions, “*make* a muster.” Hotspur eagerly inquires as to the number of the king's forces, and then desires to take an account—a muster-roll—of his own. He would not wish to *make* a muster—to assemble his troops, to collect them together—for they were all with him ; but he desires to know the exact number of “the powers of us” which are to oppose the king's “thirty thousand.”

⁷ *Sutton-Cop-hill.* So all the old copies read ; the variorum editions, “Sutton Coldfield.” We restored the old reading in our first edition. “Coldfield” was suggested by Hamner, but the Cambridge editors adopt “Co'fil,” as a contraction of Coldfield.

⁸ *Toasts and butter.* According to Fynes Moryson, the “Londoners, and all within the sound of Bow bell, are in reproach called cocknies, and *eaters of buttered toasts.*”

soldiers; but discarded unjust serving-men, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters, and ostlers trade-fallen; the cankers of a calm world and a long peace; ten times more dishonourable ragged than an old faced¹ ancient: and such have I, to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their services, that you would think that I had a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals, lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me I had unloaded all the gibbets, and pressed the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scarecrows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat;—Nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for, indeed, I had the most of them out of prison. There's but a shirt and a half in all my company; and the half-shirt is two napkins tacked together, and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host at Saint Alban's, or the red-nose inn-keeper of Daventry: But that's all one; they'll find linen enough on every hedge.

Enter PRINCE HENRY and WESTMORELAND.

P. Hen. How now, blown Jack? how now, quilt?

Fal. What, Hal? how now, mad wag? what a devil dost thou in Warwickshire?—My good lord of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy; I thought your honour had already been at Shrewsbury.

West. 'Faith, sir John, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too; but my powers are there already: The king, I can tell you, looks for us all; we must away all to-night.²

Fal. Tut, never fear me; I am as vigilant as a cat to steal cream.

P. Hen. I think to steal cream indeed; for thy theft hath already made thee butter. But tell me, Jack; Whose fellows are these that come after?

Fal. Mine, Hal, mine.

P. Hen. I did never see such pitiful rascals.

Fal. Tut, tut; good enough to toss:³ food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit as well as better: tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.

West. Ay, but, sir John, methinks they are exceeding poor and bare; too beggarly.

Fal. 'Faith, for their poverty, I know not where they had that: and for their bareness, I am sure they never learned that of me.

P. Hen. No, I'll be sworn; unless you call three fingers on the ribs, bare. But, sirrah, make haste: Percy is already in the field.

Fal. What, is the king encamped?

West. He is, sir John; I fear we shall stay too long.

Fal. Well,
To the latter end of a fray, and the beginning of a feast,
Fits a dull fighter, and a keen guest. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury.*

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, DOUGLAS, and VERNON.

Hot. We'll fight with him to-night.

Wor. It may not be.

Doug. You give him then advantage.

Ver. Not a whit.

Hot. Why say you so? looks he not for supply?

Ver. So do we.

Hot. His is certain, ours is doubtful.

Wor. Good cousin, be advis'd; stir not to-night.

Ver. Do not, my lord.

Doug. You do not counsel well;
You speak it out of fear and cold heart.

Ver. Do me no slander, Douglas: by my life,
(And I dare well maintain it with my life,)

If well-respected honour bid me on,

I hold as little counsel with weak fear

As you, my lord, or any Scot that this day lives;—⁴

Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle

Which of us fears.

Doug. Yea, or to-night.

Ver. Content.

Hot. To-night, say I.

Ver. Come, come, it may not be.

I wonder much, being men of such great leading as you are,⁵

That you foresee not what impediments

Drag back our expedition: Certain horse

Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up:

Your uncle Worcester's horse came but to-day;

And now their pride and mettle is asleep,

Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,

That not a horse is half the half of himself.

Hot. So are the horses of the enemy

In general, journey-bated, and brought low;

The better part of ours are full of rest.

Wor. The number of the king exceedeth ours:

For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in.

[*The trumpet sounds a parley.*]

Enter SIR WALTER BLUNT.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the king,
If you vouchsafe me hearing and respect.

Hot. Welcome, sir Walter Blunt; And 'would to God
You were of our determination!

Some of us love you well: and even those some

Envy your great deservings and good name,

Because you are not of our quality,⁶

But stand against us like an enemy.

Blunt. And heaven defend but still I should stand so,

So long as, out of limit and true rule,

You stand against anointed majesty!

But to my charge.—The king hath sent to know

The nature of your griefs; and whereupon

You conjure from the breast of civil peace

Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land

Audacious cruelty: If that the king

Have any way your good deserts forgot,

Which he confesseth to be manifold,

He bids you name your griefs;⁷ and, with all speed,

You shall have your desires, with interest;

And pardon absolute for yourself, and these,

Herein misled by your suggestion.

Hot. The king is kind: and, well we know, the king
Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.

My father, and my uncle, and myself,

Did give him that same royalty he wears:

And,—when he was not six and twenty strong,

Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,

A poor unminded outlaw sneaking home,—

My father gave him welcome to the shore:

And,—when he heard him swear and vow to God,

He came but to be duke of Lancaster,

To sue his livery,⁸ and beg his peace;

¹ *Old faced*—an old, patched-up standard.

² *To-night*. So the folio; the quartos, *all night*.

³ *Toss*—toss upon a pike.

⁴ *This day lives*. So all the old copies. Some modern editions omitted *this day*.

⁵ *As you are*. These words, which are in all the old copies, were also omitted in some modern editions.

⁶ *Quality*—of the same *kind* with us.

⁷ *Griefs*—grievances.

⁸ *His livery*. See Richard II., Illustrations of Act II.

With tears of innocency, and terms of zeal,—
 My father, in kind heart and pity mov'd,
 Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too.
 Now, when the lords and barons of the realm
 Perceiv'd Northumberland did lean to him,
 The more and less came in with cap and knee;
 Met him in boroughs, cities, villages;
 Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,
 Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,
 Gave him their heirs; as pages follow'd him,
 Even at the heels, in golden multitudes.
 He presently,—as greatness knows itself,—
 Steps me a little higher than his vow
 Made to my father, while his blood was poor,
 Upon the naked shore at Ravenspurge;
 And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform
 Some certain edicts, and some strait decrees,
 That lay too heavy on the commonwealth:
 Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep
 Over his country's wrongs; and, by this face,
 This seeming brow of justice, did he win
 The hearts of all that he did angle for.
 Proceeded further; cut me off the heads
 Of all the favourites, that the absent king
 In deputation left behind him here,
 When he was personal in the Irish war.

Blunt. Tut, I came not to hear this.

Hot.

Then, to the point.

In short time after, he depos'd the king;
 Soon after that, depriv'd him of his life;
 And, in the neck of that, task'd¹ the whole state:
 To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman March
 (Who is, if every owner were well plac'd,
 Indeed his king,) to be engag'd² in Wales,
 There without ransom to lie forfeited:
 Disgrac'd me in my happy victories;
 Sought to entrap me by intelligence;
 Rated my uncle from the council-board;
 In rage dismiss'd my father from the court;
 Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong;
 And, in conclusion, drove us to seek out
 This head of safety; and, withal, to pry
 Into his title, the which we find
 Too indirect for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I return this answer to the king?

Hot. Not so, sir Walter; we'll withdraw awhile.

Go to the king; and let there be impawn'd
 Some surety for a safe return again,
 And in the morning early shall my uncle
 Bring him our purposes: and so farewell.

Blunt. I would you would accept of grace and love.

Hot. And 't may be, so we shall.

Blunt.

'Pray heaven you do!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—York. A Room in the Archbishop's House.

Enter the Archbishop of York, and a Gentleman.

Arch. Hie, good sir Michael; bear this sealed brief,³
 With hied haste, to the lord marshal;
 This to my cousin Scroop; and all the rest
 To whom they are directed: if you knew
 How much they do import, you would make haste.

Gent. My good lord,
 I guess their tenor.

Arch. Like enough you do.
 To-morrow, good sir Michael, is a day

Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
 Must 'bide the touch: For, sir, at Shrewsbury,
 As I am truly given to understand,
 The king, with mighty and quick-raised power,
 Meets with lord Harry: and I fear, sir Michael,—
 What with the sickness of Northumberland,
 (Whose power was in the first proportion,)
 And what with Owen Glendower's absence thence,
 (Who with them was a rated sinew⁴ too,
 And comes not in, o'er-ruled by prophecies,)—
 I fear the power of Percy is too weak
 To wage an instant trial with the king.

Gent. Why, my good lord, you need not fear; there's
 Douglas,

And lord Mortimer.

Arch. No, Mortimer is not there.

Gent. But there is Mordake, Vernon, lord Harry Percy,
 And there's my lord of Worcester; and a head
 Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.

Arch. And so there is: but yet the king hath drawn
 The special head of all the land together;—
 The prince of Wales, lord John of Lancaster,
 The noble Westmoreland, and warlike Blunt;
 And many more corrivals, and dear men
 Of estimation and command in arms.

Gent. Doubt not, my lord, he shall be well oppos'd.

Arch. I hope no less, yet needful 'tis to fear;
 And, to prevent the worst, sir Michael, speed:
 For, if lord Percy thrive not, ere the king
 Dismiss his power, he means to visit us,
 For he hath heard of our confederacy,
 And 'tis but wisdom to make strong against him;
 Therefore, make haste: I must go write again
 To other friends; and so farewell, sir Michael.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The King's Camp near Shrewsbury.

Enter KING HENRY, PRINCE HENRY, PRINCE JOHN of Lancaster, SIR WALTER BLUNT, and SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

K. Hen. How bloodily the sun begins to peer
 Above yon busky⁵ hill!^a the day looks pale
 At his distemperature.

P. Hen. The southern wind
 Doth play the trumpet to his purposes;
 And, by his hollow whistling in the leaves,
 Foretells a tempest and a blustering day.

K. Hen. Then with the losers let it sympathize;
 For nothing can seem foul to those that win.

Trumpet. Enter WORCESTER and VERNON.

How now, my lord of Worcester? 'tis not well,
 That you and I should meet upon such terms
 As now we meet: You have deceiv'd our trust;
 And made us doff our easy robes of peace,
 To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel:
 This is not well, my lord, this is not well.
 What say you to it? will you again unknot
 This churlish knot of all-abhorred war?
 And move in that obedient orb again,

¹ *Task'd.* A tax was anciently a *task*.

Engag'd. So the old copies; Theobald corrected it to *encag'd*. To be *engaged* is to be a captive retained as a hostage.

³ *Brief*—a letter. *Breve* is the old word for the king's writ or letter to the sheriff.

⁴ *A rated sinew.* So the quartos; the folio, *rated firmly*.

⁵ *Busky*—bosky, woody.

Where you did give a fair and natural light;
And be no more an exhal'd meteor,
A prodigy of fear, and a portent
Of broached mischief to the unborn times?

Wor. Hear me, my liege:

For mine own part, I could be well content
To entertain the lag-end of my life
With quiet hours; for, I do protest,
I have not sought the day of this dislike.

K. Hen. You have not sought it! how comes it then?

Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

P. Hen. Peace, chewet,¹ peace.

Wor. It pleas'd your majesty, to turn your looks
Of favour from myself, and all our house;
And yet I must remember you, my lord,
We were the first and dearest of your friends.
For you, my staff of office did I break
In Richard's time; and posted day and night
To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,
When yet you were in place and in account
Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.
It was myself, my brother, and his son,
That brought you home, and boldly did outdare
The danger of the time: You swore to us,—
And you did swear that oath at Doncaster,—
That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state;
Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n right,
The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster:
To this we swore our aid. But, in short space,
It rain'd down fortune showering on your head;
And such a flood of greatness fell on you,—
What with our help; what with the absent king;
What with the injuries of a wanton time;
The seeming sufferances that you had borne;
And the contrarious winds, that held the king
So long in his unlucky Irish wars,
That all in England did repute him dead,—
And, from this swarm of fair advantages,
You took occasion to be quickly woo'd
To gripe the general sway into your hand:
Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster;
And, being fed by us, you used us so
As that ungentle gull² the cuckoo's bird
Useth the sparrow:³ did oppress our nest;
Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk,
That even our love durst not come near your sight,
For fear of swallowing; but with nimble wing
We were enforc'd, for safety sake, to fly
Out of your sight, and raise this present head:
Whereby we stand opposed by such means
As you yourself have forg'd against yourself;
By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth
Sworn to us in your younger enterprise.

K. Hen. These things, indeed, you have articulated,³
Proclaim'd at market-crosses, read in churches,
To face the garment of rebellion
With some fine colour, that may please the eye
Of fickle changelings and poor discontents,
Which gape, and rub the elbow, at the news
Of hurlyburly innovation:
And never yet did insurrection want
Such water-colours to impaint his cause;
Nor moody beggars, starving for a time
Of pellmell havock and confusion.

P. Hen. In both our armies there is many a soul
Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,

If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,
The prince of Wales doth join with all the world
In praise of Henry Percy: By my hopes,—
This present enterprise set off his head,—
I do not think a braver gentleman,
More active-valiant, or more valiant-young,
More daring, or more bold, is now alive,
To grace this latter age with noble deeds.
For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
I have a truant been to chivalry;
And so, I hear, he doth account me too:
Yet this before my father's majesty,—
I am content that he shall take the odds
Of his great name and estimation;
And will, to save the blood on either side,
Try fortune with him in a single fight.

K. Hen. And, prince of Wales, so dare we venture thee,
Albeit, considerations infinite
Do make against it:—No, good Worcester, no,
We love our people well; even those we love,
That are misled upon your cousin's part:
And, will they take the offer of our grace,
Both he, and they, and you, yea, every man,
Shall be my friend again, and I'll be his:
So tell your cousin, and bring me word
What he will do:—But if he will not yield,
Rebuke and dread correction wait on us,
And they shall do their office. So, be gone;
We will not now be troubled with reply:
We offer fair, take it advisedly.

[*Exeunt* WORCESTER and VERNON.]

P. Hen. It will not be accepted, on my life:
The Douglas and the Hotspur both together
Are confident against the world in arms.

K. Hen. Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge;
For, on their answer, will we set on them:
And God befriend us, as our cause is just!

[*Exeunt* KING, BLUNT, and PRINCE JOHN.]

Fal. Hal, if thou see me down in the battle, and bestride
me, so; 'tis a point of friendship.

P. Hen. Nothing but a colossus can do thee that friend-
ship. Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Fal. I would it were bed-time, Hal, and all well.

P. Hen. Why, thou owest heaven a death. [*Exit.*]

Fal. 'Tis not due yet; I would be loath to pay him
before his day. What need I be so forward with him that
calls not on me? Well, 'tis no matter; Honour pricks me
on. Yea, but how if honour prick me off when I come on?
how then? Can honour set to a leg? No. Or an arm?
No. Or take away the grief of a wound? No. Honour
hath no skill in surgery then? No. What is honour? A
word. What is that word, honour? Air. A trim reckon-
ing!—Who hath it? He that died o' Wednesday. Doth
he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it insensible
then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the
living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it:—
therefore, I'll none of it: Honour is a mere scutcheon, and
so ends my catechism. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*The Rebel Camp.*

Enter WORCESTER and VERNON.

Wor. O, no, my nephew must not know, sir Richard,
The liberal kind offer of the king.

¹ *Chewet*—perhaps the name of a chattering bird—certainly the name of a dish, or pie, of minced meat.

² *Gull*. Mr. Grant White points out that in Wilbraham's "Cheshire Glossary" "all nestling birds in quite an unfledged state are called *gulls* in that county." The callow cuckoo, who finally turns out the sparrows, is an "ungentle gull."

The word may have a special meaning referring to the voracity of the "cuckoo's bird"—as the sea-gull is supposed to be so called from *gulo*—*gulosus*.

³ *Articulated*—exhibited in articles.

⁴ The earliest quarto reads—"What is *in* that word, honour? What is that honour?" We follow the folio and the later quartos. The addition of the first quarto seems superfluous.

Ver. 'Twere best he did.

Wor. Then are we all undone.

It is not possible, it cannot be,
The king would keep his word in loving us :
He will suspect us still, and find a time
To punish this offence in other faults :
Suspicion,¹ all our lives,² shall be stuck full of eyes :
For treason is but trusted like the fox ;
Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd, and lock'd up,
Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.
Look how we can, or sad, or merrily,
Interpretation will misquote our looks ;
And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,
The better cherish'd still the nearer death.
My nephew's trespass may be well forgot,
It hath the excuse of youth, and heat of blood ;
And an adopted name of privilege,—
A hare-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a spleen :
All his offences live upon my head,
And on his father's ;—we did train him on ;
And, his corruption being ta'en from us,
We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all.
Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know,
In any case, the offer of the king.

Ver. Deliver what you will, I'll say 'tis so.
Here comes your cousin.

Enter HOTSPUR and DOUGLAS ; and Officers and Soldiers, behind.

Hot. My uncle is return'd :—Deliver up
My lord of Westmoreland.—Uncle, what news ?

Wor. The king will bid you battle presently.

Doug. Defy him by the lord of Westmoreland.

Hot. Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so.

Doug. Marry, and shall, and very willingly. *[Exit.*

Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the king.

Hot. Did you beg any ? God forbid !

Wor. I told him gently of our grievances,
Of his oath-breaking ; which he mended thus,—
By now forswearing that he is forsworn :
He calls us rebels, traitors ; and will scourge
With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

Re-enter DOUGLAS.

Doug. Arm, gentlemen ; to arms ! for I have thrown
A brave defiance in King Henry's teeth,
And Westmoreland, that was engag'd,³ did bear it ;
Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The prince of Wales stepp'd forth before the king,
And, nephew, challeng'd you to single fight.

Hot. O, 'would the quarrel lay upon our heads ;
And that no man might draw short breath to-day,
But I and Harry Monmouth ! Tell me, tell me,
How show'd his tasking ?⁴ seem'd it in contempt ?

Ver. No, by my soul ; I never in my life
Did hear a challenge urg'd more modestly,
Unless a brother should a brother dare
To gentle exercise and proof of arms.
He gave you all the duties of a man ;
Trim'd up your praises with a princely tongue ;

Spoke your deservings like a chronicle ;
Making you ever better than his praise,
By still dispraising praise, valued with you :
And, which became him like a prince indeed,
He made a blushing cital of himself ;
And chid his truant youth with such a grace
As if he master'd there a double spirit,
Of teaching, and of learning, instantly.
There did he pause. But let me tell the world,—
If he outlive the envy of this day,
England did never owe so sweet a hope,
So much misconstrued in his wantonness.

Hot. Cousin, I think thou art enamoured
Upon his follies ; never did I hear
Of any prince so wild at liberty :⁵
But, be he as he will, yet once ere night
I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,
That he shall shrink under my courtesy.
Arm, arm, with speed : And, fellows, soldiers, friends,
Better consider what you have to do,
Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood up with persuasion.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, here are letters for you.

Hot. I cannot read them now.—

O gentlemen, the time of life is short ;
To spend that shortness basely were too long,
If life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.
And if we live, we live to tread on kings ;
If die, brave death, when princes die with us !
Now for our consciences,—the arms are fair,
When the intent for bearing them is just.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. My lord, prepare ; the king comes on apace.

Hot. I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale,
For I profess not talking ; only this,—
Let each man do his best : and here I draw a sword,
Whose worthy temper I intend to stain⁶
With the best blood that I can meet withal
In the adventure of this perilous day.
Now,—*Esperancé !*⁷—*Percy !*—and set on.—
Sound all the lofty instruments of war,
And by that music let us all embrace :
For, heaven to earth, some of us never shall
A second time do such a courtesy.

[The trumpets sound. They embrace, and exeunt.]

SCENE III.—Plain near Shrewsbury.

Excursions, and parties fighting. Alarum to the battle. Then enter DOUGLAS and BLUNT, meeting.

Blunt. What is thy name, that in the battle thus
Thou crossest me ? What honour dost thou seek
Upon my head ?

ruptions of the *players*, we would commend a careful examination of the following lines :—

"He hath wrong'd my sister, still he is my brother ;
He hath wrong'd his people, still he is their sovereign."

Or—

"In the exercise of your inquisitive function."

The lines are Byron's, and have been corrupted neither by players nor printers. When will some new Steevens come with his "squire" and his numeration-table, and oblige us with—

My sister he hath wrong'd, he is my brother—
His people he hath wrong'd, he is their king—
In the discharge of your inquiring function ?

⁷ *Esperancé.* See note to Act II. Sc. III.

¹ *Suspicion.* All the old copies read *supposition*.

² *All our lives.* So the old copies.

³ *Engag'd*—held as surety.

⁴ *Tasking.* So the first quarto ; the folio, *talking*.

⁵ *At liberty.* The reading of the old editions, except the first four quartos, which give a *libertie*. We cannot think that Johnson's interpretation is correct :—"Of any prince that played such pranks, and was not confined as a madman." Hotspur means to say that he never knew of any prince so wild of his own unrestrained will. Capell suggested a *libertine*, which some have adopted.

⁶ We find the word *worthy* only in the folio. We have many other examples in this play of lines such as the preceding—having twelve syllables ; and it appears to us that all the editorial attempts to get rid of what are called the redundant syllables are sad perversions of ingenuity, which emasculate the text, and destroy the intentions of the *author*. To those who think that the earlier commentators have, in what they call settling the text, freed it from the cor-

Doug. Know then, my name is Douglas;
And I do haunt thee in the battle thus,
Because some tell me that thou art a king.

Blunt. They tell thee true.

Doug. The lord of Stafford dear to-day hath bought
Thy likeness; for, instead of thee, king Harry,
This sword hath ended him: so shall it thee,
Unless thou yield thee as a prisoner.

Blunt. I was not born to yield, thou haughty Scot;¹
And thou shalt find a king that will revenge
Lord Stafford's death.

[*They fight, and BLUNT is slain.*]

Enter HOTSPUR.

Hot. O Douglas, hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus,
I never had triumph'd upon a Scot.

Doug. All's done, all's won; here breathless lies the
king.

Hot. Where?

Doug. Here.

Hot. This, Douglas? no, I know this face full well.
A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt;
Semblably furnish'd like the king himself.

Doug. A fool go with thy soul, whither it goes!²
A borrow'd title hast thou bought too dear.
Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king?

Hot. The king hath many marching in his coats.

Doug. Now, by my sword, I will kill all his coats;
I'll murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece,
Until I meet the king.

Hot. Up and away;
Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day. [*Exeunt.*]

Other Alarums. Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Though I could 'scape shot-free at London, I fear
the shot here: here's no scoring, but upon the pate.—Soft!
who are you? Sir Walter Blunt;—there's honour for you:
Here's no vanity! I am as hot as molten lead, and as
heavy too: Heaven keep lead out of me! I need no more
weight than mine own bowels.—I have led my ragamuffins
where they are peppered: there's not three of my hundred
and fifty left alive; and they are for the town's end, to beg
during life. But who comes here?

Enter PRINCE HENRY.

P. Hen. What, stand'st thou idle here? lend me thy sword:
Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,
Whose deaths are unreveng'd: Prithee, lend me thy sword.

Fal. O Hal, I prithee, give me leave to breathe awhile.—
Turk Gregory³ never did such deeds in arms as I have
done this day. I have paid Percy, I have made him sure.

P. Hen. He is, indeed: and living to kill thee. I prithee,
lend me thy sword.

Fal. Nay, Hal, if Percy be alive thou gett'st not my
sword; but take my pistol, if thou wilt.

P. Hen. Give it me: What, is it in the case?

Fal. Ay, Hal; 'tis hot, 'tis hot; there's that will sack a
city. [*The PRINCE draws out a bottle of sack.*]

P. Hen. What, is't a time to jest and dally now?

[*Throws it at him, and exit.*]

Fal. If Percy be alive I'll pierce him, if he do come in

my way, so:⁴ if he do not, if I come in his willingly, let
him make a carbonado⁵ of me. I like not such grinning
honour as sir Walter hath: Give me life: which if I can
save, so; if not, honour comes unlooked for, and there's an
end. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—*Another part of the Field.*

*Alarums, Excursions. Enter the KING, PRINCE HENRY,
PRINCE JOHN, and WESTMORELAND.*

K. Hen. I prithee,
Harry, withdraw thyself; thou bleed'st too much;—
Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.

P. John. Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too.

P. Hen. I beseech your majesty, make up,
Lest your retirement do amaze your friends.

K. Hen. I will do so:—

My lord of Westmoreland, lead him to his tent.

West. Come, my lord, I will lead you to your tent.

P. Hen. Lead me, my lord? I do not need your help:
And heaven forbid a shallow scratch should drive
The prince of Wales from such a field as this;
Where stain'd nobility lies trodden on,
And rebels' arms triumph in massacres!

P. John. We breathe too long:—Come, cousin West-
moreland,
Our duty this way lies; for God's sake come.

[*Exeunt PRINCE JOHN and WESTMORELAND.*]

P. Hen. By heaven, thou hast deceiv'd me, Lancaster,
I did not think thee lord of such a spirit:
Before, I loved thee as a brother, John;
But now, I do respect thee as my soul.

K. Hen. I saw him hold lord Percy at the point,
With lustier maintenance than I did look for
Of such an ungrown warrior.

P. Hen. O, this boy
Lends mettle to us all. [*Exit.*]

Alarums. Enter DOUGLAS.

Doug. Another king! they grow like Hydras' heads
I am the Douglas, fatal to all those
That wear those colours on them.—What art thou
That counterfeit'st the person of a king?

K. Hen. The king himself; who, Douglas, grieves at
heart,

So many of his shadows thou hast met,
And not the very king. I have two boys
Seek Percy, and thyself, about the field:
But seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,
I will assay thee; so defend thyself.

Doug. I fear thou art another counterfeit;
And yet, in faith, thou bear'st thee like a king:
But mine, I am sure, thou art, whoe'er thou be,
And thus I win thee.

[*They fight; the KING being in danger, enter
PRINCE HENRY.*]

P. Hen. Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like
Never to hold it up again! the spirits
Of valiant Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arms
It is the prince of Wales that threatens thee;
Who never promiseth but he means to pay.

[*They fight; DOUGLAS flies.*]
Cheerly, my lord; How fares your grace?—
Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succour sent,
And so hath Clifton; I'll to Clifton straight.

¹ So the folio; quartos—

"I was not born a yielder, thou proud Scot."

² A fool. The early copies read, *Ah, fool!*

³ Turk Gregory. Pope Gregory VII.

⁴ If Percy be alive, &c. We have altered the punctuation of this passage, believing that the "so" applies to some action of Falstaff with his bottle of sack—perhaps thrusting his sword into the cork. A critic upon Shakspeare says the poet was not aware that his pun of *Percy* and *pierce him* was a serious etymology—"Piercy á penetrando oculum regis Scotorum." Why not?

⁵ Carbonado—a rasher on the coals, according to Cotgrave.

K. Hen. Stay, and breathe awhile:
Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion;¹
And show'd thou mak'st some tender of my life,
In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.

P. Hen. O heaven! they did me too much injury
That ever said I hearken'd for your death.
If it were so, I might have let alone
The insulting hand of Douglas over you;
Which would have been as speedy in your end,
As all the poisonous potions in the world,
And sav'd the treacherous labour of your son.

K. Hen. Make up to Clifton, I'll to sir Nicholas Gawsey.

[*Exit* KING HENRY.]

Enter HOTSPUR.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

P. Hen. Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.

Hot. My name is Harry Percy.

P. Hen. Why, then I see
A very valiant rebel of that name.
I am the prince of Wales; and think not, Percy,
To share with me in glory any more:
Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere;
Nor can one England brook a double reign,
Of Harry Percy and the prince of Wales.

Hot. Nor shall it, Harry, for the hour is come
To end the one of us; And would to heaven,
Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!

P. Hen. I'll make it greater, ere I part from thee;
And all the budding honours on thy crest
I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brook thy vanities. [*They fight.*]

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Well said, Hal! to it, Hal!—Nay, you shall find no
boy's play here, I can tell you.

Enter DOUGLAS; *he fights with FALSTAFF, who falls down
as if he were dead, and exit* DOUGLAS. *HOTSPUR is
wounded, and falls.*

Hot. O, Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my youth:
I better brook the loss of brittle life
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me;
They wound my thoughts worse than thy sword my flesh:—
But thought's the slave of life, and life time's fool;
And time, that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop. O, I could prophesy,
But that the earthy and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue:—No, Percy, thou art dust,
And food for—

[*Dies.*]

P. Hen. For worms, brave Percy: Fare thee well, great
heart!—

Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk!
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound;
But now, two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough:—This earth, that bears thee dead,
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.
If thou wert sensible of courtesy,
I should not make so great² a show of zeal:—
But let my favours hide thy mangled face;
And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself
For doing these fair rites of tenderness.
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven!
Thy ignomy sleep with thee in the grave,
But not remember'd in thy epitaph!—

[*He sees FALSTAFF on the ground.*]

What! old acquaintance! could not all this flesh
Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell!
I could have better spar'd a better man.
O, I should have a heavy miss of thee,
If I were much in love with vanity.
Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,
Though many dearer, in this bloody fray:—
Embowell'd will I see thee by and by:
Till then, in blood by noble Percy lie.

[*Exit.*]

Fal. [*Rising slowly.*] Embowell'd! if thou embowel me
to-day, I'll give you leave to powder me and eat me
to-morrow. 'Sblood, 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot
termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot too. Counter-
feit? I lie, I am no counterfeit: To die is to be a counter-
feit; for he is but the counterfeit of a man who hath not
the life of a man: but to counterfeit dying, when a man
thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and
perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is
discretion; in the which better part I have saved my life.
'Zounds, I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he
be dead: How, if he should counterfeit too, and rise? I
am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore
I'll make him sure: yea, and I'll swear I killed him. Why
may not he rise, as well as I? Nothing confutes me but
eyes, and nobody sees me. Therefore, sirrah, [*stabbing him.*]
with a new wound in your thigh,³ come you along with me.

[*Takes* HOTSPUR *on his back.*]

Re-enter PRINCE HENRY and PRINCE JOHN.

P. Hen. Come, brother John, full bravely hast thou
flesh'd

Thy maiden sword.

P. John. But, soft! who have we here?

Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

P. Hen. I did; I saw him dead, breathless and bleeding,
On the ground.

Art thou alive? or is it phantasy

That plays upon our eyesight? I prithee, speak;

We will not trust our eyes, without our ears:—

Thou art not what thou seem'st.

Fal. No, that's certain; I am not a double man: but if
I be not Jack Falstaff then am I a Jack. There is Percy:
[*throwing the body down.*] if your father will do me any
honour, so; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself. I
look to be either earl or duke, I can assure you.

P. Hen. Why, Percy I killed myself, and saw thee dead.

Fal. Didst thou?—Lord, lord, how the world is given to
lying!—I grant you I was down, and out of breath; and so
was he: but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long
hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I may be believed, so; if
not, let them that should reward valour bear the sin upon
their own heads. I'll take it upon my death, I gave him
this wound in the thigh: if the man were alive, and
would deny it, I would make him eat a piece of my
sword.

P. John. This is the strangest tale that e'er I heard.

P. Hen. This is the strangest fellow, brother John.

Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back:

For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,

I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.

[*A retreat is sounded.*]

The trumpet sounds retreat, the day is ours.

Come, brother, let's to the highest of the field

To see what friends are living, who are dead.

[*Excunt* PRINCE HENRY and PRINCE JOHN.]

Fal. I'll follow, as they say, for reward. He that rewards
me heaven reward him! If I do grow great, I'll grow
less; for I'll purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly, as a
nobleman should do.

[*Exit, bearing off the body.*]

¹ Opinion—reputation.

² Great. So the folio, and all the quartos except the first, which reads *dear*.

KING HENRY IV.—PART I.

SCENE V.—*Another part of the Field.*

The trumpets sound. Enter KING HENRY, PRINCE HENRY, PRINCE JOHN, WESTMORELAND, and others, with WORCESTER and VERNON, prisoners.

K. Hen. Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.
Ill-spirited Worcester! did we not send grace,
Pardon, and terms of love to all of you?
And wouldst thou turn our offers contrary?
Misuse the tenor of thy kinsman's trust?
Three knights upon our party slain to-day,
A noble earl, and many a creature else,
Had been alive this hour,
If, like a Christian, thou hadst truly borne
Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

Wor. What I have done my safety urg'd me to;
And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

K. Hen. Bear Worcester to the death, and Vernon too:
Other offenders we will pause upon.—

[Exeunt WORCESTER and VERNON, guarded.]
How goes the field?

P. Hen. The noble Scot, lord Douglas, when he saw
The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,

The noble Percy slain, and all his men
Upon the foot of fear, fled with the rest;
And, falling from a hill, he was so bruised
That the pursuers took him. At my tent
The Douglas is; and I beseech your grace
I may dispose of him.

K. Hen. With all my heart.

P. Hen. Then, brother John of Lancaster, to you
This honourable bounty shall belong:
Go to the Douglas, and deliver him
Up to his pleasure, ransomless, and free:
His valour, shown upon our crests to-day,
Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds,
Even in the bosom of our adversaries.

K. Hen. Then this remains,—that we divide our power.
You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland,
Towards York shall bend you, with your dearest speed,
To meet Northumberland and the prelate Scroop,
Who, as we hear, are busily in arms:
Myself, and you son Harry, will towards Wales,
To fight with Glendower and the earl of March.
Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,
Meeting the check of such another day:
And since this business so fair is done,
Let us not leave till all our own be won.

[Exeunt.]

ILLUSTRATIONS TO KING HENRY IV.—PART I.

ACT I.

^a SCENE II.—“*Phæbus,—he, that wandering knight so fair.*”

THE “wandering knight so fair” was the *Knight of the Sun*, who, when Don Quixote disputed with the Curate which was the better knight, Palmerin of England or Amadis de Gaul, was maintained by master Nicolas, the barber-surgeon, to be that knight to whom “none ever came up.” The adventures of the Knight of the Sun were translated into English in 1585; and the renowned worthy is described in the romance not only as a prodigious “wanderer,” but as “most excellently fair.”

^b SCENE II.—“*The drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.*”

Malone, by an apt quotation, has shown that a bagpipe was peculiar to Lincolnshire. The following passage is from “A Nest of Ninnies. By Robert Arnim” (1608):—

“At a Christmas time, when great logs furnish the hall fire; when brawne is in season, and indeed all reveling is regarded; this gallant knight kept open house for all commers, were beefe, beere, and bread was no niggard. Amongst all the pleasures provided, a noyse of minstrells and a *Lincolnshire bagpipe* was prepared: the minstrells for the great chamber, the bagpipe for the hall; the minstrells to serve up the knight's meate, and the bagpipe for the common dauncing.”

^c SCENE II.—“*The melancholy of Moor-ditch.*”

Moor-ditch, a part of the ditch surrounding the city of London, between Bishopsgate and Cripplegate, was not only stinking, poisonous, muddy, black, as described by Thomas Dekker in 1606, but it was bounded by an unwholesome and impassable morass; so that the citizens, who had many beautiful suburban fields, regarded this quarter as amongst the melancholy places in which pestilence continually lurked, and which they naturally shunned.

^d SCENE II.—“*Sir John Sack-and-Sugar.*”

The favourite potation of Falstaff, “a good sherris-sack”—which, with the genial knight, “ascends me into the brain; dries me there all the foolish, and dull, and crudy vapours which environ it; makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes,”—has had a somewhat different effect upon certain expounders of its virtues. The solemn disputations which the world has seen upon the nature of “sherris-sack”—whether it was sweet or dry—whether it was Sherry or Malaga—whether the name *sack* was derived from *sec*, because it was dry, or from *secco*, because it was sold in a bag—why Falstaff drank it with sugar, and why he eschewed lime in it—have wasted much learned ink; and, like many other controversies, the questions which have agitated the disputants seem to be left pretty much in their original obscurity. There appears only one thing quite certain in the controversy—that the English in the time of Elizabeth were accustomed to put sugar in their wines; and this fact rests upon the authority of Paul Hentzner and Fynes Moryson.

^e SCENE II.—“*But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gadshill.*”

Gadshill appears to have been a place notorious for robberies before the time of Shakspeare, for Steevens discovered an entry of the date of 1558, in the books of the Stationers' Company, of a ballad entitled “The Robbery at Gadshill.” But Sir Henry Ellis, of the British Museum (to whom the public is indebted for the discovery and publication of many curious historical documents, and to whom we were under many personal obligations for valuable suggestions as to the conduct of our first edition of Shakspeare), communicated to Mr. Boswell a narrative in the handwriting of Sir Roger Manwood, Chief Baron of the Exchequer, dated July 3rd, 1590, which shows that Gadshill was at that period the resort of a band of robbers of more than usual daring. The Chief Baron, it seems, indicted “certain malefactors” upon suspicion of the robberies; and this document contains a narrative of his proceedings. The robbers were, it appears, like Falstaff's companions, mounted, and wore visors; and the unhappy travellers whom they plundered are, in the narrative, called “true men.”

SCENE III.—“*Indent with feres.*”

The old copies all read—

“ Shall we buy treason ? and indent with feares,
When they have lost and forfeited themselves ? ”

The modern copies invariably read “indent with *fears*.” To “indent” is to agree—to sign an indenture—to make a contract. When the king complains that Hotspur still doth deny his prisoners, unless Mortimer is ransom’d “at our own charge,” he asks, “Shall we buy treason?”—shall we pay the ransom of Mortimer to Glendower, when they both are revolted—both allied in treason against me, by a family compact? But what are the *fears* with which the king refuses to indent—

“ When they have lost and forfeited themselves ? ”

How can a contract be made with “fears?” how can “fears” forfeit themselves? The earlier commentators say that “fears” may be used in the active sense for “terrors;” or that “fears” may be substituted for “fearful people”—for “dastards” who have lost or forfeited themselves. Mr. Collier says that “indent with fears” means “subscribe an indenture as if under apprehension.” Mr. Dyce has “not the smallest doubt that fears is equivalent to objects of fear.” We have ventured, without any support from preceding editors, to substitute the word *feres*, in sound the same as the received reading. A *feres*, as is known to all students of our early poetry, is a *companion*. In “The Ancient Fragment of the Marriage of Sir Gawaine” (Percy’s “Reliques,” vol. iii.) we have—

“ What when lords go with their *feires*, she said,
Both to the ale and wine.”

If *feres*, then, were to be taken in the general sense of companions, brethren, associates,—and in this particular case applied to Glendower and Mortimer, who have become fellows, colleagues, confederates,—we should have a very fair reading—certainly a superior reading to *fears*. But in the passage before us we are inclined to think *feres* has a meaning beyond that merely of *mates* or *companions*, which is the familiar usage—a meaning which was very likely to present itself to Shakspeare, from his undoubted acquaintance with legal phrases and customs connected with tenures. The word *feres*, *feere*, *pheer*, or *phear*, as it is variously written, is derived from the Saxon *fera*, or *gefera*, a companion; but it is precisely from the same species of derivation that we obtain the word *vassal*. The *feudal vassals* have been supposed to have had their origin in the *comites* (*companions*) attending each of the German chiefs in war; and the word *vassal* itself, following its derivation from the German *gesell*, means a helper or *subordinate associate*. We believe, then, that the king, in the passage before us, alludes to Mortimer and Glendower as his revolted *vassals*—they are *feres*, with whom the king refuses to “indent”—

“ When they have lost and forfeited themselves.”

But in this line and a half we have two other technical words, *indent* and *forfeited*. A *deed* is, in law, either an indenture or a deed poll. An indenture is a deed between two parties—a deed poll is the declaration of one party. The king, then, refuses to put himself upon equal terms with Mortimer and Glendower—to *indent* with those who are his *feres*, his *vassals*. But these *vassals* are further not in a condition to make a contract with their *lord*—they have *forfeited* themselves—by their treason they have incurred the forfeiture of their *fees*, or *fiefs*. And this brings us to the connection which appears to us to subsist between the words *fee* and *feres*. Lands held under the feudal obligation to a superior lord were held in *fee*. We have an example in Skelton’s “Lament upon the Earl of Northumberland:”—

“ More specially barons, and those knyghtes bold,
And all other gentilmen with hym enterented
In *fee*, as menyall men of his housold,
Whom he as lord worsheply manteyned.”

Here the companions of the earl, the *feres*, were entertained in *fee*. We are not aware of any English example which would show that the holders in *fee* were called *feres*; but in Scotland, whilst an estate held by a vassal under a superior is a *feu*, the possessor of such an estate is a *feuar*. The different names which have originated in the feudal system for the *estate* and the *tenant*—the one name arises out of the other—stand thus:—

Feud	Feud-ary.
Feod	Feod-ary—Feod-ar.
Feoff	Feoff-ee.
Feu	Feu-ar.
Fee	Fe-ere—Phe-er—Phe-are—Fere.

To these words we may probably have to add our word *peer*, the origin of which it is usual to ascribe to the Latin *par*. But it appears to us that it is the same word as *pheer*. That *peer* was anciently used in the sense of *companion* may be proved by the following quotation from Wiclif’s Translation of the Bible (Matt. ii. 16):—“It is lyk to children sittynge in chepyng that crien to her *peeris*.” Our authorised translation of the Bible gives us the same passage as follows:—“It is like unto children sitting in the markets, and calling unto their *fellows*.” We see, then, that *gesell*, *comes*, *count*, *fellow*, *peer*, and *fere* are all equivalent to *vassal*, in the sense of *companion*. But it is more than possible that the *fere*, *pheer*, or *peer*, was a companion subject to a superior, and endowed by him with grants of land in *fee*—the only mode by which, in the early feudal times, any of the associates, followers, fellows, companions, of the chief could be maintained. A remarkable illustration of our belief that *peer* and *fere* were cognate terms, and that a *fere* or *fear* was one holding of the Crown in *fee*, is furnished by the title which the famous John Napier attached to his name. At the end of the Dedication to his “Plain Discovery of the whole Revelation of St. John,” in the edition of 1645, Napier signs himself “*Peer* of Marchistown.” Mr. Mark Napier, in the Life of his great ancestor (1834), says that the true signature is “*Fear* of Marchistown,” and that “*Fear*” means that he was invested with the *fee* of his paternal barony. “*Peer*” might have been a printer’s or transcriber’s substitution for “*Fear* ;” or “*Fear*” might have been rejected by Napier for the more common word “*Peer*.” Such a change took place in a passage in Titus Andronicus. Whilst the only quarto edition of that play, and the first folio, describe (Act IV.) Tarquin as a *feere*, the word subsequently became changed to *Peer*, and was restored by Tyrwhitt. If the critical student will not accept *feres* or *feires* in the sense of *vassals*, there is the word *feodars*, which might be easily misprinted *feares*, and which gives a clear meaning, and accords with the rhythm of the line. For the use of this term, in the sense of those holding *feods*, Marston is an authority in the drama:—

“ For seventeen kings were Carthage *feodars*.”
Wonder of Women.

SCENE III.—“*Who then, affrighted,*” &c.

The author of “A Dialogue on Taste” (1762), speaking of this passage, says—“Had not Shakspeare been perverted by wrong taste and imitation, he could never have produced such lines as those. Nature could never have pointed out to him that a river was capable of cowardice, or that it was consistent with the character of a gentleman such as Percy, to say the thing that was not.” We like, now and then, to show our readers what was the standard of criticism, combining the qualities of pertness and dulness, in the early days of George III. Johnson alludes, we believe, to this criticism (which we have dragged from its obscurity) when he explains that “Severn is here not the flood, but the tutelary power of the flood.” We presume, according to the author of the “Dialogue on Taste,” that Milton *said the thing that was not*, when he described Sabrina, another tutelary power of the Severn, rising “attended by water nymphs,” and singing that exquisite lay—

“ By the rushy-fringed bank,
Where grows the willow and the osier dank,
My sliding chariot stays.”

ACT II.

SCENE I.—“*Never joyed since the price of oats rose.*”

In 1596 the price of grain was exceedingly high, “by colour of the unseasonableness of this summer;” and Elizabeth issued a Proclamation against Ingrossers. This play was undoubtedly written about 1596; and Shakspeare had most probably the scarcity in his mind when he made the dear oats kill poor “Robin ostler.”

^b SCENE I.—“*Stung like a tench.*”

The second carrier appears to have had some popular knowledge of the natural history of fishes. The tench which is stung, and the loach which breeds fleas, appear to be allusions to the fact that fish, at certain seasons, are infested with vermin. The particular charge against *fleas*, of troubling fish as they do lodgers “within victualling houses and inns,” is gravely set forth in Philemon Holland’s translation of Pliny.

^c SCENE I.—*Charing Cross.*

Charing was anciently a village detached from London; and Charing Cross was erected on the last spot where the body of Eleanor, the queen of Edward I., rested in the road to Westminster. The cross was pulled down by the populace in 1643, through that intolerant fury against what were called superstitious edifices which has destroyed so many beautiful monuments of art in this country and in Scotland.

^d SCENE I.—“*We have the receipt of fern-seed.*”

The ancients believed that fern had no seed. In Holland’s translation of Pliny we find, “Of fern be two kinds, and they bear neither flower nor seed.” The seed of the fern is so small as to escape the sight; and thus, although our ancestors believed that the plant bore seed, they held that it was only visible to those who sought for it under peculiar influences. It was on St. John’s Eve that the fern seed was held to become visible, and that at the precise moment of the birth of the saint. Its possession, it was further held, conferred invisibility. Fletcher, in “The Fair Maid of the Inn,” says—

“Had you Gyges’ ring,
Or the herb that gives invisibility?”

^e SCENE III.—“*Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin.*”

There is a passage in Harrison’s “Description of England” which contains “the names of our greatest ordinance,” and where the basilisk, the cannon, and the culverin are fully described. The basilisk, the largest of all, weighed 9,000 lbs., and carried a ball of 60 lbs.; the cannon weighed 7,000 lbs., and also carried a ball of 60 lbs., but this weight of ball would appear to be a misprint; and the culverin weighed 4,000 lbs., and carried a ball of 18 lbs. Harrison gives a wondrous account of a great gun, compared with which the English basilisk must have been a pocket-pistol:—“The Turk had one gun made by one Orbon, a Dane, the caster of his ordinance, which could not be drawn to the siege of Constantinople but by seventy yokes of oxen and two thousand men.”

^f SCENE IV.—*Eastcheap. A Room in the Boar’s Head Tavern.*

“Who knows not Eastcheap and the Boar’s Head? Have we not all been there, time out of mind? And is it not a more real as well as notorious thing to us than the London Tavern, or the Crown and Anchor, or the Hummums, or White’s, or What’s-his-name’s, or any other of your contemporary and fleeting taps?” We quote this passage from Leigh Hunt’s delightful “Indicator.” Mr. Hunt, we take it, is speaking of the endearing *associations* of the Boar’s Head—not of a real brick and stone tavern. But Goldsmith, it would appear, believed he had sat in the Boar’s Head of Shakspeare. We quote the following from his Essays:—

“Such were the reflections that naturally arose while I sat at the Boar’s Head Tavern, still kept at Eastcheap. Here, by a pleasant fire, in the *very room* where old Sir John Falstaff cracked his jokes, in the very chair which was sometimes honoured by Prince Henry, and sometimes polluted by his immoral merry companions, I sat and ruminated on the follies of youth; wished to be young again, but was resolved to make the best of life while it lasted, and now and then compared past and present times together. I considered myself as the only living representative of the old knight, and transported my imagination back to the times when the prince and he gave life to the revel, and made even debauchery not disgusting. The room also conspired to throw my reflections back into antiquity: the oak floor, the Gothic windows, and the ponderous chimney-piece, had long withstood the tooth of time.”

Alas! the *real* Boar’s Head was destroyed in the great fire of London; and its successor that rose up out of the ruins, has been swept away with the old London Bridge, to which it was a neighbour.

We can no longer make a pilgrimage even to the second Boar’s Head. “The earliest notice of this place,” says Mr. Brayley in his “Londiniana,” “occurs in the testament of William Warden, who, in the reign of Richard II., gave ‘all that his tenement, called the Boar’s Head, Eastcheap, to a college of priests or chaplains, founded by Sir William Walworth, Lord Mayor, in the adjoining church of St. Michael, Crooked Lane.’”

In an enumeration of taverns, in an old black-letter poem, we find the

“Bore’s Head, neere London Stone.”

“The Boar’s Head, in Southwark,” is noticed in one of the Paston Letters, written in the time of Henry VI. Shakspeare found “the Old Tavern in Eastcheap” in the anonymous play described in our Introductory Notice.

But of the original Boar’s Head there remains a very interesting, and to all appearance authentic relic. At any rate, we will confide in its authenticity with as implicit a faith as Martinus Scriblerus believed in his brazen shield. In Whitechapel, some years since, there was a hillock called the Mount, traditionally supposed to have been formed out of the rubbish of the great fire of 1666. Upon the clearing away of that Mount an oaken carving of a Boar’s Head, in a framework formed of two boars’ tusks, was found in a half-burned state. The diameter of this curious relic was four inches and a half. On the back of the carving was a date 1568, and a name, which, by a comparison with some records, corresponded with the name of the tavern-keeper in that year. It is supposed that this curious and very spirited carving was suspended in the tavern. The original was exhibited at the London Institution, and afterwards came into the possession of Mr. Windus, of Stamford Hill.

^g SCENE IV.—“*Tom, Dick, and Francis.*”

We learn from Dekker’s “Gull’s Horn Book” (1609) that to be familiar with drawers, and to know their names, was an accomplishment of gallants some ten or twelve years after Shakspeare wrote this play. “Your first compliment shall be to grow most inwardly acquainted with the drawers; to learn their names, as Jack, and Will, and Tom.”

^h SCENE IV.—“*At the strappado.*”

Douce has described this cruel punishment, which did not consist in the infliction of blows by a strap, but was effected by drawing up the victim by a rope and pulleys, and dropping him suddenly down, for the purpose of dislocating his shoulder. “The good old times” were remarkable for the ingenuity with which man tormented man.

ⁱ SCENE IV.—“*He of Wales, that gave Amaimon the bastinado.*”

Amaimon, according to Scot, in his “Discovery of Witchcraft,” was a spirit who might be bound at certain hours of the day and night. He was a fit subject, therefore, for Glendower to exercise his magic upon.

^k SCENE IV.—“*A Welsh hook.*”

This weapon appears to have been a pike with a hook placed at some distance below its point, like some of the ancient partizans.

^l SCENE IV.—“*Behind the arras.*”

Dr. Johnson seems to think that the bulk of Falstaff rendered it difficult to conceal him behind the arras; but the arras or tapestry, which was originally hung on hooks, was afterwards set on frames at some distance from the walls. There are many passages in Shakspeare, and in other plays of his time, which show that the space between the arras and the wall was large enough even for the concealment of Falstaff.

ACT III.

^a SCENE I.—“*Burning cressets.*”

The cresset-light was set upon beacons and watch-towers, or carried upon a pole. It was a square or circular framework of iron, having open ribs or hoops, in which pitched ropes or other com-

bustible materials were burned. We have seen one upon the ancient tower of Hadley Church, near Barnet, which was last lighted in the rebellion of 1745.

^b SCENE I.—“*The goats ran from the mountains,*” &c.

Malone quotes a passage from an account of an earthquake in Catania, to show that Shakspeare's description of the effects of one of the rarer phenomena of nature was literally true:—“There was a blow as if all the artillery in the world had been discharged at once; the sea retired from the town above two miles; the birds flew about astonished; *the cattle in the fields ran crying.*”

^c SCENE I.—“*Wanton rushes.*”

A passage in Bulleyn's “*Bulwarke*” (1579) tells us the use of rushes:—“Rushes that grow upon dry grounds be good to strew in halls, chambers, and galleries, to walk upon; defending apparel, as trains of gowns and kirtles, from dust.”

^d SCENE I.—“*Our book.*”

Book means charter or deed. We find the word *boke-land* in our early history. Whiter (Etymological Dictionary, vol. iii. p. 153) says the term *Book* is referred to any piece of paper, or materials, written on, which may form a *Roll*, however minute it may be; and this may assist our lawyers in deciding upon those points which have turned on the original sense annexed to the word *Book*.

^e SCENE I.—“*Velvet-guards.*”

The velvet guards—edges of velvet—seem to have been a distinguishing peculiarity of the dress of the London city-wives. Fynes Moryson says, “At public meetings the aldermen of London wear scarlet gowns, and their wives a close gown of scarlet, with *guards of black velvet.*”

^f SCENE I.—“*'Tis the next way to turn tailor,*” &c.

Weavers and tailors were remarkable for singing at their work. Hotspur commends his wife that she will not, by singing, become like a tailor or a teacher of piping birds. Malvolio says, “Do you make an alehouse of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your *cozier's catches?*” A *cozier* was one who sews.

^g SCENE III.—“*Holland of eight shillings an ell.*”

In this age of power-looms we are apt to forget the high price of clothing in old times, and to think that the Hostess was imposing upon Falstaff when she charged the holland of his shirts at eight shillings an ell. Stubbes, in his “*Anatomy of Abuses,*” tells us that the meanest shirt cost a crown, and some as much as ten pounds.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—“*Busky hill.*”

The hill which rises over the battle-field near Shrewsbury is called Haughmond Hill. Mr. Blakeway says that Shakspeare has described the ground as accurately as if he had surveyed it. “It still merits the appellation of a bosky hill.”

SCENE I.—“*As that ungentle gull the cuckoo's bird
Useth the sparrow,*” &c.

Shakspeare was a naturalist in the very best sense of the word. He watched the great phenomena of nature, the economy of the animal creation, and the peculiarities of inanimate existence; and he set these down with almost undeviating exactness, in the language of the highest poetry. Before White, and Jenner, and Montagu had described the remarkable proceedings of the cuckoo, Shakspeare here described them, as we believe from what he himself saw. But let us analyze this description:—

“Being fed by us, you used us so
As that ungentle gull the cuckoo's bird
Useth the sparrow.”

Pliny was the only scientific writer upon natural history that was open to Shakspeare. We are no believers, as our readers may have collected, in the common opinion of Shakspeare's want of learning;

and we hold, therefore, that he might have read Pliny in Latin, as we think he read other books. The first English translation of Pliny, that of Philemon Holland, was not published till 1601; this play was printed in 1598. Now, the description of the cuckoo in Pliny is, in many respects, very different from the description before us in Shakspeare. “They always,” says the Roman naturalist, “lay in other birds' nests, and most of all in the *stock dove's*.” In a subsequent part of the same passage Pliny mentions the *titling's* nest, but not a word of the *sparrow's*. It was reserved for very modern naturalists to find that the hedge-sparrow's nest was a favourite choice of the old cuckoo. Dr. Jenner, in 1787, says, “I examined the nest of a hedge-sparrow, which then contained a cuckoo and three hedge-sparrow's eggs.” Colonel Montagu also found a cuckoo, “when a few days old, in a hedge-sparrow's nest, in a garden close to a cottage.” Had Shakspeare not observed for himself, or, at any rate, not noted the original observations of others, and had taken his description from Pliny, he would, in all probability, have mentioned the stock dove or the titling. In Lear we have the “hedge-sparrow.” But let us see further:—

“Did oppress our nest.”

The word *oppress* is singularly descriptive of the operations of the “ungentle gull.” The great bulk of the cuckoo, in the small nest of the hedge-sparrow, first crushes the proper nestlings; and the instinct of the intruder renders it necessary that they should be got rid of. The common belief, derived from the extreme voracity of the cuckoo, (to which we think Shakspeare alludes when he calls it a gull—*gule*) has led to an opinion that it eats the young nestlings. Pliny says expressly that it devours them. Had Shakspeare's natural history not been more accurate than the popular belief, he would have made Worcester reproach the king with actually destroying the proper tenants of the nest. The Percies were then ready to accuse him of the murder of Richard. The term, “oppress our nest,” is also singularly borne out by the observations of modern naturalists; for nests in which a cuckoo has been hatched have been found so crushed and flattened, that it has been almost impossible to determine the species to which they belonged.

“Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk,
That even our love durst not come near your sight,
For fear of swallowing; but with nimble wing,
We were enforc'd, for safety sake, to fly
Out of your sight.”

We have here an *approach* to the inaccuracy of the old naturalists. Pliny, having made the cuckoo devour the other nestlings, says, that the mother at last shares the same fate, for “the young cuckoo being once fledged and ready to fly abroad, is so bold as to seize on the old titling, and to eat her up that hatched her.” Even Linneæus has the same story. But Shakspeare, in so beautifully carrying on the parallel between the cuckoo and the king, does not imply that the grown cuckoo swallowed the sparrow, but that the sparrow, timorous of “so great a bulk,” kept aloof from her nest, “*durst* not come near *for fear* of swallowing.” The extraordinary voracity of the young cuckoo has been ascertained beyond a doubt; but that it should be carnivorous is perfectly impossible, for its bill is only adapted for feeding on caterpillars and other soft substances. But that its insatiable appetite makes it apparently violent, and, of course, an object of terror to a small bird, we have the evidence of that accurate observer, Mr. White of Selborne. He saw “a young cuckoo hatched in the nest of a titlark; it was become vastly too big for its nest, appearing

‘To have stretched its wings beyond the little nest,’

and was very fierce and pugnacious, pursuing my finger, as I teased it, for many feet from the nest, sparring and buffeting with its wings like a game cock. The dupe of a dam appeared at a distance, hovering about with meat in her mouth, and expressing the greatest solicitude.” In the passage before us, Shakspeare, it appears to us, speaks from his knowledge. But he has also expressed the popular belief by the mouth of the fool in Lear:—

“For you trow, nuncle,
The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long
That it had its head bit off by its young.”

^c SCENE IV.—“*With a new wound in your thigh.*”

The old chroniclers tell us that one of the followers of William the Conqueror committed a similar outrage upon the body of Harold.

HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

ACT I.

THE events which form the action of the First Part of Henry IV. are included within a period of ten months. The battle of Holmedon, or Homildon, the result of which the king communicates in the first scene, was fought on the 14th of September, 1402, and the battle of Shrewsbury, with which the fifth act closes, took place on the 21st of July, 1403.

After the defeat of Hepburn of Hales, by the Earl of March, at Nesbit Moor, in 1402, Archibald Earl Douglas, the Douglas of this play, "sore displeased in his mind for this overthrow, procured a commission to invade England." So writes Holinshed. The Douglas with an army of ten thousand men advanced as far as Newcastle, but finding no army to oppose him, he retreated loaded with plunder, and satisfied with the devastation he had committed and the terror he had produced. The king at this time was vainly chasing Glendower up and down his mountains; but the Earl of Northumberland and his son Hotspur gathered a powerful army, and intercepted Douglas on his return to Scotland. This army awaited the Scots near Milfield, in the north of Northumberland, and Douglas, upon arriving in sight of his enemy, took up a strong post upon Homildon Hill. The English weapon, the long-bow, decided the contest, for the Scots fell almost without fight. The desperate valour of two Scotch knights, Swinton and Gordon, forms the subject of Sir Walter Scott's spirited dramatic sketch of Halidon Hill. But he has transferred the incidents of Holmedon to another scene and another period. "For who," he says, "would again venture to introduce upon the scene the celebrated Hotspur?" Shakspeare took the names of the prisoners at Holmedon from Holinshed; but from some confusion in the chronicler's recital, he has made Mordake, Earl of Fife, the eldest son of Douglas, when in truth he was the son of the Duke of Albany, Governor of Scotland; and he has omitted Douglas himself, who was the chief of the prisoners. There is a dramatic propriety in our poet making Sir Walter Blunt, "the dear and true industrious friend" of the king, bring the "smooth and welcome news" of this great victory; and in this he is neither borne out nor contradicted by the Chronicles. An entry, however, has been found in the Pell Rolls, of a grant of forty pounds yearly "To Nicholas Merbury for other good services, as also because the same Nicholas was the first person who reported for a certainty to the said lord the king, the good, agreeable, and acceptable news of the success of the late expedition at Holmedon, near Wollor." [Wooler.]

Holinshed thus describes the origin of the quarrel between the Percies and the king:—

"Henry Earl of Northumberland, with his brother Thomas Earl of Worcester, and his son, the Lord Henry Percy, surnamed Hotspur, which were to King Henry, in the beginning of his reign, both faithful friends and earnest aiders, began now to envy his wealth and felicity; and especially they were grieved because the king demanded of the earl and his son such Scottish prisoners as were taken at Homeldon and Nesbit: for of all the captives which were taken in the conflicts fought in those two places, there was delivered to the king's possession only Mordake Earl of Fife, the Duke of Albany's son, though the king did divers and sundry times require deliverance of the residue, and that with great threatenings: where-with the Percies being sore offended, for that they claimed them as their own proper prisoners, and their peculiar prizes, by the counsel of the Lord Thomas Percy, Earl of Worcester, whose study was ever (as some write) to procure malice and set things in a broil, came to the king unto Windsor (upon a purpose to prove him), and there required of him that, either by ransom or otherwise, he would cause to be delivered out of prison Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March, their cousin german, whom (as they reported) Owen Glendower kept in filthy prison, shackled with irons, only for that he took his part, and was to him faithful and true.

* * * "The king, when he had studied on the matter, made answer that the Earl of March was not taken prisoner for his cause, nor in his service, but willingly suffered himself to be taken, because he would not withstand the attempts of Owen Glendower and his complices, therefore he would neither ransom him nor release him.

"The Percies with this answer and fraudulent excuse were not a little fumed, insomuch that Henry Hotspur said openly: Behold, the heir of the realm is robbed of his right, and yet the robber with his own will not redeem him. So in this fury the Percies departed, minding nothing more than to depose King Henry from the high type of his royalty, and to place in his seat their cousin Edmund Earl of March, whom they did not only deliver out of captivity, but also (to the high displeasure of King Henry) entered in league with the aforesaid Owen Glendower."

The refusal of Henry IV. to ransom Mortimer, or to allow him to be ransomed, proceeded from a not unnatural jealousy; but the prisoner of Glendower was not "the heir of the realm," as Holinshed represents, but Sir Edmund Mortimer, the uncle of the young Earl of March, who was at this period only ten years old, and whom Henry kept in close custody, because he had a prior claim to the crown by succession. Shakspeare has, of course, followed Holinshed in confounding Sir Edmund Mortimer with the Earl of March; but those from whom accuracy is required have fallen into the same error as the old chronicler—amongst others Rapiu and Hume.

ACT II.

The character of Hotspur has been drawn by Shakspeare with the boldest pencil. Nothing can be more free and vigorous than this remarkable portrait. Of the likeness we are as certain as when we look at the Charles V. of Titian, or the Lord Strafford of Vandyke. But it is too young, say the critics. The poet, in the first scene, say they, ought not to have called him "young Harry Percy," for he was some thirty-five years old at the battle of Holmedon; and the wish of the king,

"that it could be prov'd
That some night-tripping fairy had exchang'd,
In cradle-clothes, our children where they lay,
And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet,"

was a very absurd wish, and such a change was quite beyond the power of a "night-tripping fairy," for Percy was born about 1366, and Henry of Monmouth some twenty years later. Everything in its place. We desire the utmost exactness in matters where exactness is required. Let History proper give us her dates to the very day and hour; but let Poetry be allowed to break the bands by which she would be earth-bound. When Shakspeare shows us the ambitious, irascible, self-willed, sarcastic, but high-minded and noble Hotspur, and places in contrast with him the thoughtless, good-tempered, yielding, witty, but brave and chivalrous Henry, we have no desire to be constantly reminded that characters so alike in the energy of youth have been incorrectly approximated in their ages by the poet.

Sir Henry Percy received his *sobriquet* of Hotspur from the Scots, with whom he was engaged in perpetual forays and battles. The old ballad of the Battle of Otterbourne tells us,

"He had byn a march-man all hys dayes,
And kepte Barwyke upon Twede."

He was "first armed when the castle of Berwick was taken by the Scots," in 1378, when he was twelve years old; and from that time till the battle of Holmedon *his spur was never cold*. Nothing can be more historically true than the prince's description of Hotspur—"He that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife, 'Fie upon this quiet life! I want work.' 'O my sweet Harry,' says she, 'how many hast thou killed to-day?' 'Give my roan horse a drench,' says he, and answers, 'Some fourteen'—an hour after; 'a trifle, a trifle.'" The abstraction of Hotspur—the "some fourteen, an hour after"—has been repeated by our poet in the beautiful scene between Hotspur and his lady in this act:—

"Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,
And I must know it, *else he loves me not*."

The servant has been called and dismissed; the lady has uttered her

reproof; a battle has been fought in Hotspur's imagination, before he answers—

"Away,
Away, you trifler! Love?—I love thee not."

This little trait in Hotspur's character might be traditionary; and so might be the

"Speaking thick, which Nature made his blemish."

At any rate, these circumstances are singularly characteristic. So also is Hotspur's contempt of poetry, in opposition to Glendower, whose mind is essentially poetical. Such are the magical touches by which Shakspeare created the imperishable likenesses of his historical personages. He seized upon a general truth, and made it more striking and permanent by investing it with the ideal.

ACT III.

Owen Glendower—the "damn'd Glendower" of the king—the "great Glendower" of Hotspur—"he of Wales," that "swore the devil his true liegeman," of Falstaff, was amongst the most bold and enterprising of the warriors of his age. The immediate cause of his outbreak against the power of Henry IV. was a quarrel with Lord Grey of Ruthyn, on the occasion of which the Parliament of Henry seems to have treated Owen with injustice; but there can be no doubt that the great object of his ambition was to restore the independence of Wales. In the guerrilla warfare which he waged against Henry he was eminently successful, and his boast in this drama is historically true, that

"Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made head
Against my power: thrice from the banks of Wye,
And sandy-bottom'd Severn, have I sent him,
Bootless home, and weather-beaten back."

Shakspeare has, indeed, seized, with wonderful exactness, upon all the features of his history and character, and of the popular superstitions connected with him. They all belonged to the region of poetry. Glendower says—

"At my nativity,
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes."

The old chroniclers say, "The same night he was born all his father's horses were found to stand in blood up to their bellies." His pretensions as a magician, which Shakspeare has most beautifully connected with his enthusiastic and poetical temperament, made him a greater object of fear than even his undoubted skill and valour. When the king pursued him into his mountains, Owen, as Holinshed relates, "conveyed himself out of the way into his known lurking places, and, as was thought, through art magic he caused such foul weather of winds, tempest, rain, snow, and hail, to be raised for the annoyance of the king's army, that the like had not been heard of." His tedious stories to Hotspur

"of the moldwarp and the ant,
Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies;
And of a dragon and a finless fish,
A clip-wing'd griffin, and a moulten raven,
A couching lion, and a ramping cat,"

were old Welsh prophecies which the people in general, and very likely Glendower himself, devoutly believed. According to Holinshed, it was upon the faith of one of these prophecies in particular that the tripartite indenture of Mortimer, Hotspur, and Glendower was executed. "This was done (as some have said) through a foolish credit given to a vain prophecy, as though King Henry was

the moldwarp, cursed of God's own mouth, and they three were the dragon, the lion, and the wolf, which should divide this realm between them." Glendower might probably have

"Believ'd the magic wonders which he sang,"

but he was no vulgar enthusiast. He was "trained up in the English court," as he describes himself, and he was probably "exceedingly well read," as Mortimer describes him, for he had been a barrister of the Middle Temple. When the Parliament, which rudely dismissed his petition against Lord Grey of Ruthyn, refused to listen to "bare-footed blackguards," it can scarcely be wondered that he should have raised the standard of rebellion. The Welsh from all parts of England, even the students of Oxford, crowded home to fight under the banners of an independent Prince of Wales. Had Glendower joined the Percies before the battle of Shrewsbury, which he was most probably unable to do, he might for a time have ruled a kingdom, instead of perishing in wretchedness and obscurity, after years of unavailing contest.

"Lingering from sad Salopia's field,
Reft of his aid the Percy fell."

ACT V.

"King Henry," says Holinshed, "advertised of the proceedings of the Percies, forthwith gathered about him such power as he might make, and passed forward with such speed that he was in sight of his enemies lying in camp near to Shrewsbury before they were in doubt of any such thing." The Percies, according to the chronicler, sent to the king the celebrated Manifesto which is contained in Hardyng's Chronicle. The substance of the charges contained in this Manifesto are repeated in Hotspur's speech to Sir Walter Blunt in the fourth act. The interview of Worcester with the king, and its result, are thus described by Holinshed:—"It was reported for a truth that now when the king had condescended unto all that was reasonable at his hands to be required, and seemed to humble himself more than was meet for his estate, the Earl of Worcester, upon his return to his nephew, made relation clean contrary to that the king had said:—"

"O, no, my nephew must not know, Sir Richard,—
The liberal kind offer of the king."

In the chroniclers Hotspur exhorts the troops; Shakspeare clothes the exhortation with his own poetical spirit.

"Now,—*Esperancé*!—Percy!—and set on,"—

is found in the chroniclers:—"The adversaries cried *Esperancé, Percy*." The danger of the king, and the circumstance of others being caparisoned like him, are also mentioned by Holinshed.

The prowess of Prince Henry in this his first great battle is thus described by Holinshed:—"The Prince that day help his father like a lusty young gentleman, for although he was hurt in the face with an arrow, so that divers noble men that were about him would have conveyed him forth of the field, yet he would in no wise suffer them so to do, lest his departure from his men might haply have stricken some fear into their hearts; and so, without regard of his hurt, he continued with his men, and never ceased, either to fight where the battle was most hottest, or to encourage his men where it seemed most need."

The personal triumph of Henry over Hotspur is a dramatic creation, perfectly warranted by the obscurity in which the chroniclers leave the matter.

KING HENRY IV.

PART II.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY IV.
HENRY, *Prince of Wales, afterwards King*
Henry V.,
THOMAS, *Duke of Clarence,*
PRINCE JOHN of Lancaster, *afterwards created* } *his sons.*
(2 Henry V.) *Duke of Bedford,*
PRINCE HUMPHREY of Gloster, *afterwards*
created (2 Henry V.) Duke of Gloster, }
EARL OF WARWICK, } *of the King's party.*
EARL OF WESTMORELAND,
GOWER,
HARCOURT,
LORD CHIEF JUSTICE of the *King's Bench.*
A gentleman attending on the Chief Justice.
EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND,
SCROOP, *Archbishop of York,*
LORD MOWBRAY,
LORD HASTINGS,
LORD BARDOLPH,
SIR JOHN COLEVILLE, } *enemies to the King.*

TRAVERS and MORTON, *domestics 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 BULL-CALF, 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.

SCENE,—ENGLAND.

INDUCTION.

Warkworth. *Before Northumberland's Castle.*

*Enter Rumour, painted full of tongues.*¹

Rum. Open your ears : For which of you will stop
The vent of hearing when loud Rumour speaks ?
I, from the orient to the drooping west,
Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold
The acts commenced on this ball of earth :
Upon my tongues continual slanders ride ;²
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, swoll'n with some other griefs,
Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war,
And no such matter ? Rumour is a pipe
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures ;
And of so easy and so plain a stop
That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
The still discordant, wavering multitude,

Can play upon it. But what need I thus
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 the³ royal field of Shrewsbury
And this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone,⁴
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.]

¹ *Painted full of tongues.* This direction for the appearance of Rumour is found only in the quarto of 1600. The direction explains the sixth line :—

“Upon my tongues continual slanders ride.”

Rumour appears to have been exhibited in a similar manner in the masques pre-

ceding Shakspeare's time and subsequently. Of the speech of Rumour Dr. Johnson says “it is wholly useless.” The object of the poet was evidently to connect this Part of Henry IV. with the First Part.

The. So the folio ; quarto, *that.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

The Porter before the Gate. Enter LORD BARDOLPH.

L. Bard. Who keeps the gate here, ho?—
Where is the earl?

Port. What shall I say you are?

L. 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.

L. Bard. Here comes the earl.

North. What news, lord Bardolph? every minute now
Should be the father of some stratagem:¹
The times are wild; contention, like a horse
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose,
And bears down all before him.

L. Bard. Noble earl,
I bring you certain news from Shrewsbury.

North. Good, an heaven will!

L. 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?

L. 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.

L. 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?

Trav. 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 forspent² with speed,
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 ill³ 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
Against the panting sides of his poor jade
Up to the rowel-head;⁴ and starting so,
He seem'd in running to devour the way,
Staying no longer question.

North. Ha!—Again.

Said he, young Harry Percy's spur was cold?
Of Hotspur, coldspur? that rebellion
Had met ill luck?

L. Bard. My lord, I'll tell you what;—
If my young lord your son have not the day,
Upon mine honour, for a silken point
I'll give my barony: never talk of it.

North. Why should the gentleman that rode by Travers,
Give then such instances of loss?

L. Bard. Who, he?
He was some hilding⁴ fellow, that had stolen
The horse he rode on; and, upon my life,
Spake at adventure.⁵ Look, here comes more news.

Enter MORTON.

North. Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-leaf,⁶
Foretells the nature of a tragic volume:
So looks the strond whereon the imperious flood
Hath left a witness'd usurpation.

Say, Morton, didst 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,⁷
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 wouldst 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 is too true, your fears too certain.

North. Yet, for all this, say not that Percy's dead.
I see a strange confession in thine eye:

¹ *Stratagem*—some military movement, according to the Greek derivation of the word—some enterprise, some decisive act on one part or the other, resulting from the wild times of contention.

² *Forspent*. *For*, as a prefix to a verb, is used to give it intensity. *Forwearing* in King John, and *forspent* here, mean *wearied out*, *outsent*. The prefix, according to Tooke, is identical with *forth*.

³ *Ill*. So the folio; the quarto, *bad*.

⁴ *Hilding*—an expression of contempt for a cowardly, spiritless person. Some derive it from the Anglo-Saxon *hyldan*, to bend; from which *hilding*, *hireling*.

We find it several times in Shakspeare. Capulet calls Juliet a *hilding*. In Henry V. we have "a *hilding* foe."

⁵ *Adventure*. So the folio. The common reading is, *at a venture*.

⁶ *Title-leaf*. Poems of lament—elegies, in the restricted sense of the word—were distinguished by a black title-page.

⁷ *Woe-begone*. Dr. Bentley, whose commentary on Milton is more laughter-provoking than most jest-books, thought this passage corrupt, and proposed to read—

"So dull, so dead in look, Ucalagon
Drew Priam's curtain," &c.

Thou shak'st thy head; and hold'st it fear,¹ 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.
Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office; and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,
Remember'd knolling a departing friend.²

L. 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,
Rendering faint quittance, wearied and outbreath'd,
To Henry 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, all the rest
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, 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 physic; and these news,
Having been well, that would have made me sick,
Being sick, have in some measure made me well:
And as the wretch, whose fever-weaken'd joints,
Like strengthless hinges, buckle³ 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,⁴
Are thrice themselves: hence, therefore, thou nice⁵ crutch;
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'st⁶ hour that time and spite dare bring,
To frown upon the enrag'd Northumberland!
Let heav'n kiss earth! Now let not Nature's hand
Keep the wild flood confin'd! let order die!
And let the world no longer be a stage

¹ *Fear*—danger, matter or occasion of fear.

Departing friend. Malone thought that *departing* was here used for *departed*. In Shakspeare's Seventy-first Sonnet we have—

"No longer mourn for me when I am dead,
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled."

But the ancient custom was for the bell to ring for the *departing* soul—not for the soul that had fled. Hence it was called the *passing bell*.

³ *Buckle.* This word, which here means to *bend*, is used precisely in the same signification in the present day when applied to a horse, whose "weaken'd joints, like strengthless hinges," are said to *buckle*. It was obligingly pointed out to us by Mr. W. T. S. Raimbach that when the light spars of a ship under sail, yielding to the pressure of the wind, bend, they are said to *buckle*.

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!

Tra. This strained passion doth you wrong, my lord.⁷

L. 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, my noble lord,
And summ'd the account of chance, before you said,
Let us make head. It was your presumise,
That in the dole of blows your son might drop:
You knew he walk'd o'er perils, on an edge,
More likely to fall in than to get o'er:
You were advis'd his flesh was capable
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 enterprise brought forth,
More than that being which was like to be?⁸

L. Bard. We all that are engaged to this loss
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'erset, venture again.
Come, we will all put forth; body, and goods.

Mor. 'Tis more than time: And, my most noble lord,
I hear for certain, and do speak the truth:
The gentle archbishop of York is up,
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,
Gasping for life under great Bolingbroke;
And more and less⁹ do flock to follow him.¹⁰

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, nor¹¹ never yet more need. [Exeunt.]

⁴ *Grief.* In this line the first "grief" is put for bodily pain; the second for mental sorrow.

⁵ *Nice*—weak.

⁶ *Ragged'st.* Theobald and other editors changed this to *rudded'st*. We find the epithet several times in Shakspeare. In this play we have—

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

It means something broken, torn, wanting consistency and coherence.

⁷ This line is not in the folio. It is found in the quarto, where it is given to Umfreville, who is not in the scene.

⁸ The preceding fourteen lines were first printed in the folio.

⁹ *More and less*—greater and less, great and small.

¹⁰ The preceding twenty-one lines were first printed in the folio.

¹¹ *Nor.* So the folio; the quarto, *and*.

SCENE 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?

Page. He said, sir, 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 gird¹ at me. The brain of this foolish-compounded clay, man, is not able to invent² anything 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 o'erwhelmed 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 judgment. Thou whoreson mandrake, thou art fitter to be worn in my cap, than to wait at my heels. I was never manned with an agate³ till now; 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, the prince your master, whose chin is not yet fledged. I will sooner have a beard grow in the palm of my hand, than he shall get one on his cheek; yet he will not stick to say, his face is a face-royal: Heaven may finish it when he will, it is not a hair amiss yet: he may keep it still at a face-royal, 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. What said master Dombledon about the satin for my short cloak and slops?

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 damned like the glutton! may his tongue be hotter!—A whoreson Achitophel! a rascally yea-forsooth knave! to bear a gentleman in hand, 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,⁴ then they must stand upon security. I had as lief they would put ratsbane in my mouth, as offer to stop it with security. I looked he should have sent me two and twenty yards of satin, as I am true knight, and he sends me security. Well, he may sleep in security; for he hath the horn of abundance, and the lightness of his wife shines through it: and yet cannot he see, though he have his own lantern to light him. Where's Bardolph?

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

Fal. I bought him in Paul's,⁵ and he'll buy me a horse in Smithfield: if I could get me a wife in the stews, I were manned, horsed, and wived.

Enter the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE *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

¹ *Gird.* To *gird* is to *smite*, and thence metaphorically to *jeer*, to scoff at.

² *Invent.* So the old editions. Reed changed it to *vent*, which became common.

³ *Agate.* Falstaff compares his little page to an agate for his diminutiveness. In the same manner queen Mab, in *Romeo and Juliet*, comes—

"In shape no bigger than an agate-stone."

But agate-stones were also often "cut or graven with some forms and images in

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 anything good. Go, pluck him by the elbow; I must speak with him.

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 want soldiers? Though it be a shame to be on any side but one, it is worse shame to beg than to be on the worst side, were it worse than the name of rebellion can tell how to make it.

Atten. You mistake me, sir.

Fal. Why, sir, 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, sir, 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 gett'st any leave of me, hang me; if thou takest leave, thou wert better be hanged: You hunt counter,⁵ hence! avaunt!

Atten. Sir, my lord would speak with you.

Ch. Just. Sir John Falstaff, a word with you.

Fal. My good lord!—Give your lordship good time or 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 saltiness 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. If it please your lordship, I hear his majesty is returned 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; a sleeping of the blood, a whoreson tingling.⁶

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.

Fal. Very well, my lord, very well: rather, an't please you, it is the disease of not listening, 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 be 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.

them, namely, of famous men's heads." So says Florio, in his "New World of Words," under the word *Formaglio*.

⁴ *Taking up*—buying upon credit.

⁵ *Hunt counter.* The hound that runs *counter* hunts upon a wrong scent—"on the false trail" (*Hamlet*). Falstaff either tells the attendant "you hunt counter"—you hunt the wrong way—or calls him a "hunt counter," which also might imply that the attendant was a bailiff's follower—a "counter-rat," as Sir Thomas Overbury has it.

⁶ *Tingling.* In this speech we give the reading of the folio.

Ch. Just. I sent for you, when there were matters against you for your life, to come 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.

Ch. Just. Your means are very slender, and your waste 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 fellow¹ with the great belly, and he my dog.

Ch. Just. Well, I am loath to gall a new-healed wound; your day's service at Shrewsbury hath a little gilded over your night's exploit on Gadshill: you may thank the unquiet time for your quiet o'erposting 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; all tallow: 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 evil angel.²

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:³ Virtue is of so little regard in these coster-monger times,⁴ that true valour is turned bear-herd: Pregnancy 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 shapes 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?⁵ and every part about you blasted with antiquity? and will you yet call yourself young? Fie, fie, fie, sir John!

Fal. My lord, I was born about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head, and something a round belly.⁶ For my voice, I have lost it with hollaing, and singing of anthems. To approve my youth farther, I will not: the truth is, I am only old in judgment 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 checked him for it; and the young lion repents: marry, not in ashes and sackcloth, but in new silk and old sack.

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 severed you and prince Harry: I hear, you are going with lord John of Lancaster, against the archbishop and the Earl of Northumberland.

Fal. Yes; 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 I take but two shirts out with me, and I mean not to sweat extraordinarily; if it be a hot day, and I brandish anything but my bottle, I would I might never spit white again. 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 alway yet 'the trick of our English nation, if they 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 scoured to nothing with perpetual motion.⁷]

Ch. Just. Well, be honest, be honest; And heaven 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. Fare you well: Commend me to my cousin Westmoreland.

[*Exeunt* CHIEF JUSTICE and Attendant.

Fal. If I do, filip me with a three-man beetle.⁸ 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 other; and so both the degrees prevent my curses.—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 Ursula, 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 pension shall seem the more reasonable: A good wit will make use of anything; I will turn diseases to commodity.

[*Exit.*

¹ *The fellow, &c.* This is probably an allusion to some well-known beggar of Shakspeare's day.

² *Evil angel.* *Evil* is the reading of the folio; *ill* of the quarto. Theobald says, "If this were the true reading, Falstaff could not have made the witty and humorous evasion he has done in his reply." It may be answered, however, that the humour of the evasion is perhaps rather heightened by Falstaff's change of the epithet from *evil* to *ill*. When he says an "ill angel is light," his allusion is to the coin called an angel.

³ *I cannot tell.* Johnson interprets this—I cannot pass current. Gifford objects to this interpretation, saying that the expression, which is frequent in Ben Jonson and Beaumont and Fletcher, has here only its common colloquial meaning.

⁴ *Coster-monger times*—times of petty traffic, when qualities are rated by money's worth. A costard is an apple—thence a costard-monger; and so the word came to imply, as it does now, a small huckstering dealer.

Wit single. *Single* may be taken for *small*, according to Steevens, who gives us the example of single beer for small beer. But this use of the word has

reference to the quantity of malt consumed in the production of the beer. The expression in *Romeo and Juliet*, "O single-soled jest!" has also a direct reference to the thinness of Romeo's pump. We can scarcely, therefore, say that *single* means *small*, taken generally; but the Chief Justice, it appears to us, has lost something of his characteristic gravity, and has become infected by him, who was not only witty himself, but the cause of wit in others; and he thus opposes the *single wit* to the *double chin*, and also suggests the real character of *wit*. All wit is to a certain extent *double*; it has the obvious meaning, and the more recondite meaning which makes the point. *Single wit* is very much the same as *pointless wit*.

⁶ *My lord, &c.* The quarto reads, "My lord, I was born about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head," &c. The folio omits, "about three of the clock in the afternoon." The point of Falstaff's reply is, that two of the marks of age which the Chief Justice objects to him were natural to him—he was *born* with them; and this the reading of the folio retains; but the grave mention of the unessential particular is characteristic.

⁷ The passage between brackets is omitted in the folio.

SCENE III.—York. *A Room in the Archbishop's Palace.*

Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, the LORD HASTINGS, MOWBRAY, and LORD BARDOLPH.

Arch. Thus have you heard our cause, and know 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.

L. 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.

L. Bard. Ay, marry, there's the point;
But if without him we be thought too feeble,
My judgment is, we should not step too far
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.¹

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

L. 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 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.

L. Bard. Yes;—if this present quality of war,—
(Indeed the instant action, a cause on foot,)
Lives so in hope,² as in an early spring
We see the appearing buds; which, to prove fruit,
Hope gives not so much warrant as despair
That frosts will bite them. When we mean to build,
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, 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;
Question surveyors; know our own estate,
How able such a work to undergo,
To weigh against his opposite; or else,³
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 still-born, 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.

L. 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,
And one against Glendower; perforce, a third
Must take up us: So is the unfirm king
In three divided; and his coffers sound
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,
He leaves his back unarm'd, the French and Welsh
Baying him at the heels: never fear that.

L. Bard. Who, is it like, should lead his forces hither?

Hast. The duke of Lancaster, and Westmoreland:
Against the Welsh, himself and Harry Monmouth:
But who is substituted 'gainst the French,
I have no certain notice.

Arch. Let us on;
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! with what loud applause
Didst thou beat heaven with blessing Bolingbroke,
Before he was what thou wouldst have him be!
And being now trimm'd in thine own desires,
Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him,
That thou provok'st thyself to cast him up.
So, so, thou common dog, didst thou disgorge
Thy glutton bosom of the royal Richard;
And now thou wouldst eat thy dead vomit up,
And howl'st 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'st dust upon his goodly head,
When through proud London he came sighing on
After the admired heels of Bolingbroke,
Cry'st now, "O earth, yield us that king again,
And take thou this!" O thoughts of men accurst!
Past, and to come, seem best; things present, worst.⁴

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

Hast. We are time's subjects, and time bids be gone.

[*Exeunt.*]

RECENT NEW READING.

Sc. III. p. 569.—"How able such a work to undergo,
To weigh against his opposite."

"How able such a work to undergo.
A careful leader sums what force he brings
To weigh against his opposite."—*Collier.*

The line in italic is introduced for the first time in Mr. Collier's MS. corrections: it is a new "connecting line," he says. We say it is a new disconnecting line. In the long speech of Lord Bardolph is there a point dropped? Is there not the most perfect carrying out of one idea, the comparison of building a house and building a kingdom? What would an actor do with this speech, who had no great reverence for his author? He would break the long sentence into two

¹ The four lines here ending were added in the folio.
Yes, &c. The ordinary reading of this passage is as follows:—

"Yes, *in* this present quality of war;—
Indeed the instant action, (a cause on foot,)
Lives so in hope," &c.

Some editors have changed the *if* of the original into *in*, and pointed the

passage accordingly. They have thus made that unintelligible which, with care in the punctuation, presents little difficulty. As we read the passage, the meaning is this:—Hastings has said that it never yet did hurt to lay down forms of hope. Bardolph replies yes (it does hurt), *if* the present condition of our war—*if* the instant state of our action and cause on foot—lives only in such hope as the premature buds of an early spring.

³ The twenty lines here ending were added in the folio.

⁴ The whole of this speech of the archbishop was added in the folio.

sentences without much care, so that he got a new start. And so has our "Corrector" done. He puts a full stop after "undergo," and thrusts in this line—

"A careful leader sums what force he brings
To weigh against his opposite."

"To weigh against *his* opposite" is to weigh against the king's strength opposite; and, in the speech which immediately follows, Hastings says—

"I think we are a body strong enough,
Even as we are, to equal with the king."

ACT II.

SCENE I.—London. *A Street.*

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

Host. Master Fang, have you entered the action?

Fang. It is entered.

Host. Where's your yeoman?¹ Is it a lusty yeoman? will he stand to 't?

Fang. Sirrah, where's Snare?

Host. Ay, ay; good master Snare!²

Snare. Here, here.

Fang. Snare, we must arrest sir John Falstaff.

Host. Ay, good master Snare; I have entered him and all.

Snare. It may chance cost some of us our lives; he will stab.

Host. Alas the day! take heed of him; he stabbed me in mine own house, and that most beastly: in good faith, he cares not what mischief he doth, if his weapon be out: he will foin like any devil; he will spare neither man, woman, 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.

Fang. If I but fist him once; if he come but within my vice;—

Host. I am undone with his going; I warrant he is an infinitive thing upon my score:—Good master Fang, hold him sure;—good master Snare, let him not 'scape. He comes continually to Piecorner, (saving your manhoods,) to buy a saddle; and he is indited to dinner to the lubbar's head in Lumbert-street, to master Smooth's the silkman: I pray ye, since my exion is entered, and my case so openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his answer. A hundred mark is a long one³ for a poor lone woman to bear: and I have borne, and borne, and borne; and have been fubbed off, and fubbed off, from this day to that 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-nose⁴ 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.

Host. Throw me in the channel? I'll throw thee there. Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou bastardy rogue!—Murder,

murder! O thou honeysuckle⁵ villain! wilt thou kill God's officers, and the king's? O thou honey-seed rogue! thou art a honey-seed; a man queller, and a woman queller.

Fal. Keep them off, Bardolph.

Fang. A rescue! a rescue!

Host. Good people, bring a rescue. Thou wilt not? thou wilt not? do, do, thou rogue! do, thou hemp-seed!

Fal. Away, you scullion! you rampallian! you fustilarian! I'll tickle⁶ your catastrophe.

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, sir 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 upon 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, if I have any vantage of ground to get up.

Ch. Just. How comes this, sir 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,^a thyself and the money too. Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt⁷ goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, on Wednesday in Whitsun-week, when the prince broke thy head for liking his father⁸ to a singing-man 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, come in then, and call me gossip Quickly? coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar; 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 not thou, 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 soul: 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 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. I know you have practised upon the easy-yielding spirit of this woman.

house and home; she therefore says that a hundred mark is a long one—a long mark—a long reckoning or score.

⁴ *Malmsey-nose.* So the folio; in the quarto, *malmsey-nose knave.*

⁵ *Honeysuckle.* Supposed to be Mistress Quickly's corruption of *homicidal.* In the same way *honey-seed* for *homicide.*

⁶ *Tickle.* In folio, *tuck.*

⁷ *Parcel-gilt*—partially gilt, or what is now technically called *party-gilt.*

⁸ *Liking his father.* The folio reads, *likening him.*

¹ *Yeoman.* The bailiff's follower was called a sergeant's yeoman.

² *Master Snare.* We print the passage as in the original. In our first edition we altered the punctuation according to a suggestion of Capell, reading—

"Ay, ay; good! master Snare!"

³ *Long one.* So the old copies. Theobald's reading is *long loan.* But the debt was hardly a loan; it was a score. Sir John had eaten the widow out of

Host. Yes, in troth, my lord.

Ch. Just. Prithee, peace:—Pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villainy you have done her; the one you may do with sterling money, and the other with current repentance.

Fal. My lord, I will not undergo this sneap without reply. You call honourable boldness, impudent sauciness: if a man will court'sy and say nothing, he is virtuous: No, my lord, my humble duty remembered, 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.^b

Ch. Just. You speak as having power to do wrong: but answer in the effect of your reputation, 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 Henry prince of Wales Are near at hand: the rest the paper tells.

Fal. As I am a gentleman;—

Host. Nay, you said so before.

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

Host. 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,^c is the only drinking; and for thy walls,—a pretty slight drollery, or the story of the prodigal, or the German hunting in water-work,^d is worth a thousand of these bed-hangings, and these fly-bitten tapestries. Let it be ten pound if thou canst. Come, if it were not for thy humours, there is not a better wench in England. Go, wash thy face, and draw thy action: Come, thou must not be in this humour with me. Come, I know thou wast set on to this.

Host. Prithee, sir John, let it be but twenty nobles. I loathe to pawn my plate, in good earnest, la.

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

Host. 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.] hook on, hook on.

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

Fal. No more words, let's have her.

[*Exeunt* Hostess, BARDOLPH, Officers, and Page.

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, my lord.

Fal. I hope, my lord, all's well: What is 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 Lancaster, Against Northumberland and the archbishop.

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

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 attached one of so high blood.

P. Hen. 'Faith, it doth 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, in 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 thy peach-coloured 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 keep'st 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.¹

Poins. How ill it follows, after you have laboured so hard you should talk so idly! Tell me, how many good young princes would do so, their fathers lying so sick as yours is?

P. Hen. Shall I tell thee one thing, Poins?

Poins. Yes; and let it be an excellent good thing.

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 persistence: 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.

Poins. The reason?

P. Hen. What wouldst 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.

P. Hen. And to thee.

Poins. Nay, 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

¹ In this speech of Prince Henry there is a passage in the quarto which is omitted in the folio. We have not restored it, as it appears to us more profane than witty.

hands; and those two things, I confess, I cannot help. Look, look, here comes Bardolph.

P. Hen. And the boy that I gave Falstaff: he had him from me Christian: and see, if the fat villain have not transformed him ape.

Enter BARDOLPH and Page.

Bard. Save your grace!

P. Hen. And yours, most noble Bardolph!

Bard. Come, you pernicious ass, [*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?

Page. He called me even now, my lord, through a red lattice, 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 peeped 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 dreamed she was delivered of a fire-brand; and therefore I call him her dream.¹

P. Hen. A crown's worth of good interpretation.—There it is, boy. [*Gives him money.*]

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

Bard. If you do not make him be hanged among you, the gallows shall be wronged.

P. Hen. And how doth thy master, Bardolph?

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

Poins. Delivered with good respect. And how doth the martlemas,² your master?

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 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;³ "I am the king's poor cousin, sir."

P. Hen. Nay, they will be kin to us, but they will fetch it from Japhet. But to 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. Peace!

Poins. "I will imitate the honourable Romans⁴ in brevity:"—sure he 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."

¹ *Althea dreamed, &c.* Dr. Johnson says, "Shakspeare is here mistaken in his mythology, and has confounded Althea's firebrand with Hecuba's." In the Second Part of Henry VI. we have mention of

"The fatal brand Althea burned
Unto the prince's heart of Calydon."

Shakspeare, then, was acquainted with the right story of Althea. Might he not, of purpose, make the precocious, impudent page, who had been drinking at the house with the red lattice window, attempt a joke out of his *half* knowledge? Or did the poet here make a slip?

² *Martlemas*—the feast of St. Martin, the 11th of November. Poins calls Falstaff the martlemas, because his year of life is running out.

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."

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. 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 wise sit 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?⁵

Bard. At the old place, my lord; in Eastcheap.

P. Hen. What company?

Page. Ephesians, my lord; of the old church.

P. Hen. Sup any women with him?

Page. None, my lord, but old mistress Quickly, and mistress Doll Tear-sheet.

P. Hen. What pagan may that be?

Page. A proper gentlewoman, sir, and a kinswoman 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 in town: There's for your silence.

Bard. I have no tongue, sir.

Page. And for mine, sir,—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 Saint Alban's and London.

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 and aprons, and wait upon him at his table like drawers.

P. Hen. From a god to a bull? a heavy declension!⁶ it was Jove's case. From a prince to a prentice? a low transformation! that shall be mine: for, in everything, the purpose must weigh with the folly. Follow me, Ned.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Warkworth. *Before the Castle.*

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, LADY NORTHUMBERLAND, and LADY PERCY.

North. I prithee, 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 heaven's sake, go not to these wars!

³ *Borrower's cap.* The old copies read *borrowed cap*. Warburton suggested the emendation. A borrower's cap is always at hand, ready to be doffed to the lender.

⁴ *Romans.* So the old copies. Warburton read *Roman*, thinking the allusion was to Brutus or Cæsar. Capell observes, "The matter in question is—epistolary brevity, and in particular the forms of addressing, in which the Romans were most concise: many not remote from Sir John's *I commend me to thee, &c.*, are found in all their epistles."

⁵ *Frank.* To *frank* is to cram, to fatten; and thus a frank is a *sty*. In Hol-land's Pliny we have, "These guests of his fared so highly that a man would have said they had been *frank-fed*."

⁶ *Declension.* So the folio; the quarto, *descension*.

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.
 Who then persuaded you to stay at home?
 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: 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 that practis'd not his gait:
 And speaking thick, which Nature made his blemish,
 Became the accents of the valiant;
 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,
 He was the mark and glass, copy and book,
 That fashion'd others. And him,—O wondrous him!
 O miracle of men!—him did you leave,
 (Second to none, unseconded 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:—so you left him:
 Never, O never, do his ghost 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.¹

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,
 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 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 his 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.*]

¹ *Monmouth's grave.* The twenty-two lines here ending were first printed in the folio.

² *Sneak's noise.* A noise of musicians is a *band*.

³ *Old utis.* *Utis* is the octave of a festival; and so the word passed into the meaning of merriment generally. *Old* does not here mean ancient, but extreme, very good—a sense in which it is often used by Shakspeare and the writers of his time.

⁴ *Worthy king.* The ballad, of which Falstaff here sings a snatch, may be found in Percy's "*Reliques*," vol. i. It commences thus:—

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

Enter Two Drawers.

¹ *Draw.* What hast thou brought there? apple-Johns?
 thou know'st sir John cannot endure an apple-John.

² *Draw.* Thou sayest true: The prince once set 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, withered knights." It
 angered him to the heart: but he hath forgot that.

¹ *Draw.* Why then, cover, and set them down: And see
 if thou canst find out Sneak's noise; ² mistress Tear-sheet
 would fain have some music. Despatch:—The room where
 they supped is too hot; they'll come in straight.

² *Draw.* Sirrah, here will be the prince, and master
 Poinson 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 mass, here will be old utis: ³ It will be
 an excellent stratagem.

² *Draw.* I'll see if I can find out Sneak. [*Exit.*]

Enter Hostess and DOLL TEAR-SHEET.

Host. I' faith, sweet heart, methinks now you are in an
 excellent good temperality: your pulside beats as extra-
 ordinarily as heart would desire; and your colour, I war-
 rant you, is as red as any rose: But you have drunk too
 much canaries; and that's a marvellous searching wine,
 and it perfumes the blood ere we can say,—What's this?
 How do you now?

Doll. Better than I was. Hem.

Host. Why, that was well said; a good heart's worth
 gold. Look, here comes sir John.

Enter FALSTAFF, singing.

Fal.

When Arthur first in court—

Empty the jordan.—

And was a worthy king:

[*Exit Drawer.*] How now, mistress Doll?

Host. Sick of a calm; ⁵ yea, good sooth.

Fal. So is all her sect; if they be once in a calm, they
 are sick.

Doll. You muddy rascal, is that all the comfort you
 give me?

Fal. You make fat rascals, mistress Doll.

Doll. 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.

Doll. Ay, marry; our chains and our jewels.

Fal.

Your brooches, pearls, and owches ⁶

—for to serve bravely is to come halting off, you know:
 To come off the breech with his pike bent bravely, and to

"When Arthur first in court began,
 And was approved king,
 By force of armes great victorys wanne,
 And conquest home did bring."

⁵ *Calm.* The hostess means *qualm*.

⁶ *Your brooches, &c.* Falstaff is here again singing a scrap of an old ballad
 (Percy's "*Reliques*," vol. i.):—

"A kirtle, and a mantle,
 This boy had him upon,
 With brooches, rings, and owches
 Full dantly bedone."

surgery bravely; to venture upon the charged chambers bravely:—

[*Doll.* Hang yourself, you muddy conger, hang yourself!]

Host. 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 rheumatic as two dry toasts; you cannot one bear with another's confirmities. What the good-year! one must bear, and that must be you: [*to DOLL.*] you are the weaker vessel, as they say, the emptier vessel.

Doll. Can a weak empty vessel bear such a huge full hogshead? there's a whole merchant's venture of Bourdeaux stuff in him; you have not seen a hulk better stuffed 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.¹

Re-enter Drawer.

Draw. Sir, ancient² Pistol's below, and would speak with you.

Doll. Hang him, swaggering rascal! let him not come hither: it is the foul mouth'dst rogue in England.

Host. 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, hostess?

Host. Pray you, pacify yourself, sir John; there comes no swaggerers here.

Fal. Dost thou hear? it is mine ancient.

Host. Tilly-fally,³ sir John, never tell me; your ancient swaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before master Tisick, the deputy, the other day: 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 bless you to hear what he said:—no, I'll no swaggerers.

Fal. He's no swaggerer, hostess; a tame cheater,⁴ 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: 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.

Doll. So you do, hostess.

Host. Do I? yea, in very truth, do I, an't were an aspen leaf: I cannot abide swaggerers.

¹ It was suggested to us by Dr. Maginn that these lines are metrical; that Doll, falling in with the musical vein of Falstaff, propitiates him with a little extempore lyric:—

“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.”

² *Ancient.* The *ancient* is the standard, the ensign; and so the bearer of the ensign is also the ancient. Iago is Othello's ancient; Pistol, Falstaff's.

³ *Tilly-fally.* This interjection, or rather *Tilley-valley*, is said to have been often used by the lady of Sir Thomas More. The origin is somewhat obscure, though it is supposed to have been an old French hunting cry.

⁴ *Cheater.* The singular origin of this word is indicated in a passage of The Merry Wives of Windsor: “I will be *cheaters* to them both, and they shall be *exchequers* to me.” The officers that manage the *escheats* of the crown were

Enter PISTOL, BARDOLPH, and Page

Pist. Save you, sir 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, sir John, with two bullets.

Fal. She is pistol-proof, sir; you shall hardly offend her.

Host. Come, I'll drink no proofs, nor no bullets: I'll drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleasure, I.

Pist. Then to you, mistress Dorothy; I will charge you.

Doll. 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.

Doll. Away, you cut-purse rascal! you filthy bung, away! by this wine, I'll thrust my knife in your mouldy chaps, if you play the saucy cuttle with me. Away, you bottle-ale rascal! you basket-hilt stale juggler, you!—Since when, I pray you, sir?—What, with two points on your shoulder? much!⁵

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.]

Host. No, good captain Pistol; not here, sweet captain.

Doll. Captain! thou abominable damned cheater, art thou not ashamed to be called captain? If captains were of my mind, they would truncheon you out, for taking their names upon you before you have earned them. You a captain, you slave! for what? for tearing a poor whore's ruff in a bawdy-house?—He a captain! Hang him, rogue! He lives upon mouldy stewed prunes and dried cakes. A captain! these villains will make the word captain as odious as the word occupy;⁶ which was an excellent 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: tell thee what, corporal Bardolph;—I could tear her:—I'll be revenged on her.

Page. Pray thee, go down.

Pist. I'll see her damned first;—to Pluto's damned lake, to the infernal deep, with Erebus and tortures vile also. Hold hook and line, say I. Down! down, dogs! down faitors! Have we not Hiren here?

Host. Good captain Peesel, be quiet; it is very late. I beseech you now, aggravate your choler.

Pist. These be good humours, indeed! Shall pack-horses,
And hollow pamper'd jades of Asia,⁷
Which cannot go but thirty miles a day,
Compare with Cæsars and with Cannibals,
And Trojan Greeks? nay, rather damn them with
King Cerberus; and let the welkin roar.
Shall we fall foul for toys?

escheators; and from the oppression and extortion which they too commonly exercised in the discharge of their offices, came the word *to cheat*. The Hostess, in her reply, understands the name *cheater* in its official meaning: “I will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater.”

⁵ *Much.* An expression of contempt.

⁶ The folio merely has—“A captain! these villains will make the word odious.” We give the text of the quarto.

⁷ *Hollow pamper'd jades, &c.* Pistol's fustian speeches are made up from scraps of old plays. The following lines are in Marlow's “Tamburlaine” (1590):—

“Holla, you pamper'd jades of Asia,
What! can you draw but twenty miles a day?”

⁸ *Cannibals.* Pistol, whose learning is upon a par with Dame Quickly's, means Hannibals. It is curious enough that the Italian of this worthy, a few lines further on, was corrected, in sober earnest, by Sir Thomas Hanmer.

Host. 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; give crowns like pins; Have we not Hiren here?

Host. On my word, captain; there's none such here. What the good-year! do you think I would deny her? I pray be quiet.

Pist. Then, feed and be fat, my fair Calipolis: Come, give me some sack.

Si fortuna me tormenta, sperato 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; and are *et cetera's* nothing?

Fal. Pistol, I would be quiet.

Pist. Sweet knight, I kiss thy neif:¹ What! we have seen the seven stars.

Doll. Thrust him down stairs; I cannot endure such a fustian rascal.

Pist. Thrust him down stairs! know we not Galloway nags?

Fal. Quoit him down, Bardolph, like a shove-groat shilling:² 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, abridge my doleful days!

Why then, let grievous, ghastly, gaping wounds

Untwine the sisters three! Come, Atropos, I say!

Host. Here's goodly stuff toward!

Fal. Give me my rapier, boy.

Doll. I prithee, Jack, I prithee, do not draw.

Fal. Get you down stairs.

[Drawing, and driving PISTOL out.]

Host. Here's a goodly tumult! I'll forswear keeping house, afore I'll be in these tiritis and frights. So; murder, I warrant now. Alas, alas! put up your naked weapons, put up your naked weapons.

[Exeunt PISTOL and BARDOLPH.]

Doll. I prithee, Jack, be quiet; the rascal is gone. Ah, you whoreson little valiant villain, you.

Host. Are you not hurt i' the groin? methought, he made a shrewd thrust at your belly.

Re-enter BARDOLPH.

Fal. Have you turned him out of doors?

Bard. Yes, sir. The rascal's drunk: you have hurt him, sir, in the shoulder.

Fal. A rascal! to brave me!

Doll. Ah, you sweet little rogue, you! Alas, poor ape, how thou sweat'st! Come, let me wipe thy face; come on, you whoreson chops:—Ah, rogue! I love thee. Thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth five of Agamemnon, and ten times better than the nine worthies. Ah, villain!

Fal. A rascally slave! I will toss the rogue in a blanket.

Doll. Do, if thou darest for thy heart: if thou dost, I'll canvas thee between a pair of sheets.

Enter Music.

Page. The music is come, sir.

Fal. Let them play;—Play, sirs.—Sit on my knee,

Doll. A rascal bragging slave! the rogue fled from me like quicksilver.

Doll. And thou followedst him like a church. Thou whoreson little tidy Bartholomew boar-pig,³ when wilt thou leave fighting o' days, 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: do not bid me remember mine end.

Doll. Sirrah, what humour is the prince of?

Fal. A good shallow young fellow: he would have made a good pantler, he would have chipped bread well.

Doll. They say Poins hath a good wit.

Fal. He a good wit? hang him, baboon! his wit is as thick as Tewksbury mustard; there is no more conceit in him than is in a mallet.²

Doll. Why doth 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 flap-dragons; and rides the wild mare³ with the boys; and jumps upon joint-stools; and swears with a good grace; and wears his boot very smooth, like unto the sign of the leg; and breeds no bate with telling of discreet stories; 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 avoirdupois.

P. Hen. Would not this nave of a wheel have his ears cut off?

Poins. Let us beat him before his whore.

P. Hen. Look, if the withered elder hath not his poll clawed like a parrot.

Poins. Is it not strange that desire should so many years outlive performance?

Fal. Kiss me, Doll.

P. Hen. Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction; what says the almanac to that?

Poins. And, look, whether the fiery Trigon, his man, be not lisping to his master's old tables; his note-book, his counsel-keeper.

Fal. Thou dost give me flattering busses.

Doll. Nay, truly; I kiss thee with a most constant heart.

Fal. I am old, I am old.

Doll. I love thee better than I love e'er a scurvy young boy of them all.

Fal. What stuff wilt thou have a kirtle of? I shall receive money on Thursday; thou shalt have a cap to-morrow. A merry song, come: it grows late, we will to bed. Thou wilt forget me, when I am gone.

Doll. By my troth thou'lt set me a weeping, if thou sayest so: prove that I ever dress myself handsome till thy return. Well, hearken the end.

Fal. Some sack, Francis.

P. Hen., Poins. Anon, anon, sir.

[Advancing.]

Fal. Ha! a bastard son of the king's?—And art not thou Poins his brother?

P. Hen. Why, thou globe of sinful continents, what a life dost thou lead?

Fal. A better than thou; I am a gentleman, thou art a drawer.

P. Hen. Very true, sir: and I come to draw you out by the ears.

Host. O, the Lord preserve thy good grace! by my troth, welcome to London.—Now heaven bless that sweet face of thine! What, are you come from Wales?

¹ *Neif*—fist. So, in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Bottom says, "Give me thy *neif*, monsieur Mustard-seed." The word *neif*, or *neive*, is still commonly used in Scotland.

² *Mallet*—mallard.

³ *Rides the wild mare*—plays at seesaw.

Fal. Thou whoreson mad compound of majesty,—by this light flesh and corrupt blood, thou art welcome.

[*Leaning his hand upon* DOLL.]

Doll. 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.

P. Hen. You whoreson candle-mine, you, how vilely did you speak of me even now, before this honest, virtuous, civil gentlewoman!

Host. Blessing on 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 Gadshill: 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; and call me pantler, and bread-chipper, and I know not what?

Fal. No abuse, Hal.

Poins. No abuse!

Fal. No abuse, Ned, in the world; honest Ned, none. I dispraised 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 pricked 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.

P. Hen. For the women.—

Fal. For one of them,—she is in hell already, and burns, poor soul! For the other,—I owe her money; and whether she be damned for that, I know not.

Host. No, I warrant you.

Fal. No, I think thou art not; I think, thou art quit for that: Marry, there is another indictment upon thee, for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house, contrary to the law; for the which, I think, thou wilt howl.

Host. All victuallers do so: what is a joint of mutton or two in a whole Lent?

P. Hen. You, gentlewoman,—

Doll. 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.

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,

Bare-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* PRINCE HENRY, POINS, PETO, and BARDOLPH.]

Fal. Now comes in the sweetest morsel of the night, and we must hence, and leave it unpicked. [*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, sirrah. [*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 called on. Farewell, good wenches: If I be not sent away post I will see you again ere I go.

Doll. 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.*] Mistress Tear-sheet.

Host. What's the matter?

Bard. [*Within.*] Bid mistress Tear-sheet come to my master.

Host. O run, Doll, run; run, good Doll. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Room in the Palace.

Enter KING HENRY, 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! O sleep, O gentle sleep,
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,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?
O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile,
In loathsome beds; and leav'st the kingly couch,
A watch-case, or a common 'larum-bell?¹
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains

¹ A watch-case, &c. The metaphor here may be taken thus:—The kingly couch, the place of repose for the king, being deserted by sleep, is as the case or box in which the wakeful sentinel is sheltered: it is also as a common 'larum bell which is to rouse a sleeping population upon the approach of danger. But a 'larum, an alarm, an alarm, was also called a watch. In an ancient inventory cited by Strutt there is the following article:—A laume, or watch of iron, in an iron case with two leaden plummets." By this laume, or watch of iron, we are to understand the instrument which we now call an alarm—a machine attached to a clock so as to ring at a certain hour. It is difficult to say whether Shakspeare

means by the "watch-case" the box of a sentinel, and by the "common 'larum bell" the alarm bell which is rung out in cases of danger; or whether the "watch-case" is the covering of an instrument which gives motion to the bell of an alarm. It is possible, in either case, that the *or* in the line is a misprint, for which *by* or *for* might be substituted; and then the comparison would not be double; but the kingly couch would be as unfavourable to sleep as the case or box of him who watches by the alarm bell of a garrison; or as the covering of a watch for an alarm bell.

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,¹
That, with the hurly,² death itself awakes?
Canst thou, O partial sleep! give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy 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*!³
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.
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,⁴
Which to his former strength may be restor'd,
With good advice and little medicine:
My lord Northumberland will soon be cool'd.

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
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,
The happiest youth, viewing his progress through,
What perils past, what crosses to ensue,
Would shut the book, and sit him down and die.⁵]
'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,
(You, cousin Nevil, as I may remember,)

[*To WARWICK.*

When Richard,—with his eye brimful 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 intent,
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,

¹ *Clouds.* Some editors have proposed to read *shrouds*. A line in Julius Cæsar makes Shakspeare's meaning clear:—

"I have seen
Th' ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam
To be exalted with the threatening *clouds*."

² *Hurly*—loud noise; some say from the French *hurler*, to yell. *Hurling*, however, means a disturbance, a commotion; and we have it used in this sense in the Paston Letters. *Hurly*, therefore, in the sense of noise, may be a consequential meaning from the *hurling*, which implies noise.

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 prophesy,
With a near aim, of the main chance of things
As yet not come to life; which in their seeds,
And weak beginnings, lie intresured.
Such things become the hatch and brood of time;
And, by the necessary form of this,
King Richard might create a perfect guess,
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?
Then let us meet them like necessities:
And that same word even now cries out on us;
They say, the bishop and Northumberland
Are fifty thousand strong.

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.*

SCENE II.—*Court before Justice Shallow's House
in Gloucestershire.*

*Enter SHALLOW and SILENCE, meeting MOULDY,
SHADOW, WART, FEEBLE, BULL-CALF, 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.
And how doth my good cousin Silence?

Sil. 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 called lusty Shallow, then, cousin.

Shal. By the mass, I was called anything; and I would
have done anything, indeed, and roundly too. There was
I, and little John Doit of Staffordshire, and black George
Bare, and Francis Pickbone, and Will Squele, a Cots-
wold man,—you had not four such swinge-bucklers in all
the inns of court again: and, I may say to you, we knew

³ *Then, happy low-*lie-down*!* Warburton's correction of "happy, lowly clown," which Johnson adopted, was somewhat bold. We have adopted a reading, depending on the punctuation, which is suggested by Coleridge, and we add his remark on this passage:—"I know of no argument by which to persuade any one to be of my opinion, or rather of my feeling; but yet I cannot help feeling that 'Happy low-*lie-down*!' is either a proverbial expression, or the burthen of some old song, and means, 'Happy the man, who lays himself down on his straw bed or chaff pallet on the ground or floor!'"

⁴ *Distempered* is used as indicating a state of ill-health, somewhat milder than the rank *diseases* of which the king speaks.

⁵ These four lines, not in the folio, are found in the quarto of 1600.

where bona-robas were; and had the best of them all at commandment. Then was Jack Falstaff, now sir John, a boy; and page to Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk.

Sil. This sir John, cousin, that comes hither anon about soldiers?

Shal. The same sir John, the very same. I saw him break Skogan's head^a at the court gate, when he was a crack, not thus high: and the very same day did I fight with one Sampson Stockfish, a fruiterer, behind Gray's-inn. O, the mad days that I 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 loved him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead!—he would have clapped i' the clout at twelve score;¹ and carried you a forehand shaft at fourteen and fourteen and a half, that it would 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.^b

Shal. And is old Double dead?

Enter BARDOLPH, and one with him.

Sil. Here come two of sir John Falstaff's men, as I think.

Bard. Good morrow, honest gentlemen: I beseech you, which is justice Shallow?

Shal. I am Robert Shallow, sir; 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, sir, commends him to you: my captain, sir John Falstaff: a tall gentleman, and a most gallant leader.

Shal. He greets me well, sir. I knew him a good back-sword 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, sir; 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.

Bard. Pardon, sir: I have heard the word. Phrase, call you it? By this day, I know not the phrase: but I will maintain the word with my sword to be a soldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command.^c 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 sir John.—Give me your good hand, give me your worship's good hand: Trust me, you look well, and bear your years very well: welcome, good sir John.

Fal. I am glad to see you well, good master Robert Shallow:—Master Sure-card, as I think.

Shal. No, sir 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 of sufficient men?

Shal. Marry, have we, sir. Will you sit?

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, let me see. So, so, so, so: Yea, marry, sir:—Ralph Mouldy:—let them appear as I call; let them do so, let them do so. Let me see; Where is Mouldy?

Moul. Here, if it please you.

Shal. What think you, sir John: a good limbed fellow: young, strong, and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name Mouldy?

Moul. Yea, if it please you,

Fal. 'Tis the more time thou wert used.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha! most excellent, i' faith! things that are mouldy lack use: Very singular good!—Well said, sir John; very well said.

Fal. Prick him.

[To SHALLOW.]

Moul. I was pricked well enough before, if 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 pricked 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, sir John:—let me see;—Simon Shadow!

Fal. Ay, marry, let me have him to sit under: he's like to be a cold soldier.

Shal. Where's Shadow?

Shad. Here, sir.

Fal. Shadow, whose son art thou?

Shad. My mother's son, sir.

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 of the father's substance.

Shal. Do you like him, sir John?

Fal. Shadow will serve for summer,—prick him;—for we have a number of shadows to fill up the muster-book.

Shal. Thomas Wart!

Fal. Where's he?

Wart. Here, sir.

Fal. Is thy name Wart?

Wart. Yea, sir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged wart.

Shal. Shall I prick him down, sir 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, sir; you can do it: I commend you well.—Francis Feeble!

Fee. Here, sir.

Fal. What trade art thou, Feeble?

Fee. A woman's tailor, sir.

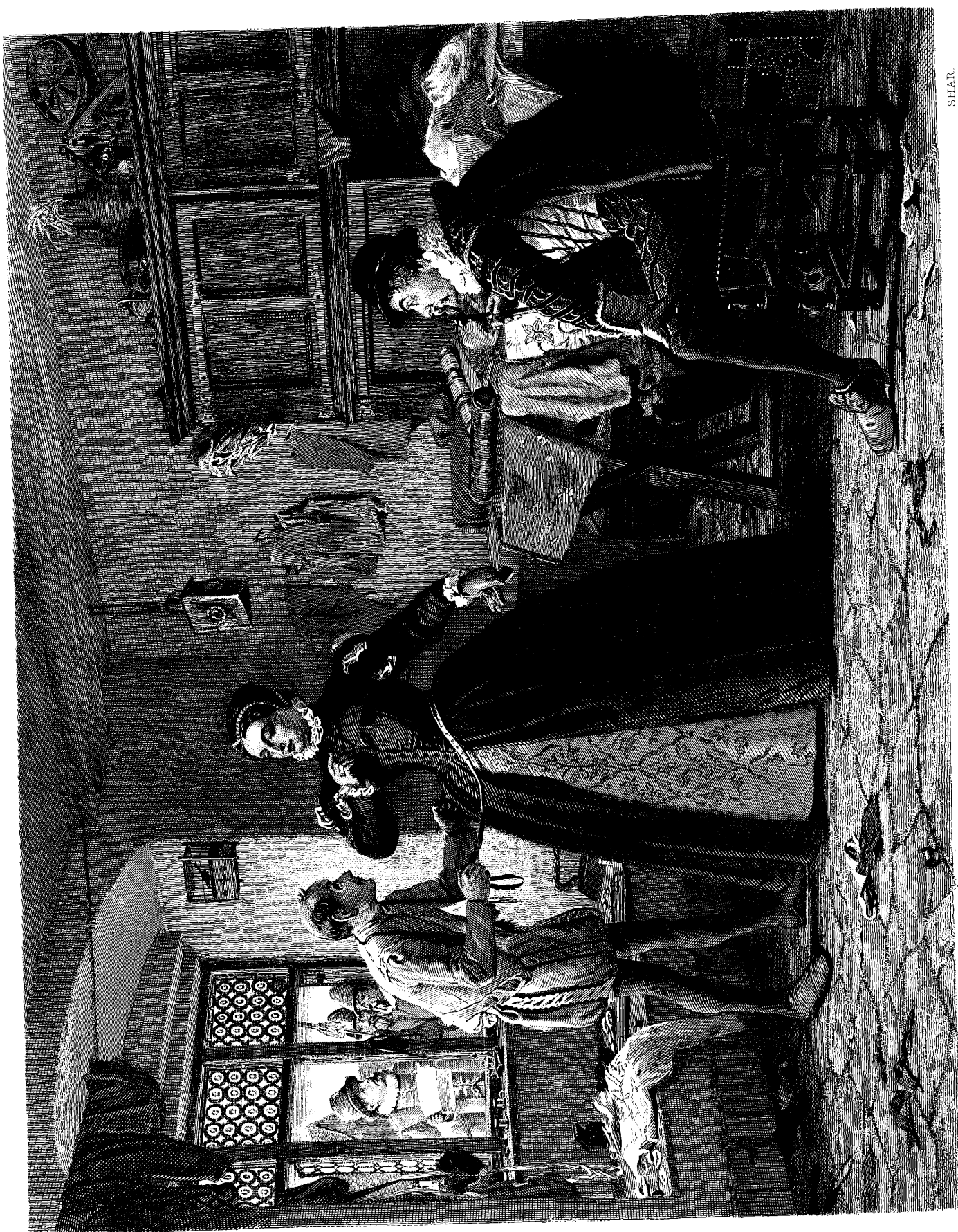
Shal. Shall I prick him, sir?

Fal. You may: but if he had been a man's tailor, he would have pricked 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, sir; you can have no more.

¹ *Twelve score.* Yards is here understood, and subsequently at *fourteen* means at fourteen score yards. Douce says that "none but a most extraordinary archer would be able to hit a mark at twelve score." This careful antiquary overlooked

the fact that by statute (33 Hen. VIII. ch. 9) every person above seventeen years of age was subject to fine if he shot at a less distance than twelve score yards.





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, sir.

Fal. I would thou wert a man's tailor; that thou might'st mend him, and make him fit to go. I cannot put him to a private soldier, 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 the next?

Shal. Peter Bull-calf of the green!

Fal. Yea, marry, let us see Bull-calf.

Bull. Here, sir.

Fal. Trust me, a likely fellow!—Come prick me Bull-calf till he roar again.

Bull. O, good my lord captain,—

Fal. What, dost thou roar before thou art pricked?

Bull. O, sir! I am a diseased 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, that thy friends shall ring for thee.—Is here all?

Shal. There is two more called¹ than your number; you must have but four here, sir;—and so, I pray you go in with me to dinner.

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, sir John, do you remember since we lay all night in the windmill in St. George's field?

Fal. No more of that, good master Shallow, no more of that.

Shal. Ha, it was a merry night. And is Jane Nightwork alive?

Fal. She lives, master Shallow.

Shal. She never could away with me.²

Fal. Never, never: she would always say she could not abide master Shallow.

Shal. By the mass, I could anger her to the heart. She was then a bona-roba. Doth she hold her own well?

Fal. Old, old, master Shallow.

Shal. Nay, she must be old; she cannot choose but be old; certain, she's old; and had Robin Nightwork by old Nightwork, before I came to Clement's-inn.

Sil. That's fifty-five years ago.

Shal. Ha, cousin Silence, that thou hadst seen that that this knight and I have seen!—Ha, sir John, said I well?

Fal. We have heard the chimes at midnight, master Shallow.

Shal. That we have, that we have, that we have; in faith, sir John, we have; our watchword 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, sir, I had as lief be hanged, sir, as go: and yet, for mine own part, sir, I do not care: but, rather, because I am unwilling, and, for mine own part,

have a desire to stay with my friends; else, sir, I did not care, for mine own part, so much.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Moul. And good master corporal captain, for my old dame's sake, stand my friend: she has nobody to do anything about her, when I am gone; and she is old, and cannot help herself: you shall have forty, sir.³

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Fee. I care not;—a man can die but once:—We owe a death;—I will never bear a base mind:—if it be my destiny, so; if it 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 art a good fellow.

Fee. Nay, I'll bear no base mind.

Re-enter FALSTAFF, and Justices.

Fal. Come, sir, which men shall I have?

Shal. Four of which you please.

Bard. Sir, a word with you:—I have three pound to free Mouldy and Bull-calf.

Fal. Go to; well.

Shal. Come, sir 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 till you are past service;⁴ and, for your part, Bull-calf, grow till you come unto it; I will none of you.

Shal. Sir John, sir John, do not yourself wrong; they are your likeliest men, and I would have you served with the best.

Fal. Will you tell me, master Shallow, how to choose a man? Care I for the limb, the thewes, the stature, bulk, and big assemblance of a man? 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 a pewterer's hammer; come off, and on, swifter than he that gibbets-on the brewer's bucket. And this same half-faced fellow, Shadow, give me this man; he presents no mark to the enemy; the foe-man 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 caliver⁵ into Wart's hand, Bardolph.

Bard. Hold, Wart, traverse; thus, thus, thus.

Fal. Come, manage me your caliver. So:—very well:—go to:—very good:—exceeding good.—O, give me always a little, lean, old, chapped, bald shot.—Well said, 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, (when I lay at Clement's-inn,—I was then Sir Dagonet in Arthur's show,)⁴ there was a little quiver⁶ fellow, and he would manage you his piece thus: and he would about, and about, and come you in, and come you in: *rah, tah, tah*, would he say; *bounce*, would he say; and away again would he go, and again would he come:—I shall never see such a fellow.

Fal. These fellows will do well, master Shallow.—Farewell, 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.

¹ *Two more called.* Capell proposes to omit *two*, as five only have been called, and the number required is four.

² *She never, &c.* This is still a common colloquial expression; but it was not obsolete or inelegant in the time of Locke, who, in the "*Conduct of the Understanding*," says, "With those alone he converses, and *can away* with no company whose discourse goes beyond what claret or dissoluteness inspires." This expression of dislike was familiar to all the writers of Shakspeare's time. In Ben Jonson ("*Bartholomew Fair*") we have, "I could *never away* with that stiff-necked generation."

³ *Forty, sir.* Bull-calf had bribed Bardolph with "four Harry ten shillings."

Mouldy says, "You shall have forty, sir"—the same sum—forty shillings. Capell ingeniously proposes to read, *four, too*, sir.

⁴ *Till you are past service.* So the old copies. Tyrwhitt changed the text into, *stay at home still; you are past service*;—by which change he very happily contrived to spoil the antithesis.

⁵ *Caliver.* The *caliver* was smaller than the musket, and was fired without a rest. Wart, the "little, lean, old, chapped" fellow, was armed with a light piece, which he was able to manage.

⁶ *Quiver*—nimble.

Shal. Sir John, heaven bless you, and prosper your affairs, and send 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. How subject we old men are to this vice of lying! This same starved 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 after supper of a cheese-paring: when he was naked, he was, for all the world, like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife: he was so forlorn, that his dimensions to any thick sight were invincible:¹ he was the very genius of famine; he came ever in the rear-ward of the fashion; [and sung those tunes to the over-scuthed huswives that he heard the carmen whistle, and sware they were his fancies, or his good-nights.]—And now is this Vice's dagger^e become a squire; and talks as familiarly 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;^f and then he burst his head, for crowding among the marshal's men. I saw it; and told John of Gaunt he beat his own name; for you might have trussed him, and all his apparel, into an eel-skin; the case of a treble hautboy was a mansion for him,^g a court; and now hath 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 stones² to me: If the young dace 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. [*Exit.*]

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,^a an't shall please your grace.

Arch. Here stand, my lords: and send discoverers 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 sortance 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.

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, and face them in the field.

Enter WESTMORELAND.

Arch. What well-appointed leader fronts us here?

Mowb. I think it is my lord of Westmoreland.

West. Health and fair greeting from our general,
The prince, lord John and duke of Lancaster.

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, guarded³ with rags,
And countenanc'd by boys and beggary;
I say, if damn'd commotion so appear'd,
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;
Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath touch'd;
Whose learning and good letters peace hath tutor'd;
Whose white investments^b figure innocence,
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,⁴ your ink to blood,
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;
Nor do I, as an enemy to peace,
Troop in the throngs of military men:
But, rather, show awhile 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 griefs⁵ heavier than our offences.
We see which way the stream of time doth run,
And are enforc'd from our most quiet sphere⁶
By the rough torrent of occasion:

¹ *Invincible.* Steevens and others read *invisible*. Malone properly held to the old reading, and so did Capell before him. The meaning is—his dimensions were such that a thick sight could not master them.

² *Two stones.* The alchemists had two stones; or, as is expressed by Churchyard, "a stone for gold," and "a stone for health." But Falstaff perhaps means that Shallow should be worth two philosopher's stones to him. Zachary Jackson would read, "a philosopher's true stone."

³ *Guarded*—faced, bordered. *Rags.* The original has *rage*; but *rags*, as conjectured by Mr. Walker, is now received as the true reading.

⁴ *Graves.* Warburton proposed to read instead of *graves*, *glaires* (swords); Steevens, *greaves* (leg-armour).

⁵ *Griefs*—grievances.

⁶ *Sphere.* The folio reads *there*. In the quarto this part of the speech is omitted. Warburton made the change.

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 unto his person
Even by those men that most have done us wrong.¹
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, (present now,)
Have put us in these ill-beseeming arms:
Not to break peace, 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 denied?
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?²]

Arch. My brother, general! the commonwealth
[To brother born an household cruelty,]
I make my quarrel in particular.³

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,
Construe the times to their necessities,
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,
That you should have an inch of any ground
To build a grief on: Were you not restor'd
To all the duke of Norfolk's seigniories,
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 compell'd to banish him:
And then, that Harry Bolingbroke, and he,
Being mounted, and both roused in their seats,
Their neighing coursers daring of the spur,
Their armed staves in charge, their beavers down,^c
Their eyes of fire sparkling through sights of steel,
And the loud trumpet blowing them together;
Then, then, when there was nothing could have stay'd
My father from the breast of Bolingbroke,
O, when the king did throw his warder down,
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:

¹ The twenty-five lines here ending are not found in the quarto.

² This line is omitted in the folio.

³ We have pointed this passage in a manner which, it appears to us, in some degree removes the obscurity. It is ordinarily read as follows:—

“My brother general, the commonwealth,
To brother born an household cruelty,
I make my quarrel in particular.”

The second line of the three is not found in the folio; and this gives us the key to our reading. The archbishop is impatient of Westmoreland's further question, and addressing him as general, exclaims, My Brother! The Commonwealth! These are sufficient causes for our hostility. He then adds, “I make my quarrel in particular;” and the second line retained from the quarto explains why. In the First Part of this play we are told of

“The archbishop—who bears hard
His brother's death at Bristol, the lord Scroop.”

The earl of Hereford 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,
Cried hate upon him; and all their prayers, and love
Were set on Hereford, whom they doted on,
And bless'd and grac'd indeed, more than the king.⁴
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; everything 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.

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 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:
I muse you make so slight a question.

Arch. Then take, my lord of Westmoreland, this
schedule;

For this contains our general grievances:
Each several article herein redress'd;
All members of our cause, both here and hence,
That are insinew'd to this action,
Acquitted by a true substantial form;
And present execution of our wills
To us, and to our purposes, consign'd:⁵
We come within our awful⁶ banks again,
And knit our powers to the arm of peace.

West. This will I show the general. Please you,
lords,

In sight of both our battles we may meet:
And either 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,

The Cambridge editors are of opinion that several lines have been omitted, and those which remain displaced.

⁴ The thirty-seven lines here ending were first printed in the folio.

⁵ *Consign'd*. The folio either reads *consin'd* or *confin'd*, the *si* and the *fi* being so much alike in the old typography that it is difficult to distinguish them. There can be no doubt, we think, that *consign'd* is the true reading, having the sense of ratified, confirmed.

⁶ *Awful*. It has been supposed by some that *awful* is here used in the place of *lawful*. In The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act IV. Sc. I., we refer to this passage under the impression that by “awful banks” was meant *legitimate bounds, orderly limits*. It may be reasonably conjectured, however, that, in the passage before us, the word *awful* is used in the sense of *reverential*;—that those who are in arms against the king, having their grievances redressed, will come again within their *bounds of awe* towards him: the word *awful* is not used actively, as producing awe, but passively, *capable of awe*.

As our conditions shall consist upon,
Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains.

Mowb. Ay, but our valuation shall be such,
That every slight and false-derived cause,
Yea, every idle, nice, and wanton reason,
Shall, to the king, taste of this action :
That were our royal¹ faiths martyrs in love,
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 :
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 ;
And keep no tell-tale 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,
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 heaven's name then 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,
Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,

Turning the word to sword, 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 ?
To us, the speaker in his parliament ;
To us, the imagin'd voice of heaven itself ;
The very opener and intelligencer,
Between the grace, the sanctities of heaven,
And our dull workings : 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,
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,
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,
With grant of our most just and right desires ;
And true obedience, of this madness cured,
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, success² of mischief 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 directly,
How far-forth you do like their articles ?

P. John. I like them all, and do allow them well :
And swear here by the honour of my blood,
My father's purposes have been mistook ;
And some about him have too lavishly
Wrested his meaning and authority.

My lord, these griefs shall be with speed redress'd ;
Upon my life, they shall. If this may please you,
Discharge your powers 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 ye
Shall show itself more openly hereafter.

¹ *Royal.* Dr. Johnson would read *loyal*. But *royal faith* is here put for the faith due to a king. So in Henry VIII. :—

"The citizens have shown at full their *royal* minds."

² *Success*—succession.

Arch. I do not doubt you.

West. I am glad of it:—
Health to my lord, and gentle cousin Mowbray.

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;
But heaviness foreruns the good event.

West. Therefore be merry, coz; since sudden sorrow
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
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 took their course
East, west, north, south; or, like a school broke up,
Each hurries towards 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 Mowbray,
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,
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, 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.*]

SCENE III.—*Another part of the Forest.*

Alarums: Excursions. Enter FALSTAFF and COLEVILE,
meeting.

Fal. What's your name, sir? of what condition are you;
and of what place, I pray?

Cole. I am a knight, sir; and my name is Colevile of the
dale.

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 be still Colevile
of the dale.

Cole. Are not you sir John Falstaff?

Fal. As good a man as he, sir, whoe'er I am. Do ye
yield, sir? or shall I sweat for you? If I do sweat, they
are the 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, follow no farther now;—
Call in the powers, good cousin Westmoreland.—

[*Exit WEST.*]

Now, Falstaff, where have you been all this while?
When everything 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 foundered 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 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, 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 booked with the rest of this
day's deeds; or, I swear, I will have it in a particular
ballad else, with mine own picture on the top of it,^d Cole-
vile kissing my foot: To the which course if I be enforced,
if you do not all show like guilt twopences 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, which show like
pins' heads to her, I 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?

Cole. It is, my lord.

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 sold themselves: but thou,
like a kind fellow, gavest thyself away; and I thank thee
for thee.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

P. John. 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,¹ pray, in your good report.

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 than your dukedom.—Good faith, this same young sober-blooded boy doth not love me ; nor a man cannot make him laugh ;—but that's no marvel, he drinks no wine. There's never any of these demure boys come to any proof ; 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 hath a two-fold operation in it. It ascends me into the brain ; dries me there all the foolish, and dull, and crudy vapours which environ it : makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive,² full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes ; which delivered 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 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 puffed 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 ; till sack commences it, 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, steril, and bare land, manured, husbanded, and tilled, with excellent endeavour of drinking good and good store of fertile sherris ; that he is become very hot and valiant. If I had a thousand sons, the first principle I would teach them should be,—to forswear thin potations, and to 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, and shortly will I seal with him. Come away. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE 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 sanctified.

Our navy is address'd,³ our power collected,

Our substitutes in absence well invested,

And everything 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.⁴

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 brother ?

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 ;

He hath a tear for pity, and a hand

Open as day for melting charity :

Yet notwithstanding, being incens'd, he's flint ;

As humorous⁴ as winter, and as sudden

As flaws⁵ congealed in the spring of day.

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 ;

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,

(As, force perforce, the age will pour it in,)

Shall never leak, though it do work as strong

As aconitum, or rash gunpowder.

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 ? canst thou tell that ?

Cla. With Poins, and other his continual followers.

K. Hen. Most subject is the fattest soil 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,

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,

¹ *Stand my good lord.* Bishop Percy says that "be my good lord" was the old court phrase used by a person who asked a favour of a man of high rank.

² *Forgetive*—inventive.

³ *Address'd*—prepared.

⁴ *Humorous*, applied literally, is *humid*—as "humorous night" in *Romeo and Juliet*. In this passage it has the sense of *full of humours*, alluding to the supposed fluids or *humours* of the body, which constituted the individual temperament.

⁵ *Flaws*—thin crystallizations upon the ground moist with the morning dew.

O, with what wings shall his affections 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 language,
'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. 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.—Who's here? Westmoreland?

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 everywhere.
The manner how this action hath been borne
Here at more leisure may your highness read;
With every course, in his particular.¹

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,
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,² that should confine it in,
So thin, that life looks through, and will break out.³

P. Humph. The people fear me;³ for they do observe
Unfather'd heirs, and loathly births of nature:⁴
The seasons change their manners, as the year
Had found some months asleep, and leap'd them over.

Cla. The river hath thrice flow'd, no ebb between:
And the old folk, time's doting chronicles,
Say it did so, a little time before

That our great-grandsire, Edward, sick'd and died.

War. Speak lower, princes, for the king recovers.

P. Humph. This apoplexy 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 into 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 music to my weary spirit.

War. Call for the music in the other room.

K. Hen. Set me the crown upon my pillow here.

Cla. His eye is hollow, and he changes much.

War. Less noise, less 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.

P. Hen. If he be sick

With joy, he will recover without physic.

War. Not so much noise, my lords:—sweet prince,¹ 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 P. 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 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,
Snore 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
Perforce must move. My gracious lord! my father
This sleep is sound indeed; this is a sleep,
That from this golden rigol⁵ hath divorc'd
So many English kings. Thy due, from me,
Is tears, and heavy sorrows of the blood;
Which nature, love, and filial tenderness,
Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteously:
My due, from thee, is this imperial crown;
Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,
Derives itself to me. Lo, here it sits,—

[*Putting it on his head.*]

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!

¹ His particular—Prince John's letter of detail. A particular is still a term for a detailed statement.

² Mure—wall.

³ Fear me—make me afraid.

⁴ Births of nature. So the old editions. Why the passage has been corrupted into birds of nature we cannot divine. Johnson must bear the blame of this.

⁵ Rigol. The word is only found in Shakspeare. Nash, however, writes ringol, which he explains to be ringed circle.

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 sit and watch by you.

K. Hen. The prince of Wales? Where is he? let me
see him

He is not here.¹

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, sons, 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, 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 sons with arts, and martial exercises:

When, like the bee, culling² from every flower

The virtuous sweets;

Our thighs pack'd with wax, our mouths with honey,

We bring it to the hive; and, like the bees,

Are murther'd for our pains. This bitter taste

Yields his engrossments to the ending father.

Re-enter WARWICK.

Now, where is he that will not stay so long
Till his friend sickness hath determin'd³ 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?

Re-enter PRINCE HENRY.

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:

Thy life did manifest thou lov'dst me not,

And thou wilt have me die assur'd 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.

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

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:

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?

O, thou wilt be a wilderness 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

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,)—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;

Therefore, thou, best of gold, art worst of gold.

Other, less fine in carat, is more precious,

Preserving life in med'cine potable;⁴

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,

¹ This hemistich is omitted in the folio.

² *Culling*. This is the reading of the folio; the quarto, *tolling*, taking toll.
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³ *Determin'd*—ended. We have still the word in a legal sense.

⁴ *Med'cine potable*. The allusion is here to *aurum potable*, a preparation of gold to which great virtues were formerly ascribed.

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 heaven 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 wisely in excuse of it.
Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed;
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 soil 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: all these bold fears,
Thou seest, with peril I have answered:
For all my reign hath been but as a scene
Acting that argument; and now my death
Changes the mood: for what in me was purchas'd,
Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort;
So thou the garland wear'st successively.
Yet, though thou stand'st more sure than I could do,
Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green;
And all my friends, 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; and had a purpose now
To lead out many to the Holy Land;
Lest rest, and lying still, might make them look
Too near unto my state. Therefore, my Harry,
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,
The strength of speech is utterly denied me.
How I came by the crown, O heaven forgive!
And grant it may with thee in true peace live!

P. 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
From this bare, wither'd trunk: upon thy sight,
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 heaven!—even there my life must end.

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.^g

[*Exeunt.*]

RECENT NEW READINGS.

Sc. I. p. 580.—“To a loud trumpet, and a *point* of war.”

“To a loud trumpet and *report* of war.”—*Collier.*

Let us look at the entire passage as we have printed it in the text:—

“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, your ink to blood,
Your pens to lances, and your tongue divine
To a loud trumpet, and a point of war?”

Mr. Collier says—“Here ‘point of war’ can have no meaning.” The above ought to be printed thus, on the authority of the Corrector:—

“Your tongue divine
To a loud trumpet and *report* of war.”

In “*Waverley*” we have the following passage:—“The trumpets and kettle-drums of the cavalry were next heard to perform the beautiful and wild *point of war* appropriated as a signal for that piece of nocturnal duty.” Of course, when Walter Scott wrote this passage he was deceived by the “no meaning” of the common Shaksperes. Had the word become obsolete when the Corrector changed it to *report*? or was the Corrector a caterer for the public taste himself, or one who waited upon the caterers to register their “emendations,” in all cases where it was desirable to popularise Shakspeare, to be intelligible to the ears of the groundlings? It was intelligible in the days of the “*Tatler*.” “On a sudden we were alarmed by the noise of a drum, and immediately entered my little godson, to give us a *point of war*.”

Sc. IV. p. 587.—“And all *thy* friends, 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.”

“And all *my* friends, 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 *some* off.”—*Collier.*

The change of *thy* to *my* had been suggested by Tyrwhitt; and *some* for *them* by Mr. Mason, who says, “As the passage stands, the King is advising the Prince to make those persons his friends whom he has already cut off.” The Corrector has both these changes. We adopt *my* instead of *thy*, and we reject *some*.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Glostershire. *A Hall in Shallow's House.*

Enter SHALLOW, FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, and Page.

Shal. By cock and pye,^a sir, you shall not away to-night
What, Davy, I say!

Fal. You must excuse me, master Robert Shallow.

Shal. I will not excuse you; 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, sir.

Shal. Davy, Davy, Davy,—let me see, Davy; let me
see:—yea, marry, William cook, bid him come hither.—Sir
John, you shall not be excused.

Davy. Marry, sir, thus;—those precepts cannot be served:
and, again, sir,—Shall we sow the head-land with wheat?

Shal. With red wheat, Davy. But for William cook ;—Are there no young pigeons ?

Davy. Yes, sir.—Here is now the smith's note for shoeing and plough-irons.

Shal. Let it be cast, and paid :—sir John, you shall not be excused.

Davy. Sir, a new link to the bucket must needs be had :—And, sir, do you mean to stop any of William's wages, about the sack he lost the other day at Hinckley fair ?

Shal. He shall answer it :—Some pigeons, Davy ; a couple of short-legged hens ; a joint of mutton ; and any pretty little tiny kickshaws, tell William cook.

Davy. Doth the man of war stay all night, sir ?

Shal. Yes, Davy. I will use him well. A friend i' the court is better than a penny in purse. Use his men well, Davy ; for they are arrant knaves, and will backbite.

Davy. No worse than they are bitten, sir ; for they have marvellous foul linen.

Shal. Well conceited, Davy. About thy business, Davy.

Davy. I beseech you, sir, to countenance William Visor of Wincot 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, heaven 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 served your worship truly, sir, these 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 sawed into quantities, I should make four dozen of such bearded hermit's-staves as master Shallow. It is a wonderful thing, to see the semblable coherence of his men's spirits and his : They, by observing of him, do bear themselves like foolish justices ; he, by conversing with them, is turned into a justice-like serving-man ; their spirits are so married in conjunction with the participation of society, that they flock together in consent, 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 : if to his men, I would curry with master Shallow,^b 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),^c and he shall laugh without *intervallums*. O, it is much, that a lie with a slight oath, and a jest with a sad brow, will do with a fellow that never had the ache 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.*]

SCENE 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 called 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 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 sail to spirits of vile sort !

Ch. Just. Alas ! I fear all will be overturn'd.

P. John. Good morrow, cousin Warwick, good morrow.

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 impartial¹ conduct of my soul ; And never shall you see that I will beg A ragged and forestall'd remission.² If truth and upright innocence 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 ; Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds,^d But Harry Harry : Yet be sad, good brothers, 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 burthen laid upon us all. For me, by heaven, I bid you be assur'd,

¹ *Impartial*. The quarto reads *impartial* ; the folio, *imperial*. Capell says the *imperial* conduct means the absolute dominion of virtue. But we prefer the accustomed reading of *impartial*.

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 CHIEF JUSTICE.*]

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 ?
May this be wash'd in Lethe, and forgotten ?

Ch. Just. I then did use the person of your father ;
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 judgment ;
Whereon, as an offender to your father,
I gave bold way to my authority,
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, 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.
Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours ;
Be now the father, and propose a son :
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 considerance, sentence me ;
And, as you are a king, speak in your state,
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 no less happy, having such a son,
That would deliver up his greatness so
Into the hands of justice.—You did commit me :
For which, I do commit into your hand
The unstain'd sword that you have us'd to bear ;
With this remembrance,—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 into his grave,
For in his tomb lie my affections ;

And with his spirit sadly I survive,
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
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,
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 :
And (heaven consigning to my good intents,)
No prince, nor peer, shall have just cause to say,
Heaven shorten Harry's happy life one day. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE 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 so forth ;—come, cousin
Silence ;—and then to bed.

Fal. You have here a goodly dwelling, and a rich.

Shal. Barren, barren, barren ; beggars all, beggars all,
sir John :—marry, good air.—Spread, Davy ; spread, Davy ;
Well said, Davy.¹

Fal. This Davy serves you for good uses ; he is your
serving-man, and your husband.

Shal. A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet,
sir John.—By the mass, I have drunk too much sack at
supper.—A good varlet. Now sit down, now sit down :—
come, cousin.

Sil. Ah, sirrah ! quoth-a,—we shall

Do nothing but eat, and make good cheer,² [*Singing.*
And praise heaven for the merry year,
When flesh is cheap and females dear,
And lusty lads roam here and there,
So merrily,
And ever among so merrily.

Fal. There's a merry heart !—Good master Silence, I'll
give you a health for that anon.

Shal. Give master Bardolph some wine, Davy.

Davy. Sweet sir, sit ; [*seating BARDOLPH and the Page at
another table.*] I'll be with you anon :—most sweet sir, sit.
—Master page, good master page, sit : proface !³ What
you want in meat, we'll have in drink. But you must bear ;
the heart's all. [*Exit.*]

Shal. Be merry, master Bardolph ;—and my little soldier
there, be merry.

Sil. [*Singing.*]

Be merry, be merry, my wife has all ;
For women are shrews, both short and tall ;
'Tis merry in hall, when beards wag all,
And welcome merry shrove-tide.
Be merry, be merry, &c.

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.

¹ As Davy has not spoken, it was conjectured that we should read, "Well spread, Davy."

² *Proface*—much good may it do you. The phrase was common in Shakespeare's time. Dr. Nares infers that we had the word from the Norman romance language ; Mr. G. White says, from the Italian *pro vi faccia*, may it do you good.

Re-enter DAVY.

Davy. There is a dish of leather-coats for you.

[*Setting them before BARDOLPH.*]

Shal. Davy,—

Davy. Your worship?—I'll be with you straight. [*To BARD.*—A cup of wine, sir?

Sil. [*Singing.*]

A cup of wine that's brisk and fine,
And drink unto the leman mine;
And a merry heart lives long-a.

Fal. Well said, master Silence.

Sil. If we shall be merry now comes in the sweet of the night.¹

Fal. Health and long life to you, master Silence.

Sil.

Fill the cup, and let it come;
I'll pledge you a mile to the bottom.

Shal. Honest Bardolph, welcome: If thou want'st anything, 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 about London.

Davy. I hope to see London once ere I die.

Bard. An I might see you there, Davy,—

Shal. You'll crack a quart together. Ha! will you not, master Bardolph?

Bard. Yes, sir, 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, sir.

Shal. Why, there spoke a king. Lack nothing: be merry. [*Knocking heard.*] 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. [*Singing.*]

Do me right,
And dub me knight:
Samingo.

Is't not so?

Fal. 'Tis so.

Sil. Is't so? Why, then say, an old man can do somewhat.

Re-enter DAVY.

Davy. If 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. Sir John! save you, sir.

Fal. What wind blew you hither, Pistol?

Pist. Not the ill wind which blows none to good.—Sweet knight, thou art now one of the greatest men in the realm.

Sil. By'r lady, I think he be; but goodman Puff of Barson.

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.

Fal. I prithee 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.

Sil. [*Sings.*]

And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John.

Pist. Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicons?
And shall good news be baffled?

Then, Pistol, lay thy head in Furies' lap.

Shal. Honest gentleman, I know not your breeding.

Pist. Why then, lament, therefore.

Shal. Give me pardon, sir;—If, sir, you come with news from the court, I take it there is but two ways; either to utter them, or to conceal them. I am, sir, under the king, in some authority.

Pist. Under which king, Bezonian? speak or die.

Shal. Under king Harry.

Pist.

Harry the Fourth? or Fifth?

Shal. Harry the Fourth.

Pist.

A foutra for thine office!—

Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is king;

Harry the Fifth's the man. I speak the truth

When Pistol lies, do this; and fig me, like

The bragging Spaniard.

Fal. What! is the old king dead?

Pist. As nail in door: 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 knighthood 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 unto my lord chief justice!

Pist. Let vultures vile seize on his lungs also!

Where is the life that late I led? say they;

Why, here it is; Welcome these pleasant days. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. London. *A Street.*

Enter Beadles, *dragging in* Hostess QUICKLY, *and* DOLL TEAR-SHEET.

Host. No, thou arrant knave; I would I might die that I might have thee hanged: thou hast drawn my shoulder out of joint.

1 Bead. The constables have delivered her over to me: and she shall have whipping-cheer enough, I warrant her; there hath been a man or two lately killed about her.

Doll. Nut-hook, nut-hook, you lie. Come on; I'll tell thee what, thou damned 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 that sir John were come! he would make this a bloody day to somebody. But I would the fruit of her womb might miscarry!

1 Bead. If it do, you shall have a dozen of cushions again; you have but eleven now. Come, I charge you both go with me; for the man is dead, that you and Pistol beat among you.

Doll. I'll tell thee what, thou thin man in a censer! I will have you as soundly swung for this, you blue-bottle rogue! you filthy famished correctioner; if you be not swung, I'll forswear half-kirtles.

1 Bead. Come, come, you she knight-errant, come.

Host. O, that right should thus o'ercome might! well; of sufferance comes ease.

¹ *If we shall, &c.* This is the reading of the folio; the quarto, "And we shall be merry." And was often printed for an. The "If we shall be merry now" 590

comes in the sweet of the night," appears to us superior to the reading, "And we shall be merry;—now comes in," &c.

Doll. Come, you rogue, come; bring me to a justice.

Host. Yes; come, you starved blood-hound.

Doll. Goodman death! goodman bones!

Host. Thou anatomy thou!

Doll. Come, you thin thing; come, you rascal!

1 Bead. Very well. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—*A public Place near Westminster Abbey.*

Enter Two Grooms, strewing rushes.

1 Groom. More rushes, more rushes.

2 Groom. The trumpets have sounded twice.

1 Groom. It will be two o'clock ere they come from the coronation. [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 he comes by; and do but mark the countenance that he will give me.

Pist. Bless 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 bestowed the thousand pound I borrowed of you. [To SHALLOW.] But 'tis no matter; this poor show doth better: this doth infer the zeal I had to see him.

Shal. It doth so.

Fal. It shows my earnestness in affection.

Shal. It doth so.

Fal. My devotion.

Shal. It doth, it doth, it doth.

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, 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.

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 prison;

Haul'd thither

By most mechanical and dirty hand:

Rouse up revenge from ebon den with fell Aleto's snake, For Doll is in; Pistol speaks nought but truth.

Fal. I will deliver her.

[Shouts within, and the trumpets sound.

Pist. There roar'd the sea, and trumpet-clangor sounds.

Enter the KING and his Train, the CHIEF JUSTICE among them.

Fal. Save thy grace, king Hal! my royal Hal!

Pist. The heavens thee guard and keep, most royal imp of fame!

Fal. 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?

Fal. My king! my Jove! 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;

But, being awake, I do despise my dream.

Make less thy body, hence, and more thy grace;

Leave gormandizing; know, the grave doth gap

For thee thrice wider than for other men:

Reply not to me with a fool-born jest;

Presume 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.

For competence of life I will allow you,

That lack of means enforce you not to evil:

And, as we hear you do reform yourselves,

We will, according to your strength and qualities,

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, sir 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 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 well perceive how; unless you should give me your doublet, and stuff me out with straw. I beseech you, good sir 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, sir 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 sir John Falstaff to the Fleet; 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 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, Whose music, to my thinking, pleas'd the king. Come, will you hence?

[Exeunt.

EPILOGUE.

[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 con-

science will make any possible satisfaction, and so will I. All the gentlewomen here have forgiven me; if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen do not agree with the gentlewomen, which was never seen before in such an assembly.

One word more, I beseech you. If you be not too much cloyed with fat meat, our humble author will continue the story, with sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Katherine of France: where, for anything 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. My 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.

ILLUSTRATIONS TO KING HENRY IV.—PART II.

ACT I.

^a INDUCTION.—“*Upon my tongues,*” &c.

SOME scattered epithets in Chaucer’s “House of Fame” might have supplied Shakspeare with hints for this description of Rumour. The parallel, however, is not very close. A much nearer resemblance is found in a celebrated passage in the Fourth Book of Virgil’s *Æneid*. Dryden’s translation is, as usual, spirited:—

“Millions of opening mouths to fame belong;
And every mouth is furnish’d with a tongue:
And round with listening ears the flying plague is hung.
She fills the peaceful universe with cries;
No slumbers ever close her wakeful eyes.
By day from lofty towers her head she shows:
And spreads, through trembling crowds, disastrous news:
With court-informers’ haunts, and royal spies,
This done relates, not done she feigns, and mingles truth with lies.”

^b INDUCTION.—“*This worm-eaten hold of ragged stone.*”

When Leland wrote his “Itinerary” in the time of Henry VIII., Warkworth Castle was described as “well maynteyned and large.” Grose says, “When entire it was far from being destitute of strength, yet its appearance does not excite the idea of one of those rugged fortresses destined solely for war.” Warkworth was anciently the seat and barony of the Claverings, and was bestowed upon Henry Percy, the ancestor of the Earls of Northumberland, by Edward III., and, after several temporary forfeitures, has remained in the Percy family from the twelfth year of Edward IV. “It is not certainly known when this castle was built. from the circumstance of the Percy arms being put up in several parts of the building, some have supposed that it was erected by that family; but by a slight inspection, it is easily perceived that they have been inserted into the walls at an after period. This is clearly proved by one of them having fallen out, and the place where it was fixed appears to be cut in the wall, about six inches deep. The doors, the windows, and everything about the place, attest that it had been built at a more early period.” (*Historical and Descriptive View of Northumberland*. Newcastle. 1811.)

^c SCENE I.—“*Up to the rowel-head.*”

Johnson, in a note upon this passage, says, “I think that I have observed in old prints the *rowel* of those times to have been only a single spike.” The commentator here fell into an error, which the lexicographer has avoided. A spur with a single point is not a rowel spur. We find the distinction in Froissart:—“Then the king was apparelled like a prelate of the church, with a cope of red silk, and a pair of spurs, with a point without a rowel.” The word “rowel” is derived from *roue*, a wheel; and thus it signifies a movable circle,

and is applied to a bridle, and to armour, as well as to spurs. Johnson, in his Dictionary, defines “rowel” as “the points of a spur turning on an axis,” and gives this very passage in Shakspeare as an illustration.

^d SCENE II.—“*I bought him in Paul’s,*” &c.

Falstaff alludes to a proverbial saying, which is thus given in Burton’s “Anatomy of Melancholy:”—“He that marries a wife out of a suspected inn or ale-house, buys a horse in Smithfield, and hires a servant in Paul’s, as the proverb is, shall likely have a jade to his horse, a knave for his man, an arrant honest woman to his wife.” The middle aisle of the old cathedral of St. Paul’s was the resort of idlers, gamesters, and persons in general who lived by their wits. Ben Jonson calls his Captain Bobadill “a Paul’s man.” But Paul’s was also a sort of exchange; and announcements were fixed upon the pillars that corresponded with the newspaper advertisements of modern times. The “masterless serving-man” set up “his bill in Paul’s,” as well as the tradesman who called attention to his wares. These advertisements were denominated *Si quissas*. Paul’s was also the resort of newsmongers and politicians, and sometimes was the scene of more important conferences than arose out of the gossip of the day. Bishop Carleton tells us that Babington’s and Ballard’s conspiracy was “conferred upon in Paul’s Church.” Osborne, in his “Memoirs of James I.,” states, that Paul’s was the resort of “the principal gentry, lords, courtiers, and men of all professions.” The spendthrifts resorted there for protection against their creditors, a part of the cathedral being privileged from arrest:—“There you may spend your legs in winter a whole afternoon; converse, plot, laugh, and talk anything; jest at your creditor, even to his face; and in the evening, even by lamplight, steal out.” (*Dekker’s Gull’s Horn Book*, 1609.) In Bishop Earle’s “Microcosmography” (1628) we have an exceedingly amusing description of all the general features of Paul’s Walk, of which the following passage will convey a notion of the style:—“It is a heap of stones and men, with a vast confusion of languages; and, were the steeple not sanctified, nothing liker Babel. The noise in it is like that of bees, a strange humming or buzz, mixt of walking, tongues, and feet. It is a kind of still roar, or loud whisper. It is the great exchange of all discourse, and no business whatsoever but is here stirring and a-foot. It is the synod of all pates politick, jointed and laid together in the most serious posture; and they are not half so busy at the parliament.”

^e SCENE II.—“*A horse in Smithfield.*”

The martyr fires of Smithfield are burnt out; but its ancient renown as being the worst horse market in England long survived.

* Burton is the only English author who uses this word in the meaning of an antithetical saying. (See Richardson’s Dictionary.)

Buildings are much more quickly changed than customs; and thus the external part of Smithfield as it was can scarcely be recognised; while he who very recently walked through that arena of dirt and blackguardism on Friday afternoon might still recognise a very fitting place for the purchase of a sorry jade by a modern Bardolph.

^f SCENE II.—“*A three-man beetle.*”

This light instrument for the filliping of Falstaff was an instrument used for driving piles, wielded by three men, using its one short and two long handles.

ACT II.

^a SCENE I.—“*Marry, if thou wert an honest man,*” &c.

Coleridge, in his celebrated “Essay on Method,” has given this speech of the Hostess,—

“Fermenting o’er with frothy circumstance,”

as an example of “the absence of method, which characterizes the uneducated, occasioned by an habitual submission of the understanding to mere events and images as such, and independent of any power in the mind to classify or appropriate them. The general accompaniments of time and place are the only relations which persons of this class appear to regard in their statements.” Our great philosophical critic, however, most truly adds, that in this speech of Mrs. Quickly “the poor soul’s thoughts and sentences are more closely interlinked than the truth of nature would have required, but that the connections and sequence, which the habit of method can alone give, have in this instance a substitute in the fusion of passion.”

^b SCENE I.—“*I do desire deliverance,*” &c.

Falstaff claimed the protection legally called *quidam profecturus*. (See Coke upon Littleton, 130 a.) This is one of the many examples of Shakspeare’s intimate acquaintance with legal forms and phrases.

^c SCENE I.—“*Glasses, glasses.*”

In Lodge’s “Illustrations of British History,” vol. ii. p. 251, edition 1791, there is a letter from the Earl of Shrewsbury to Thomas Bawdewyn, which the editor inserts on account of the following curious postscript:—“I wold have you bye me *glasses* to drink in: Send me word what olde *plat* yeldes the ounce, for I wyll nott leve me a cuppe of sylvare to drink in butt I wyll see the next terme my creditors payde.” Whether the earl sold his plate, and by his example made “glasses” fashionable—“the only drinking”—we are not informed

^d SCENE I.—“*The German hunting in water-work.*”

In the *Gentleman’s Magazine*, 1833, p. 393, is a paper which throws considerable light upon the mode of decorating houses in Shakspeare’s time. Steevens speaks of “the German hunting” as a *painted cloth* brought from Holland, considering it to be the same mode of hanging rooms with drapery as that alluded to in this play, Act III.—“as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth.” But it appears that the German hunting in *water-work* was a *fresco painting*. Upon Woodford Common, in Essex, there stood, as late as the autumn of 1832, an old house called Grove House, traditionally believed to have been a hunting lodge of Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex. This, however, may be doubted. One of the apartments in this old house was called the ball-room, and in this room were twelve fresco paintings, exhibiting as many subjects of rural life. Six of these paintings were tolerably perfect, but the others were in great part obliterated by a coat of whitewash. The only memorials that have been preserved of these very curious representations have been kindly exhibited to us. They are a series of very faithful drawings by an accomplished lady.

^e SCENE IV.—“*Si fortuna,*” &c.

There is little doubt, when Pistol exclaims, “Have we not Hiren here?” that, however the Hostess may mistake him, he alludes to

his sword. King Arthur’s sword was called *Ron*. Douce has been enabled to supply a very curious illustration of this passage, by having met with an old rapier on which these lines are inscribed:—

“Si fortune me tourmente,
L’esperance me contente.”

This is precisely the meaning of Pistol’s bad Italian; and Douce therefore very ingeniously conjectures that Pistol, unmindful of the Hostess’s interruption, goes on spouting the inscription upon his sword.

^f SCENE IV.—“*A shove-groat shilling.*”

Bardolph was to quoit Pistol down-stairs as quickly as the smooth shilling—the shove-groat—flies along the board. Ben Jonson, in the same allusion to quickness, says, “made it run as smooth off the tongue as a *shove-groat shilling*.” Shove-groat, in a statute of the 33rd of Henry VIII., is called a *new game*; and it was also called slide-groat, slide-board, slide-thrift, and slip-thrift. The game was no doubt originally played with the silver groat. The broad shilling of Edward VI. came afterwards to be used in this game, which in all probability varied little from *shovel-board*. Master Slender, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, had his pocket picked of “two Edward shovel-boards, that cost him two and two pence a piece.” Slender’s costly shillings were probably lucky ones.

^g SCENE IV.—“*Bartholomew boar-pig.*”

A roasted pig in Bartholomew fair was a dainty to which Ben Jonson has several allusions; and thus it is used as a term of endearment to Falstaff. Davenant has some lines on the subject, which are quoted by Gifford:—

“Now London’s Mayor on saddle new,
Rides to the fair of Bartlemew;
He twirls his chain and looketh big,
As if to fright the head of pig,
That gaping lies on every stall.”

ACT III.

^a SCENE II.—“*Skogan’s head.*”

Who was Skogan? has produced as fierce a controversy, if not so elaborate, as, Who wrote ‘Icon Basilike?’ It seems there were two Skogans; the one

“A fine gentleman, and master of arts,
Of Henry the Fourth’s time, that made disguises
For the king’s sons, and writ in ballad-royal
Daintily well.”

This was Henry Skogan, usually called *moral* Skogan; and Ben Jonson’s brief description of him, given above, will, no doubt, be sufficient for our readers. The other was John Skogan, of the time of Edward IV., who is thus described by Holinshed:—“A learned gentleman, and student for a time in Oxford, of a pleasant wit, and bent to merry devises, in respect whereof he was called into the court, where, giving himself to his natural inclination of mirth and pleasant pastime, he played many sporting parts, although not in such uncivil manner as hath been of him reported.” Shakspeare, say the commentators, committed an anachronism in describing Skogan the jester as having his head broken by Falstaff. No doubt. All that Shakspeare meant to convey was the name of a buffoon whose freedoms were thus punished; and the *jests* of Skogan, the Joe Miller of Shakspeare’s time, was a book with which the poet’s audience would be familiar.

^b SCENE II.—“*A score of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.*”

“Shakspeare,” says Dr. Gray, “seems to have been unacquainted with the value of money, and the prices of sheep, and other cattle, at the latter end of the reign of King Henry the Fourth.” That is true. In 1411 the price of a sheep is stated at 1s. 10d., but in Shakspeare’s own time the price varies from 6s. 8d. to 15s. The local and tem-

porary allusions throughout Shakspeare, of course, refer to matters of his own day.

^c SCENE II.—“*A soldier-like word,*” &c.

Ben Jonson, in his “Discoveries” (a valuable collection of his miscellaneous remarks), says, “You are not to cast a ring for the perfumed terms of the time, as *accommodation*, complement, spirit, &c., but use them properly in their place, as others.” Every age has its “perfumed terms”—words that originate in fashionable society, and descend to the vulgar like cast-off clothes. Shakspeare could not render *accommodate* more ridiculous than to put it into the mouth of Bardolph, and make that worthy maintain it “to be a soldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command.” Jonson, in “Every Man in his Humour,” gives us an example of the fantastic use of the word:—“Hostess, *accommodate* us with another bed-staff here quickly. *Lend* us another bed-staff—the woman does not understand the words of action.”

SCENE II.—“*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.

This passage was formerly pointed thus:—“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. It was considered by the editors, and by Warton especially, that Arthur's show was acted at Clement's Inn, of which society Shallow was a member. It has, however, been found that a society for the exercise of archery, calling themselves Prince Arthur's Knights, existed in Shakspeare's time. This society, according to Richard Mulcaster, master of St. Paul's school (in a tract published in 1581 and 1587), was called “The Friendly and Frank Fellowship of Prince Arthur's Knights in and about the City of London.” That the members of the society personated characters in the romance of Arthur we learn from the same tract; for the author mentions Master Hugh Offley as Sir Launcelot, and Master Thomas Smith as Prince Arthur himself. Justice Shallow might, therefore, very properly personate Sir Dagonet, King Arthur's fool; who, in the *Morte d'Arthur*, “seems to be introduced like a Shrove-tide cock, for the sake of being buffeted and abused by every one.”—(*Gifford*.) There is a proof of the ancient flourishing existence of “The Fellowship of Prince Arthur's Knights” to be found in the following passage of an old book, which gives a description of “a great show and shooting” in 1583:—“The prince of famous memory, King Henry the Eighth, having read in the chronicles of England, and seen in his own time, how armies mixed with good archers have evermore so galled the enemy that it hath been great cause of the victory, he being one day at Mile-end, when Prince Arthur and his knights were there shooting, did greatly commend the game, and allowed thereof, lauding them to their encouragement.” It appears also, from an exceedingly rare tract on this society of Prince Arthur (1583), that King Henry VIII. confirmed by charter to the citizens of London the “famous order of Knights of Prince Arthur's Round Table, or society: like as in his life time, when he saw a good archer indeed, he chose him, and ordained such a one for a knight of the same order.” Henry VIII., like many other tyrants, was sometimes pleased to be jocose and familiar with his subjects; and in this spirit, he not only patronised the Knights of the Round Table, but created a celebrated archer of the name of Barlo, *Duke of Shoreditch*. The dukedom, it seems, was hereditary; and in 1583 the successor to the original duke had a *Baron Stirrop* in his court. Prince Arthur and the duke were on the most friendly terms; and a deputation from his highness, upon the day of Prince Arthur's shooting in 1583, presented a buck of that season “to Prince Arthur, who was at his tent, which was at Mile-end green.”

^c SCENE II.—“*This Vice's dagger.*”

In Harsenet's “Declaration of Popish Impostures,” 1603 (quoted in Malone's “History of the Stage,” Boswell, iii. 27), we have the following description of the Vice:—“It was a pretty part in the old church-plays, when the nimble Vice would skip up nimbly like a jack-an-apes into the devil's neck, and ride the devil a course, and belabour him with his wooden dagger, till he made him roar, whereat the people would laugh to see the devil so Vice-haunted.” The origin of the name Vice is involved in considerable obscurity. The

subject is highly interesting, but we may more conveniently examine it under the passage in King Richard III.:—

“Thus like the formal Vice, Iniquity,
I moralize two meanings in one word.”

^f SCENE II.—“*Tilt-yard.*”

In Aggas's Map of Westminster, drawn 1578, and in another by Norden, 1593, *elevations* of the tilt-yard are given; and in Smith's “Antiquities of Westminster,” two old pictures are engraved “representing the most material part of St. James's Park, and many of the buildings, part of, or belonging to, the Palace of Whitehall as they were in the time of King Charles II.”

^g SCENE II.—“*The case of a treble hautboy was a mansion for him.*”

Formerly there were three kinds of hautboy—the treble, tenor, and bass. We have now but the first of these. The bassoon has superseded the last, and the other is a desideratum. Mersenne describes all three, and gives a woodcut of each.

ACT IV.

^a SCENE I.—“*Gualtree forest.*”

This forest is in the North Riding of Yorkshire, and was formerly called Galtres forest. It is thus mentioned by Skelton:—

“Thus stode I in the frythy forest of Galtres.”

Frythy is woody.

^b SCENE I.—“*Whose white investments figure innocence.*”

The ordinary costume of a bishop, not only when he was performing his episcopal functions, but when he appeared in public, and even when he travelled, was a vestment of white linen. From a passage in a letter of Erasmus, it appears that Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, when he was about to cross the sea, laid aside this linen vest, “which they always use in England.”

SCENE I.—“*Their beavers down.*”

In Hamlet, Act I. Sc. II., we find this passage—“He wore his beaver *up*.” In the First Part of Henry IV., p. 551, we have seen that the beaver was sometimes used to express a helmet generally. The passage before us, and the passage in Hamlet, have been considered contradictory; and some have supposed that Shakspeare founded the beaver and visor. Douce shows that both the beaver and visor moved *up*,—and when so, the face was exposed; when the beaver was *down*, the face was covered;—and the beaver and visor were both *down* in the battle or the tournament. Some helmets were, however, so constructed that the beaver, being composed of falling overlapping plates, exposed the face when it was down. The “armet,” however, appears to have been of an unusual construction. Shakspeare alludes to the common *beaver* both in Hamlet and in the passage before us; and in these no contradiction is involved.

^d SCENE III.—“*I will have it in a particular ballad,*” &c.

In Ben Jonson's “Bartholomew Fair” we have the following passage:—“O, sister, do you remember the ballads over the nursery chimney at home, o' my own pasting up? there be brave pictures.” Very few ballads of Shakspeare's time appeared without the decoration of a rude woodcut, sometimes referring to the subject matter of the ballad, sometimes giving a portrait of the queen. These fugitive productions, Gifford says, “came out every term in incredible numbers, and were rapidly dispersed over the kingdom, by shoals of itinerant syrens.”

^e SCENE IV.—“*I think he's gone to hunt, my lord, at Windsor.*”

The forest of Windsor was the favourite hunting-ground of the Court in the sixteenth century, as it was, probably, at a much earlier

period. In Lord Surrey's celebrated poem on Windsor Castle, supposed to be written in 1546, we have the following passage :—

"The wild forest, the clothed holts with green;
With reins availed, and swiftly-breathed horse,
With cry of hounds, and merry blast between,
Where we did chase the fearful hart of force."

SCENE IV.—"*Hath wrought the mure,*" &c.

Shakspeare has here borrowed a thought from Daniel. In the Third Book of his "*Civil Wars*," first published in 1595, we have this couplet :—

"Wearing the wall so thin, that now the mind
Might well look thorough, and his frailty find."

Hurd, finding the passage in the complete edition of Daniel's "*Civil Wars*," published in 1609, and not, perhaps, being aware of the earlier edition, considered that Daniel had imitated Shakspeare. This coincidence strengthens the remarks which we made in the Introductory Notice to Richard II. on Shakspeare's supposed imitations of his poetical friend. The same thought descended from Daniel and Shakspeare to Waller, who has thus modified it :—

The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new light thro' chinks that time has made."

SCENE IV.—"*In that Jerusalem shall Harry die.*"

Of the Jerusalem Chamber, which is attached to the south-west tower of Westminster Abbey, scarcely any of the original features remain—nothing, indeed, of the interior that probably existed in the time of Henry IV. The original chamber was built about 1362, at a time when the buildings immediately attached to the abbey were extensively repaired or re-erected.

ACT V.

^a SCENE I.—"*By cock and pye.*"

In a little book of great popularity, originally published in 1601, entitled, "*The Plaine Man's Pathway to Heaven*," by Arthur Dent, we have the following passage :—"I know a man that will never swear but by cock or py, or mouse-foot. I hope you will not say these be oaths. For he is as honest a man as ever brake bread. You shall not hear an oath come out of his mouth." We here see that the exclamation "*by cock and pye*" was not of the class of oaths from which Hotspur might choose "*a good mouth-filling oath*." Steevens supposes that the service-book of the Romish Church being denominated a Pie, the oath had reference to that, and to the sacred name. Douce has, however, given the following very ingenious explanation of the origin of the word :—"It will, no doubt, be recollected that in the days of ancient chivalry it was the practice to make solemn vows or engagements for the performance of some considerable enterprise. This ceremony was usually performed during some grand feast or entertainment, at which a roasted peacock or pheasant, being served up by ladies in a dish of gold or silver, was thus presented to each knight, who then made the particular vow which he had chosen, with great solemnity. When this custom had fallen into disuse, the peacock, nevertheless, continued to be a favourite dish, and was introduced on the table in a pie, the head, with gilded beak, being proudly elevated above the crust, and the splendid tail expanded. Other birds of smaller value were introduced in the same manner, and the recollection of the old peacock-vows might occasion the less serious, or even burlesque, imitation of swearing, not only by the bird itself, but also by the pie; and hence, probably, the oath by cock and pie, for the use of which no very old authority can be found."

^b SCENE I.—"*I would curry with master Shallow.*"

The origin of "*to curry*"—*to curry favour*—furnishes a remarkable example of the corruption of language. In Chaucer's time the phrase was *curry favel*. In the Merchant's Second Tale we have—

"As though he had lerned cury favel of some old frere."

Favel was the name of a horse—a name generally given to chestnut horses—as Bayard to a brown horse, and Blanchard to a white. In an old English proverb we have—

"He that will in court dwell,
Must needes currie favel."

It is scarcely necessary to add, that it is agreeable to a horse to be curried, and that, therefore, to curry favel, applied to a courtier or a sycophant, is to bestow such attentions as may bespeak good offices.

^c SCENE I.—"*The wearing-out of six fashions (which is four terms or two actions).*"

In the time of Shakspeare the *law terms* regulated what we now denominate the *season*. The country gentlemen and their families then came up to town to transact their business and to learn the fashions. "He comes up every term to learn to take tobacco, and see new motions."—(Ben Jonson, "*Every Man out of his Humour*.") Falstaff computes that six fashions would wear out in four terms, or two actions. This particularity may, perhaps, be taken as another proof of Shakspeare's technical knowledge, and fondness for legal allusions.

^d SCENE II.—"*Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds.*"

Amurath III., Emperor of the Turks, died in 1596. He was succeeded by his eldest son Mahomet, who immediately put to death all his brothers. Malone thinks that Shakspeare alludes to this transaction; for the allusion, although not literally correct, might be sufficient to convey a notion of the difference between a regulated monarchy and a despotism :—

"This is the English, not the Turkish court."

A gentleman very well acquainted with Turkish history and literature has pointed out to us that Amurath, in Greek *Αμυρᾶς*, is Emeer, the Greek *v* being pronounced *ee*. In old books the sultan is sometimes called "*the Amyrath*;" and the style of Mohammed II., in the Greek version of his treaty with the Genoese of Galata, is "*I, the great Effendi and great Emeer (Αμυρᾶς), and son of Mourad Bey*" (*Μουρατ*). We thus find Amurath in the same sentence as distinct from Murad.

^e SCENE III.—"*Do nothing but eat, and make good cheer.*"

Every lover of Shakspeare must recollect that most exquisite passage in the Twelfth Night which describes the higher species of minstrelsy that had found an abiding place in the hearts of the people :—

"Give me some music : but that piece of song,
That old and antique song we heard last night,
Methought it did relieve my passion much;
More than light airs, and recollected terms,
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times.
* * * * *
Mark it, Cesario; it is old, and plain:
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,
Do use to chaunt it; it is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age."

The outpouring of snatches of old songs by Master Silence, in this hour when the taciturnity of a feeble intellect was overwhelmed by the stimulant which wine afforded to his memory, is a truly poetical conception. In his prosaic moments the worthy justice is contented to echo his brother of the quorum :—"We shall all follow, cousin." But when his "*merry heart*" expands in "*the sweet of the night*," he unravels his fag-ends of popular ditties with a volubility which not even the abuse of Pistol can stop. Beaumont and Fletcher, in "*The Knight of the Burning Pestle*," have a character, Old Merry-thought, who "*evermore laughs, and dances, and sings*;" and he introduces himself to us with :—

"Nose, nose, jolly red nose,
And who gave thee this jolly red nose?"

The humour of Old Merry-thought is little better than farce; but the extravagance of Silence is the richest comedy, from the contrast with his habitual character. The snatches which Silence sings are not the

"light airs, and recollected terms,
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times,"

but fragments of old ballads that had been long heard in the squire's hall and the yeoman's chimney-corner—"old and plain." For example, the expression,

" 'Tis merry in hall, when beards wag all,"

may be found, with a slight alteration, in the poems of Adam Davy, who lived in the time of Edward II. (See Warton's "History of English Poetry," section 6.) In the "Serving Man's Comfort" (1598) we have this passage, descriptive of the merriment in which the retainers of the great partook in the time of Elizabeth:—"Grace said, and the table taken up, the plate presently conveyed into the

pantry, the hall summons this consort of companions (upon payne to dine with Duke Humphrey, or to kiss 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 merry in hall, where beards wag all.' The concluding line, before the command to "carry master Silence to bed," is a portion of the old ballad of "Robin Hood and the Pindar of Wakefield:—"

" All this beheard three wighty yeomen,
'Twas Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John
With that they espy'd the jolly Pindar
As he sate under a throne."

HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

ACT I.

It would appear from these scenes, if we did not make due allowance for the principle that "the historical drama is the concentration of history," that the rising of Northumberland, in connection with Scroop and Mowbray, took place immediately after the battle of Shrewsbury. The crafty earl, however, submitted himself to the more politic king, and was restored to some of his honours in the Parliament of 1404. His revolt was in 1405. Holinshed thus describes the progress of the conspiracy:—

"Whilst such doings were in hand betwixt the English and French, the king was minded to have gone into Wales against the Welsh rebels, that under their chieftain, Owen Glendower, ceased not to do much mischief still against the English subjects. But, at the same time, to his further disquieting, there was a conspiracy put in practice against him at home by the Earl of Northumberland, who had conspired with Richard Scrope Archbishop of York, Thomas Mowbray Earl Marshal, son to Thomas Duke of Norfolk, who for the quarrel betwixt him and King Henry had been banished (as before ye have heard), the lords Hastings, Fauconbridge, Berdolf, and diverse others. It was appointed that they should meet all together with their whole power, upon Yorkeswold, at a day assigned, and that the Earl of Northumberland should be chieftain, promising to bring with him a great number of Scots. The archbishop, accompanied with the Earl Marshal, devised certain articles of such matters as it was supposed that not only the commonalty of the realm, but also the nobility, found themselves aggrieved with: which articles they showed first unto such of their adherents as were near about them, and after sent them abroad to their friends further off, assuring them that for redress of such oppressions they would shed the last drop of blood in their bodies, if need were. The archbishop, not meaning to stay after he saw himself accompanied with a great number of men, that came flocking to York to take his part in this quarrel, forthwith discovered his enterprise, causing the articles aforesaid to be set up in the public streets of the city of York, and upon the gates of the monasteries, that each man might understand the cause that moved him to rise in arms against the king, the reforming whereof did not yet appertain unto him. Hereupon knights, esquires, gentlemen, yeomen, and other of the commons, assembled together in great numbers, and the archbishop coming forth amongst them, clad in armour, encouraged, exhorted, and by all means he could, pricked them forth to take the enterprise in hand, and thus not only all the citizens of York, but all other in the countries about, that were able to bear weapon, came to the archbishop and to the Earl Marshal. Indeed the respect that men had to the archbishop, caused them to like the better of the cause, since the gravity of his age, his integrity of life, and incomparable learning, with the reverend aspect of his amiable personage, moved all men to have him in no small estimation."

The Lord Chief Justice, introduced in this scene, and who appears more prominently in the fifth act, was Sir William Gascoyne, Chief Justice of the King's Bench. "He died," says Steevens, "December

17, 1413, and was buried in Harwood Church, in Yorkshire." Fuller states, upon the authority of an inscription on his tomb, that he died on Sunday, December 17th, 1412. This is, however, contradictory, for the 17th December of that year did not fall on a Sunday. The assertion of Fuller, however, gave occasion to one of the charges against Shakspeare of having brought persons upon the scene who had ceased to exist,—the Chief Justice, say the literal critics, died before the accession of Henry V. The point, to our minds, is not worth discussing; but it may be satisfactory to some to know that Shakspeare was here perfectly accurate. The Rev. Mr. Tyler has discovered a will of the Chief Justice made in 1419.

ACT IV.

The following extracts from Holinshed describe the progress of the insurrection of Scroop and Northumberland. These passages are evidently the historical authorities which the poet consulted:—

"Raufe Nevill, Earl of Westmoreland, that was not far off, together with the Lord John of Lancaster, the king's son, being informed of this rebellious attempt, assembled together such power as they might make, and coming into a plain within the forest of Galtree, caused their standards to be pight down in like sort as the archbishop had pight his, over against them, being far stronger in number of people than the other, for (as some write) there were of the rebels at the least eleven thousand men. When the Earl of Westmoreland perceived the force of adversaries, and that they lay still and attempted not to come forward upon him, he subtilly devised how to quail their purpose, and forthwith dispatched messengers unto the archbishop to understand the cause, as it were, of that great assemble, and for what cause, contrary to the king's peace, they came so in armour. The archbishop answered, that he took nothing in hand against the king's peace, but that whatever he did, tended rather to advance the peace and quiet of the commonwealth, than otherwise, and where he and his company were in arms, it was for fear of the king, to whom he could have no free access by reason of such a multitude of flatterers as were about him, and therefore he maintained that his purpose was good and profitable, as well for the king himself, as for the realm, if men were willing to understand a truth: and herewith he showed forth a scroll in which the articles were written, whereof before ye have heard. The messengers returning unto the Earl of Westmoreland showed him what they had heard and brought from the archbishop. When he had read the articles, he showed in word and countenance outwardly that he liked of the archbishop's holy and virtuous intent and purpose, promising that he and his would prosecute the same in assisting the archbishop, who, rejoicing hereat, gave credit to the earl, and persuaded the Earl Marshal against his will as it were to go with him to a place appointed for them to commune together. Here, when they were met with like number on either part, the articles were read over, and without any more ado, the Earl of Westmoreland and those that were with him

* Bulwer's Preface to Richeli

agreed to do their best to see that a reformation might be had according to the same. The Earl of Westmoreland using more policy than the rest: Well (said he) then our travail is come to the wished end; and where our people have been long in armour, let them depart home to their wonted trades and occupations: in the mean time let us drink together, in sign of agreement, that the people on both sides may see it, and know that it is true that we be light at a point. They had no sooner shaken hands together but that a knight was sent straightways from the archbishop to bring word to the people that there was a peace concluded, commanding each man to lay aside arms, and to resort home to their houses. The people beholding such tokens of peace as shaking of hands and drinking together of the lords in loving manner, brake up their field and returned homewards: but in the mean time, whilst the people of the archbishop's side withdrew away, the number of the contrary part increased, according to order given by the Earl of Westmoreland, and yet the archbishop perceived not that he was deceived, till the Earl of Westmoreland arrested both him and the Earl Marshal, with divers other. Their troops being pursued, many were taken, many slain, and many spoiled of that they had about them, and so permitted to go their ways."

"The Earl of Northumberland and the Lord Bardolf, after they had been in Wales, in France, and Flanders, to purchase aid against King Henry, were returned back into Scotland, and had remained there now (1408) for the space of a whole year; and as their evil fortune would, whilst the king held a council of the nobility at London, the said Earl of Northumberland and Lord Bardolf, in a dismal hour, with a great power of Scots, returned into England, recovering divers of the earl's castles and seignories, for the people in great numbers resorted unto them. Hereupon encouraged with hope of good success, they enter into Yorkshire, and there began to destroy the country. The king advertised hereof, caused a great army to be assembled, and came forward with the same towards his enemies: but ere the king came to Nottingham, Sir Thomas (or, as other copies have, Raufe) Rokesby, sheriff of Yorkshire, assembled the forces of the country to resist the earl and his power, coming to Grimbaut Brigges, beside Knaresborough, there to stop them the passage; but they, returning aside, got to Weatherby, and so to Tadcaster, and finally came forward unto Branham Moor, near to Hayselwood, where they chose their ground meet to fight upon. The sheriff was as ready to give battle as the earl to receive it, and so with a standard of St. George spread, set fiercely upon the earl, who, under a standard of his own arms, encountered his adversaries with great manhood. There was a sore encounter and cruel conflict betwixt the parties, but in the end the victory fell to the sheriff. The Earl of Northumberland was slain in the field, and the Lord Bardolf was taken, but sore wounded, so that he shortly after died of the hurts."

ACT V.

In the Introductory Notice, p. 529, we have mentioned the story told by Sir Thomas Elyot, in his book of "The Governor," of the committal of Prince Henry to the Fleet by the Lord Chief Justice. This tradition was believed (perhaps upon the authority of Elyot) by Sir Edward Coke and Sir John Hawkins, and was referred to by them in legal arguments. The anecdote, as detailed by Elyot, is very amusing:—

"A good Judge, a good Prince, a good King.

"The most renowned prince, King Henry V., late king of England, during the life of his father, was noted to be fierce and of wanton courage. It happened that one of his servants whom he favoured well was for felony by him committed arraigned at the King's Bench: whereof the prince being advertised, and incensed by light persons about him, in furious rage came hastily to the bar, where his servant stood as a prisoner, and commanded him to be ungyved and set at liberty. Whereat all men were abashed, reserved the chief justice, who humbly exhorted the prince to be contented that his servant might be ordered according to the ancient laws of this realm; or if he would have him saved from the rigour of the laws, that he should obtain, if he might, of the king his father his gracious pardon, whereby no law or justice should be derogate.

"With which answer the prince nothing appeased, but rather more inflamed, endeavoured himself to take away his servant. The judge considering the perilous example and inconvenience that might thereby ensue, with a valiant spirit and courage commanded the prince upon his allegiance to leave the prisoner and depart his way; at which commandment the prince, being set all in a fury, all chafed, and in a terrible manner, came up to the place of judgment, men thinking that he would have slain the judge, or have done to him some damage: but the judge, sitting still without moving, declaring the majesty of the king's place of judgment, and with an assured and bold countenance, had to the prince these words following:—

"'Sir, remember yourself. I keep here the place of the king your sovereign lord and father, to whom you owe double obedience: wherefore eftsoones in his name, I charge you to desist of your wilfulness and unlawful enterprise, and from henceforth give good example to those which hereafter shall be your proper subjects. And now, for your contempt and disobedience, go you to the prison of the King's Bench, whereunto I commit you, and remain ye there prisoner until the pleasure of the king your father be further known.' With which words being abashed, and also wondering at the marvellous gravity of that worshipful justice, the noble prince, laying his weapon apart, doing reverence, departed and went to the King's Bench as he was commanded. Whereat his servants disdained, came and showed to the king all the whole affair, whereat he a while studying, after as a man all ravished with gladness, holding his eyes and hands up towards heaven, abraded with a loud voice: 'O merciful God, how much am I bound to your infinite goodness, specially for that you have given me a judge who feareth not to minister justice, and also a son who can suffer seemably and obey justice.'"

The circumstances which preceded the death of Henry IV., including the story of the prince removing the crown, are thus detailed by Holinshed:—

"In this fourteenth and last year of King Henry's reign, a council was holden in the White Friars in London, at the which, among other things, order was taken for ships and galleys to be builded and made ready, and all other things necessary to be provided, for a voyage which he meant to make into the Holy Land, there to recover the city of Jerusalem from the infidels. The morrow after Candlemas-day began a Parliament which he had called at London; but he departed this life before the same Parliament was ended: for now that his provisions were ready, and that he was furnished with all things necessary for such a royal journey as he pretended to take into the Holy Land, he was eftsoones taken with a sore sickness, which was not a leprosy (saith Master Hall), as foolish friars imagined, but a very apoplexy. During this, his last sickness, he caused his crown (as some write) to be set on a pillow at his bed's-head, and suddenly his pangs so sore troubled him, that he lay as though all his vital spirits had been from him departed. Such as were about him, thinking verily that he had been departed, covered his face with a linen cloth. The prince his son being hereof advertised, entered into the chamber, took away the crown, and departed. The father, being suddenly revived out of that trance, quickly perceived the lack of his crown, and having knowledge that the prince his son had taken it away, caused him to come before his presence, requiring of him what he meant so to misuse himself: the prince with a good audacity answered, Sir, to mine, and all men's judgments, you seemed dead in this world; wherefore I, as your next heir apparent, took that as mine own, and not as yours. Well fair son, said the king (with a great sigh), what right I had to it, God knoweth. Well, quoth the prince, if you die king, I will have the garland, and trust to keep it with the sword against all mine enemies, as you have done. Then, said the king, I commit all to God, and remember you to do well; and with that turned himself in his bed, and shortly after departed to God, in a chamber of the Abbots of Westminster called Jerusalem. We find that he was taken with his last sickness while he was making his prayers at Saint Edward's shrine, there as it were to take his leave, and so to proceed forth on his journey: he was so suddenly and grievously taken, that such as were about him feared lest he would have died presently; wherefore, to relieve him, if it were possible, they bare him into a chamber that was next at hand belonging to the Abbot of Westminster, where they laid him on a pallet before the fire, and used all remedies to revive him: at length he recovered his speech and understanding, and perceiving himself in a strange place which he knew not, he willed to know if the chamber had any particular name, whereunto

answer was made, that it was called Jerusalem. Then said the king, laudes be given to the Father of Heaven, for now I know that I shall die here in this chamber, according to the prophesy of me declared, that I should depart this life in Jerusalem."

We close our Historical Illustrations with a passage from Holinshed descriptive of the change of life in Henry V. :—

"This king was the man that, according to the old proverb, declared and shewed in what sort honours ought to change manners; for immediately after that he was invested king, and had received

the crown, he determined with himself to put upon him the shape of a new man, turning insolency and wildness into gravity and soberness: and whereas he had passed his youth in wanton pastime, and riotous disorder, with a sort of misgoverned mates, and unthrifty playseers, he now banished them from his presence (not unrewarded, nor yet unpreferred), inhibiting them, upon a great pain, not once to approach, lodge, or sojourn, within ten miles of his court or mansion: and in their places he elected and chose men of gravity, wit, and high policy."

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTICE.

PARTS I. AND II.

"IN the Shaksperian drama there is a vitality which grows and evolves itself from within—a key-note which guides and controls the harmonies throughout."* It is under the direction of a deep and absolute conviction of the truth of this principle—not only as applied to the master-pieces of Shakspeare, the Lear, the Macbeth, the Othello, but to all his works without exception,—that we can alone presume to understand any single drama of this poet,—much less to attempt to lead the judgment of others. Until by long and patient thought we believe that we have traced the roots, and seen the branches and buddings, of that "vitality,"—until by frequent listening to those "harmonies" we hear, or fancy we hear, that "key-note,"—we hold ourselves to be utterly unfitted even to call attention to a solitary poetical beauty, or to develop the peculiarities of a single character. Shakspeare is not to be taken up like an ordinary writer of fiction, whose excellence may be tested by a brilliant dialogue here, or a striking situation there. The proper object of criticism upon Shakspeare is to show the dependence of the parts upon the whole; for by that principle alone can we come to a due appreciation even of the separate parts. Dull critics, and brilliant critics, equally blunder about Shakspeare, when they reject this safe guide to the comprehension of his works. We have a Frenchman before us—M. Paul Duport—who gives us an "Analyse Raisonnée" of our poet, which is perfectly guiltless of any imaginative power to hide or adorn the dry bones of the Analysis.† Mark the confidence with which this gentleman speaks of the two plays before us! Of the First Part he says, "This piece has still less of action and interest than those which preceded it—(John and Richard II.) It is only an historical picture, the various circumstances of which have no relation amongst themselves. There is no personage who predominates over the others, so as to fix the attention of the audience. It is the anarchy of the Scene. What, however, renders it worthy an attentive examination is, its division into a tragic and a comic portion. The two species are here very distinct. The tragic portion is cold, disjointed, undecided; but the comic, although absolutely foreign to the shadow of the action which makes the subject of the piece, merits sometimes to be placed by the side of the better passages of the Regnards, and even of the Molières." This is pretty decided for a blockhead; and, indeed, the decision with which he speaks could only proceed from a blockhead *par excellence*. Had this Frenchman not been supremely dull and conceited, he would have had some glimmerings of the truth, though he might not have seen the whole truth. Our own Johnson had too strong a sympathy with the marvellous talent which runs through the scenes of the Henry IV., not to speak of these plays with more than common enthusiasm. The great events,

he says, are interesting; the slighter occurrences diverting; the characters diversified with the profoundest skill; Falstaff is the unimitated, unimitable. But now comes the qualification—the result of Johnson looking at the parts instead of the whole:—"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." Let us endeavour, in going through the scenes of these plays, with the help of the great guiding principle that Shakspeare "worked in the spirit of nature by evolving the germ from within, by the imaginative power according to an idea;"‡ let us endeavour to prove—not, indeed, that these plays do not want action and interest, and that the tragic parts are not cold, disjointed, and undecided—but that all the circumstances have relation amongst themselves, and that the comic parts, so far from being absolutely foreign to the action, entirely depend upon it, and, to a certain extent, direct it. If we succeed in our attempt, we shall show that, from the preliminary and connecting lines in Richard II.,

"Can no man tell of my unthrifty son?"

to "the most lame and impotent conclusion," which Johnson would suppress, nothing can be spared—nothing can be altered; that Dame Quickly and Justice Silence are as essential to the progress of the action as Hotspur and the king;—that the prince could not advance without Falstaff, nor Falstaff without the prince;—that the poetry and the wit are co-dependent and inseparable;—and, above all, that the minute shades of character generally, and especially the extraordinary fusion of many contrary qualities in the character of Falstaff, are to be completely explained and reconciled, only by reference to their connection with the dramatic action,—the key-note which guides and controls the harmonies throughout."

Some seventy lines from the commencement of this play (we shall find it convenient to speak of the two parts as forming one drama), the "key-note" is struck. The king communicates to his friends "the smooth and welcome news" of the battle of Holmedon. His exultation is unbounded:—

"And is not this an honourable spoil?
A gallant prize? ha, cousin, is it not?"

But when the king is told

It is a conquest for a prince to boast of,"

the one circumstance—the

"One fatal remembrance, one sorrow that throws
Its deep shade alike o'er his joys and his woes,"—.

Coleridge's Literary Remains, vol. i. p. 104.
† Essais Littéraires sur Shakspeare. 2 tom. Paris, 1828.

‡ Coleridge's Literary Remains, vol. i. p. 104.

the shame that extinguishes the right to boast, comes across his mind :—

“ Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st me sin,
In envy that my lord Northumberland
Should be the father of so blest a son :
A son who is the theme of honour's tongue ;
Amongst a grove the very straightest plant ;
Who is sweet fortune's minion, and her pride :
Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,
See riot and dishonour stain the brow
Of my young Harry. O, that it could be prov'd,
That some night-tripping fairy had exchang'd
In cradle-clothes our children where they lay,
And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet !
Then would I have his Harry, and he mine.
But let him from my thoughts.”

The king forces his “ young Harry ” from his thoughts, and talks of “ young Percy's pride.” But the real action of the drama has commenced, in this irrepressible disclosure of the king's habitual feelings. It is for the poet to carry on the exhibition of the “ riot and dishonour,”—their course,—their ebblings and flowings,—the circumstances which control, and modify, and subdue them. The events which determine the career of the prince finally conquer the habits by which he was originally surrounded ; and it is in the entire disclosure of these habits, as not incompatible with their growing modification and ultimate overthrow by those events which constitute what is called the tragic action of the drama—that every incident and every character becomes an integral part of the whole—a branch, or a leaf, or a bud, or a flower, of the one “ vitality.”

We have seen in what spirit the prince of the old play which preceded Shakspeare was conceived. We have seen, also, the character of the associates by whom he was surrounded. We feel that the whole of such a representation must be untrue. The depraved and unfeeling blackguard of that play could never have become the hero of Agincourt. There was no unity of character between the prince of the beginning and of the end of that play ; and therefore there could have been no unity of action. Perhaps no mind but Shakspeare's could have reconciled the apparent contradiction which appears to lie upon the surface both of the events by which the prince was moulded, and the characters by which he was surrounded. It was for him alone to exhibit a species of profligacy not only capable of being conquered by the higher energy which made the prince chivalrously brave and daring, but absolutely akin to that higher energy. This was to be effected, not only by the peculiar qualities of the prince's own mind, but by the still more peculiar qualities of his associates. As the prince of Shakspeare, while he

“ Daff'd the world aside, and let it pass,”

never ceased to feel, in the depths of his nobler nature, “ thus we play the fools with the time, and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds, and mock us ; ” so he never could have been surrounded by the “ Ned ” and “ Tom ” of the old play, who must have extinguished all thoughts of “ the wise,” and have produced irredeemable “ dishonour.” Falstaff, the “ unimitated, unimitable Falstaff,” was the poetical creation that was absolutely necessary to the conduct of the great dramatic action,—the natural transformation of “ the mad-cap prince of Wales ” into King Henry V. So, indeed, were all the satellites which revolve round Falstaff, sharing and reflecting his light. It is the perfect characterization of this drama which makes the incidents consistent : the characters cannot live apart from the incidents ; the incidents cannot move on without the characters. If we attempt to unravel the characters, and the complicated character of Falstaff especially, without reference to the incidents, we are speedily in a labyrinth. The vulgar notion of Falstaff, for example, is the stage notion. Mrs. Inchbald truly remarks, “ To many spectators, all Falstaff's humour is comprised in his unwieldy person.” But the same lady adopts an equally vulgar stage generalisation, and calls him the “ cowardly Falstaff.” The “ wit ” of Falstaff, though slightly received into the stage conception of the character, is a very vague notion, compared with the bulk and the cowardice of Falstaff.

Mrs. Inchbald (we are quoting from her prefaces to the acted plays) says, “ The reader who is *too refined* to laugh at the wit of Sir John, must yet enjoy Hotspur's picture of a coxcomb.” The refinement of the players is even more sensitive ; for they altogether leave out in the representation the scene where Falstaff and the prince alternately stand for the king and Harry—a scene to which nothing of comic that ever was written, except, perhaps, a passage or two in Cervantes, can at all approach. The players, however, are consistent. Their intolerance of poetry and of wit are equal. Not a line do they keep of the matchless first scene of the third act, than which Shakspeare never wrote anything more spirited, more individualised, more harmonious. But we are digressing. Falstaff, then, we see in the rude general conception of his character, is fat, cowardly, and somewhat witty. The players always double and quadruple the author's notion of his fat and his cowardice ; and they kindly allow us a modicum of his wit. To be fat and to be cowardly, and even to have some wit, would go far to make an excellent *butt* for a wild young prince ; but they would not make a Falstaff. These qualities would be, to such a prince as Shakspeare has conceived, little better than Bardolph's nose, or the Drawer's “ anon, anon, sir.” To understand Falstaff, however, we must take him scene by scene, and incident by incident ; we must study his character in its development by the incidents. “ Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking of old sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping upon benches after noon.” Here is the *sensualist* introduced to us. We have here a vista of “ the halfpenny-worth of bread to the intolerable deal of sack.” But if we look closely, we shall see that the prince is exaggerating, and that Falstaff humours the exaggeration. It is Falstaff's cue to heighten all his own infirmities and frailties. “ Men of all sorts,” he says, “ take a pride to gird at me.” But he has himself a pride in the pride which they take :—“ The brain of this foolish-compounded clay, man, is not able to invent anything 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.” How immediately Falstaff turns the prince from bantering, to a position in which he has to deal with an antagonist ! The thrusts of wit are exchanged like the bouts of a fencing match. The sensualist, we see, has a prodigious *activity of intellect* ; and he at once passes out of the slough of vulgar sensuality. But the man of wit is also a *man of action*. He is ready for “ purse-taking ; ”—'tis his “ vocation.” Is not this again meant to be an exaggeration ? The “ night's exploit on Gadshill ” was the single violence, as far as we know, of Falstaff as well as of the prince. His “ vocation ” was that of a soldier. It is as a soldier that we for the most part see him throughout this drama ;—a soldier having charge and authority. But in the days of Henry IV., and long after, the “ vocation ” of a soldier was that of a plunderer, and “ purse-taking ” was an object not altogether unfamiliar to Falstaff's professional vision. That Shakspeare ever meant to paint him as an habitual thief, or a companion of thieves, is, in our view, one of those absurdities which has grown up out of stage exaggeration. The prince and Poins are equally obnoxious to the charge. And yet, although Poins, the intimate of the prince, proposes to them, “ My lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock early at Gadshill,” the prince refuses to go till Poins shows him that he hath “ a jest to execute.” The prince, in the soliloquy which is intended to keep him right with those who look forward to the future king, does not talk of Falstaff and Poins as of utterly base companions :—

“ I know you all, and will awhile uphold
The unyok'd humour of your idleness.”

He saw in Falstaff and Poins the same “ idleness ” which was in himself—the idleness of preferring the passing pleasure, whether of sensual gratification, or of mental excitement without an adequate end—which led him to their society. His resolution to forsake the “ idleness ” was a very feeble one. He would for “ awhile uphold ” it.

The prince is looking forward to the “ virtue of the jest ” that will

follow the adventure on Gadshill. The once proud allies, but now haughty rivals, of his father are, at the same time, bearding that father in his palace. Worcester is dismissed, for his "presence is too bold and peremptory." Hotspur defends the denial of his prisoners in that most characteristic speech which reveals his rough and passionate spirit. All the strength of his nature,—the elevation without refinement,—the force of will rising into poetry even by its own chafings,—are fully brought out in the rapid movement of this scene. Never was the sublimity of an over-mastering passion more consummately displayed. No disjointed ravings, no callings upon the gods, no clenchings of the fist or tearings of the hair, no threats without a purpose,—none of the commonplaces which make up the staple of ordinary tragedy;—but the uncontrollable rush of an energetic mind, abandoning itself from a sense of injury to impulses impossible to be guided by will or circumstance, and which finally sweeps into its own torrent all the feeble barriers of prudence which inferior natures would oppose to it. It runs its course like a mad blood-horse; and every attempt to put on the bridle produces a new impatience. Exhaustion at last comes, and then how complete is the exhaustion: "I have done in sooth;"—a word or two of question, a word or two of assent, to the calm proposals of Worcester;—and the passion of talk is ready to become the passion of action. We may now understand what Shakspeare meant by approximating the ages of Hotspur and Henry of Monmouth. Let us make Hotspur forty-five years of age, and Henry sixteen, as the literalists would have it, and the whole dramatic structure crumbles into dust. Under the poet's hand we see that Hotspur is the good destiny of the young Henry that his higher qualities are to fire the prince's ambition; that his rashness is to lead to the prince's triumph. Eastcheap is Hal's holiday scene; but the field of Shrewsbury will be Harry's working-place.

All the minor characters and situations of this drama are wonderfully wrought up. The inn-yard at Rochester is one of those little pictures which live for ever in the memory, because they are thoroughly true to nature. Who that has read this scene, and has looked out upon the darkness of a winter morning, has not thought of "Charles' wain over the new chimney?" Who has not speculated upon the grief of the man with one idea, of Robin ostler, who "never joyed since the price of oats rose?" We see not the "franklin from the wild of Kent, who hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold;" but we form a notion of that sturdy and portly English yeoman. The "eggs and butter" which the travellers have at breakfast even interest us. This is the art by which a fiction becomes a reality,—the art of a Defoe, as well as of a Shakspeare. But all this is but a preparation for the exploit of Gadshill. We hardly know what limits there are to the comedy of humour, but it seems impossible to go beyond *this*. *Practical* wit is here carried as far as it can well go. There are other scenes in this play, where the sense of the comic is brought from a deeper region of the heart; but there are none more laughter-provoking. The helplessness of Falstaff without his horse is in itself a humorous situation; but how doubly rich does the humour become by the contrast of his nimbleness of mind with his heaviness of body! His soliloquies are always rich, but they are especially so in connection with the odd situations out of which they grow. Here his own sense of the ludicrousness of his position carries off the ill-humour which he feels at those who have placed him in it. "Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down?" And then how characteristic is his abuse of his tormentors: "An I have not ballads made upon you all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison." In the very act of the robbery Falstaff's habit of laughing at himself is as predominant as when he is making fun for the prince: "Hang ye, *gorbellied* knaves; are ye undone? No, ye *fat* chuffs; I would your store were here! On, *bacons*, on! What, ye knaves, *young men* must live." The robbery is complete. "The thieves have bound the true men." The prince and Poin rob the thieves:—

"Each takes his fellow for an officer."

The question here arises whether Falstaff, thus discomfited, was meant by Shakspeare for a coward. A long essay, and a very able one, has been written to prove that Falstaff was not a coward.* This essay, which was originally published in 1777, is, considering the time at which it appeared, a remarkable specimen of genial criticism upon Shakspeare. The author then stood almost alone in the endeavour to understand the poet in his admiration of him. It would be beside our purpose to furnish any analysis of this essay; and indeed this one disputed point of Falstaff's character is made to assume a disproportionate importance by being the subject of an elaborate defence. Mackenzie, in the "*Lounger*," appears to us to have put the point very neatly: "Though I will not go so far as a paradoxical critic has done, and ascribe valour to Falstaff; yet, if his cowardice is fairly examined, it will be found to be not so much a weakness as a principle. In his very cowardice there is much of the sagacity I have remarked in him; he has the sense of danger, but not the discomposure of fear."

The interval between the double robbery and the fun which is to result from it, carries us back to Hotspur. We are admitted to a glimpse of the dangers which begin to surround him: the falling off of friends,—the confidence that rises over difficulties, even to the point of rashness. But we have a new interest in Hotspur. He has a wife,—one of those women that Shakspeare only has painted;—timid, restless, affectionate, playful, submissive,—a lovely woodbine hanging on the mighty oak. The indifference of Hotspur to every thought but the one dominant idea is beautifully wrought out in this little scene; and the whole carries on the action unobtrusively, but decidedly: it has the combined beauty of repose and movement. To those who cannot see the connection of the action, in Hotspur and his wife at Warkworth and the prince and Falstaff at Eastcheap, we would commend M. Paul Duport.

Shakspeare has opened to us a secret in the scene between the prince and the Drawer. "This scene," says Johnson, "helped by the distraction of the Drawer and the grimaces of the prince, may entertain upon the stage, but affords not much delight to the reader. The author has judiciously made it short." The scene, as we apprehend, was introduced by Shakspeare to show the quality of the prince's wit when unsustained by that of Falstaff. The prince goes to this boy-play with the Drawer, "to drive away the time till Falstaff come." With Poin, who is a cold, gentlemanly hanger-on, the prince has no exuberance; he is playful, smart, voluble, but not witty. Falstaff is necessary to him, to call out the higher qualities of his intellect. He fancies that he is laughing at Falstaff; while, in truth, the sagacity, the readiness, the presence of mind, the covert sarcasm, the unrestrained impudence, and the crowning wit of that extraordinary humorist, at once rouse the prince's mind into a state of activity which in itself would be pleasurable, but is doubly fascinating in connection with the self-complacency which tells him that the man who thus stimulates him has a thousand prominent points to be ridiculed, and that the subject of the ridicule will be the first to enjoy the jest. It would be vain for us to attempt any dissection of the great scene which follows. We would, however, observe that, to our minds, "the incomprehensible lies" which Falstaff tells,—the "two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack,"—the "two rogues in buckram suits,"—the four, the seven, the nine, the eleven,—the "three misbegotten knaves in Kendal green,"—are lies that are intended to be received as lies,—an incoherent exaggeration for the purpose of drawing out the real facts. The unconquerable good humour and elation of spirit which Falstaff displays throughout the whole scene, show as if he had a glimpse or a shrewd suspicion of the truth. But in the midst of the revelry, the "villainous news abroad" penetrates even to the Boar's Head. Yet the fun never stops; and Falstaff is desirous to "play out the play," even when the sheriff is at the door. When the sheriff demands the "gross fat man," whom the "hue and cry hath followed," the prince replies—

* An Essay on the Dramatic Character of Sir John Falstaff. By Maurice Morgann, Esq.

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTICE.

"The man, I do assure you, is not here."

Falstaff was behind the arras. We do not go along with Steevens, who says, "Every reader must regret that Shakspeare *would not give himself the trouble* to furnish Prince Henry with some more pardonable excuse; without obliging him to have recourse to an absolute falsehood, and that too uttered under the sanction of so strong an assurance." We do not agree with Steevens, because, in our belief, it was Shakspeare's intention to show that the prince could not come out of these scenes without a moral contamination. The lie was an inevitable consequence of the participation in the robbery. The money might be restored, but the accomplice must be protected.

Is it by accident that we are now to pass from the region of the highest wit into the region of the highest poetry? Brilliant as the scenes at the Boar's Head are, they leave an unsatisfactory impression upon the moral sense; and they are meant to do so. The character of Falstaff is essentially anti-poetical. It may appear a truism to say this; and yet he has fancy enough for a large component part of a poet. His wit is for the most part a succession of images; but his imagination sees only the ludicrous aspect of things, and thus the images are all of the earth—they cannot go out of our finite nature. Thus it is that when in company with Falstaff the prince exhibits no one particle of that enthusiasm which goes to form the chivalrous portion of his after character. Up to this point, then, his nature appears essentially less elevated than the natures of his enemies. Hotspur is a being of lofty passions—Glendower one of wild and mysterious imaginations. How singularly are their characters developed in the scenes at Bangor! The solemn credulity of the reputed magician,—the sarcastic unbelief of the impatient warrior,—are equally indications of men in earnest. Harry of Monmouth up to this time has been playing a part. Excellently as he has played it, he was still only the second actor; for Falstaff beats him out and out, through the rich geniality of his temperament. Falstaff at this time approaches much nearer to the earnestness of Glendower than Harry does to the exaltation of Hotspur. When Falstaff exclaims, "Banish plump Jack, and banish all the world," we feel that he is as sincere as when Glendower says—

"I say, the earth did shake when I was born."

But the poetical elevation of the scenes at Bangor is a fit introduction also to the new situation in which we shall see the prince. It is skilfully interposed between the revels at the Boar's Head and the penitential interview of Henry with his father. The players, discarding this poetical scene, allow us no resting-place between the debauch and the repentance. In the "private conference" between Henry IV. and his son, the character of Bolingbroke is sustained with what we may truly call historical accuracy. The solemn dignity of the offended father, displaying itself in the very structure of the verse—

"I know not whether God will have it so,
For some displeasing service I have done,
That in his secret doom, out of my blood
He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me :"—

the calm and calculating prudence with which the king runs over the successful passages of his own history—the example that he holds up to his son's ambition, of Percy, who

"—doth fill fields with harness in the realm :"—

the striking picture of the dangers with which his throne is surrounded—and the final most bitter reproof—

"Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my near'st and dearest enemy ?"—

all this exhibits the masterly politician, but it does not show us the deep passion of the father; nor does it hold up to the prince the highest motives for a change of life. The answer of the prince partakes somewhat of his father's policy. He is not moved to any deep and agonizing remorse; he extenuates the offences that are laid to his charge; his ambition, indeed, is roused, and he proposes to "salve the long grown wounds" of his "intemperance" by redeem-

ing "all on Percy's head." The king is more than satisfied. The change of character of the prince was in progress, but not in completion. It was for the old chroniclers to talk of his miraculous conversion; it was for Shakspeare to show the gradations of its course.

The character of Falstaff is developing; but it is not improving. His sensuality puts on a grosser aspect when he is alone with Bardolph his satellite. We see, too, that if his vocation be not absolutely to "taking purses," his principles do not stand in the way of his success. When the Hostess asks him for money that he owes, he insults her. When the prince tells him he is good friends with his father, "rob me the exchequer the first thing thou doest," is the inopportune answer. The prince replies not. He is evidently in a more sober vein. Falstaff, however, has "a charge of foot;" and the alacrity which he shows is quite evidence enough that Shakspeare had no intention to make him a constitutional coward. The prince and he are going to the same battle-field. They may exchange a passing jest or two, but the ties of intimate connection between them seem somewhat loosened. The higher portions of the prince's nature are expanding;—the grosser qualities of Falstaff are coming more and more into view. Shakspeare seldom attempts to add anything, by the descriptions of others, to the power which his characters have of developing themselves; but in this case it was necessary to present a distinct image to the spectator of the altered Harry of the Boar's Head, before he came himself upon another scene. The description of Vernon—

"I saw young Harry,—with his beaver on,
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,—
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,
And vaulted with such ease into his seat
As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
And witch the world with noble horsemanship :"—

this fine description is the preparation for the gallant bearing of the prince in the fifth act.

The historical action of the First Part of Henry IV. is the first insurrection of the Percies, which was put down by the battle of Shrewsbury. These events are the inevitable consequence of the circumstances which attended the deposition of Richard II. Bolingbroke mounted the throne by the treachery of Richard's friends; his partisans were too great to remain merely partisans :—

"King Richard might create a perfect guess,
That great Northumberland, then false to him,
Would, of that seed, grow to a greater falseness."

The struggles for power which followed the destruction of the legitimate power have been here painted by Shakspeare with that marvellous impartiality of which we have already spoken in the notice upon Richard II. Our sympathies would be almost wholly with Hotspur and his friends had not the poet raised up a new interest in the chivalrous bearing of Henry of Monmouth, to balance the noble character of the young Percy. The prudence and moderation of the king, accompanied, too, with high courage, still further divide the interest; and the guilt of Worcester, in falsifying the issue of his mission, completes this division, and carries out the great political purpose of the poet, which was to show how, if a nation's internal peace be once broken, the prosperity and happiness of millions are put at the mercy of the weakness and the wickedness of the higher agents, who call themselves the interpreters of a nation's voice. Personal fear and personal ambition are, in all such cases, substituted for the public principles upon which the leaders on either side profess to act. Shakspeare shows us in these scenes the hollowness of all motives but those which result from high principles or impulses. Rash, proud, ambitious, prodigal of blood, as Hotspur is, we feel that there is not an atom of meanness in *his* composition, and that his ambition is even virtue under a system of opinion that makes "the hero" out of those qualities which have inflicted most suffering upon humanity. When he exclaims—

“ Let them come ;
They come like sacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-eyed maid of smoky war,
All hot, and bleeding, will we offer them :
The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit,
Up to the ears in blood ! ”—

our spirit is moved “ as with a trumpet.” He would carry us away with him, were it not for the milder courage of young Harry—the courage of principle and of mercy. Frank, liberal, prudent, gentle, but yet brave as Hotspur himself, the prince shows us that, even in his wildest excesses, he has drunk deeply of the fountains of truth and wisdom. The wisdom of the king is that of a cold and subtle politician ; Hotspur seems to stand out from his followers as the haughty feudal lord, too proud to have listened to any teacher but his own will ; but the prince, in casting away the dignity of his station to commune freely with his fellow-men, has attained that strength which is above all conventional power ; his virtues as well as his frailties belong to our common humanity—the virtues capable, therefore, of the highest elevation—the frailties not pampered into crimes by the artificial incentives of social position. His challenge to Hotspur exhibits all the attributes of the gentleman as well as the hero—mercy, sincerity, modesty, courage :—

“ In both our armies there is many a soul
Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,
If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,
The prince of Wales doth join with all the world
In praise of Henry Percy : By my hopes,—
This present enterprise set off his head,—
I do not think a braver gentleman,
More active-valiant, or more valiant-young,
More daring, or more bold, is now alive,
To grace this latter age with noble deeds.
For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
I have a truant been to chivalry ;
And so, I hear, he doth account me too :
Yet this before my father’s majesty,—
I am content that he shall take the odds
Of his great name and estimation ;
And will, to save the blood on either side,
Try fortune with him in a single fight.”

Could the prince have reached this height amidst the cold formalities of his father’s court ? We think that Shakspeare meant distinctly to show that Henry of Monmouth, when he “ sounded the very base-string of humility,” gathered out of his dangerous experience that spirit of sympathy with human actions and motives from which a sovereign is almost necessarily excluded ; and thus the prince himself believes that “ in everything the purpose must weigh with the folly.” In the march from Harfleur to Agincourt, the Henry V. of Shakspeare says, “ When lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom the gentler gamester is the soonest winner.” Where did he learn this ? Was it in the same school where his brother, John of Lancaster, learnt the cold treachery which the poet and the historian have both exhibited in his conduct to Scroop, and Mowbray, and Hastings ? Henry of Monmouth, when he supposes Falstaff dead, drops a tear over him :—

“ What ! old acquaintance ! could not all this flesh
Keep in a little life ? Poor Jack, farewell !
I could have better spared a better man.
O, I should have a heavy miss of thee,
If I were much in love with vanity.”

Henry here shows the restraint which he had really put upon himself in his wildest levities ; but he feels as a man the supposed loss of his “ old acquaintance : ” John of Lancaster, on the other hand, has no frailties, but he has no sympathies. Falstaff hits off his character in a word or two : “ a man cannot make him laugh.”

Thus far have we shown the unity of purpose with which Shakspeare, in tracing the course of the civil troubles which followed the usurpation of Henry IV., has exhibited the process by which the character of Henry V. was established. The “ mad-wag ” of Gads-hill is the hero of the field of Shrewsbury :—

“ Thou hast redeem’d thy lost opinion.”

The Percy lies at his feet. He looks upon his adversary dead, with

the same gentle and chivalrous spirit as he manifested towards him living :—

“ Fare thee well, great heart ! ”

It is in the same spirit that he deals with “ the noble Scot : ”—

“ Go to the Douglas, and deliver him
Up to his pleasure, ransomless, and free :
His valour, shown upon our crests to-day,
Hath shown us how to cherish such high deeds
Even in the bosom of our adversaries.”

The *Second Part* of this drama is bound up with the first, through the most skilful management of the poet. Each part was, of course, acted as a distinct play in Shakspeare’s time. In our own day, the *Second Part* is very seldom produced ; but when it is, the players destroy the connecting-link, by suppressing one of the finest scenes which Shakspeare ever wrote—the scene between Northumberland, Lord Bardolph, and Morton, at Warkworth Castle. Colley Cibber, however, wrenched the scene out of its place ; and cutting it up into a dozen bits, stuck it here and there throughout his alteration of *Richard III.* Many false Cremonas are thus manufactured out of one real one ; and the musical dupe is contented with the neck, or the sounding-board, of the true fiddle, while the knave who has broken it up has destroyed the one thing which constituted its highest value—the perfect adaptation of all its parts. Let this outrage upon Shakspeare, however, pass. We live in a time when it cannot be repeated. The connecting scene between the *First* and *Second Part* brings us back to the Northumberland of *Richard II.* We have scarcely seen him in the *First Part* of *Henry IV.*, but here we are made to feel that the retribution which awaited his treacherous and selfish actions has arrived. He betrayed Richard to Bolingbroke—he insulted the unhappy king in his hour of misery—he incited his son and his brother to revolt from Henry, and then deserted them in their need. We feel, then, that the misery which produces his “ strained passion ” is a just visitation :—

“ 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 ! ”

His cold and selfish policy destroyed his son at Shrewsbury, and he endures to be reproached for it by that son’s widow :—

“ 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.”

He again yields to his own fears, even more than to the entreaties of his wife and daughter, and once more waits for “ time and vantage.” His eventual fall, therefore, moves no pity ; and we feel that the poet properly dismisses him and his fate in three lines :—

“ The earl Northumberland, and the lord Bardolph,
With a great power of English and of Scots,
Are by the sheriff of Yorkshire overthrown.”

The conspirators against Henry IV., who are now upon the scene, are far less interesting than those of the former part. We have no character that can at all compare with Hotspur, or Glendower, or Douglas. Hastings has, indeed, the rashness of Hotspur, but without his fire and brilliancy ; the Archbishop is dignified and sententious ; Lord Bardolph sensible and prudent. Neither the characters nor the incidents afford any scope for the highest poetry. The finest thing in the scenes where the conspirators appear is the speech of the Archbishop :—

“ An habitation giddy and unsure
Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.”

To the conspirators are opposed John of Lancaster and Westmoreland. In the scene where these leaders (fitting representatives,

indeed, of the cruel and treacherous times which we call the days of chivalry) tempt Hastings, and Mowbray, and the Archbishop, to disband their forces, and then arrest them for treason, Shakspeare has contrived to make us hate the act and the actors with an intensity which is the natural result of his *dramatic* power. Johnson, however, says, "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." Malone agrees in this complaint:—"Shakspeare, here, as in many other places, has merely followed the historians, who related this perfidious act without animadversion. But there is certainly no excuse; for it is the duty of a poet always to take the side of virtue." Holinshed, in a marginal note, describes this treachery as "the subtill policie of the earle of Westmerland." Now, we quite admit that it was the duty of the historian to call this "subtill policie" by some much harder name; but we utterly deny that it was the duty of the poet to introduce a fine declamation about virtue and honour, such as Johnson himself would have introduced,

"To please the boys, and be a theme at school."

Shakspeare has made it perfectly evident that the treachery by which the Archbishop and his friends were sacrificed was deliberately arranged by Prince John and Westmoreland. When the young general is becoming violent with Hastings, Westmoreland most artfully reminds him that all this is waste of time,—that they have something in store more effective than reproaches:—

"Pleaseth your grace, to answer them directly,
How far-forth you do like their articles?"

The crafty prince answers to his cue without hesitation:—

"I like them all, and do allow them well;"

and he follows up the promise of redress by—

"here, between the armies,
Let's drink together friendly, and embrace."

To this duplicity are opposed the frankness of Hastings and the wisdom of the Archbishop:—

A peace is of the nature of a conquest;
For then both parties nobly are subdued,
And neither party loser."

In full contrast to the confiding honesty of these men stands out the dirty equivocation of Prince John:—

"Arch. Will you thus break your faith?
Prince John. I pawn'd thee none:
I promis'd you redress of these same grievances
Whereof you did complain."

Is there anything more wanting to make us detest "this horrid violation of faith?" One thing, which the poet has given us,—the cruelty which follows the perfidy:—

"Strike up our drums, pursue the scatter'd stray."

To our minds, after this *dramatic* picture, we can well dispense with any *didactic* explanations. The simple question of Mowbray (which is evaded)—

"Is this proceeding just and honourable?"—

is quite enough to show the dullest that the poet did "take the side of virtue."

The scene, in the first act of the Second Part, between Falstaff and the Lord Chief Justice, takes us back to the field of Shrewsbury:—

"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."

We have seen Falstaff, in his progress to that battle-field, an unscrupulous extortioner, degrading his public authority by making it the instrument for his private purposes: "I have misused the

king's press damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds." We have seen his deportment in the battle: "I have led my ragamuffins where they are peppered:"—this is not cowardice. We have seen him in the heat of the fight jesting and dallying with his bottle of sack:—this is not cowardice. Himself is his best expositor: "I like not such grinning honour as Sir Walter hath: Give me life: which if I can save, so; if not, honour comes unlooked for, and there's an end." Again: "The better part of valour is discretion; in the which better part, I have saved my life." What is this but the absence of that higher quality of the mind, be it a principle or a feeling, which constitutes the heroic character,—the poetry of action? We find the absence of this quality in Iago as well as in Falstaff. Look at his reply to Cassio's lament: "I have lost the immortal part, sir, of myself, and what remains is bestial.—My reputation, Iago, my reputation." "As I am an honest man, I thought you had received some bodily wound; there is more offence in that, than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and most false imposition." This is perfectly equivalent to Falstaff's "Can honour set to a leg? Honour is a mere scutcheon." Falstaff's assault, too, upon the dead Percy is exactly in the same spirit, and so are the lie and the boast which follow the exploit: "I'll take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh: if the man were alive, and would deny it, I would make him eat a piece of my sword." Shakspeare has drawn a liar, a braggart, and a coward in Parolles.* He has also in the play before us, and in Henry V., given us Pistol, a braggart and a coward. But how essentially different are both these characters from Falstaff! And yet Johnson, with a singular want of discrimination in one who relished Falstaff so highly, says "Parolles has many of the lineaments of Falstaff." Helena, in *All's Well that Ends Well*, thus truly describes Parolles:—

"I know him a notorious liar,
Think him a great way fool, solely a coward."

Parolles is a braggadocio who puts himself into a difficulty by undertaking an adventure for which he has not the requisite courage, and then in his double cowardice endeavours to lie himself out of the scrape. How entirely different is this from Falstaff! He volunteers no prodigious feat from which he shrinks. He exercises his accustomed sagacity to make the most of his situation by the side of the dead Percy: "Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me;"—and when the lie is told, "We rose both at an instant, and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock," it is precisely of the same character as the "incomprehensible lies" about the men in buckram—something that the utterer and the hearers cannot exactly distinguish for jest or earnest. The prince thus receives the story:—

"This is the strangest fellow, brother John."

Again, look at Pistol swallowing the leek in Henry V., and Pistol kicked down-stairs by Falstaff in this play,—and note the difference between "a counterfeit cowardly knave" and Falstaff. The truth is, all these generalities about Falstaff, and false comparisons arising out of the generalities, are popular mistakes too hastily received into criticism. There is infinitely more truth in Mackenzie's parallel between Falstaff and Richard III. than in Johnson's comparison of Falstaff with Parolles. "Both," says Mackenzie, "are men of the world; both possess that sagacity and understanding which is fitted for its purposes; both despise those refined feelings, those motives of delicacy, those restraints of virtue, which might obstruct the course they have marked out for themselves. Both use the weaknesses of others, as skilful players at a game to the ignorance of their opponents; they enjoy the advantage, not only without self-reproach, but with the pride of superiority. Indeed, so much does Richard in the higher walk of villainy resemble Falstaff in the lower region of roguery and dissipation, that it were not difficult to show, in the dialogue of the two characters, however dissimilar in situation, many passages and expressions in a style of remarkable resemblance."†

* *All's Well that Ends Well*.

† *Lounger*, No. 69.

Mackenzie has given us no example of the remarkable resemblance of passages and expressions; and, indeed, after a careful comparison, we doubt whether such resemblances of "expression" do exist. But what is more to the purpose, and more in confirmation of Mackenzie's theory, Falstaff and Richard, throughout their career, display the same "alacrity of spirit," the same "cheer of mind," the same readiness in meeting difficulties, the same determination to surmount them. One parallel, and that a very remarkable one, will sufficiently illustrate this. The first scene between the Lord Chief Justice and Falstaff,—that scene of matchless impudence and self-reliance,—and the scene where Richard evades Buckingham's claim to the earldom of Hereford, are as similar as the difference of circumstances will allow them to be. We give the parallel passages:—

FALSTAFF.

Ch. Just. Sir John Falstaff, a word with you.

Fal. My good lord!—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 saltness 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. If it please your lordship, I hear his majesty is returned 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, a 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.

RICHARD III.

Buck. My lord, I claim the gift, my due by promise, For which your honour and your faith is pawn'd; The earldom of Hereford, and the moveables, Which you have promised I shall possess.

K. Rich. Stanley, look to your wife; if she convey Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.

Buck. What says your highness to my just request?

K. Rich. I do remember me,—Henry the Sixth Did prophesy, that Richmond should be king, When Richmond was a little peevish boy. A king!—perhaps—

Buck. My lord,—

K. Rich. How chance, the prophet could not at that time, Have told me, I being by, that I should kill him?

Buck. My lord, your promise for the earldom,—

K. Rich. Richmond!—When last I was at Exeter, The mayor in courtesy show'd me the castle, And called it Rouge-mont: at which name I started; Because a bard of Ireland told me once I should not live long after I saw Richmond.

Buck. My lord,—

K. Rich. Ay, what's o'clock?

Buck. I am thus bold to put your grace in mind Of what you promised me.

K. Rich. Well, but what's o'clock?

Buck. Upon the stroke of ten.

K. Rich. Well, let it strike.

Falstaff, again, not unfrequently reminds us of Iago. We have already noticed this resemblance in one particular. The humorous rogue and the sarcastic villain are equally unscrupulous in their attacks upon the property of others. Falstaff making the Hostess withdraw the action, and lend him more money, and Iago's advice to Roderigo, "put money in thy purse," supply an obvious example. Falstaff, in his schemes upon Justice Shallow, hugs himself in the very philosophy of roguery: "If the young dace be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason in the law of nature, but I may snap at him." Iago thinks it would be a disgrace to his own intellectual superiority if he did not plunder his dupe:—

"Thus do I ever make my fool my purse:
For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane,
If I would time expend with such a snipe,
But for my sport and profit."

Falstaff, however, is not all knave, as Richard and Iago are each all

villain. Richard and Iago are creatures of antipathies; Falstaff is a creature of sympathies. There is something genial even in his knavery. With Dame Quickly and Doll, with Bardolph and the Page, his good humour is irresistible: his followers evidently love him. The Hostess speaks their thoughts:—"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." He extracts Shallow's money from his purse as much by his sociality as his cunning. Even the grave Lord Chief Justice is half moved to laugh at him and with him. We have already spoken of the fascination which he exercised over the mind of the prince; and even when Harry is in many respects a changed man—when he has shown us the heroic side of his character, we still learn that he has been "so much engrafted to Falstaff." The dominion which he exercised over all his associates he exercises over every reader of Shakspeare. We are never weary of him; we can never hate him; we doubt if we can despise him; we are half angry with the prince for casting him off; we are quite sure that there was no occasion to send him to the Fleet; when we hear, in Henry V., that the "king has killed his heart," we are certain that with all his selfishness there were many kind and loving feelings about that heart, which neglect and desertion would deeply touch; and when at last we see him, in poor Dame Quickly's description of his death-bed, "fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' ends," we involuntarily exclaim, "Poor Jack, farewell!"

We must now recall the attention of our readers to the principle with which we set out,—that the great dramatic action of these plays is the change of character in the Prince of Wales. In the First Part we have seen his levities cast away, when his ambition called upon him to answer the reproofs of his father by heroic actions:—

"And in the closing of some glorious day,
Be bold to tell you that I am your son."

Years pass on after the battle of Shrewsbury; and the prince has not entirely cast aside his habits. The duty of meeting the insurrection under Scroop is not committed to him. We find him in London, playing the fool with the time, but yet "sad," looking forward to higher things: "let the end try the man." His sense of duty is, however, roused into instant action at the news from the north:—

"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."

The prince and Falstaff never again meet in fellowship. Falstaff goes to the wars; and he throws a spirit into those scenes of treachery and bloodshed, which we look for in vain amidst the policy of Westmoreland and the solemnity of John of Lancaster. In Falstaff and his recruits we see the under-current of all warfare—the things of common life that are mixed up with great and fearful events—the ludicrous by the side of the tragic. The scene of Falstaff choosing his recruits—the corruption of Bardolph—the defence of that corruption by his most impudent captain—the amazement of the justices,—the different tempers with which the recruits meet their lot,—furnish altogether one of the richest realities of this unequalled drama. We here see how war, and especially civil war, presses upon the comforts even of the lowliest: "my old dame will be undone now for one to do her husbandry." Is he who won the crown by civil tumult, and who wears it uneasily as the consequence of his usurpation—is he happier than the peasant who is dragged from his hut to fight in a cause which he neither cares for nor understands? Beautifully has Shakspeare shown us what happiness Bolingbroke gained by the deposition of Richard:—

"How many thousand of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep!—O sleep, O gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?"

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTICE.

Henry is a politic and wise king ; but he is a melancholy man. The conduct of the prince still lies heavy at his heart, and his grief

“ Stretches itself beyond the hour of death,”

in dread of the “ rotten times ” that would ensue when the prince’s riot hath no curb. The king, too, is “ much ill : ”—

“ 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.”

We are approaching that final scene when the reformation of the prince is to be fully accomplished in the spectacle of his father’s death-bed. The king has swooned. The prince enters gaily—

“ How now ! rain within doors, and none abroad !
How doth the king ? ”

But his gaiety is presently subdued,—

“ I will sit and watch here by the king.

The French critic (a very unfit representative of the present state of opinion in France as to the merits of Shakspeare) gives us the following most egregious description of the scene which follows :—“ The king wakes. He calls out—misses his crown—commands the prince to come to him—and overwhelms him with reproaches for that impatience to seize upon his inheritance, which will not wait even till his father’s body is cold. Henry, *with an hypocrisy worse than the action which he would defend*, pretends only to have taken away the crown through indignation that it had shortened the days of his father ! ” This is to read poetry in a literal spirit. We commend the fourth scene of the fourth act (Part II.) to our readers, without another remark that may weaken the force of M. Paul Duport’s objections.

Through that great trial which has for awhile softened and purified the hearts of most men—the death of a father—has Henry passed. But he has also put on the state of a king. He has done so amidst the remembrances and fears of his brothers and advisers :—

“ You all look strangely on me.”

The scene with the Lord Chief Justice ensues—written with all Shakspeare’s rhetorical power. Henry has solemnly taken up his position :—

“ The tide of blood in me
Hath proudly flow’d in vanity till now :
Now doth it turn, and ebb back to the sea.”

It is in this solemn assurance, publicly made upon the first occasion of meeting his subjects, that we must rest the absolute and inevitable necessity of Henry’s harshness to Falstaff. The poet has most skilfully contrived to bring out the worst parts of Falstaff’s character, when he learns the death of Henry IV.—his presumption—his rapacity—his evil determinations : “ 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.” When he plants himself in the way of the coronation procession to “ leer ” upon the king—when he exclaims, “ God save thy grace, king Hal,”—Henry was compelled to assert his consistency by his severity. Warburton has truly observed that in his homily to Falstaff, Henry makes a trip, and is sliding into his old habit of laughing at Falstaff’s bulk :—

“ Know, the grave doth gape
For thee thrice wider than for other men.”

He saw the rising smile and the smothered retort upon Falstaff’s lip, and he checks him with—

“ Reply not to me with a fool-born jest ;
Presume not that I am the thing I was.”

The very struggle, in this moment of trial, which the king had between his old habits and affections, and his new duties, demands this harshness. We understand from Prince John, that though Falstaff is taken to the Fleet, he is not to be utterly deserted

‘ He hath intent his wonted followers
Shall all be very well provided for ;
But all are banish’d till their conversations
Appear more wise and modest to the world.”

The dramatic action is complete. Henry of Monmouth has passed through the dangerous trial of learning the great lessons of humanity amidst men with whom his follies made him an equal. The stains of this contact were on the surface. His heart was first elevated by ambition—then purified by sorrow—and so

“ Consideration like an angel came,
And whipp’d th’ offending Adam out of him.”

KING HENRY V.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

STATE OF THE TEXT, AND CHRONOLOGY, OF KING HENRY V.

HENRY V. was first printed in 1600, under the following title :—
“The Chronicle History of Henry the Fift, with his battell fought at Agin Court in France. Together with auntient Pistoll. As it hath bene sundry times played by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his Servants. London printed by Thomas Creede for Thomas Millington and John Busby.” This copy, which differs most materially from the text of the folio, was reprinted in 1602, and again in 1608.

We have pointed out, in our foot-notes, the more important additions which the folio copy contains, as compared with the quartos. The reprint of the quarto of 1608, in Steevens's collection of twenty plays, runs only to 1,800 lines; whilst the lines in the folio edition amount to 3,500. Not only is the play thus augmented by the additions of the choruses and new scenes, but there is scarcely a speech, from the first scene to the last, which is not elaborated. In this elaboration the old materials are very carefully used up; but they are so thoroughly refitted and dovetailed with what is new, that the operation can only be compared to the work of a skilful architect, who, having an ancient mansion to enlarge and beautify, with a strict regard to its original character, preserves every feature of the structure, under other combinations, with such marvellous skill, that no unity of principle is violated, and the whole has the effect of a restoration in which the new and the old are undistinguishable. Unless we were to reprint the original copy, page by page, with the present text, it would be impossible to convey a satisfactory notion of the exceeding care with which this play has been recast. The alterations are so manifestly those of the author working upon his first sketch, that we are utterly at a loss to conceive upon what principle some of our editorial predecessors have reconciled the differences upon the easy theory of a surreptitious copy. Malone, for example, says “The fair inference to be drawn from the imperfect and mutilated copies of this play, published in 1600, 1602, and 1608, is, not that the whole play, as we now have it, did not then exist, but that those copies were surreptitious; and that the editor in 1600, not being able to publish the whole, published what he could.” Again, Malone says “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.” Now, to our minds, the choruses and all the other passages not found in the quarto prove precisely the contrary. The theory of Steevens as to the cause of the difference of the two copies is this :—“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 second and more ample edition (in the folio, 1623), may be that which regularly belonged to the play-house.” Admitting this theory to be correct (and it is certainly neither improbable nor impossible), why, we would ask, could not we have had from the copy of the amanuensis, or the recitation of the actor, something of the choruses, however mutilated and imperfect? But of these the quarto copies present us not a line. Why not, also, the first

scene between the two bishops; the scene between Macmorris and Jamy; the speech of Henry before Harfleur; and his solemn address after the interview with the soldiers,—of which the quartos present us not a line? It would have been quite as easy for the bookseller's man to have taken down, or the player at the tavern to have recited, these parts of the play, as well as those which the quartos do present to us. Why, upon such a theory, was the editor not able to publish the whole, and published only what he could?

A passage in the chorus to the fifth act proves, beyond doubt, that the choruses formed a part of the performance in 1599; but it does not prove that there was not an earlier performance without the choruses. The first quarto was printed in 1600, after the choruses were brought upon the stage; but because they are not found in that first quarto, it is asserted that the copy from which that edition was printed was “not a first draught or hasty sketch.” Malone and Steevens appear to us to have fallen into the mistake that a copy could not, at one and the same time, be a piracy and a sketch. According to their theory, if it is procured by fraud it must be an “imperfect transcript.” Is it not much more easy to believe that, after a play had been thoroughly remodelled, the original sketch which existed in some playhouse copy might be printed without authority, and continue so to be printed, rather than that an imperfect transcript should be printed, and continue to be printed, in which the most striking and characteristic passages of the play were omitted? But the question of “imperfect transcript” or “hasty sketch” may, to our minds, be at once disposed of by internal evidence. We have, therefore, given in our foot-notes various passages from the quarto of 1608, which our readers may compare with the parallel passages as we print them from the text of the folio.

Our belief then is, that the original quarto of 1600 was printed after the play had appeared in its amended and corrected form, such as we have received it from the folio of 1623; but that this quarto and the subsequent quartos were copies of a much shorter play, which had been previously produced, and, perhaps, hastily written for some temporary occasion. We further believe that the text of these quartos was surreptitiously obtained from the early playhouse copy, and continued through three editions to be palmed upon the public—the author and his co-proprietors in the Globe Theatre not choosing, as we shall subsequently show, that the amended copy should be published.

The single passage in the play which furnishes any evidence as to its date is found in the chorus of the fifth act :—

“Were now the general of our gracious empress
(As, in good time, he may,) from Ireland coming,
Bringing rebellion broached on his sword,
How many would the peaceful city quit,
To welcome him?”

The allusion cannot be mistaken. “About the end of March” (1599), says Camden, “the Earl of Essex set forward for Ireland, and was accompanied out of London with a fine appearance of nobility, and gentry, and the most cheerful huzzas of the common people.” Essex returned to London on the 28th of September of the same year. This play, then, *with the choruses*, must have been performed in the summer of 1599. Without the choruses there is nothing to show that it might not have been performed earlier.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

Francis Meres, however, does not mention it in his list of 1598. We know from the epilogue to the Second Part of Henry IV. that Henry V. followed that play; and we consider that as it stands in the quartos, it was somewhat hastily written, that the pledge might be redeemed which was given in that epilogue,—“our humble author will continue the story.”

The old play of “The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth,” which we have fully noticed in the Introduction to Henry IV., presents us with the battle of Agincourt, and some scenes between Henry and Katharine; but, amongst the rude and undramatic dialogues of this play, we can find no passage which offers the slightest resemblance to Shakspeare, excepting the following:—

“*Henry V.* What castle is this, so neer adjoyning to our camp?
Herald. And it please your majestie,
 ’Tis call’d the Castle of Agincourt.
King. Well then, my lords of England,
 For the more honour of our Englishmen,
 I will that this be for ever call’d the battle of Agincourt.”

In the fifth act of Shakspeare’s play Katharine says to Henry, “Is it possible dat I should love the enemy of France?” In “The Famous Victories” she says, “How should I love thee, which is my father’s enemy?”

In calling attention to the variations between the text of the quarto editions of this play, and of the folio, it may be well for us here to express our opinion as to the question which must arise in this and in other cases, whether the quarto editions published before the folio of 1623 were issued with Shakspeare’s authority or sanction, either direct or delegated. We have taken some pains to investigate this subject with reference to all the plays (fifteen in number) published before the folio of 1623; and we have come to the conclusion that, with five exceptions, all these plays were published upon some distinct arrangement either with the author, or with the proprietors of the theatres to whom the copies were delivered by the author; and that, with these exceptions, the common belief that they were furnished clandestinely to the publishers by persons connected with the theatres, or published from a shorthand copy, has no foundation. The question involves some very interesting circumstances, and we therefore make no apology for discussing it at some length.

As a foundation for our inquiry we will present our readers with a tabular arrangement of all the plays published before the folio of 1623, according to the date of their publication, with the dates of their entries at Stationers’ Hall, and the names of the first publishers. In this statement we propose to omit all consideration of the doubtful plays of Pericles and Titus Andronicus, and of the Three Parts of Henry VI.

Name of Play published in Quarto.	Date of First Edition.	Date of entry at Stationers’ Hall.	Publishers’ Names.
1. Richard II.	1597	1597	Andrew Wise.
2. Richard III.	1597	1597	William Wise.
3. Romeo and Juliet	1597		(No publisher’s name.)
Ditto, “corrected and augmented”	1599		Cuthbert Burby.
4. Love’s Labour’s Lost	1598		Cuthbert Burby.
5. Henry IV., Part I.	1598	1597	Andrew Wise.
6. Henry IV., Part II.	1600	1600	Andrew Wise and Wm. Apsley.
7. Merchant of Venice	1600	1598	Thomas Heyes.
8. Midsummer Night’s Dream	1600	1600	Thomas Fisher.
9. Much Ado about Nothing	1600	1600	A. Wise and W. Apsley.
10. Henry V.	1600	1600	Thos. Millington & John Busby.
11. Merry Wives of Windsor	1602	1601	Arthur Johnson.
12. Hamlet	1603	1602	N. L. and John Trundell.
Ditto, “enlarged to almost as much again as it was”	1604	..	N. Landure.
13. Lear	1608	1607	Nat. Butter.
14. Troilus and Cressida	1609	1608	R. Bonian and H. Walley.
15. Othello	1622	1621	Thomas Walkley.

* We are indebted for several valuable suggestions connected with this inquiry to the late Mr. Thomas Rodd, who united to the most accurate professional knowledge as a bookseller, an intimate acquaintance with our early literature, and with that of the times of Shakspeare especially.

The editors of the first folio, in their preface, use these words: “Before, you were abused with *divers* stolen and surreptitious copies, maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealths of injurious impostors that exposed them.” It is necessary that we should examine to which of the fifteen plays published before the folio this strong charge applies. It has been thought to involve a sweeping condemnation of *all* the previous editions; but this is not so: it applies only to “*divers* stolen and surreptitious copies.” We believe that it does not apply to the first *nine* of the plays included in the list which we have just given. Upon the quarto editions of those plays, the text of the folio, with slight alterations, is unquestionably founded.† Verbal corrections, and in one or two cases additions and omissions, are found in the folio; but they are only such as an author, having his printed works before him during at least sixteen years, would naturally make. The most considerable additions are to the Second Part of Henry IV.—These nine plays do not furnish the slightest internal evidence of appearing to be printed from an imperfect copy. Further, in seven out of the nine cases, the proprietary interest of the original publishers of these plays never lapses. Andrew and William Wise, in connection with William Apsley, are the original publishers of Richard II., Richard III., the Two Parts of Henry IV., and Much Ado about Nothing; they, and their assign or partner, Matthew Law, print many editions of the historical plays, from 1597 to 1622; and then Apsley becomes a proprietor of the folio, to which his name is affixed as one of the publishers. Cuthbert Burby is the original publisher of the “augmented” Romeo and Juliet, and of Love’s Labour’s Lost; in 1607 he assigns his interest to John Smethwick: they publish several editions of Romeo and Juliet, from 1599 to 1609; and Smethwick finally becomes a proprietor also of the folio of 1623. With regard to The Merchant of Venice and Midsummer Night’s Dream, we cannot trace the proprietary interest of their original publishers down to the publication of the folio by any entries in the books of the Stationers’ Company.‡ Of each of these plays there were also editions in 1600, but none after—one of each bearing the name of a publisher, and the other of a printer, J. Roberts.

The tenth and eleventh plays on our list—Henry V. and The Merry Wives of Windsor—we have no doubt were piracies:—they distinctly belong to the class of “stolen and surreptitious copies.” We have already pointed out the vast additions which we find in the folio copy of *Henry V.*—all the choruses, the whole of the first scene of Act I., and some of the most spirited speeches. The entire play is indeed recast; and yet, although it is perfectly evident, from the allusion to Essex in the chorus to the fifth act, that the choruses were introduced in 1599, they appear not in the first edition of 1600, nor in the second of 1602, nor in the third of 1608. There can be no question, we think, that the original play of Henry V., as exhibited in these quartos, was a hasty sketch, afterwards worked up into the perfect form in which we now find it; that the piratical publishers had obtained a copy of that sketch, but that they were effectually prevented obtaining a copy with the additions and amendments. This play was entered at Stationers’ Hall, by Thomas Pavier, in 1600; was published in its imperfect state by Thomas Millington and John Busby in that year; and subsequently twice republished by Thomas Pavier. This Thomas Pavier published no other of Shakspeare’s plays; but it is remarkable that he published, as *Shakspeare’s*, “Sir John Oldcastle” and the Yorkshire tragedy; and he also published, in 1619, “The whole Contention between the two famous Houses, Lancaster and York”—as “written by William Shakespeare,”—but which edition does not contain our poet’s supposed improvements in the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI., which first appeared in the folio. *The Merry Wives of Windsor* stands precisely on the same ground. The first edition of Arthur Johnson in 1602, and a subsequent edition of 1619, present only the sketch

† We of course speak of the “corrected and augmented” edition of Romeo and Juliet.

‡ The books of the Stationers’ Company were examined by Steevens, and he transcribed and published all the entries which could bear upon the works of Shakspeare; but he made no deductions from the facts.

of the play as we now have it from the folio. The improvements and additions in this case are as numerous and important as in the Henry V. But they were never suffered to be published till they appeared in the folio. Busby, who appears as one of the publishers of the first Henry V., is the person who first enters The Merry Wives of Windsor at Stationers' Hall. He was probably the jackal who pointed out what was worth preying upon. We find him entering Lear in 1607—of which presently.

Hamlet differs from the two preceding instances, from a genuine copy having been brought out immediately after the appearance of what was most probably a piratical one. The unique first edition in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire (reprinted in 1825) is, like Henry V. and The Merry Wives of Windsor, a sketch as compared with the finished play. It was published by N. L. (Nicholas Ling) and John Trundell, in 1603; but in 1604 an edition was published by N. Landure, "newly imprinted and enlarged to almost as much againe as it was, according to the true and perfect coppie." This is the play, with very slight variations, as we now possess it; and this edition was reprinted four times in Shakspeare's life, having become the property of John Smethwick, who, as we have mentioned, became one of the publishers of the folio.

Lear was published by Nathaniel Butter in 1608, and in that year he produced three editions. It was in all likelihood piratical, and was probably suppressed, for no future edition appears till that of the folio, while *Hamlet*, and *Romeo and Juliet*, are constantly reprinted. Butter was undoubtedly not a publisher authorised by Shakspeare; for he printed, in 1605, "The London Prodigal"—one of the plays fraudulently ascribed to our poet. Butter's edition of *Lear* is, however, a correct one. He must have had a genuine copy.

Troilus and Cressida, published by R. Bonian and H. Walley, in 1609, though a genuine copy, is an *acknowledged* piracy.

Othello, published in 1622, is a genuine copy. It was probably authorised by the possessors of the copy after Shakspeare's death.

On the publication of the folio of 1623, the publishers of that collected edition entered in the books of the Stationers' Company their claim to "Mr. William Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies, so many of the said copies as are not formerly entered to other men," viz.:—

COMEDIES.	{	The Tempest.
		Two Gentlemen of Verona.
		Measure for Measure.
		Comedy of Errors.
		As You Like It.
		All's Well that Ends Well.
		Twelfth Night.
HISTORIES.	{	The Winter's Tale.
TRAGEDIES.	{	Third Part of Henry VI.
		Henry VIII.
		Coriolanus.
		Timon of Athens.
		Julius Cæsar.
	{	Macbeth.
		Antony and Cleopatra.
		Cymbeline.

In the above list of plays then unpublished, which should also have included *Taming of the Shrew* and *King John*, we have only three mentioned which were unquestionably written before 1603, the date of the publication of *Hamlet*, viz.—The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Comedy of Errors, and Henry VI., Part III. We would ask, then, is it not in the highest degree remarkable that of the plays which were written by Shakspeare after 1603, only two (*Lear*, and *Troilus and Cressida*) were published during his lifetime; while of all the undoubted plays written before 1603, only three (*Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Comedy of Errors*, *King John*) were not published? Could this be accident? Malone assigns as a reason for this remarkable circumstance that "if we suppose him to have written for the stage during a period of twenty years, those pieces which were produced in the latter part of that period were less likely to pass through the press in his lifetime, as the curiosity of the public had not been so long engaged by them as by his early compositions." This reasoning

is singularly erroneous. We see by the tabular list that not a single play was printed before 1597, although in 1598, according to Meres's list, Shakspeare had produced at least eleven plays;—that three were printed in 1597, two in 1598, five in 1600, only one in 1602, and only one in 1603. What does this circumstance show but that his reputation had become so great in 1600, that all the plays he had then written were published, except three; and that the public demand was so considerable that five distinct plays were published in one year? Further, nearly all these plays then first published were reprinted again and again before the poet's death. Of Richard II. there are four quarto editions; of Richard III., four; of *Romeo and Juliet*, four; of Henry IV., Part I., five; of Henry IV., Part II., two; of Henry V., three; of *The Merchant of Venice*, two; of *Midsummer Night's Dream*, two; of *The Merry Wives*, two; of *Hamlet*, five. Here was abundant encouragement to publish the more important plays which were written after 1603—the masterpieces of the great author. Why, then, were they not published? The preface to the "stolen" *Troilus and Cressida* gives the explanation. The copy of that play is acknowledged by the editor to have been obtained by some artifice. He says in his preface, "Thank fortune for the scape it hath made amongst you; since, by the *grand possessors'* wills, I believe you should have pray'd for them rather than been pray'd." It is difficult to understand this clearly; but we learn that the copy had an escape from some powerful possessors. It appears to us that these *possessors* were powerful enough to prevent a single copy of any one of the plays which Shakspeare produced in his "noon of fame," with the exception of *Troilus and Cressida*, and *Lear*, being printed till after his death; and that between his death in 1616, and the publication of the folio of 1623, they continued the exercise of their power, so as to allow only one edition of one play, which had not been printed in his lifetime (*Othello*), to appear. The clear deduction from this statement of facts is, that the original publication of the fourteen plays published in Shakspeare's lifetime was, with the exceptions we have pointed out, authorised by some power having the right to prevent the publication;—that after 1603 till the publication of the folio, that right was not infringed or conceded, except in three instances. Is it not clear that all this was the effect of arrangement; that up to 1603 the consent to publish was given;—and that after 1603, till 1623, it was withheld effectually, except in three solitary instances, one of which is an undoubted piracy? What are we to infer? Our belief is that the poet derived a profit from the publication of his works from 1597 till 1603; but that he then made an arrangement with the "grand possessors," the proprietors of the Globe Theatre (of which he himself was one of the chief proprietors), by which he relinquished this profit to give them an absolute monopoly in his later and most important productions.

COSTUME.

The civil costume of the reign of Henry V. seems to have differed in no very material degree from that of the reigns of Henry IV. and Richard II.

The illuminated MSS. and other authorities of this period present us with the same long and short gowns, each with extravagantly large sleeves, almost trailing on the ground, and scalloped at the edges. They are generally at this period, however, painted of a different colour from the body of the garment, and were probably separate articles of dress (as we find them in the next century), to be changed at pleasure. Chaperons with long tippets, tights, hose, and pointed shoes or half-boots.

For the dress of the sovereign himself we have but slender authority. His mutilated effigy in Westminster Abbey represents him in the dalmatic, cope, and mantle of royalty, differing only from those of preceding sovereigns in their lack of all ornaments or embroidery. An illuminated MS. in Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, has a representation of Henry seated on his throne (which is powdered with the letter S.), not in his robes, although crowned, but in a dress of the

time, with a curious girdle and collar. There are two or three portraits of Henry, on wood, in the royal and other collections, each bearing a suspicious likeness to the other, and neither authenticated, although from one of them Mr. Vertue copied the head engraved for the History of England, and which has been received as the likeness of Henry from that period.

From an anecdote in Monstrelet's Chronicles it would seem that one peculiarity of Henry's ordinary attire was, his attachment to the half-boots we have mentioned as in fashion at this time.

In the old English poem on the Siege of Rouen, A.D. 1418, Henry is described as dressed in black damask, with a peytrelle (poitral) of gold hanging about his neck, a rich collar, probably such as he is represented with in the illumination above mentioned, and which might very properly be called a "poitral," from its similarity to the ornamental piece of horse-furniture so named at this period.

A "pendaunte" is said also to have hung behind him down to the earth, "it was so long;" but whether the author meant by that any ornament of his dress, or a "pennon," or streamer, carried behind him, is not clear. In favour of the former supposition, however, we find that, a few years later (A.D. 1432), the Lord Mayor of London is described as wearing "a baldrick of gold about his neck, trailing down behind."

The great characteristic of this reign is the close-cropping of the hair round above the ears, in contradistinction to the fashion of the last century, and the equally close shaving of the chin—beards being worn only by aged personages, and moustaches but rarely, even by military men: the king is always represented without them.

Of the Dukes of Gloster and Bedford, and the Earl of Warwick, the representations that exist are of a later date.

Of the Duke of Exeter (Thomas Beaufort, son of John of Gaunt) and the Duke of York (the Aumerle of Richard II.), we know no representation.

In the armour of this period there are many and striking novelties. It was completely of plate. Even the camail, or chain neck-piece, was superseded or covered by the gorget, or hausse col of steel. A fine specimen of the armour of this time exists on the effigy of Michael de la Pole, Duke of Suffolk (who was killed at the siege of Harfleur), in Wingfield Church, Suffolk.

The jupon, with its military girdle, and the loose surcoat of arms, were both occasionally worn, and in many instances were furnished with long hanging sleeves, indented at the edges like those of the robes. Sometimes the sleeves only are seen with the armour; and it is then difficult to ascertain whether, in that case, the breast and back plates cover the rest of the garment, or whether they (the sleeves) are separate articles fastened to the shoulders. Cloaks, with scalloped edges, were also worn with armour at this period. Two circular or shield-shaped plates, called pallettes, were sometimes fastened in front by aiguillettes, so as to protect the armpits. St. Remy, a writer who was present at the battle of Agincourt, describes Henry, at break of day, hearing mass in all his armour, excepting that for his head and his cote d'armes (*i.e.* emblazoned surcoat or jupon). After mass had been said, they brought him the armour for his head, which was a very handsome bascinet à barriere (query *baviere*), upon which he had a very rich crown of gold (a description and valuation of "la couronne d'Or pur le Bacinet," garnished with rubies, sapphires, and pearls, to the amount of £679 5s., is to be seen in the Rolls of Parliament, vol. iv. p. 215), circled like an imperial crown (query *arched*). Henry IV. is said, by Froissart, to have been crowned with a diadem "archée en croix," the earliest mention of an arched crown in England that we have met with).

Elmham, another contemporary historian, says, "Now the king was clad in secure and very bright armour: he wore, also, on his head, a helmet, with a large splendid crest, and a crown of gold and jewels; and, on his body, a surcoat with the arms of England and France, from which a celestial splendour issued; on the one side,

from three golden flowers, planted in an azure-field (Henry V. altered the arms of France, in the English shield, from *semi* of fleurs-de-lys to *three* fleurs-de-lys, Charles VI. of France having done so previously), on the other, from three golden leopards sporting in a ruby field." By a large splendid crest may be meant, either the royal heraldic crest of England, the lion passant guardant, or a magnificent plume of feathers,—that elegant and chivalric decoration, for the first time after the Conquest, appearing in this reign. It was called the panache; and knights are said to have worn three or more feathers, esquires only one: but we have no positive authority for the latter assertion, and the number would seem to have been a matter of fancy. Robert Chamberlayne, the king's esquire, is represented with two feathers issuing from the apex of the bascinet. He wears an embroidered jupon and the military belt. With respect to the crown round Henry's bascinet, it was twice struck and injured by the blows of his enemies. The Duke of Alençon struck off part of it with his battle-axe; and one of the points or flowers was cut off by a French esquire, who, with seventeen others, swore to perform some such feat, or perish.

The helmet of Henry V., suspended over his tomb in Westminster Abbey, is a *tilting* helmet—not the bascinet à baviere (visored or beavered bascinet), which was the war-helmet of the time. The shield and saddle which hang near it *may*, according to the tradition, have been really used by him at Agincourt.

The English archers at the battle of Agincourt were, for the most part (according to Monstrelet), without armour, and in jackets, with their hose loose, and hatchets, or swords, hanging to their girdles. Some, indeed, were barefooted, and without hats or caps; and St. Remy says they were dressed in *pourpoints* (stitched or quilted jackets), and adds that some wore caps of boiled leather (the famous cuir bouilli), or of wicker-work, crossed over with iron. In the army of Henry V. at Rouen there were several bodies of Irish, of whom, says Monstrelet, the greatest part had *one leg and foot quite naked*. They were armed with targets, short javelins, and a strange sort of knife (the skein).

The French men-at-arms engaged at Agincourt are described as being armed in long coats of steel reaching to their knees (the *taces* introduced at this period), below which was armour for their legs, and above, white harness (*i.e.* armour of polished plate, so called in contradistinction to mail), and bascinets with camails (chain neck-pieces).

The banners borne in the English army, besides those of the king and the principal leaders, were, as usual, those of St. George, St. Edward, and the Trinity.

The French, in addition to the royal and knightly banners, displayed the oriflamme, which was of bright scarlet, embroidered with gold, and terminating in several swallow tails. It is so represented in the hands of Henri Seigneur de Metz, Maréchal de France, in the church of Notre Dame de Chartres.

The female costume of this period was disfigured by a most extravagantly high and projecting horned head-dress, curious examples of which are to be seen in the royal MS. marked 15 D. 3, and in the effigy of Beatrice, Countess of Arundel, engraved in Stothard's "Monumental Effigies." The rest of the habit was rather graceful than otherwise; consisting, in general, of a long and full robe confined by a rich girdle, high in the neck, the waist moderately short, and the sleeves, like those of the men, reaching almost to the ground, and scalloped at the edges.

A representation of Katharine, Queen of England, exists in the carving of an oak chest in the Treasury of York Cathedral.

Isabelle of Bavaria, her mother, is engraved in Montfaucon, from a MS. in the French Royal Library, wearing the high, *heart-shaped* head-dress, introduced into England in the reign of Henry VI., but probably worn earlier in France. There are several other portraits of her in the *steeple head-dress*, a still later fashion, contemporary in England with the reign of Edward IV.

KING HENRY V.

* PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY V.
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, MACMORRIS, 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 VI., *King of France.*
LEWIS, *the Dauphin.*
DUKES OF BURGUNDY, ORLEANS, and BOURBON.
The Constable of France.
RAMBURES and GRANDPRÉ, *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.

SCENE,—in ENGLAND and in FRANCE.

ACT I.

CHORUS.

O for a muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention!
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,
And monarchs to behold 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.^a But pardon, gentles all,
The flat unraised spirit, that hath dared,
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 the very casques
That did affright the air at Agincourt?^b
O, pardon! since a crooked figure may
Attest, in little place, a million;
And let us, ciphers to this great accompt,
On your imaginary forces 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.
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts;
Into a thousand parts divide one man,
And make imaginary puissance:
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; jumping o'er times;
Turning the accomplishment of many years
Into an hour-glass; 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.¹

SCENE I.—London. *An Ante-chamber in the King's Palace.*

Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, and BISHOP OF ELY.

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 scrambling² and unquiet time
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 alms-houses, right well supplied;
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?

Cant. The king is full of grace and fair regard.

Ely. And a true lover of the holy church.

Cant. 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: yea, at that very moment,
Consideration like an angel came,
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,

¹ This chorus does not appear in the quarto editions.

² *Scrambling.* Percy thinks that to *scamble* and to *scramble* are synonymous. The "scrambling time" is the disorderly time in which authority is unrespected.

With such a heady currance,¹ scouring faults;
Nor never Hydra-headed wilfulness
So soon did lose his seat, and all at once,
As in this king.

Ely. We are blessed in the change.

Cant. Hear him but reason in divinity,^c
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:
List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
A fearful battle render'd you in music:
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,
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
Must be the mistress to this theorick:²
Which is a wonder, how his grace should glean it,
Since his addiction was to courses vain:
His companies³ unletter'd, rude, and shallow;
His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports;
And never noted in him any study,
Any retirement, any sequestration
From open haunts and popularity.

Ely. The strawberry grows underneath the nettle;
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 crevice in his faculty.

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,
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,⁴ and unhidden passages,

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 ambassador, upon that instant,
Crav'd audience: and the hour, I think, is come
To give him hearing: Is it four o'clock?

Ely. It is.

Cant. Then we go in, to know his embassy;
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.*]

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.⁵

West. Shall we call in the ambassador, my liege?

K. Hen. Not yet, my cousin; we would be resolv'd,
Before we hear him, of some things of weight
That task 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!

K. Hen. Sure, we thank you.⁶

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
With opening titles miscreate,⁷ 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
Of what your reverence shall incite us to:
Therefore take heed how you impawn⁸ our person,
How you awake our 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 sore complaint,
'Gainst him whose wrongs give edge unto the swords
That make such waste in brief mortality.
Under this conjuration, speak, my lord:
For we will hear, note, and believe in heart,

"*King.* Sure we thank you: and, good my lord, proceed
Why the law Salique which they have in France,
Or should or should not stop in us our claim:
And God forbid, my wise and learned lord,
That you should fashion, frame, or wrest the same.
For God doth know how many now in health
Shall drop their blood, in approbation
Of what your reverence shall incite us to.
Therefore take heed how you impawn our person,
How you awake the sleeping sword of war:
We charge you in the name of God take heed.
After this conjuration, speak, my lord:
And we will judge, note, and believe in heart,
That what you speak is washed as pure
As sin in baptism."

⁷ *Miscreate*—spurious.

⁸ *Impawn.* A *pawn* and a *gage* are the same. In Richard II. we have, "take up mine honour's pawn." To "*impawn* our person" is equivalent, therefore, to engage our person.

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 yourselves, your lives, and services,¹
To this imperial throne :—There is no bar
To make against your highness' claim to France,
But this, which they produce from Pharamond,—
“In terram Salicam mulieres ne succedant,”
“No woman shall succeed in Salique land :”
Which Salique land the French unjustly gloze²
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 is in Germany,
Between the floods of Sala and of Elbe :
Where Charles the Great, having subdued the Saxons,
There left behind and settled certain French ;
Who, holding in disdain the German women,
For some dishonest³ manners of their life,
Establish'd then this law,—to wit, no female
Should be inheretrix in Salique land ;
Which Salique, as I said, 'twixt Elbe and Sala,
Is at this day in Germany call'd Meisen.
Then 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
Four hundred twenty-six ; and Charles the Great
Subdued the Saxons, and did seat 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,—who usurp'd the crown
Of Charles the duke of Loraine, sole heir male
Of the true line and stock of Charles the Great,—
To find his title,⁴ with some shows of truth,
(Though, in pure truth, it was corrupt and naught,)
Convey'd himself as th' heir to th' lady Lingare,
Daughter to Charlemain, who was the son
To Lewis the emperor, and Lewis the son
Of Charles the Great : Also king Lewis the Tenth,⁵
Who was sole heir to the usurper Capet,
Could not keep quiet in his conscience,
Wearing the crown of France, till satisfied
That fair queen Isabel, his grandmother,
Was lineal of the lady Ermengare,

¹ In the quartos the line stands thus :—

“Which owe your lives, your faith and services.”

We, of course, copy the folio ; but we ask upon what principle the earlier modern editors arbitrarily made up a text out of the first imperfect copy engrafted upon the second complete one ? In this single scene we have a dozen such substitutions,—some trifling, indeed, such as *and* instead of *for*, *the* instead of *our*, *that* instead of *who*,—but still unauthorised. We shall, in most cases, silently restore the true reading.

² *Gloze*. The verb to *gloze*, to *gloss* (whence *glossary*), is derived from the Anglo-Saxon *glesan*, to explain. We have this expression in Hall's Chronicle :—“This land Salique the *deceitful glossers* named to be the realm of France.” Holinshed, who abridges Hall, simply says, “The French glossers expound to be the realm of France.”

³ *Dishonest*. So the folio and quartos. Capell has introduced the word *unhonest* into his text, because that word occurs in the original edition of Holinshed, 1577. In the edition of 1586 the word is changed to *dishonest*. Shakspeare used the language nearest his time.

⁴ *To find his title*. The quarto reads, “to *fine* his title,” which has been adopted by most modern editors. Warburton says, to *fine* is to *refine*. Johnson would read to *line*. The reading of the folio, *find*, requires little defence. We have an analogous expression, to *find* a bill. Hugh Capet, to *deduce* a title, conveyed himself, &c.

⁵ This Lewis was the ninth, as Hall correctly states. Shakspeare found the mistake in Holinshed.

⁶ *Imbar*. The folio gives this word *imbarre*, which some modern editors, upon the authority of Theobald, have changed into *imbare*. Rowe, somewhat more boldly, reads *make bare*. There can be no doubt, we think, that *imbar* is the

Daughter to Charles the foresaid duke of Loraine :
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, 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 imbar⁶ their crooked titles
Usurp'd from you and your progenitors.

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 man⁷ dies, let the inheritance
Descend unto the daughter. Gracious lord,
Stand for your own ; unwind your bloody flag ;
Look back into your mighty ancestors :
Go, my dread lord, to your great grandsire'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
Forage in blood of French nobility.
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 !⁸

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 enterprises.

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 ;⁹ 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,
With blood, and sword, and fire, to win your right :
In aid whereof, we of the spirituality

right word. It might be taken as placed in opposition to *bar*. To *bar* is to obstruct ; to *imbar* is to bar in, to secure. They would hold up the Salique law, “to bar your highness,” hiding “their crooked titles” in a net, rather than amply defending them. But it has been suggested to us that *imbar* is here used for “to set at the bar”—to place their crooked titles before a proper tribunal. This is ingenious and plausible.

⁷ *Man*. So the folio ; the quarto, *son*. This reading is perhaps the better. The passage in the Book of Numbers, as quoted by Hall and Holinshed, is—“When a man dieth without a son, let the inheritance descend to his daughter.” Scripture was quoted on the other side of the controversy :—“Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow ; they toil not, neither do they spin,” was held to apply to the *arms of France*, the lilies. Voltaire, with a sly solemnity, proves, with reference to this, that the arms of France never had any affinity with lilies, but were spear-heads.

⁸ *Cold for action*. Malone says, “cold for want of action.” This, we think, is to interpret too literally. The unemployed forces, seeing the work done to their hands, stood laughing by and indifferent for action—*unmoved to action*. It is the converse of “hot for action.”

⁹ *They know, &c.* Coleridge's emphatic reading of this passage is certainly the true one ; and it involves no change in the original, even of punctuation :—

“They know your grace hath cause, and means, and might :
So hath your highness ; never king of England
Had nobles richer.”

What the “monarchs of the earth” *know*, Westmoreland *confirms*. This is much better than Monck Mason's interpretation of *so for also*, making his grace have *cause*, and his highness *means* and *might*.

Will raise your highness such a mighty sum,
As never did the clergy at one time
Bring in to any of your ancestors.¹

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,² gracious sovereign,
Shall be a wall sufficient to defend
Our inland from the pilfering borderers.

K. Hen. We do not mean the coursing snatchers only,
But fear the main intendment of the Scot,
Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to us;
For you shall read, that my great grandfather
Never went with his forces into France,³
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 th' ill-neighbourhood.

Cant. She hath been then more fear'd 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;
And make your chronicles³ as rich with praise
As is the ooze and bottom of the sea
With sunken wrack and sumless treasures.

West. But there's a saying, very old and true,—

If that you will France win
Then with Scotland first begin;

For once the eagle England being in prey,
To her unguarded nest the weasel Scot
Comes sneaking, and so sucks her princely eggs;
Playing the mouse, in absence of the cat,
To taint⁴ and havock more than she can eat.

Exe. It follows, then, the cat must stay at home:
Yet that is but a crush'd necessity;⁵
Since we have locks to safeguard necessities,
And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.
While that the armed hand doth fight abroad,
The advised head defends itself at home:
For government, through high, and low, and lower,⁶
Put into parts, doth keep in one concent;
Congreeing in a full and natural close,
Like music.⁶

¹ The twenty-one lines here ending have no parallel lines in the quartos.

² *Marches*—the boundaries of England and Scotland—the borders.

³ *Your chronicles.* The folio reads *their chronicles*; the quarto, *your chronicle*. The folio was, without doubt, printed from a written copy, without reference to the previous quarto; and in old manuscripts *your* and *their* were contracted alike—*yr*.

⁴ *Taint.* The folio, *tame*; the quarto, *spoil*. To *tame* is to subdue—to subject by fear. But the mouse does not *tame*, neither does she *spoil*, in the sense in which that word was formerly used. Theobald suggested that *tame* was a misprint for *taint*. Rowe printed *tear*.

⁵ *Crush'd necessity.* So the folio; the quarto, *curs'd necessity*, which some editors follow. Warburton would read *s'cus'd* (excus'd). Coleridge thinks it may be *crash* for "crass," from *crassus*, clumsy; or *curt*. A friend suggests to us *cur's* necessity. After all, is the word *crush'd* so full of difficulty? The necessity alleged by Westmoreland is *overpowered*, crush'd, by the argument that we have "locks" and "pretty traps;" so that it does not follow that "the cat must stay at home."

⁶ This passage has been supposed to be founded upon a fragment of Cicero's "De Republicâ." It has been imperfectly quoted by Theobald. We give it in full:—

"Ut in fidibus, ac tibiis, atque cantu ipso, ac vocibus concentus est quidam tenendus ex distinctis sonis, quem immutatum, ac discrepantem aures eruditæ ferre non possunt, isque concentus ex dissimillimarum vocum moderatione concors tamen efficitur & congruens: sic ex summis, & infimis, & mediis interjectis ordinibus, ut sonis, moderata ratione civitas consensu dissimillimorum concinit, & quæ harmonia a musicis dicitur in cantu, ea est in civitate concordia, arctissimum

Cant.

Therefore doth heaven divide
The state of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavour in continual motion;
To which is fix'd, as an aim or butt,
Obedience: for so work the honey bees;⁷
Creatures, that, by a rule in nature, teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king, and officers of sorts:
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home;
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad;
Others, like soldiers, 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, busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold;
The civil citizens kneading up the honey;
The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burthens at his narrow gate;
The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to éxecutors pale
The lazy yawning drone. I this infer,—
That many things, having full reference
To one concent, may work contrariously;
As many arrows, loosed several ways,
Come to one mark; as many ways meet in one town;⁷
As many fresh streams meet in one salt sea;⁸
As many lines close in the dial's centre;
So may a thousand actions, once afoot,
End in one purpose, and be all well borne
Without defeat. 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 such powers left at home,
Cannot defend our own doors 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 sinews of our power,
France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe,
Or break it all to pieces: Or, there we'll sit,
Ruling, in large and ample empery,
O'er France and all her almost kingly dukedoms,
Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn,
Tombless, 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 worshipp'd with a waxen epitaph.⁹

atque optimum omni in republica vinculum incolumitatis: quæ sine justitia nullo pacto esse potest." (See Illustration e, Act I.)

⁷ So the folio. The ordinary reading, "*several ways*," is that of the quarto.

⁸ So the folio. A former made-up text gave us—

"As many fresh streams run in one self sea."

⁹ *Waxen epitaph.* In the quartos this speech of the king consists only of seven lines:—

"Call in the messenger sent from the Dauphin;
And by your aid, the noble sinews of our land,
France being ours we'll bring it to our awe,
Or break it all in pieces.
Either our chronicles shall with full mouth speak
Freely of our acts, or else like tongueless mutes—
Not worshipp'd with a *paper* epitaph."

The *paper epitaph* here is clearly the record of the chronicles. We have nothing here about the "urn" and the "grave." And yet the commentators give us two pages of notes disputing whether *paper* or *waxen* be the better word in the present text, without reference to the extension of the passage; and Malone finally adopts *paper*. We can have no doubt about restoring *waxen*, which may be taken to mean a perishable epitaph of wax: not worshipped *even* with a waxen epitaph. The opposition of *wax* and *marble* was a familiar image in the old poets. Gifford's interpretation that a waxen epitaph is a copy of verses affixed upon a tomb with wax, appears to us somewhat forced; and yet there is no doubt that such a practice prevailed:—

"Let others, then, sad epitaphs invent,
And *paste* them up about thy monument."

Enter Ambassadors of France.

Now are we 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't 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;
Unto whose grace our passion is as subject,
As are our wretches fetter'd in our prisons:
Therefore, with frank and with uncurbed plainness
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 savour too much of your youth;
And bids you be advis'd, there's naught in France
That can be with a nimble galliard¹ won:
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.

K. Hen. What treasure, uncle?

Exe. Tennis-balls, my liege.

K. Hen. We are glad the Dauphin is so pleasant with us;
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 chases. And we understand him well,
How he comes o'er us with our wilder days,
Not measuring what use we made of them.
We never valued this poor seat of England;²
And therefore, living hence, did give ourself
To barbarous licence; as 'tis ever common,
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 sail of greatness,
When I do rouse me in my throne of France:
For that I have laid by 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; 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 husbands;
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
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 savour 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; for, God before,
We'll chide this Dauphin at his father's door.
Therefore, let every man now task his thought,
That this fair action may on foot be brought.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

CHORUS.³

Now all the youth of England are on fire,
And silken 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 sits Expectation in the air;
And hides a sword, from hilts unto the point,
With crowns imperial, crowns and coronets,^a
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
With treacherous crowns; and three corrupted men,—
One, Richard earl of Cambridge; and the second,
Henry lord Scroop of Masham; and the third,
Sir Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland,—
Have, for the guilt of France, (O guilt indeed!)
Confirm'd conspiracy with fearful France;
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 we'll digest
The abuse of distance; force a play.⁴
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, there must you sit:
And thence to France shall we convey you safe,
And bring you back, charming the narrow seas

¹ *Galliard*—an ancient dance—"a swift and wandering dance," as Sir John Davis has it.

² *We never valued, &c.* *The poor seat*, we take it, is the throne. The king, it appears to us, is speaking tauntingly and ironically—"he comes over us with our wilder days"—"we (as he thinks) never valued this poor seat of England, and therefore," &c. "But tell the Dauphin," &c.

³ This chorus first appears in the folio of 1623.

⁴ The ordinary reading is—

"Linger your patience on; and well digest
The abuse of distance, *while we* force a play."

Pope changed the *wee'l* of the folio to *well*, and added *while we*. The passage is evidently corrupt; and we believe that the two lines *were intended to be erased* from the author's copy; for "the abuse of distance" is inapplicable as the lines stand.

To give you gentle pass; for, if we may,
We'll not offend one stomach with our play.
But, till the king come forth, and not till then,
Unto Southampton do we shift our scene.¹

SCENE I.—Eastcheap.

Enter Nym and BARDOLPH.

Bard. Well met, corporal Nym.

Nym. Good morrow, lieutenant Bardolph.²

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; 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 an end.

Bard. I will bestow a breakfast to make you friends; and we'll be all three sworn brothers to France; 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:³ that is my rest, 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,⁴ yet she will plod. There must be conclusions. Well, I cannot tell.

Enter PISTOL and MRS. QUICKLY.⁵

Bard. Here comes ancient Pistol, and his wife:—good corporal, be patient here.—How now, mine host Pistol?

Pist. Base tike,⁶ call'st thou me host?

Now, by this hand I swear, 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 we shall see wilful adultery and murder committed.⁷ Good lieutenant Bardolph—

Bard. Good corporal, offer nothing here.

Nym. Pish!

Pist. Pish for thee, Iceland dog! thou prick-eared cur of Iceland.⁸

Quick. Good corporal Nym, show thy valour, and put up thy sword.

Nym. Will you shog off? 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,

And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw, perdy;
And, which is worse, within thy nasty mouth!
I do retort the *solus* in thy bowels;
For I can take,⁹ and Pistol's cock is up,
And flashing fire will follow.

Nym. I am not Barbason,⁹ you cannot conjure me. 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 say, in fair terms: if you would walk off, I would prick your guts a little, in good terms, as I may say; and that's the humour of it.

Pist. O braggard vile, and damned furious wight!
The grave doth gape, and doting death is near;
Therefore exhale. [*PISTOL and Nym draw.*]

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, 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,
Doll Tear-sheet she by name, and her espouse:
I have and I will hold the *quondam* Quickly
For the only she: and—*Pauca*, there's enough. Go to.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine host Pistol, you must come to my master,—and you, hostess;—he is very sick, and would to bed.—Good Bardolph, put thy face 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 killed 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'erswell, 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.

Nym. That now I will have; that's the humour of it.

Pist. As manhood shall compound: push home.

[*They draw.*]

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. Pri-thee, put up.

Nym. I shall have my eight shillings I won of you at betting.

¹ The chorus plainly says,—after having described the treason which is to take place "in Southampton,"—not till the king come forth do we shift our scene to that place. The previous scene in Eastcheap occurs before the king does come forth. This intimation of the chorus was to prevent the scene in Eastcheap coming abruptly upon the audience. The first "till," however, should be "when," to make the sense clear.

² Bardolph, according to some commentators, ought to be "corporal," and not "lieutenant." They have overlooked the tone of authority which he uses both to Pistol and Nym. It appears from an old MS. in the British Museum, that amongst the canoniers serving in Normandy in 1435 were Wm. Pistail and R. Bardolf.

³ Mason would read "*die* as I may." It is not necessary, we think, to make Nym's common-places antithetical.

⁴ The folio, by a typographical error, has *name* instead of *mare*. We find the true word in the quartos. This shows the proper use of those incomplete editions—the correction of printers' mistakes, but not the abolition of the author's improvements.

⁵ The quartos have "Enter Pistol and Hostess Quickly his wife."

⁶ *Tike*. We have still the word, which signifies a common dog, a mongrel. The bull-terrier in Landseer's admirable picture of "Low Life" is a tike. In Lear we have "bob-tail tike." The ploughman's "collie" of Burns is "a gash an' faithfu' tyke."

⁷ The folio reads thus:—"O well-a-day, Lady, if he be not *heune* now, we shall see," &c. The first quarto has "O Lord, *here's* corporal Nym, now shall we have wilful adultery," &c. Hanmer suggested *drawn now*. We adopt *drawn*, but give *Now* to the beginning of the next sentence.

⁸ *I can take*. Malone considers that *take* is a corruption, and that we should follow the quarto, *take*. Is there any more difficulty in "I can take," than in the familiar expression, "Do you take?" Mason says Pistol means, "I can take fire." He, in his obscure language, only means, "I understand you"—"I know what you are about."

⁹ *Barbason* is the name of an evil spirit in the Dæmonology.

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 woman, come in quickly to
sir John: Ah, poor heart! he is so shaken 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 careers.

Pist. Let us condole the knight; for lambkins we will
live.¹ *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE 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,²
Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious favours,³—
That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell
His sovereign's life to death and treachery!

*Trumpet sounds. Enter KING HENRY, SCROOP,
CAMBRIDGE, GREY, Lords, and Attendants.*

K. Hen. Now sits the wind fair, and we will aboard.
My lord of Cambridge, and my kind lord of Masham,
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;
Doing the execution, and the act,
For which we have in head assembled them?

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 concent with ours;
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 subject
That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness
Under the sweet shade of your government.

Grey. True: those that were your father's enemies
Have steep'd their galls in honey; and do serve you
With hearts create of duty and of zeal.

K. Hen. We therefore have great cause of thankfulness;
And shall forget the office of our hand
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, 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,
Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye
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?

Cam. I, one, my lord;
Your highness bade me ask for it to-day.

Scroop. So did you me, my liege.

Grey. And I, my royal sovereign.

K. Hen. Then, Richard, earl of Cambridge, there is
yours;

There yours, lord Scroop of Masham: and, sir knight,
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 coward'd 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 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 you.³
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 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,
Ingrateful, savage, and inhuman creature!
Thou, that didst bear the key of all my counsels,
That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,

¹ The whole of this scene in the folio exhibits the greatest care in remodelling the text of the quarto.

² We print this line as in the folio. In the quartos we find the text which Steevens adopted—

“Whom he hath cloy'd and grac'd with princely favours.”

But if the quarto is to be followed the editors should have left out the three lines which Westmoreland speaks—“How smooth,” &c.

³ You. Quarto, *them*.

That almost might'st have coin'd me into gold,
 Wouldst 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,¹ my eye will scarcely see it.
 Treason and murther ever kept together,
 As two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose,
 Working so grossly 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 murther:
 And whatsoever cunning fiend it was
 That wrought upon thee so preposterously,
 Hath 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 glistening semblances of piety;
 But he that temper'd thee bade thee stand up,
 Gave thee no instance why thou shouldst 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 back,
 And tell the legions, I can never win
 A soul so easy as that Englishman's.
 O, how hast thou with jealousy infected
 The sweetness of affiance! 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;
 Not working with the eye without the ear,
 And, but in purged judgment, trusting neither—
 Such, and so finely bolted, didst thou seem:
 And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,
 To mark the full-fraught man and best indued,
 With some suspicion.² I will weep for thee;
 For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like
 Another fall of man.³—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.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Thomas
 Grey, knight of Northumberland.

Scroop. Our purposes God justly hath discover'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 seduce;
 Although I did admit it as a motive,
 The sooner to effect what I intended:

¹ *Black from white.* So the quarto; the folio "black and white."

² In the folio, where only these lines appear, we find *make*. Theobald substituted *mark*. Pope read the passage thus:—

"To *make* the full-fraught man, and best, indued
 With some suspicion."

³ The thirty-eight lines here ending are not found in the quartos. We are greatly mistaken if these lines, as well as the choruses and other passages which we shall point out, do not exhibit the hand of the master elaborating his original sketch.

⁴ *Christom child.* The *chrisom* was a white cloth placed upon the head of an infant at baptism, when the *chrisom*, or sacred oil of the Romish church, was used in that sacrament. The white cloth which was worn by the child at baptism was subsequently called a *chrisom*, and if the child died within a month of its birth that cloth was used as a shroud. Children dying under the age of a month were

But God be thanked for prevention;
 Which I in sufferance heartily will rejoice,
 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,
 Prevented from a damned enterprise:
 My fault, 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, 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 into desolation.
 Touching our person, seek we no revenge;
 But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,
 Whose ruin you have sought, that to her laws
 We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence,
 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.]

Now, Lords, for France; the enterprise whereof
 Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.

We doubt not of a fair and lucky war;
 Since God so graciously 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:
 No king of England, if not king of France.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—London. Mrs. Quickly's House in
 Eastcheap.

Enter PISTOL, MRS. QUICKLY, NYM, BARDOLPH, and Boy.

Quick. Prithee, honey-sweet husband, let me bring thee
 to Staines.

Pist. No; for my manly heart doth yearn.
 Bardolph, be blithe;—Nym, rouse thy vaunting veins;
 Boy, bristle thy courage up; for Falstaff he is dead,
 And we must yearn therefore.

Bard. 'Would I were with him, wheresome'er he is, either
 in heaven, or in hell!

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,
 and went away, an it had been any christom child;⁴ 'a
 parted even just between twelve and one, e'en at the turn-
 ing o' the tide:⁵ for after I saw him fumble with the sheets,
 and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' ends,⁶ I
 knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as
 a pen, and 'a babbled of green fields.⁷ How now, sir John?

called *chrisoms* in the old Bills of Mortality. Mrs. Quickly's "christom" is one of her emendations of English.

⁵ Derham, in his "Astro-Theology," alludes to the opinion as old as Pliny that animals, and particularly man, "expire at the time of ebb."

⁶ These symptoms of approaching death were observed by the ancient physicians, and are pointed out by modern authorities. Van Swieten has a passage in his "Commentaries" in which he describes these last movements of the worn-out machine, upon the authority of Galen.

⁷ This passage is at once the glory and the opprobrium of commentators. There is nothing similar in the quarto; in the folio it reads thus: "For his nose was as sharpe as a pen, and a table of greene fields." Theobald made the correction of "table" to "'a babbled" (he babbled); which was to turn what was unintelligible into sense and poetry. Pope's conjecture that "a table of green fields" was a stage-direction to bring in a table, and that Greenfields was the name of the property-man, could only have been meant as a hoax upon the reader; but it imposed upon Johnson. Some of the conjectures of subsequent editors appear equally absurd. (See Recent New Reading at the end of this act.)

quoth I: what, man! be of good cheer. So 'a cried out—God, God, God! three or four times: now I, to comfort him, bid him 'a should not think of God; 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.

Nym. They say, 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: 'twas a colour he never liked.

Boy. 'A said once the devil would have him about women.

Quick. 'A did in some sort, indeed, handle women: but then he was rheumatic; and talked 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?

Bard. Well, the fuel is gone that maintained that fire: that's all the riches I got in his service.

Nym. Shall we shog? the king will be gone from Southampton.

Pist. Come, let's away.—My love, give me thy lips.

Look to my chattels, and my moveables:

Let senses rule; the word is, *Pitch and pay*;

Trust none:

For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes,

And hold-fast is the only dog, my duck;

Therefore, *caveto* be thy counsellor.

Go, clear thy crystals.¹—Yoke-fellows in arms,

Let us to France! like horse-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 kiss, that is the humour of it; but adieu.

Pist. Let housewifery appear; keep close, I thee command.

Quick. Farewell; adieu. [*Exeunt.*]

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, 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.

¹ *Clear thy crystals*—dry thine eyes.

Projection appears here to be used for *forecast*, preparation. The proportions of defence which are filled by estimating the enemy as more mighty than he seems, of (through) a weak and niggardly projection, spoil the coat, &c. The false concord between *proportions* and *doth* does not interfere with this explanation.

Dau. My most redoubted father, It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe: For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom, (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 with a Whitsun morris-dance:^a For, my good liege, she is so idly king'd, Her sceptre 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: Question, your grace, the late ambassadors,— With what great state he heard their embassy, How well supplied with noble counsellors, How modest in exception, 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; 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,² 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, That haunted us in our familiar paths: Witness our too much memorable shame, When Cressy battle fatally was struck, And all our princes captiv'd, by the hand Of that black name, Edward black prince of Wales; Whiles that his mountain³ sire,—on mountain standing, Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun,— Saw his heroical seed, and smiled 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.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Ambassadors from Harry 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 chase is hotly follow'd, friends.

Dau. Turn head, and stop pursuit: for coward dogs Most spend their mouths, when what they seem to threaten Runs far before them. Good my sovereign, Take up the English short; and let them know

tion, and may be justified by abundant examples in our old writers. If we could venture upon a correction of the text, we might read—

“Of which a weak and niggardly projection,” &c.

The transposition at once gives us sense and grammatical concord.

³ *Mountain.* Theobald would read *mounting*.

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 of England?

Exe. From him; and thus he greets your majesty.
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 awkward 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,¹ [*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,
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:
Therefore 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
Turning the widows' tears, the orphans' cries,
The dead men's blood, the pining² maidens' groans,
For husbands, fathers, and betrothed lovers,
That shall be swallowed in this controversy.
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, contempt,
And anything that may not misbecome
The mighty sender, 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 of it,
That caves and wombly vaultages of France
Shall chide³ your trespass, and return your mock
In second accent of his ordnance.

Dau. Say, if my father render fair return,
It is against my will: for I desire
Nothing but odds with England; to that end,
As matching to his youth and vanity,
I did present him with the Paris balls.

Exe. He'll make your Paris Louvre shake for it,^c
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; now he weighs time,
Even to the utmost grain; that you shall read
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 con-
ditions:

A night is but small breath, and little pause,
To answer matters of this consequence. [*Exeunt.*

RECENT NEW READING.

Sc. III. p. 617.—“For his nose was as sharp as a pen, and a' babbled of green fields.”

“For his nose was as sharp as a pen, on a table of green frieze.”—Collier.

The emendation of Theobald is now to be rejected on the authority of Mr. Collier's old Corrector. “Writing-tables,” says Mr. Collier, “were, no doubt, at that period often covered with green cloth; and it is to the sharpness of a pen, as seen in strong relief on a table so covered, that Mrs. Quickly likens the nose of the dying wit and philosopher—‘for his nose was as sharp as a pen on a table of green frieze.’” We have had such guesses as that of the old Corrector before now. One of the commentators, Smith, has a similar prosaic suggestion in defence of the original *table*, and would read, “for his nose was as sharp as a pen on a table of green fells,” for, says he, “on table books silver or steel pens, very sharp pointed, were formerly, and still are, fixed to the backs or covers.” Mr. Collier calls Theobald's emendation *fanciful*; formerly he called it *judicious*. In our minds it is judicious, because it is fanciful; and being fanciful, is consistent with the excited imagination that often attends the solemn parting hour. What does Dame Quickly say in this sentence? “After I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with the flowers, and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and a' babbled of green fields.” And so the pen must lie upon a “table of green frieze” before the comparison of the sharp nose can be felt; and we must lose one of the most beautiful examples of the conjunction of poetry and truth, because some authority chooses to read *frieze* for *fields*.

ACT III.

CHORUS.

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 king at Hampton pier⁴
Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet
With silken streamers the young Phoebus fanning.
Play with your fancies; and in them behold,
Upon the hempen tackle ship-boys climbing:
Hear the shrill whistle which doth order give
To sounds confus'd: behold the threaden sails,
Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,
Breasting the lofty surge: O, do but think
You stand upon the rivage,⁵ and behold
A city on the inconstant billows dancing;
For so appears this fleet majestic,
Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow, follow!
Grapple your minds to sternage⁶ of this navy;
And leave your England, as dead midnight still,
Guarded with grandsires, babies, and old women,
Either past, or not arrived to, pith and puissance:
For who is he, whose chin is but enrich'd
With one appearing hair, that will not follow
These cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to France?

expressive word. Chaucer, Gower, Spenser, and Hall and Holinshed, have it frequently.

⁶ *Sternage*. Malone thinks Shakspeare wrote *steerage*. The meaning of the words is the same, but *sternage* is the more antique form. Holinshed uses *stern* as a verb in the sense of *steer*; and Chapman in his Homer has “the *sternsman*.” The “sternage of this navy” is, the course of this navy.

¹ *Line*—genealogy.

² *Pining*. So the quartos; the folio, *privy*.

³ *Chide*—used in its double sense of rebuke and resound.

⁴ The original text of the folio has *Dover*; clearly a mistake. (See Historical Illustration.)

⁵ *Rivage*—the shore. This is the only instance in which our poet uses this very

Work, work, your thoughts, and therein see a siege :
Behold the ordnance on their carriages,
With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur.
Suppose, the ambassador 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
With linstock¹ now the devilish cannon² touches,
[*Alarum ; and chambers (small cannon) go off.*
And down goes all before them. Still be kind,
And eke out our performance with your mind. [Exit.

SCENE I.—*The same. Before Harfleur.*³

*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 up with our English dead !
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 ;
Stiffen the sinews, summon⁴ up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage :
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect ;
Let it pry through the portage⁵ of the head,
Like the brass cannon ; let the brow o'erwhelm it,
As fearfully as doth a galled rock
O'erhang⁶ and jutting⁷ his confounded⁸ base,
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide ;
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To his full height !—On, on, you nobless English,⁹
Whose blood is fet¹⁰ from fathers of war-proof !
Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,
Have in these parts from morn till even fought,
And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument.
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,
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,
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot ;

¹ *Linstock* is the match—the *lint* (linen) in a *stock* (stick).

² *Devilish cannon.* Shakspeare found the epithet thus applied in Spenser :—

“As when that *devilish iron engine*, wrought
In deepest hell, and fram'd by furies' skill,
With windy nitre and quick sulphur fraught,
And ramm'd with bullet round, ordain'd to kill,
Conceiveth fire,” &c.—*Fairy Queen*, book i. canto vii. 13.

³ This scene, as well as the previous chorus, first appears in the folio edition of 1623.

⁴ *Summon up.* The folio reads *commune up*. The correction was made by Rowe.

⁵ *Portage.* The eyes are compared to cannon prying through *port-holes*.

⁶ *O'erhang.* In Reed's edition, and in Malone's, this is printed *o'erhand*, but without authority.

⁷ *Jutting.* The *jutting* land is a common epithet. *Jet* and *jetty* are derived from the same root.

⁸ *Confounded.* To *destroy* was one of the senses in which to *confound* was formerly used.

⁹ *Nobless English.* The original of 1623 prints *Noblisch English*. In the second folio *Noblisch* becomes *noblest*, which Steevens follows. Malone adopts *noble*. The *nobless English* is the English nobility—the barons “whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof.” Henry first addresses the nobless—then the yeomen. There is an analogous position of the adjective in this play. In Act V. Henry says—

“And princes French, and peers, health to you all.”

And the French king responds with “princes English.”

Follow your spirit : and, upon this charge,
Cry—God for Harry ! England ! and Saint George !
[*Exeunt. Alarum, and chambers go off.*

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,¹¹ stay ; the knocks are too hot ; and, for mine own part, I have not a case of lives :¹² the humour of it is too hot, that is the very plain-song of it.
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.
Boy. 'Would I were in an alehouse in London ! I would give all my fame for a pot of ale and safety.¹³
Pist. And I :
If wishes would prevail with me,
My purpose should not fail with me,
But thither would I hie.
Boy. As duly, but not as truly,
As bird doth sing on bough.¹⁴

*Enter FLUELLEN.*¹⁵

Flu. Up to the preach, you dogs ! avaunt, you cullions.¹⁶
[*Driving them forward.*
Pist. Be merciful, great duke, to men of mould !
Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage !
Abate thy rage, great duke !¹⁷
Good bawcock, bate thy rage ! use lenity, sweet chuck !
Nym. These be good humours !—your honour wins bad humours.

[*Exeunt NYM, PISTOL, and BARDOLPH, followed by FLUELLEN.*

Boy. As young as I am, I have observed these three swashers. I am boy to them all three : but all they three, though they would serve me, could not be man to me ; for, indeed, three such antics do not amount to a man. For Bardolph,—he is white-livered, 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 ; and therefore he scorns to say his prayers, lest 'a should be thought a coward : but his few bad words are matched with as few

¹⁰ *Fet.* Pope changed this into *fetch'd*, but Steevens properly restored it. The word is not only found in Chaucer and Spenser, but in our present translation of the Bible, although in many cases, some of which Dr. Grey has enumerated, it has been thrust out in some editions to make way for *fetch'd*. Our Anglo-Saxon language has thus been deteriorated. *Fette* is the participle of the Anglo-Saxon verb *fet-ian*, to fetch.

¹¹ *Corporal.* Malone says that the variations in Bardolph's title proceeded merely from Shakspeare's inattention. Is it not rather that Nym, in his fright, forgets his own rank and Bardolph's also ?

¹² *A case of lives*—several lives—as “a case of pistols,” “a case of poniards”—expressions in use in Elizabeth's time.

¹³ In the quarto the passage is thus :—“*Boy.* Would I were in London, I'd give all my honour for a pot of ale.” Nym has just said, “'Tis honour, and there's the humour of it.” The whole scene is greatly changed and enlarged in the folio. The boy's speech, as it now stands, would seem more appropriate to Nym or Bardolph.

¹⁴ Pistol's snatch of an old song is printed as prose in the folio. The passage does not occur in the quartos. Douce suggested that the words of the boy were the close of the ditty, and we have followed his recommendation to print them as verse. If *bough* is read *bigh* we have rhyme. The Saxon verb *bigan*, to bend, would give us *bigh*, as *bugan* gives us *bough* ; and we have still *bight* to express a bend, such as that of the elbow.

¹⁵ *Fluellen* is Llewellyn.

¹⁶ The scene is completely remodelled in the folio, and yet some modern editors here give us two lines of the quarto, entirely different.

¹⁷ *Great duke.* In Pistol's fustian use of the word *duke* it is not necessary to show that the word was properly applied to a commander—*dux*.

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 anything, and call it—purchase. Bardolph stole a lute-case; bore it twelve leagues, and sold it for three halfpence. Nym and Bardolph are sworn brothers in filching;¹ and in Calais they stole a fire-shovel: I knew, by that piece of service, the men would carry coals.² They would have me as familiar with men's pockets, as their gloves or their handkerchers: 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 digged himself four yards under the countermines;³ by Cheshu, I think 'a will plow up all, 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 Cheshu, he is an ass 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.

Enter MACMORRIS and JAMY, at a distance.⁴

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 pristine 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 sound the retreat. By my hand I swear, and 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 peseech you now, will you voutsafe 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 satisfy my opinion, and partly for the satisfaction, look you, of my mind, as touching the direction of the military discipline; that is the point.

¹ Grey suggests that Shakspeare derived the name of Nym from *nim*, an old English word signifying to *filch*. Thus in *Hudibras*—

"Blank-schemes, to discover *nimmers*."

² The same expression occurs in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act I.

³ Johnson says, "Fluellen means that the enemy had digged himself *countermines* four yards under the *mines*." But why not take Fluellen literally? why not countermines under countermines? and then the enemy "will plow up *all*."

⁴ Macmorris and Jamy do not appear at all in the quartos.

⁵ *Quit you*—requite you, answer you.

Jamy. It sall be very gud, gud feith, gud captains bath; and I sall quit you⁵ with gud leve, as I may pick occasion, that sall 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 beseeched, 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 mess, 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 sall 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? What ish my nation? Who talks of my nation, ish a villain, and a bastard, and a knave, and a rascal.⁶

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.

Mac. I do not know you so good a man as myself: so Chrish 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 is an end. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*The same. Before the Gates of Harfleur.*

The Governor and some Citizens on the walls; the English Forces below. Enter KING HENRY and his Train.

K. Hen. How yet resolves the governor 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. The gates of mercy shall be all shut up; And the flesh'd soldier, rough and hard of heart, In liberty of bloody hand shall range With conscience wide as hell; mowing like grass 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? What is't to me, when you yourselves are cause, If your pure maidens fall into the hand Of hot and forcing violation?

⁶ Upon the suggestion of a friend we have made a transposition here. The ordinary reading, as it appears in the folio is, line by line—

"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."

This is evidently one of the mistakes that often occur in printing. The second and third lines changed places, and the "Ish a" of the first line should have been at the end of what is printed as the third, whilst "What" of the second line should have gone at the end of the first.

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 precepts to the Leviathan
To come ashore. Therefore, you men of Harfleur,
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
O'erblows the filthy and contagious clouds
Of headly¹ murder, 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;
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.²
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 succours we entreated,
Returns us—that his powers are yet not ready
To raise so great a siege. Therefore, great 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
Upon our soldiers,—we will retire to Calais.
To-night in Harfleur will we be your guest;
To-morrow for the march are we address.

[*Flourish.* The KING, &c., enter the town.

SCENE IV.—Rouen. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KATHARINE and ALICE.

Kath. ^a *Alice, tu as été en Angleterre, et tu parles bien le langage.*

Alice. *Un peu, madame.*

Kath. *Je te prie, m'enseignez; il faut que j'apprenne à parler. Comment appelez vous, ³ la main, en Anglais?*

Alice. *La main? elle est appelée, de hand.*

Kath. *De hand. Et les doigts?*

Alice. *Les doigts? ma foi, j'oublie les doigts; mais je m'en souviendrai. Les doigts? je pense, qu'ils sont appelés de fingres; oui, de fingres.*

Kath. *La main, de hand; les doigts, de fingres. Je pense que je suis le bon écolier. J'ai gagné deux mots d'Anglais viteinent. Comment appelez vous les ongles?*

Alice. *Les ongles? nous les appelons, de nails.*

Kath. *De nails. Ecoutez; dites moi, si je parle bien: de hand, de fingres, de nails.*

Alice. *C'est bien dit, madame; il est fort bon Anglais.*

Kath. *Dites moi l'Anglais pour le bras.*

Alice. *De arm, madame.*

¹ *Headly.* So the first folio. Capell conjectured *deadly*. *Headly* has the force of headstrong, rash, passionate, and applies to "spoil" as well as "murther." It is the "blind soldier" who commits these "headly" acts. The three later folios read *heady*.

² This most striking description of the horrors of the sack of a besieged city, beginning at, "And the flesh'd soldier," and ending with this line, first appears in the folio.

³ The French of the quartos is most amusingly corrupt. That of the folio is printed with tolerable correctness, and in our Pictorial and subsequent editions we scarcely thought it necessary to modernize the spelling.

Kath. *Et le coude.*

Alice. *De elbow.*

Kath. *De elbow. Je m'en fais la répétition de tous les mots que vous m'avez appris dès à présent.*

Alice. *Il est trop difficile, madame, comme je pense.*

Kath. *Excusez moi, Alice; écoutez 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 nick, madame.*

Kath. *De nick: Et le menton?*

Alice. *De chin.*

Kath. *De sin. Le col, de nick: le menton, de sin.*

Alice. *Oui. Sauf votre honneur en vérité vous prononcez les mots aussi droit que les natifs d'Angleterre.*

Kath. *Je ne doute point d'apprendre par la grâce de Dieu, et en peu de temps.*

Alice. *N'avez-vous pas déjà oublié ce que je vous ai enseigné?*

Kath. *Non, je reciterai à vous promptement. De hand, de fingre, de mails,—*

Alice. *De nails, madame.*

Kath. *De nails, de arme, de ilbow.*

Alice. *Sauf votre honneur, de elbow.*

Kath. *Ainsi dis je; de elbow, de nick, et de sin: Comment appelez vous le pied et la robe?*

Alice. *De foot, madame; et de coun.*

Kath. *De foot, et de coun? O Seigneur Dieu! ce sont mots de son mauvais, corruptible, grossier, et impudique, et non pour les dames d'honneur d'user: Je ne voudrais prononcer ces mots devant les Seigneurs de France, pour tout le monde. Il faut de foot, et de coun, néanmoins. Je reciterai une autre fois ma leçon ensemble: De hand, de fingre, de nails, de arm, de elbow, de nick, de sin, de foot, de coun.*

Alice. *Excellent, madame!*

Kath. *C'est assez pour une fois; allons nous à dîner.*

[*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 Somme.

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,
Our scions, put in wild and savage stock,
Spurt up so suddenly into the clouds,
And overlook their grafters?

Bour. Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman 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-shotten⁴ isle of Albion.

Con. Dieu de batailles! where have they this mettle?
Is not their climate foggy, raw, and dull?
On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale,
Killing their fruit with frowns? Can sodden water,
A drench for sur-rein'd⁵ jades, their barley broth,

⁴ *Nook-shotten.* Warburton says, "*Nook-shotten isle* is an isle that shoots out into capes, promontories, and necks of land, the very figure of Great Britain." What, we would ask, has the *form* of the isle to do with the contemptuous expressions of Bourbon? Steevens supports Warburton's explanation by informing us, from Randle Holme, that a "querke is a nook-shotten pane of glass." This, we take it, is not a pane of glass shooting out into angles—"capes, promontories, and necks"—but an irregular piece of glass, adapted to the nooks of the old Gothic casements. The "*nook-shotten isle of Albion*" is the isle thrust into a corner apart from the rest of the world—the "*penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos*" of Virgil.

⁵ *Sur-rein'd*—over-rein'd, over-worked.

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
Sweat drops of gallant youth in our rich fields;
Poor, we may call them in their native lords.

Dau. By faith and honour,
Our madams mock at us; and plainly say
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^b high, and swift corantos;
Saying, our grace is only in our heels,
And that we are most lofty runaways.

Fr. King. Where is Montjoy, 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;
You dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and of Berry,
Alençon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy;
Jaques Chatillon, Rambures, Vaudemont,
Beaumont, Grandpré, Roussi, and Fauconberg,
Foix, Lestrale, Bouciqualt, and Charolois;
High dukes, great princes, barons, lords, and knights,
For your great seats, now quit you of great shames,
Bar Harry England, that sweeps through our land
With pennons painted in the blood of Harfleur:
Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow
Upon the valleys; whose low vassal seat
The Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon:
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,¹ offer us his ransom.

Fr. King. Therefore, lord constable, haste on Montjoy;
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 Rouen.

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.

SCENE VI.—The English Camp in Picardy.

Enter GOWER and FLUELLEN.

Gow. How now, captain Fluellen? come you from the bridge?

Flu. I assure you, there is very excellent services 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 living,

¹ For achievement. The king, in Act IV. Sc. III., says, "Bid them achieve me." Here the Constable says that at sight of the French army Henry will offer ransom instead of achievement. This word achievement had probably some more precise meaning in the old chivalry than we now attach to it.

² Buxom—obedient, disciplined. Verstegan ("Restitution of Decayed Intelligence"), in his chapter on the antiquity and propriety of the ancient English tongue, has this explanation: "Buxsomeness or bughsomeness—Pliableness or bowsomeness, to wit, humbly stooping or bowing down in sign of obedience. Chaucer writes it *buxsommeness*."

and my uttermost power: he is not (God be praised and plessed!) any hurt in the 'orld; but keeps the pridge most valiantly, with excellent disciplines. There is an ancient there at the pridge,—I think, in my very conscience, he is as valiant a man as Mark Antony; and he is a man of no estimation in the 'orld: but I did see him do as gallant service.

Gow. What do you call him?

Flu. He is called ancient Pistol.

Gow. I know him not.

Enter PISTOL.

Flu. Here is 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 soldier firm and sound of heart,
Of buxom² valour, hath,—by cruel fate,
And giddy fortune's furious fickle wheel,
That goddess blind,
That stands upon the rolling restless stone,—

Flu. By your patience, ancient Pistol. Fortune is painted plind, with a muffler before her eyes, to signify to you that fortune is plind: And she is painted also with a wheel; to signify to you, which is the moral of it, that she is turning, and inconstant, and mutability, and variation: and her foot, look you, is fixed upon a spherical stone, which rolls, and rolls, and rolls;—In good truth, the poet makes a most excellent description of it: fortune is an excellent moral.³

Pist. Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on him;
For he hath stol'n a pax, and hanged must 'a be.
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 pax⁴ 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.

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 goot pleasure, and put him to executions; for disciplines ought to be used.

Pist. Die and be damn'd; and *figo* for thy friendship.

Flu. It is well.

Pist. The fig of Spain!

[Exit PISTOL.]

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 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,⁴ at such a breach, at such a convoy; who came

³ The ordinary reading here, and in other parts of this scene, was, as Malone says without apology, "made out of two copies, the quarto and the first folio."

⁴ Sconce. Blount in his "Glossographia" (1656) interprets this as "a block-house or fortification in war; also taken for the head, because a sconce or block-house is made for the most part round, in fashion of a head." The converse of Blount's derivation is, we take it, to be received. *Schanze* is the German for a fort, redoubt, or bulwark. *Sconce* is used in the sense of a fortification by Milton and Clarendon.

off bravely, who was shot, who disgraced, what terms the enemy stood on; and this they con perfectly in the phrase of war, which they trick up with new-tuned oaths: And what a beard of the general's cut,^d and a horrid suit of the camp, will do among foaming bottles and ale-washed wits, is wonderful to be thought on! But you must learn to know such slanders of the age, or else you may be marvelously mistook.

Flu. I tell you what, captain Gower,—I do perceive he is not the man that he would gladly make show to the 'orld he is; if I find a hole in his coat, I will tell him my mind. [*Drum heard.*] Hark you, the king is coming; and I must speak with him from the pridge.

Enter KING HENRY, GLOSTER, and Soldiers.

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 maintained the pridge: the French is gone off, look you; and there is gallant 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, reasonable great: marry, for my 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, 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, and his fire's out.

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.

Tucket sounds. Enter MONTJOY.

Mont. You know me by my habit.

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: Advantage is a better soldier 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, 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 weak and worthless satisfaction. To this add—defiance: and tell him, for conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose condemnation is pronounced. So far my king and master, so much my office.

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: 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. 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,¹ tell him we will come on, Though France himself, and such another neighbour, Stand in our way. There's for thy labour, Montjoy.^e Go bid thy master well advise himself: If we may pass, we will; if we be hinder'd, We shall ycur tawny ground with your red blood Discolour: 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.]

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.*]

SCENE VII.—*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. *Ça, ha!* He bounds from the earth as if his entrails were hairs; *le cheval volant*, the Pegasus, *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 Perseus: he is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him, but only in patient stillness, while his rider mounts him: he is, indeed, a horse; and all other jades you may call beasts.²

Con. Indeed, my lord, it is a most absolute and excellent horse.

¹ *God before*—God being my guide. The same expression, when used to a parting friend, implied, God be thy guide. The "prevent us, O Lord" of the Liturgy is *go before us*.

² The precise meaning of the word *jade* has led to much discussion upon this passage. Warburton boldly says, "It is plain that *jades* and *beasts* should change places, it being the first word, and not the last, which is the term of

Dau. It is the prince of palfreys; his neigh is like the bidding of a monarch, and his countenance enforces homage.

Orl. No more, cousin.

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,"—

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. Nay, for methought, yesterday, 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 hose off, and in your straight trossers.^f

Con. You have good judgment in horsemanship.

Dau. Be warned 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 boubier:* thou makest use of anything.

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.

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 prisoners?

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.

reproach." But *jade* was not always a term of reproach; whereas *beast*, as applied to a horse or a dog, still is so. It is probable that *jade* originally meant a *tired horse*; a horse that has *yade* (gone). There is a passage in Ford that shows that after Shakspeare's time *jade* was not used to express a sorry horse:—

"Like high-fed *jades* upon a tilting day
In antique trappings."

In Henry IV., Part II., the following passage appears decisive as to Shakspeare's interpretation of the word:—

"He gave his *able horse* the head,
And, bending forward, struck his armed heels
Against the panting sides of the *poor jade*."

We are well content with the passage as it stands.

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.

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, sir, but it is; never anybody saw it, but his lackey: 'tis a hooded valour; and, when it appears, it will bate.¹

Orl. Ill will never said well.

Con. I will cap that proverb with—There is flattery in friendship.

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.

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 tents.

Con. Who hath measured the ground

Mess. The lord Grandpré.

Con. A valiant and most expert gentleman.—Would it were day!—Alas, poor Harry of England! he longs not for the dawning, as we do.

Orl. What a wretched and peevish fellow is this king of England, to mope with his fat-brained followers so far out of his knowledge!

Con. If the English had any apprehension they would run away.

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 unmatchable courage.

Orl. Foolish curs! that run winking into the mouth of a Russian bear, and have their heads crushed 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, 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 shall we 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.² [Exeunt.]

¹ When falcons are *unhooded* they *bate*—flap the wing ready to fly at the game. The Constable here quibbles upon the word *bate*:—When the Dauphin's hooded valour appears there will be less of it—it will *abate*.

² This scene is greatly extended in the folio, as compared with the quartos. With all respect to Pope's opinion that it is "shorter and better" in the quartos, we think that it is greatly improved by the extension. For example, from the speech of Orleans, "What a wretched and peevish fellow is this king of England," &c., to the conclusion of the act, is wanting in the quartos. Never were national prejudices more cleverly and good-naturedly exposed than in this short dialogue. "If the English had any apprehension they would run away," is a reproach that we have had to endure on many subsequent occasions, when the "mastiffs" did not know when they were beaten.

ACT IV.

CHORUS.

Now entertain conjecture of a time,
When creeping murmur, and the poring dark,
Fills the wide vessel of the universe.^a
From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night
The hum of either army stilly sounds,
That the fix'd sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch:
Fire answers fire: and through their paly flames
Each battle sees the other's umber'd^b face:
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs
Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents,
The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,^c
Give dreadful note of preparation.
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,
And the third hour of drowsy morning name.¹
Proud of their numbers, and secure in soul,
The confident and over-lusty French
Do the low-rated English play at dice;
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 ruminate
The morning's danger; and their gesture sad
Investing lank-lean cheeks, and war-worn coats,
Presenteth them 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 countrymen.
Upon his royal face there is no note
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 overbears attaint
With cheerful semblance and sweet majesty;
That every wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks:
A largess universal, like the sun,
His liberal eye doth give to every one,
Thawing cold fear, that mean 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 by what their mockeries be.

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;

¹ *Name.* The folio, *nam'd.*

² The ordinary reading is—

“Then mean, and gentle all,
Behold,” &c.

Our text is from the folio. “Mean and gentle all” we think applies to the army.

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 us³ fairly for our end.
Thus may we gather honey from the weed,
And make a moral of the devil himself.

Enter ERPINGHAM.

Good morrow, old sir Thomas Erpingham:
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 bless thee, noble Harry!

[*Exit* ERPINGHAM.]

K. Hen. God-a-mercy, old heart! thou speakest cheer-
fully.⁴

Enter PISTOL.

Pist. *Qui va là?*

K. Hen. A friend.

Pist. Discuss 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 puissant pike?

K. Hen. Even so: What are you?

Pist. As good a gentleman as the emperor.

K. Hen. Then you are better than the king.

Pist. The king's a bawcock, and a heart of gold,
A lad of life, an imp of fame;
Of parents good, of fist most valiant:
I kiss his dirty shoe, and from my heart-string
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. Knowest thou Fluellen?

K. Hen. Yes.

Pist. Tell him, I'll knock his leek about his pate,
Upon Saint 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?

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 called.

[*Exit.*

K. Hen. It sorts well with your fierceness.

³ *Dress us.* Malone prints this '*dress us*—an abbreviation of *address*. To *dress* is to *set in order*, to *prepare*, in its primary meaning—the sense of the passage before us.

⁴ All this fine scene, as well as the chorus, is wanting in the quarto, which begins with Pistol's *qui va là?*

Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER, severally.

Gow. Captain Flueilen!

Flu. So! in the name of Cheshu Christ, speak fewer.¹ It is the greatest admiration in the universal 'orld, when the true and auncient prerogatives 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, 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 hear him all night.

Flu. If the enemy is an ass, and a fool, and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we should also, look you, be an ass, 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.

[*Excunt GOWER and FLUELLEN.*]

K. Hen. Though it appear a little out of fashion, There is much care and valour in this Welshman.

Enter three Soldiers, JOHN BATES, ALEXANDER COURT, and MICHAEL WILLIAMS.

Court. Brother John Bates, is not that the morning which breaks yonder?

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 wracked upon a sand, that look to be washed 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;² therefore, when he sees reason of fears, 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 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 anywhere but where he is.

Bates. Then I would he were here alone; so should he be sure to be ransomed, 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 anywhere so contented

as in the king's company; his cause being just and his quarrel honourable.

Will. That's more than we know.

Bates. Ay, or more than we should seek after; 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 those legs, and arms, and heads, chopped off in a battle, shall join together at the latter day, 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. I am afraid there are few die well that die in a battle; for how can they charitably dispose of anything 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 assailed by robbers, and die in many irreconciled 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 murder; some, of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury; 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, 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 punished, 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 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 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 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, every man that dies ill the ill is upon his own head, the king is not to answer 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 ransomed.

Will. Ay, he said so, to make us fight cheerfully: but, when our throats are cut, he may be ransomed, and we ne'er the wiser.

K. Hen. If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after.

¹ *Fewer.* So the folio. The first quarto has *lower*, which afterwards became *lower*. But to "*speak few*" is a provincial phrase, meaning to *speak low*; and therefore proper in the mouth of Fluellen. Gower with equal propriety answers, "I will speak *lower*."

² *Mounted and stoop* are terms of falconry. Thus in an old song quoted by Percy—

"She fieth at one
Her mark jump upon,
And mounteth the welkin clear:
Then right she stoops
When the falconer he whoops,
Triumphing in her chanticleer."

Will. You pay him then! That's a perilous shot out of an elder gun, that a poor and private displeasure can do against a monarch! you may as well go about to turn the sun to ice, with 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; 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 darest 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 darest as well be hanged.

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 French crowns 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! 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,

Subject to the breath of every fool, whose sense

No more can feel but his own wringing!¹

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?

What are thy rents? what are thy comings-in?

O ceremony, show me but thy worth!

What is thy soul of adoration?²

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.

We print these six lines as in the folio. The speech is altogether wanting in the quarto. In the variorum editions it is altered as follows:—

"Upon the king! 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,
Subjected to the breath of every fool,
Whose sense no more can feel but his own wringing."

Steevens says, "For the sake of the metre I have not scrupled to read *subjected*."

² We print this as in the original: "What is *thy* soul," &c. This, according to the commentators, is "incorrect"—"a mistake." Johnson would read—"What is thy soul, O adoration?" Malone reads, "What is the soul of adoration?" These appear to us weak "amendments." Ceremony is apostrophized throughout this magnificent address. To read "O adoration," or "the soul of adoration," is to introduce a new impersonation, breaking the continuity which runs through fifty lines. Thy soul of adoration, O ceremony, is—*thy inmost spirit of adoration*. Is thy worth, *thy very soul of homage*, anything but "place, degree, and form?"

³ The *farced title*, &c. Johnson explains this as "the tumid puffy titles with which a king's name is always introduced." We doubt this. The *farced title* forms one item in a long enumeration of *visible* appendages of royalty—the balm, the sceptre, the ball, the sword, the mace, the crown, the robe, the throne. Without any great violence we think "the *farced title* running 'fore the king" may be taken for the gorgeous *herald* going before the king to proclaim his *title*.

⁴ *Advantages*. The verb "to *advantage*" is found several times in Shakspeare. Thus, in Julius Cæsar—

"It shall advantage more than do us wrong."

⁵ The ordinary reading of this passage is as follows:—

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?
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 sceptre, and the ball,
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
The inter-tissued robe of gold and pearl,
The farced title running 'fore the king,³
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;
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 lackey, 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
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 gross brain little wots
What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace
Whose hours the peasant best advantages.

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 of the opposed numbers!
Pluck their hearts from them not to-day, O Lord,
O not to-day! Think not upon the fault
My father made in compassing the crown!⁵

"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.—Not to-day, O Lord,
O not to-day, think not upon the fault
My father made in compassing the crown."

Tyrwhitt changed the *of* in the folio to *if*, and removed a *colon* after *numbers*. Theobald had previously changed *of* into *lest*. The reading of the quarto is the following:—

"O God of battles! steel my soldiers' hearts.
Take from them now the sense of reckoning,
That the opposed multitudes which stand before them
May not appal their courage.
O not to-day, not to-day, O God,
Think on the fault my father made
In compassing the crown."

In reading

"Pluck their hearts from them not to-day, O Lord,
O not to-day. Think not," &c.,

we have deviated from the punctuation of the folio, as well as from the connection in the quarto between "to-day" and "the fault." The Cambridge editors have a very ingenious suggestion. "Perhaps a line has been lost, which, by help of the quartos, we may supply thus:—

'Take from them now
The sense of reckoning of the opposed numbers,
Lest that the multitudes that stand before them
Pluck their hearts from them.'

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
Two chantries, 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.¹

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.*]

SCENE II.—*The French Camp.*²

Enter DAUPHIN, ORLEANS, RAMBURES, and others.

Orl. The sun doth gild our armour ; up, my lords.

Dau. *Montez à cheval* :—My horse ! *valet ! laquais !* ha !

Orl. O brave spirit !

Dau. *Via !—les caux et la terre—*

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 doubt³ them with superfluous courage : Ha !

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,
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-axe 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,—were enow
To purge this field of such a hilding foe :

Though we upon this mountain's basis by
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 sound
The tucket-sonaunce and the note to mount :⁴
For our approach shall so much dare the field
That England shall couch down in fear, and yield.

Enter GRANDPRÉ.

Grand. Why do you stay so long, my lords of France ?
Yon island carrions, desperate of their bones,
Ill-favour'dly become the morning field :
Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,
And our air shakes them passing scornfully.
Big Mars seems bankrout in their beggar'd host,
And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps.
The horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks
With torch-staves in their hand ; and their poor jades
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 gimmal bit
Lies foul with chaw'd grass, still and motionless ;
And their executors, the knavish crows,
Fly o'er them all, impatient for their hour.
Description cannot suit itself in words,
To demonstrate the life of such a battle,
In life so lifeless 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 guidon.⁵ To the field
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.*]

SCENE III.—*The English Camp.*

Enter the English Host ; GLOSTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, SALISBURY, 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, warriors all—adieu !

Bed. Farewell, good Salisbury ; and good luck go with thee !

¹ Works of piety and charity, without a contrite soul—the penitence which comes *after all*—are nothing worth.

² The whole of this scene is wanting in the quarto.

³ *Doubt them.* The folio reads *doubt*. In Rowe's edition we find the word changed into *dout*—to *put out*. To *doubt* is constantly used by the old writers as an equivalent for *to awe*.

⁴ *The tucket-sonaunce, &c.* The flourish of the trumpet expressed by "tucket-sonaunce"—the "note to mount"—the "dare the field," a term of falconry—are gay expressions more fitting for a hunting-party than for an onslaught of war. They are in character with "A very little little let us do." Shakspeare shows his excellent judgment in this. In Holinshed he found quite an opposite description :—"They (the Frenchmen) rested themselves, waiting for the bloody blast of the terrible trumpet."

⁵ *Guidon.* The ordinary reading was—

"I stay but for my guard. On, to the field."

It was communicated to us in 1842, by Dr. Hawtrey, then head master of Eton,

that the Provost of King's, Dr. Thackeray, had proposed a new reading. That emendation we adopted, without hesitation, in our Library Edition. One cannot see how the banner taken from a trumpet would be a substitute for the Constable's guard. The *guidon* was a leader's standard. In Drayton's "Polyolbion" we have—

"The king of England's self, and his renowned son,
Under his *guidon* marched."

In the engraved roll of the funeral procession of Sir Philip Sidney, from the drawings of Thomas Lant, we have a representation of a standard half rolled round the end of a spear, with the words underneath, "*guidon* trailed." The Cambridge editors say—"The conjectural reading *guidon* : for *guard* : on, which we have adopted, and which is attributed by recent editors to Dr. Thackeray, late Provost of King's College, Cambridge, is found in Rann's edition, without any name attached. Dr. Thackeray probably made the conjecture independently. We find it written in pencil on the margin of his copy of Nares's Glossary, under the word 'Guard.'"

Exc. Farewell, kind lord, fight valiantly to-day;
And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it,
For thou art framed of the firm truth of valour.¹

[*Exit* SALISBURY.]

Bed. He is as full of valour as of kindness;
Princely in both.

West. O that we now had here

Enter KING HENRY.

But one ten thousand of those men in England
That do no work to-day!

K. Hen. What's he that wishes so?
My cousin Westmoreland?—No, my fair cousin:
If we are mark'd to die, we are enow
To do our country loss; 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, I am not covetous for gold;
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
It yearns me not 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:
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
That fears his fellowship to die with us.
This day is call'd the feast of Crispian:
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 see this day, and live old age,²
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,³
And say, to-morrow is Saint Crispian:
Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars:⁴
Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember, with advantages,
What feast he did that day: Then shall our names,
Familiar in his mouth⁵ 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 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:
And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,

In the folio the lines stand thus:—

"*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.
Exc. Farewell, kind lord, fight valiantly to-day."

It is evident that this last line has been transposed; and here the quarto helps us:—

"Farewell, kind lord, fight valiantly to-day;
And yet in truth I do thee wrong,
For thou art made on the true sparks of honour."

² So the folio. In modern editions we have—

"He that shall *live* this day and *see* old age."

in the quarto we have—

"He that *outlives* this day, and sees old age."

What authority does that give for the modern reading of "live this day?"

Shall think themselves accurs'd they were not here;
And hold their manhoods cheap, whiles any speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

Enter SALISBURY.

Sal. My sovereign lord, bestow yourself with speed:
The French are bravely in their battles set,
And will with all expedience 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,
coz?

West. God's will, my liege, 'would you and I alone,
Without more help, could fight this royal battle!⁶

K. Hen. Why, now thou hast unwish'd five thousand
men;

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
The constable desires thee—thou wilt mind
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 lived, was kill'd with hunting him.
A many 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 abounding valour⁷ in our English;
That, being dead, like to the bullet's grazing,
Break out into a second course of mischief,
Killing in relapse of mortality.
Let me speak proudly:—Tell the constable,
We are but warriors for the working day:⁸
Our gayness, and our gilt, 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 will not fly),

³ *Neighbours* in the folio; the quarto, *friends*.

⁴ In the modern editions we have a line immediately following this, which is not in the folio:—

"And say, these wounds I had on Crispin's day."

This line is found in the quarto *entirely in a different place*, after "shall gentle his condition."

⁵ *His mouth*. When Shakspeare altered "friends" to "neighbours," he altered "*their mouths*" of the quarto to "*his mouth*." How beautifully he preserves the continuity of the picture of *the one old man* remembering his feats, and his great companions in arms, by this slight change! *His mouth* names "Harry the king" as a *household word*, though in *their cups* (the cup of the neighbours) the name shall be freshly remembered.

⁶ So the folio. The quarto has, "could fight this battle out."

⁷ *Abounding*. So the folio; the quarto, *abundant*. Theobald and Steevens read a *bounding*. If any change is to be made, we had better say *rebounding*.

⁸ *Warriors for the working day*—we are soldiers ready for work—not dressed up for a holiday.

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 levied. 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 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.

Enter the DUKE OF YORK.

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.]*

SCENE IV.—*The Field of Battle.*

*Alarums Excursions. Enter French Soldier, PISTOL,
 and Boy.*

Pist. Yield, cur.

Fr. Sol. *Je pense que vous êtes le gentilhomme de bonne
 qualité.*

Pist. Quality ! Calen o Custure me.¹ Art thou a gentle-
 man ? What is thy name ? discuss.

Fr. Sol. *O seigneur Dieu !*

Pist. O signieur Dew should be a gentleman :—
 Perpend my words, O signieur Dew, and mark ;—
 O signieur Dew, thou diest on point of fox,²
 Except, O signieur, thou do give to me
 Egregious ransom.

Fr. Sol. *O, prenez miséricorde ! ayez pitié de moi !*

Pist. Moy shall not serve, I will have forty moys ;
 For I will fetch thy rim³ out at thy throat,
 In drops of crimson blood.

Fr. Sol. *Est-il impossible d'échapper la force de ton bras ?*

Pist. Brass,⁴ cur !

Thou damned and luxurious mountain goat,
 Offer'st me brass ?

Fr. Sol. *O pardonnez moi.*

Pist. Say'st thou me so ? is that a ton of moys ?⁵
 Come hither, boy : Ask me this slave in French,
 What is his name.

Boy. *Ecoutez ; Comment êtes-vous appelé ?*

Fr. Sol. *Monsieur le Fer.*

Boy. He says, his name is master Fer.

Pist. Master Fer ! I'll fer him, and firr him, and ferret
 him :—discuss the same in French unto him.

Boy. I do not know the French for fer, and ferret, and
 firr.

Pist. 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
 prêt ; car ce soldat ici est disposé tout à cette heure de couper
 votre gorge.*

Pist. Ouy, couper gorge, par ma foy, pesant.

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 par-
 donner ! Je suis gentilhomme de bonne maison ; gardez ma
 vie, et je vous donnerai deux cents écus.*

Pist. What are his words ?

Boy. 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.

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 ; néanmoins pour les écus 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, vaillant, et très 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 one (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. *[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,⁶ that
 every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger ; and
 they are both hanged ; and so would this be, if he durst
 steal anything adventurously. 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.]*

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

¹ *Calen o Custure me.* In the folio we find "calmie custure me," which has
 been turned, in some modern editions, into "call you me?—Construe me." Malone
 found out the enigma. In "A Handefull of pleasant Delites" (1584) we
 have "Sundry new Sonets, in divers kinds of meeter, newly devised to the newest
 tunes that are now in use to be sung;" and amongst others, "A Sonet of a
 Lover in the praise of his Lady; To 'Calen o custure me:' sung at everie line's
 end." When the French soldier says *quali-té*, Pistol, by the somewhat similar
 sound, is reminded of the song of *Calen o*;—or, as it is given in Playford's
 "Musical Companion," *Callino*.

² *Fox*—a cant word for a sword. It was used by Congreve: "I have an old
 fox by my thigh."

³ *Rim.* Warburton would read *ransom*; Mason, *ryno*; Steevens proves that
rim is part of the intestines. The word in the folio is *rymme*. We must hazard
 a conjecture. The Frenchman is using somewhat guttural sounds to Pistol—
prenez miséricorde; and the English bully designates the accentuation by a word
 (*rymme*) which seems to him to mark the sounds so discordant and unintelligible.
 In the same way we still speak of the Northumbrian *burr*. Further, the Anglo-
 Saxon noun *reoma* means *rheum* and *rime*; and Pistol may think that the *rime*
 in the throat, which he will fetch out in drops of crimson blood, is the cause of
 the offensive sounds.

⁴ *Brass.* The critics have decided that because Pistol mistakes *bras* for *brass*,
 and subsequently thinks *moi* (then spelt *moy*) is pronounced *moy*, Shakspeare "had
 very little knowledge in the French language." We have two pages of notes in
 the variorum editions to prove this. But the critics have not proved what was
 the pronunciation of the French language in Shakspeare's time, especially with
 regard to the now silent *s*; and if they had proved that *bras* was always pro-
 nounced *bra*, (or *bravo* as Malone has it,) and *moy* as we now pronounce *moi*,
 they have missed the fact that Pistol knew a little French (see Act II. Sc. I.),
 and though the Frenchman might have said *bra* and *moi*, the sound might have
 suggested to Pistol the words which he had seen written *bras* and *moy*; and thus
 his "offer'st me brass," and his "forty moys."

Ton of moys—par-tonnez moy—perhaps the then received mode of pro-
 nunciation—suggests the "ton of moys." But what is a moy? Johnson says
 "moi" is a piece of money, whence *moi-dore*. Douce is hard upon the deriva-
 tion of *moidore*, and says that *moy* meant a measure of corn. Without defending
 Pistol's or Dr. Johnson's etymology, we believe Douce is mistaken. Pistol clearly
 takes *moy* for money of some sort.

⁶ See Illustrations to Henry IV., Part II., Act III.

Sits mocking in our plumes.—*O méchante fortune !—*
Do not run away. [*A short alarum.*]

Con. Why, all our ranks are broke.

Dau. O perdurable shame !—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's die in honour :¹ Once more back again ;
And he that will not follow Bourbon now,
Let him go hence, and, with his cap in hand,
Like a base pander, hold the chamber-door,
Whilst by a slave, no gentler than my dog,
His fairest daughter is contaminate.

Con. Disorder, that hath spoil'd us, friend us now !
Let us, on heaps, go offer up our lives.

Orl. We are enow, yet living in the field,
To smother up the English in our throngs,
If any order might be thought upon.

Bour. The devil take order now ! I'll to the throng ;
Let life be short ; else shame will be too long. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*Another part of the Field.*

Alarums. Enter KING HENRY and Forces ; EXETER,
and others, with Prisoners.

K. Hen. Well have we done, thrice-valiant countrymen :
But all's not done, yet keep the French the field.

Exe. The duke of York commends him to your majesty.

K. Hen. Lives he, good uncle ? thrice within this hour
I saw him down ; thrice up again, and fighting ;
From helmet to the spur, all blood he was.

Exe. In which array (brave soldier), doth he lie,
Larding the plain : and by his bloody side,
(Yoke-fellow to his honour-owing wounds,) 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, my cousin Suffolk !

My soul shall thine keep company to heaven :

Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly abreast ;

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 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.

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,

¹ *Let's die in honour.* The ordinary reading was, “Let us die *instant.*” Malone would read, “Let us die *in fight.*” The folio reads, “Let us die *in,*” which Mason says is the true reading. To justify and explain our reading, we must exhibit the greatly altered scene of the quarto—which is also a curious example of the mode in which the text of the folio was expanded and amended, and that certainly by the poet :—

“*Gebon. O diabello !*

Con. Mort de ma vie !

Orl. O what a day is this !

Bour. O jour del honte ! all is gone ; all is lost !

Con. We are enow 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 Bourbon now,

Let him go, &c.

Con. Disorder, that hath spoil'd us, right us now !

Come we in heaps, we'll offer up our lives

Unto these English, or else die with fame.

Come, come along,

Let's die with honour ; our shame doth last too long.”

And all my mother came into mine eyes,
And gave me up to tears.

K. Hen. I blame you not ;

For, hearing this, I must perforce compound

With mistful eyes, or they will issue too.— [*Alarum.*]

But, hark ! what new alarum is this same ?—

The French have reinforc'd their scatter'd men :—²

Then every soldier kill his prisoners ;

Give the word through. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—*Another part of the Field.*

Alarums. Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER.

Flu. Kill the poys and the luggage ! 'tis expressly
against the law of arms : 'tis as arrant a piece of knavery,
mark you now, as can be offered. In your conscience now,
is it not ?

Gow. 'Tis certain there's not a boy left alive ; and the
cowardly rascals that ran from the battle have done this
slaughter : besides, they have burned and carried away
all that was in the king's tent ; wherefore the king, most
worthily, hath caused every soldier 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 porn ?

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 comparisons between Mace-
don 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 called Wye, at Mon-
mouth ; but it is out of my prains what is the name of the
other river ; but 'tis all one, 'tis alike 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 pest friend, Clytus.

Gow. Our king is not like him in that ; he never killed
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 and finished. I speak but in
the figures and comparisons of it : As Alexander killed his
friend Clytus, being in his ales and his cups ; so also Harry
Monmouth, being in his right wits and his goot judgments,

It is wonderful how the earlier commentators misused this text, without endeavouring by it to illustrate the difficulty in the text of the folio. A word is omitted of some sort : the quarto gives them the very passage—“Let's die with honour.” But that they refuse to see ; and although the whole scene has been so amplified and improved, they “restore a line from the quarto” which is not found in the folio—

“Unto these English, or else die with fame.”

Shakspeare had previously given the sentiment in “Let's die in honour ;” the word “honour” being unquestionably omitted in the printing of what he wrote.

² Capell thought that this line should be spoken by a messenger, in answer to the king's “what new alarum is this same ?” The conduct of Henry in giving the fatal order,

“Then every soldier kill his prisoner,”

is much more natural and justifiable than if he issued the command upon suspicion only.

turned away the fat knight with the great pelly-doublet : he was full of jests, and gipes, and knaveries, and mocks ; I have forgot his name.¹

Gow. Sir John Falstaff.

Flu. That is he : I'll tell you, there is goot men porn at Monmouth.

Gow. Here comes his majesty.

Alarum. Enter KING HENRY with a part of the English Forces WARWICK, 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 sight : If they'll do neither, we will come to them ; And make them skirr away, as swift as stones Enforced from the old Assyrian slings : Besides, we'll cut the throats of those we have ; And not a man of them, that we shall take, Shall taste our mercy :—Go, and tell them so.

Enter MONTJOY.

Exe. Here comes the herald of the French, my liege.

Glo. His eyes are humbler than they us'd to be.

K. Hen. How now ! what means this, herald ? knowest 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 sort 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 Fret fetlock deep in gore, and, with wild rage, Yerk out their armed heels 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 Agincourt, 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 majesties is remembered of it, the Welshmen did goot service in a garden where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps ; which, your majesty 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 Saint 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 majesty's Welsh plood out of your pody, I can tell you that : Got pless it and preserve it, as long as it pleases his grace, and his majesty too !

K. Hen. Thanks, good my countryman.

Flu. By Cheshu, I am your majesty's countryman, I care not who know it ; I will confess 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 wearest 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.

K. Hen. An Englishman ?

Will. An't please your majesty, a rascal that swaggered 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 sort, quite from the answer of his degree.

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, as ever his plack shoe trod upon Got's ground and his earth, in my conscience, la.

K. Hen. Then keep thy vow, sirrah, when thou meet'st the fellow.

Will. So I will, my liege, as I live.

K. Hen. Who serv'st thou under ?

Will. Under captain Gower, my liege.

Flu. Gower is a goot captain ; and is goot 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, I plucked 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 me love.

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 aggrieved 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. Knowest 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 :

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 ;

¹ We print this speech as in the folio, with the exception of *goot* for *good*. The ordinary text was stuffed full of false English, supposed to represent the

Welsh mode of expression. Capell very justly says—"The poet thought it sufficient to mark his (Fluellen's) diction a little, and in some places only ; and the man of taste will be of the same opinion."

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.]*

SCENE 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 peseech 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 universal 'orld, or in France, or in England.

Gow. How now, sir ? you villain !

Will. Do you think I'll be forsworn ?

Flu. Stand away, captain Gower ; I will give treason his payment into plows, 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 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, (saving your majesty's manhood,) what an arrant, rascally, beggarly, lowsy knave it is : I hope your majesty is pear me testimony, and witness, and will avouchment, that this is the glove of Alençon, that your majesty is give me, in your conscience now.

K. Hen. Give me thy glove, soldier ! Look, here's the fellow of it.

'Twas I, indeed, thou promised'st to strike ;
And thou hast given me most bitter terms.¹

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 lord, 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 appeared to me but as a common man ; witness the night, your garments, your lowliness ; and what your highness suffered under that shape I beseech you, take it for your own fault and not mine : for 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 : '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 ?²

Her. Here is the number of the slaughter'd French.

[Delivers a paper.]

K. Hen. What prisoners of good sort are taken, uncle ?

Exc. Charles duke of Orleans, 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 ; 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, high constable of France ; Jaques of Chatillon, admiral of France ; The master of the cross-bows, lord Rambures ; Great master of France, the brave sir Guischard 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 Roussi, 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, the earl of Suffolk, Sir Richard Ketly, Davy Gam, esquire : 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 none but thine !³

Exc. 'Tis wonderful !

K. Hen. Come, go we in procession to the village : 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 killed ?

K. Hen. Yes, captain ; but with this acknowledgment, That God fought for us.

² *Number'd.* So the folio. Steevens would read the line thus :—

“Now, herald, are the dead on both sides number'd ?”

³ *None but thine.* So the folio ; the quartos, *only thine.*

¹ These lines were ordinarily printed as prose.

Flu. Yes, my conscience, he did us great goot.

K. Hen. Do we all holy rites ;

Let there be sung *Non Nobis*, and *Te Deum* ;

The dead with charity enclos'd in clay :

And then to Calais ; and to England then ;

Where ne'er from France arriv'd more happy men.

[*Exeunt.*

RECENT NEW READING.

Sc. VII. p. 633.—"To *look* our dead."

"To *look* our dead."—*Collier.*

Mr. Collier, upon the authority of the Manuscript Corrections, says we must read "to *look* our dead." He adds, "It was an English herald who made out a statement of the killed, wounded, and prisoners, on both sides, and afterwards presented it to the king." Not so: the king says—

"Our heralds go *with him*

Bring me just notice of the numbers dead
On both our parts."

When the herald returns, he presents two papers—one the French "*book*"—the other the English.

ACT V.

CHORUS.¹

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
Towards Calais : grant him there ; there seen,
Heave him away upon your winged thoughts,
Athwart the sea : Behold, the English beach
Pales in the flood with men, with wives, and boys,
Whose shouts and claps out-voice the deep-mouth'd sea,
Which, like a mighty whiffler^a 'fore the king,
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
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, signal, and ostent,
Quite from himself, to God. But now behold,
In the quick forge and working-house 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,
With the plebeians swarming at their heels,—
Go forth, and fetch their conquering Cæsar in :
As, by a lower but by loving likelihood,
Were now the general of our gracious empress
(As in good time he may,) from Ireland coming,
Bringing rebellion broached 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 in behalf of France,
To order peace between them ;)^b and omit
All the occurrences, whatever chanc'd,
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.

¹ The chorus, like all the other choruses, first appears in the folio.

Astonished him—*stunned him* with the blow, says Johnson. Mason explains it *confounded him*. Johnson was clearly right: *astonished* is still a pugilistic term, in the precise sense in which Gower uses it.

² Some modern editions, *I eat, and eke I swear*. The folio, "I eat and eat I

SCENE I.—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.^c

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, lousy, praggings 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.

Enter PISTOL.

Gow. Why, here he comes, swelling like a turkey-cock.

Flu. 'Tis no matter for his swellings, nor his turkey-cocks.—Got pless you, ancient Pistol ! you scurvy, lousy knave, Got pless you !

Pist. Ha ! art thou Bedlam ? dost thou thirst, base Trojan,

To have me fold up Parca's fatal web ?

Hence ! I am qualmish at the smell of leek.

Flu. I peseech you heartily, scurvy, lousy 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. Base 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 called me yesterday, mountain-squire, but I will make you to-day a squire of low degree. I pray you, fall to ; if you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.

Gow. Enough, captain ; you have astonished him.²

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.

Pist. Must I bite ?

Flu. Yes, certainly ; and out of doubt, and out of questions too, and ambiguities.

Pist. By this leek, I will most horribly revenge ; I eat—and eat—I swear.³

Flu. Eat, I pray you : Will you have some more sauce to your leek ? there is not enough leek to swear by.

Pist. 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.

Pist. Good.

Flu. Ay, leeks is goot :—Hold you, there is a groat to heal your pate.

Pist. 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.

Pist. I take thy groat, in earnest of revenge.

Flu. If I owe you anything, I will pay you in cudgels ; you shall be a woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but

swear." In printing "I eat—and eat—I swear"—we do not deviate from the words of the original. Fluellen stands over Pistol with his cudgel, who says, "I eat ;"—Fluellen makes a motion as if again to strike him, when he repeats "I eat." He then mutters, "I swear"—to which Fluellen adds, "Eat, I pray you—there is not enough leek to swear by."

cudgels. God be wi' you, and keep you, and heal your pate. [Exit.

Pist. 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 predeceased valour,—and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words? I have seen you gleeing 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 correction teach you a good English condition. Fare ye well.

Pist. Doth fortune play the huswife with me now? News have I that my Nell is dead 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 cudgell'd¹ scars, And swear I got them in the Gallia wars. [Exit.

SCENE II.—Troyes in Champagne. *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! Unto our brother France, and to our sister, 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.²

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: 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 and royal interview, Your mightiness on both parts best can witness. Since then my office hath so far prevail'd That face to face, and royal eye to eye, You have congregated; 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, Put forth disorder'd twigs: her fallow leas The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory, Doth root upon; while that the coulter rusts That should deracinate such savagery: The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover, Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank, Conceives by idleness; and nothing teems But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burs, Losing both beauty and utility: And as our vineyards, fallows, meads, and hedges, Defective in their natures, grow to wildness; 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, And everything that seems unnatural. Which to reduce into our former favour³ You are assembled; and my speech entreats That I may know the let, why gentle peace Should not expel these inconveniences, 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.

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 cursory eye O'er-glanc'd the articles: pleaseth your grace To appoint some of your council presently To sit with us once more, with better heed To re-survey them, we will, suddenly, Pass our accept and peremptory answer.⁴

K. Hen. Brother, we shall.—Go, uncle Exeter,— And brother Clarence,—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 advantageous for our dignity, Anything in, or out of, our demands; And we'll consign thereto.—Will you, fair sister, 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.

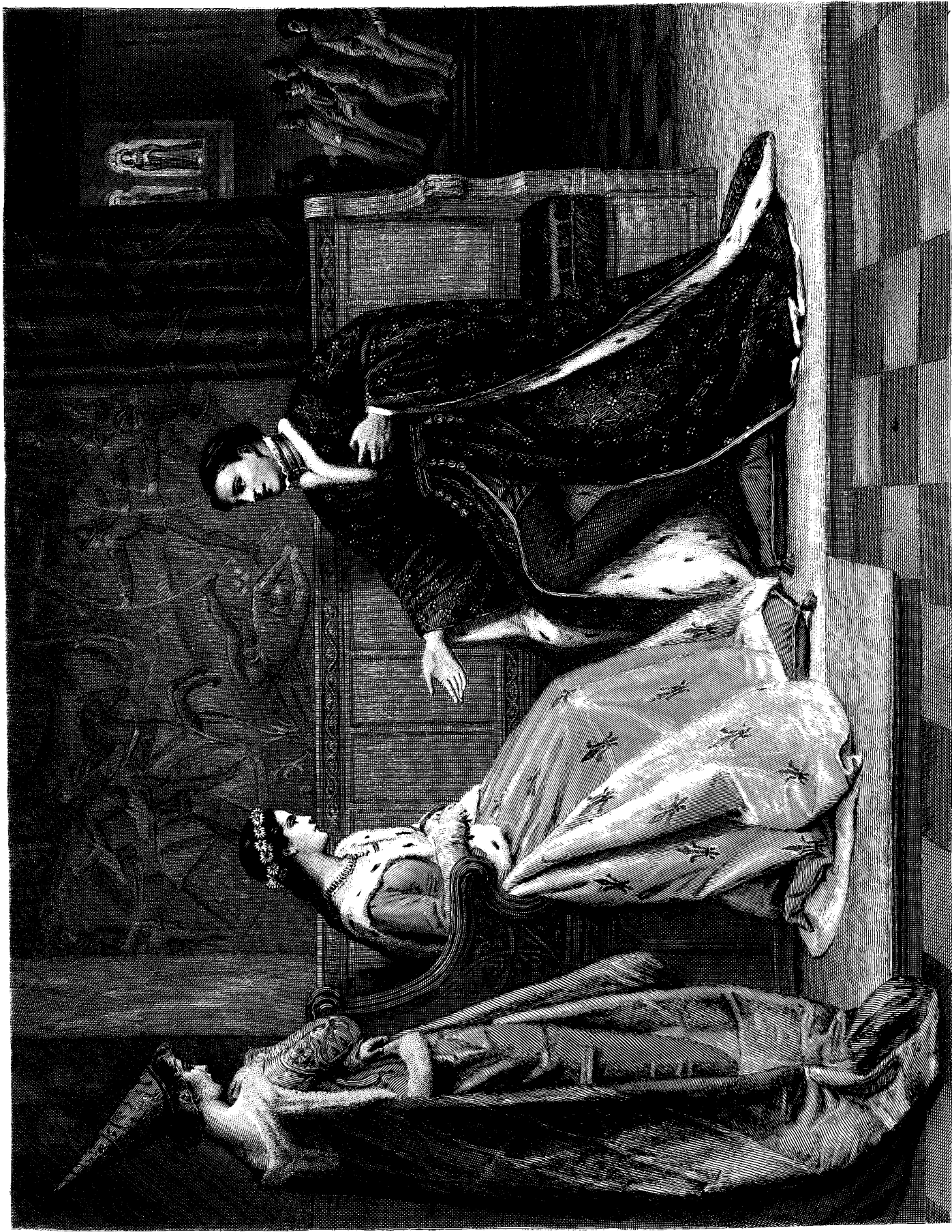
¹ *Cudgell'd* in the folio. The word is not in the quarto; but the whole scene has been re-modelled.

² Fifty-six lines following this are not found at all in the quarto. The reader will see that the speech of Burgundy is one of the finest in the play, and is philosophically meant to show the price at which glory is purchased.

³ *Favour*—appearance.

⁴ This passage has been considered obscure; and some would read *pass* or *except*. The difficulty has arisen from a misconception of the meaning of *accept* and *answer*. Our *accept* is our *consent* to certain of the articles: our *peremptory answer* is our undelaying *statement of objections* to other articles. In the quarto we have nothing of *accept*; but—

“We shall return our peremptory answer.”



W F YEAMES PINX

W GRETEBACH SCULPT

THE WOOING OF HENRY V.

(KING HENRY V.)



Q. Isa. She hath good leave.

[*Exeunt all but HENRY, KATHARINE, and her Gentlewoman.*]

K. Hen. Fair Katharine, and most fair,
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?

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 moi*, 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. *Oui, vraiment, (sauf votre grâce) 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. *Oui*; dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits; dat is de princess.

K. Hen. The princess is the better English-woman. I' faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy understanding: I am glad thou canst speak no better English; for, if thou couldst, thou wouldst find me such a plain king, 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: How say you, lady?

Kath. *Sauf votre honneur*, me understand well.

K. Hen. Marry, if you would put me to verses, 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, yet a reasonable measure in strength. If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my saddle 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 sit like a jack-an-apes, never off: but, before God, Kate, I cannot look greenly, 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 anything he sees there, let thine eye be thy cook. I speak to thee plain soldier: 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 uncoined constancy: 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; a straight back will stoop; a black beard will turn white; a curled pate will grow bald; a fair face will wither; a full eye will wax hollow; but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the 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 sayest thou then to my love? speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

Kath. Is it possible dat I sould love de enemy of France?

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; 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'ai la possession de France, et quand vous avez la possession de moi*, (let me see, what then? Saint Denis be my speed!)—*donc votre est France, et vous êtes 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 votre honneur, le Français que vous parlez est meilleur que l'Anglais 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 beest mine, Kate, (as I have a saving faith within me tells me thou shalt,) I get thee with scrambling, and thou must therefore needs prove a good soldier-breeder: Shall not thou and I, between Saint Denis and Saint George, compound a boy, half French, half English, that shall go to Constantinople, and take the Turk by the beard? shall we not? what sayest 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 très chère et divine déesse*?

Kath. Your majesté 'ave fausse French enough to deceive de most sage demoiselle 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 of my visage. Now beshrew my father's ambition! 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 Plantagenet 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 music; for thy voice is music, 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 roi mon père.

K. Hen. Nay, it will please him well, Kate; it shall please him, Kate.

Kath. Den it sall also content me.

K. Hen. Upon that I kiss your hand, and I call you my queen.

Kath. *Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez: ma foi, je ne veux point que vous abaissez votre grandeur, en baisant la main de votre indigne serviteur; excusez moi, je vous supplie, mon très puissant seigneur.*

K. Hen. Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

Kath. *Les dames et demoiselles pour être baisées devant leur noces, il n'est pas la coutume 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, *baiser, en English.*

K. Hen. To kiss.

Alice. Your majesty *entendre* better *que moi.*

K. Hen. It is not a fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married, would she say?

Alice. *Oui, vraiment.*

K. Hen. O Kate, nice customs curt'sy to great kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined within the weak list 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 kiss: 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. Here comes your father.

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 princess 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 condition¹ is not smooth: 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, 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.

K. Hen. Then, good my lord, teach your cousin to content winking.

Bur. I will wink on her to consent, my lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning: for maids, well summered 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 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 turned into a maid; for they are all girdled with maiden walls, that war hath never entered.

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 of 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, 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 très cher fils Henry roi d'Angleterre, héritier de France*;^a and thus in Latin,—*Præclarissimus filius noster Henricus, rex Angliæ, et hæres Franciæ.*

Fr. King. Nor this I have not, brother, so denied, 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, 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, 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 prosperous be! [*Exeunt.*]

CHORUS.

Thus far, with rough and all unable pen,
Our bending author hath pursued the story
In little room confining mighty men,
Mangling by starts 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 he achiev'd,
And of it left his son imperial lord.
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.

¹ Condition. Condition is temper, says Steevens. Surely not in this case.

ILLUSTRATIONS TO KING HENRY V.

ACT I.

CHORUS.—“*Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword, and fire,*” &c.

FAMINE, sword, and fire are “the dogs of war” in Julius Cæsar. In Shakspeare's favourite chronicler, Holinshed, they are “landmaidens.” Henry V., addressing himself to the people of Rouen, “declared that the goddess of battle, called Bellona, had three handmaidens ever of necessity attending upon her, as blood, fire, and famine.”

^b CHORUS.—“*But pardon, gentles all,*” &c.

In Sir Philip Sidney's “Defence of Foesie” the attempts to introduce battles upon the stage are thus ridiculed: “Two armies flying, represented with four swords and bucklers, and then what hard heart will not receive it for a pitched field?” Shakspeare, in this chorus, does not defend this absurdity, although the remarks of the accomplished author of the “Arcadia” might have led him here to apologize for it. It is well remarked, however, by Schlegel, that our poet has not entertained such a scruple “in the occasion of many other great battles, and among others of that of Philippi.” The reason, we think, is obvious. In this play Shakspeare put forth all the strength of his nationality. The battle of Agincourt was the greatest event of all his chronicle-histories. Henry V. was, unquestionably, his favourite hero. But the events depicted in this play were, to a certain extent, undramatic: they belonged to the epic region of poetry. Hence the introduction of the chorus, which imparts a lyric character to the whole performance; and hence the apology for the “unworthy scaffold,”—the “cockpit,”—the “wooden O,”—by which terms the poet designated his comparatively small and rude theatre. He meets the difficulty in the only way in which it could be met. He demands from the audience a higher exercise of the imagination than they were wont to exercise:—

“Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts.”

Again, in the chorus to the third act:—

“Still be kind,
And eke out our performance with your mind.”

Those in our own day who have been accustomed to see such a play as Henry V. got up with battalions of combatants, may laugh at the necessity for apologizing for

“four or five most vile and ragged foils,
Right ill dispos'd in brawl ridiculous.”

But, after all, the battles and processions of the modern theatre are still “mockeries,” and the spectator must be called upon to “make imaginary puissance.” Those who attempt to dispense with the imagination of the audience, instead of merely assisting it, forget the higher objects of the poet.

^c SCENE I.—“*Hear him but reason in divinity.*”

The commentators give us some long notes upon Warburton's theory, that this passage was a compliment to the theological acquirements of James I. It does not appear to us that such conjectures offer any proper illustration of Shakspeare. This scene, we apprehend, was written at the same time with the choruses—that is, four years before the accession of James. Johnson very justly observes, that “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.” The praises of Henry, which Shakspeare puts in the mouth of the Archbishop of Canterbury, had no latent reference. They are strictly in accordance with the historical opinion of that prince; and they are even subdued when compared with the extravagant eulogies of the chroniclers. Hall, for example, says, “This prince was almost the Arabical Phoenix, and amongst his predecessors a very Paragon. . . . This Henry was a king whose life was immaculate, and his living without spot. This king was a prince whom all men loved, and of none disdained. This prince was a captain against whom fortune

never frowned, nor mischance once spurned. This captain was a shepherd whom his flock loved, and lovingly obeyed. This shepherd was such a justiciary that no offence was unpunished, nor friendship unrewarded. This justiciary was so feared, that all rebellion was banished, and sedition suppressed.” The education of Henry was, literally, in the “practick part of life.” At eleven years of age he was a student at Oxford, under the care of his uncle Beaufort. In a small room over the ancient gateway of Queen's College was Henry lodged; and here, under the rude portraits in stained glass of his uncle and himself, was the following inscription, which Wood gives in his “Athenæ Oxonienses:”—

IN PERPETUAM REI MEMORIAM.
IMPERATOR BRITANNIÆ,
TRIUMPHATOR GALLIÆ,
HOSTIUM VICTOR ET SUI.
HENRICUS V.
PARVI HUIUS CUBICULI.
OLIM MAGNUS INCOLA.

The “hostium victor et sui” is one of the many evidences of the universality, if not of the truth, of the tradition that

“his addiction was to courses vain.

His early removal from the discipline of the schools to the license of the camp could not have been advantageous to the morals of the high-spirited boy. That he was a favourite of Richard II. we know by the fact of his knighting him during his Irish expedition.

His subsequent command of the Welsh army, when little more than fourteen, was a circumstance still less favourable to his self-control. That the “insolency and wildness” of the boy should be the result of such uncurbed and irresponsible power, is quite as credible as that the man should have put on such “gravity and soberness,”—“the flower of kings past, and a glass to them that should succeed.”

^d SCENE II.—“*My great grandfather,
Never went with his forces into France,*” &c.

In Andrew of Wyntoun's “Cronykil of Scotland” we have a curious picture of the supposed defenceless state of England when the king was absent upon foreign conquests:—

“Thai sayd, that thai mycht rycht welle fare
Til Lwmdyn, for in Ingland than
Of gret mycht wes left na man,
For, thai sayd, all war in Frawns,
Bot sowteris,* skynneris, or marchauns.”

SCENE II.—“*For government,*” &c.

In a foot-note upon this passage we have given a quotation of Cicero, for the purpose of suggesting a correction of the text. But this passage, which, taken altogether, is a very remarkable one, opens up the *questio vexata* of the learning of Shakspeare, to an extent which it would be very difficult completely to follow. The considerations involved in this passage are briefly these: the words of Cicero, to which the lines of Shakspeare have so close a resemblance, form part of a fragment of that portion of his lost treatise, “De Republicâ,” which is presented to us only in the writings of St. Augustin. The first question, therefore, is, had Shakspeare read the fragment in St. Augustin? But Cicero's “De Republicâ” was, as far as we know, an adaptation of Plato's “Republic;” the sentence we have quoted is almost literally to be found in Plato; and, what is still more curious, the lines of Shakspeare are more deeply imbued with the Platonic philosophy than the passage of Cicero. These lines,—

“For government, through *high*, and *low*, and *lower*.
Put into parts, doth keep in one *concent*,
Congreeing in a *full and natural close*,
Like music:”—

and the subsequent lines—

“ True: therefore doth heaven divide
The state of man in divers functions,”—

develop, unquestionably, the great Platonic doctrine of the identity of the three principles in man, and the identity of the idea of man with the idea of a state. The particular passage of Plato's "Republic" to which we refer is in the fourth book, and may be thus rendered :—" It is not alone wisdom and strength which make a state simply wise and strong, but it (Order), like that harmony called the Diapason, is diffused throughout the whole state, making both the weakest and the strongest, and the middling people concert the same melody." Again : " The harmonic power of political justice is the same as that musical concert which connects three chords, the octave, the bass, and the fifth." Platonism was studied in England at the time that Shakspeare began to write. Coleridge tells us, " The accomplished author of Arcadia—the star of serenest brilliance in the glorious constellation of Elizabeth's court, our England's Sir Philip Sidney—held high converse with Spenser on the idea of super-sensual beauty." We find in Theobald's edition a notice of the resemblance between the passages in Shakspeare and Cicero. We are indebted to a friend for the suggestion of the greater resemblance in the passages of Plato, from which source he thinks Shakspeare derived the idea. This is one of the many evidences of our poet's acquaintance, directly or indirectly, with the classical writers, which Dr. Farmer passes in his one-sided Essay on the Learning of Shakspeare. There was no translation of Plato in Shakspeare's time, except a single dialogue by Spenser. From Spenser's " high converse " he, perhaps, received the thought, as beautiful as profound, which he has thus embodied ; but however he obtained it, he used it as one who was not meddling with learning in an ignorant spirit. We find the same thought expressed, though not so clearly as by Shakspeare, in the " Treatise on Monarchie " of Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke, " Servant to Queen Elizabeth, Counsellor to King James, and friend to Sir Philip Sidney." This poem was not published till 1670.

^f SCENE II.—“*So work the honey bees.*”

Ma- ves us a passage from Lyly's "Euphues and his England" (150 which, he has no doubt, suggested this fine description. This is probable; but, nevertheless, the lines before us are a remarkable instance of the power of Shakspeare in the improvement of everything he borrowed. It is not only in the poetical elevation of the description that the improvement consists, but in the rejection of whatever is false or redundant. Lyly says, "They call a Parliament, wherein they consult for laws, statutes, penalties, choosing officers, and creating their king." This is the reasoning faculty, and not the instinctive; and Shakspeare shows the greater truth of his philosophy in referring "the act of order" the bees to "a rule in nature." The description before us is found in the quarto edition, with no material difference, except the omission of the two following lines :-—

The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burthens at his 'narrow gate.'"

ACT II.

CHORUS.—*"And hides a sword, from hilts unto the point,
With crowns imperial, crowns and coronets."*

In ancient trophies in tapestry or painting a sword is often hidden, from hilt unto the point, with naval or mural crowns. There is a portrait of Edward III. in the Chapter House at Windsor, with a sword in his hand thus ornamented, if we remember rightly, with three crowns.

^b SCENE I.—“*Thou prick-ear'd cur of Iceland.*”

Dr. Caius, a physician of Queen Elizabeth's time, wrote a treatise on British dogs, which he divides into dogs of the chase, farm dogs, and mongrels, describing the several species under each head. We find herein no mention of the Iceland dog. He, however, mentions the *wappe*; and Harrison, in his description of England, speaking

of our English dogs, says—"The last sort of dogs consisteth of the currish kind, meet for many toys, of which the whappet, or *prickeared cur*, is one." He adds:—"Besides these also we have sholts, or curs, daily brought out of Iseland, and much made of among us because of their sauciness and quarrelling. Moreover, they bite very sore, and love candles exceedingly, as do the men and women of their country." The "cur of Iceland" of Shakspeare is unquestionably "the cur daily brought out of Iseland" of Harrison; and it is to be observed that the *prickears* are invariable indications of the half-redaimed animal. The Esquimaux dog, the dog of the Mackenzie River, and the Australasian dog, or dingo, of each of which the Zoological Society has had specimens, furnish striking examples of this characteristic. Pistol, in the house of Nym, uses an expression which was meant to convey the intimation that he was as quarrelsome and as savage as a half-bred Iceland dog. Johnson upon this passage has a most curious entry, which Steevens adopts: "He seen. . . . Inde to an account credited in Elizabeth's time, that in the north there was a nation with human bodies and dogs' heads."

SCENE II.— *May, but the man that was his bedfellow?*

Holinshed states this literally:—"The said Lord Scroop was in such favour with the king, that he admitted him sometime to be his bedfellow." Malone says, "This unseemly custom continued common till the middle of the last century (the seventeenth), if not later." Customs are unseemly, for the most part, when they are opposed to the general usages of society, and to the state of public opinion. The necessity for two persons occupying one bed belonged to an age when rooms were large and furniture scanty. It is scarcely just to consider the custom unseemly when connected with manners very different from our own. When Roger Ascham speaks of a favourite pupil who was his bedfellow, we see only the affectionate remembrance of the good old schoolmaster; and, in Shakspeare, we find the custom connected with the highest poetry:—

“O world, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast sworn,
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise,
Are still together, who twin, as ’twere, in love
Unseparable, shall within this hour,
On a dissension of a doit, break out
To bitterest enmity.”—*Coriolanus*, Act IV. Sc. IV.

^d SCENE IV.—“*Were busied with a Whitsun morris-dance.*”

Mr. Douce's "Dissertation on the Ancient English Morris Dance" is a performance of considerable research and ingenuity. His opinion, which is opposed to that of Strutt, is, that the Morris dance was derived from the *Morisco* or Moorish dance. The Morris dance has been supposed to have been first brought into England in the time of Edward III.; but it scarcely can be traced beyond the reign of Henry VII. The Whitsun Morris dance, here spoken of by Shakspeare, was, perhaps, the original Morris dance, unconnected with the May games in which the Robin Hood characters were introduced. After archery, however, went into disuse (for the encouragement of which the May games were principally established), the Morris dance was probably again transferred to the celebration of Whitsuntide. In Warner's "Albion's England" (1612) we have this line:—

“ At *Paske* begun our Morrise, and ere Penticost our May.”

* SCENE IV.—“*He'll make your Paris Louvre shake for it.*”

According to some writers, the ancient palace of the Louvre was as old as the seventh century. The obscurity as to the origin of the name is, perhaps, a proof of its antiquity. Some say that it was called after a seigneur of *Louvres*; others, that the word signifies *l'œuvre*—the work *par excellence*. It was originally, no doubt, at once a palace and a fortress. At the commencement of the sixteenth century the buildings were in a very ruinous state; and Francis I., in 1528, resolved to build a new palace on the site of the old one; but this design was only partially carried into effect till the subsequent reign of Henry II., when what is now called the old Louvre was completed by Pierre Lescot, in 1548. (See *Dictionnaire Historique d'Architecture*. Par M. Quatremère De Quincy; article Lescot.)

ACT III.

^a SCENE IV.—“*Alice, tu as été,*” &c.

When in the Epilogue to Henry IV., Part II., the author promised the audience “to make you merry with fair Katharine of France,” he certainly was a fitting judge of the sources from which his audience would derive their merriment. Warburton, however, calls this a ridiculous scene. Hanmer rejects it as an interpolation of the players. Not only this scene, but the scraps of French which are put in the mouths of other characters, have a dramatic purpose. The great object of this play is to excite and elevate the nationality of the English; and this could not be done without a marked and obvious distinction between the people of the two nations. The occasional French accomplishes this much more readily than any other device. It is to be remembered that Shakspeare’s plays were written to be acted. Of distinguishing dresses the wardrobe of Shakspeare’s stage had few to boast. The introduction of Katharine in this particular scene, learning the very rudiments of English, is a fit introduction for that of the fifth act, where she attempts to converse with her future husband in his native tongue.

^b SCENE V.—“*They bid us—to the English dancing-schools,
And teach lavoltas high.*”

The lavolta, a dance of Italian origin, as its name imports, passed through Provence into the rest of France, and thence into England. It appears, from the descriptions of it, to have been a very exaggerated waltz; and its introduction into France was gravely ascribed to the power of witches. Sir John Davies, in his poem called “Orchestra,” has given us a very spirited description of the lavolta, which shows that its grace might have recommended it without the aid of sorcery. He has described the musical time of this dance very poetically:—

“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.”

^c SCENE VI.—“*Pax of little price.*”

The ordinary reading of *pax* was *pix*; yet all the old editions read *pax*. The alteration was made by Theobald. Johnson says *pix* and *pax* signify the same thing. Nares, in his “Glossary,” has put this matter right. A *pix*—the casket which contains a sacred wafer—is not such an article as Bardolph could readily have stolen. The “pax of little price” is a small plate of wood or metal, with some sacred representation engraved upon it, tendered to the people to kiss at the conclusion of the mass. It was a substitute for the kiss of peace of the primitive church. The custom of kissing the pax is now disused; but such a relic of the Romish Church was exhibited at the Society of Antiquaries in 1821.

SCENE VI.—“*A beard of the general’s cut.*”

Beards of a particular cut had their appropriate names, and were sometimes characteristic of professions. The *steeletto* beard and the *spade* beard appear to have belonged to the military profession, though the cut of particular generals—setters of the fashion—might vary. Southampton is always represented with the *steeletto* beard—Essex with the *spade* beard.

SCENE VI.—“*There’s for thy labour, Montjoy.*”

It was necessary in the days of chivalry not only to preserve the inviolable character of heralds, who often did the duties of ambassadors, but to reward them liberally, however unpleasant might be their messages. In his notes to “Marmion,” Scott says, “So sacred was the herald’s office, that, in 1515, Lord Drummond was by parliament declared guilty of treason, and his lands forfeited, because he had struck with his fist the Lion King-at-Arms when he reproved him for his follies. Nor was he restored, but at the Lion’s earnest solicitations.”

^d SCENE VII.—“*A kerne of Ireland,*” &c.

The character and the costume of the *Kerne* (an abbreviation, probably, of the Gaelic Ketheryn, Cateran) are described in Derrick’s “Image of Ireland,” printed in Lord Somers’s Tracts. Scott’s description in “Rokeby” of the faithful adherent of an Irish chieftain is founded upon the ruder verses of Derrick:—

“His plaited hair in elf-locks spread
Around his bare and matted head;
On leg and thigh, close stretch’d and trim,
His vesture show’d the sinewy limb;
In saffron dyed, a linen vest
Was frequent folded round his breast;
A mantle long and loose he wore,
Shaggy with ice, and stain’d with gore.”

ACT IV.

^a CHORUS.—“*Fills the wide vessel of the universe.*”

We are gravely informed by Warburton that “we are not to think Shakspeare so ignorant as to imagine it was night over the whole globe at once.” Ben Jonson has these lines:—

“O for a clap of thunder now, as loud
As to be heard throughout the universe!”

We are not to think Jonson so ignorant as not to know that a clap of thunder could not possibly be heard throughout the mundane system.

CHORUS.—“*Each battle sees the other’s umber’d face.*”

“The author’s profession,” says Malone, “probably furnished him with this epithet.” But players *redde*n their cheeks as well as *brown* them, and we therefore must in the same way suppose that when the Friar says to Juliet,

“The roses in thy *lips* and *cheeks* shall fade,”

Shakspeare was thinking of *rouge*.

CHORUS.—“*With busy hammers closing rivets up.*”

The plate armour was not only riveted in parts before it was put on, but the armourers were employed in closing up parts which fitted on to each other by rivets, when the knight was being equipped for the battle or tournament.

ACT V.

^a CHORUS.—“*Like a mighty whiffler ’fore the king.*”

A *whiffler* may be taken generally to mean an officer who leads the way in processions. A whiffler was originally a *fifer* or *piper*, who anciently went first on occasions of pageant and ceremony. Minsheu defines him to be a club or staff bearer. Grose, in his “Provincial Glossary,” mentions whiffers as “men who make way for the corporation of Norwich, by flourishing their swords.” The sword-flourishers of Norwich are standard-bearers in London, under the same name.

^b CHORUS.—“*As yet the lamentation of the French,*” &c.

It is extremely difficult to explain this passage as it stands. Why should the *lamentation* of the French *invite* the King of England to stay at home? If we were half as venturesome as our editorial predecessors, we would transpose a line as printed (such a typographical change of a manuscript being too common in printing) and read thus:—

“Now in London place him;
As yet the lamentation of the French.
The emperor’s coming in behalf of France
Invites the king of England’s stay at home,
To order peace between them: and omit
All the occurrences,” &c.

^c SCENE I.—“*Why wear you your leek to-day? Saint Davy’s day is past.*”

We have been favoured with some memoranda on the use of the leek, as the national emblem of Wales, by that accomplished antiquary Sir Samuel Meyrick, the substance of which we have great pleasure in presenting to our readers. Not one of the Welsh bards, though there exists a tolerable series of their compositions from the fifth century till the time of Elizabeth, has in any manner alluded to the leek as a national emblem. Even at the present day the custom of wearing leeks on the 1st of March is confined to the members of modern clubs. There is, however, a tradition in Wales

as to the origin of the custom, namely, that the Saxons being about to attack the *Britons* on St. David's Day, put leeks in their caps, in order, if dispersed, to be known to each other; and that the *Britons* having gained the victory, transferred the leeks to their own caps-as signals of triumph. This, like many other traditions, seems to have been invented for the nonce. But the Harleian MS., No. 1977, written by a Welshman of the time of James I., contains the following passage:—

“ I like the leek above all herbs and flowers ;
When *first we wore* the same, *the field* was ours.
The leek is *white* and *green*, whereby is meant,
That Britons are both stout and eminent ;
Next to the lion and the unicorn,
The leek's the fairest emblem that is worn.”

Now, the inference to be drawn from these lines is, that the leek was assumed upon, or immediately after, the battle of Bosworth Field, which was won by Henry VII., who had many Welshmen (his countrymen) in his army, and whose yeomen guard was composed of Welshmen; and this inference is derived from the fact that the *Tudor* colours were *white* and *green*, and, as may be seen in several heraldic MSS., formed the *field* on which the English, French, and Irish arms were placed. “The field was ours” alludes to the victory, of course, as well as to the heraldic field.

This view of the case would account for the leek being only worn by Welshmen in England, and its having been a custom of comparatively modern origin in the time of Shakspeare.

SCENE II.—“*Notre très cher fils*,” &c.

Dr. Farmer, in his “Essay on the Learning of Shakspeare,” winds up

his many proofs of the ignorance of our poet by the following argument, the crown of all:—“But to come to a conclusion, I will give you an irrefragable argument, that Shakspeare did *not* understand *two* very common words in the French and Latin languages. According to the articles of agreement between the conqueror, Henry, and the king of France, the latter was to style the former (in the corrected French of the former editions), *Nostre tres cher filz Henry roy d'Angleterre*; and in Latin, *Præclarissimus filius*, &c. ‘What,’ says Dr. Warburton, ‘is *tres cher* in French, *præclarissimus* in Latin! we should read *præcarissimus*.’ This appears to be exceedingly true; but how came the blunder? It is a typographical one in Holinshed, which Shakspeare copied; but must indisputably have corrected, had he been acquainted with the languages.” Now really this is a very weak argument, upon Farmer's own showing; for Shakspeare, finding the passage in Holinshed, was bound to copy it, without setting himself up as a verbal critic; nor was it necessary that the Latin words of the treaty should have exactly corresponded with the French. He might have understood the agreement to mean, that the *very dear* son in the one language should be the *most noble* son in the other. But Malone says that the mistake is in all the old historians, as well as in Holinshed. He is not quite right in this statement, for the word is *præclarissimus* in Hall. At any rate, the truth could not be ascertained till the publication of such a work as Rymer's “*Fœdera*,” where, in the treaty of Troyes, the word stands *præcarissimus*. By a super-refinement of veneration for Shakspeare, as justifiable as Farmer's coarse depreciation of him, the *præclarissimus* might be taken to prove his learning; for Capell maintains that *præcarissimus* is no Latin word. We give this note to show what stuff criticism may be made of, when it departs from the safe resting-place of common sense.

HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

ACT I.

THE opening scene of this play furnishes an apt example of the dramatic power of Shakspeare. Dr. Johnson made speeches for Chatham and Grenville, upon knowing the subject of a parliamentary discussion; but his speakers do not talk with anything like the reality of Canterbury and Ely in the dialogue before us. The bill for the appropriation of “the temporal lands devoutly given, and disordinately spent by religious and other spiritual persons” (as Hall has it), introduced in the second year of Henry V., was no doubt a cause of great alarm to the clergy. Hall, who was as bitter a hater of priests as Hume, says, “This before-remembered bill was much noted and fear'd amongst the religious sorts whom in effect it much touched, insomuch that the fat abbots sweat, the proud friars frown'd, the poor friars curs'd, the sely nuns wept.” Shakspeare has none of this somewhat gross hatred of the Church; but he has followed the chroniclers in attributing the war with France to the instigation of the bishops. Hall gives the speech of Henry Chicheley, Archbishop of Canterbury, “thereto newly preferred, which before time had been a monk of the Carthusians,” at great length, and in the first person. Holinshed paraphrases it. We have no doubt, from the coincidence of particular expressions, that Shakspeare had both chroniclers before him, although he follows Holinshed in a blunder which we have noticed. It would be tedious to give these passages from the chroniclers; and the only use would be to show how Shakspeare's art made the duller things spirited, and the most prosaic poetical.

The incident of the tennis balls is found in Holinshed. There has been a good deal of reasonable doubt thrown upon this statement, and, indeed, it seems altogether opposed to the general temper of the French, who in their negotiations with Henry appear to have been moderate and conciliatory. The best evidence for its truth is the following passage from an inedited MS. in the British Museum, apparently written at the period, and first published by Sir Harris Nicolas in his admirable “History of the Battle of Agincourt:”—

“The Dolphine of Fraunce answered to our ambassatoure, and said in this manner, that the Kyng was over yong, and to tender of age, to make any warre ayens hym, and was not lyke yet to be noo

good werrioure to doo and make suche a conquest there upon hym; and somewhat in cornet and dispite he sente to hym a tonne full of tenys ballis, because he wolde have somewhat for to play withall for hym and for hys lordis, and that became hym better than to mayntain any were: and than anon our lordes that was embassadours token hir leve and comen into England ayenne, and told the Kyng and his counceill of the ungoodly aunswer that they had of the Dolphyn, and of the present the which he had sent unto the Kyng: and whan the Kyng had hard her wordis, and the aunswere of the Dolpynne he was wondre sore agreved, and right evell apayd toward the Frensshmen, and toward the King and the Dolphynne, and thought to avenge hym upon hem as sone as God wold send hym grace and myght, and anon lette make tenys ballis for the Dolphynne, in all the hast that they myght be made; and they were great gonne stones for the Dolpynne to play wyth all.”

There is some doubt whether the balls were “tennis balls.” This extract uses that word, although it might not apply to the game of Shakspeare's time. Holinshed calls them “Paris balls.”

ACT II.

The conspiracy of Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey against Henry V. is minutely detailed in Holinshed. Shakspeare has followed the statement of the chronicler, that the prisoners confessed that they had received a great sum of money of the French king, to deliver Henry into the hands of his enemies, or to murder him. It appears, however, by the verdict of the jury (for the conspirators were not summarily executed, as described in the play and the Chronicle), that it was their intention to proclaim Edward Earl of March rightful heir to the crown in case Richard II. was actually dead. The following passage in Holinshed is the foundation of Henry's address to the prisoners in the second scene:—“If you have conspired the death and destruction of me, which am the head of the realm and governor of the people, without doubt I must of necessity think, that you likewise have compassed the confusion of all that here be

with me, and also the final destruction of your native country.

Wherefore, seeing that you have enterprised so great a mischief, to the intent that your fautours, being in the army, may abhor so detestable an offence by the punishment of you, haste you to receive the pain that for your demerits you have deserved, and that punishment that by the law for your offences is provided."

In the fourth scene of this act, the Constable only, amongst the French nobles, takes part in the dialogue; but the Duke of Burgundy is mentioned as being present. Shakspeare did not find this in the Chronicles; and it is probable that the Duke of Burgundy was absent from France, as the States of Flanders proclaimed that the duke would render no assistance in the defence of France, unless the Dauphin redressed the injuries which he had heaped upon his wife, the daughter of the duke.

ACT III.

"Suppose that you have seen
The well-appointed king at Hampton pier
Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet
With silken streamers the young Phœbus fanning."

It was not in Holinshed that Shakspeare found a hint of the splendour of Henry's fleet. That chronicler simply says, "When the wind came about prosperous to his purpose, he caused the mariners to weigh up anchors, and hoise up sails." Speed, whose *History of Great Britain* was not published till 1611, speaking of Henry's second expedition into France in 1417, describes the king as embarking in a ship whose sails were of purple silk most richly embroidered with gold. Neither Holinshed nor Hall, in his account of the second expedition, mentions this circumstance. But our poet might have found the narrative of a somewhat similar pageantry in Froissart, where the French ships destined for the invasion of England in 1387 are described as painted with the arms of the commanders and gilt, with banners, pennons, and standards of silk. The invading fleet of Henry V. consisted of between twelve and fourteen hundred vessels, of various sizes, from twenty to three hundred tons. On the 10th of August, 1415, the king embarked on board his ship, the *Trinity*, between Portsmouth and Southampton, and the whole fleet was under way on the 11th. By a curious error in the folio of 1623, the king "at Dover pier" embarks his royalty. Of course this was an error of the printer or transcriber, for the passage is inconsistent with the chorus of the second act. Warton tells us that amongst the records of the town of Southampton there is a minute and authentic account of the encampment before the embarkation, and that the low plain where the army lay ready to go on board is now entirely covered with sea, and called West Point.

The first scene of this act brings us at once before Harfleur. The negotiations alluded to in the chorus had occurred at Winchester in the July preceding the invasion. No opposition was made to the landing of Henry's army on the 14th, when the disembarkation took place at Clef de Caux (about three miles from Harfleur), before which place the fleet had arrived on the 13th. Sir H. Nicolas, in his "*History of the Battle of Agincourt*," has translated a very curious Latin manuscript in the Cotton collection, being the narrative of a priest who accompanied the expedition. In this narrative the landing is thus described:—"The king, with the greater part of his army, landed in small vessels, boats, and skiffs, and immediately took up a position on the hill nearest Harfleur, having on the one side, on the declivity of the valley, a coppice wood towards the river Seine, and on the other enclosed farms and orchards."

The siege of Harfleur is somewhat briefly described by Holinshed. The conduct of that enterprise was agreeable to the rules of war laid down by "Master Giles," the principal military authority of that period. The loss sustained by the besieging army was very great; and in a few days the English forces were visited by a frightful dysentery. Many of the most eminent leaders fell before its ravages. This was probably to be attributed to the position of the invading army; for, according to Holinshed, those who "valiantly defended the siege, damming up the river that hath its course through the town, the water rose so high betwixt the king's camp, and the Duke of Clarence's camp, divided by the same river, that the Englishmen were constrained to withdraw their artillery from one side." The mines and the countermines of Fluellen are to be found in Holins-

hed:—"Daily was the town assaulted: for the Duke of Gloucester, to whom the order of the siege was committed, made three mines under the ground, and approaching to the walls with his engines and ordinance, would not suffer them within to take any rest. For although they with their counter-mining somewhat disappointed the Englishmen, and came to fight with them hand to hand within the mines, so that they went no further forward with that work; yet they were so enclosed on each side, as well by water as land, that succour they saw could none come to them." Harfleur surrendered on the 22nd of September, after a siege of thirty-six days. The previous negotiations between Henry and the governor of the town were conducted by commissioners. Shakspeare, of course, dramatically brought his principal personage upon the scene, in the convention by which the town was surrendered. Holinshed, who in general has an eye for the picturesque, has no description of the gorgeous ceremony which accompanied the surrender; but such a description is found in the older narratives, which represent the king upon "his royal throne, placed under a pavilion at the top of the hill before the town, where his nobles and other principal persons, an illustrious body of men, were assembled in numbers, in their best equipments; his crowned triumphal helmet being held on his right hand upon a halbert-staff by Sir Gilbert Umfreville."—(*Cotton MS.*) The account of the loss which the English army sustained during the thirty-six days subsequent to its landing would be almost incredible, if its accuracy were not supported by every conflicting testimony. It appears that if Henry landed with thirty thousand men, more than two-thirds must, during the short period of the siege, have been slain, have died of disease, or have been sent back to England as incapable of proceeding. The English army, when it quitted Harfleur, did not amount to much more than eight thousand fighting men. The priest who accompanied the expedition says, "There remained fit for drawing the sword or for battle not above nine hundred lancers, and five thousand archers." Monstrelet and other French writers rate the English forces at a much greater number.

"King Henry," says Holinshed, "after the winning of Harfleur, determined to have proceeded further in the winning of other towns and fortresses: but because the dead time of the winter approached, it was determined by advice of his council that he should in all convenient speed set forward, and march through the country towards Calais by land, lest his return as then homewards should of slanderous tongues be named a running away." From the contemporary writers it appears that this resolution was taken by Henry *against* the advice of his council. There was a chivalrous hardihood in the resolve, which almost entirely covers its rashness. His trust, said the king, was in God; he was resolved to see the territories which were his own; he would not subject himself to the reproach of cowardice. "Our mind," said he, "is prepared to endure every peril, rather than they shall be able to breathe the slightest reproach against your king. We will go, if it pleases God, without harm or danger, and, if they disturb our journey, we will frustrate their intentions with honour, victory, and triumph." The army commenced its perilous march about the 8th of October. The king, upon landing in France, had issued a proclamation forbidding, under pain of death, all plunder and other excesses. This proclamation was now renewed. The army was five days before it reached Abbeville. The bridges of the Somme were everywhere broken down; and the dispirited forces were, in consequence, compelled to march up the south bank of the river till they reached Nesle. There, over a temporary bridge, Henry at length crossed the Somme. The opposition to his march had now become most formidable. The daring character of his movement from Harfleur had roused the French from their supineness. The fifth scene of this act is a most spirited representation of the mingled contempt and anger with which the French nobility regarded Henry's progress through the heart of the country. Holinshed describes the resolution to send the herald Montjoy to Henry. Three heralds, according to the contemporary accounts, appeared before the English king on the 20th. His answer is thus given in Holinshed:—"Mine intent is to do as it pleaseth God: I will not seek your master at this time; but if he or his seek me, I will meet with them, God willing. If any of your nation attempt once to stop me in my journey now towards Calais, at their jeopardy be it; and wish I not any of you so unadvised as to be the occasion that I dye your tawny ground with your red blood." Henry continued to press on his troops with great regularity, though they suffered the most serious privations. They were "shrewdly out of beef," as Orleans says; they were "with sickness much enfeebled," as Henry declares. Holinshed describes

their situation with great quaintness:—"The enemies had destroyed all the corn before they came. Rest could they none take, for their enemies with alarms did ever so infest them; daily it rained, and nightly it freezed: of fuel there was great scarcity, of fluxes plenty: money enough, but wares for their relief to bestow it on had they none." And yet under these circumstances, the proclamation against plunder was enforced with undeviating justice. The fact of a man being hanged for stealing a sacred vessel is found in Holinshed.

The oriflamme had been hoisted the last time that the sacred banner was displayed in France. Sixty thousand princes, and knights, and esquires, and men at arms, were gathered round the national standard. When Henry crossed the river Ternoise, on the 24th of October, this mighty army stood before him, "filling," says the priest who accompanied the march, "a very large field as with an innumerable host of locusts."

ACT IV.

The magnificent chorus of this act presents such a vivid picture of the circumstances that marked the eve of the battle of Agincourt, that even if they were not, for the most part, supported by authentic history, it would be impossible to dispossess ourselves of the belief that they were true. "The French," according to Holinshed, "were very merry, pleasant, and full of game"—"the English made peace with God in confessing their sins." Holinshed also mentions the French playing at dice for the English prisoners. But the narratives of Monstrelet and of St. Remy are much more minute than Holinshed, and in one or two small particulars they differ from that of the poet. The account of Monstrelet is exceedingly interesting:—

"The French, with all the royal officers, that is to say, the Constable, the Marshal Boucicault, the Lord of Dampierre and Sir Clignet de Brabant, each styling himself admiral of France; the Lord of Rambures, master of the cross-bows; with many other princes, barons, and knights—planted their banners with loud acclamations of joy around the royal banner of the Constable, on the spot they had fixed upon, situated in the county of St. Pol, or territory of Azincourt, by which the next morning the English must pass on their march to Calais. Great fires were this night lighted near to the banner under which each person was to fight; but, although the French were full one hundred and fifty thousand 'chevaucheurs,' with a great number of waggons and carts, cannon, ribaudequins, and all other military stores, they had but little music to cheer their spirits; and it was remarked with surprise that scarcely any of their horses neighed during the night, which was considered by many as a bad omen. The English during the whole night played on their trumpets and various other instruments, insomuch that the whole neighbourhood resounded with their music; and notwithstanding they were much fatigued and oppressed by cold, hunger, and other annoyances, they made their peace with God, by confessing their sins with tears, and numbers of them taking the sacrament; for, as it was related by some prisoners, they looked for certain death on the morrow."

The foundation of the great scene when Westmoreland wishes—

"But one ten thousand of those men in England
That do no work to-day!"

is in Holinshed. "It is said, that as he heard one of the host utter his wish to another thus: 'I would to God there were with us now so many good soldiers as are at this hour within England!' the king answered: 'I would not wish a man more here than I have; we are indeed in comparison to the enemies but a few; but if God of his clemency do favour us and our just cause (as I trust He will), we shall speed well enough.'" This circumstance, however, really occurred, not as Holinshed has described it on the day of the battle, but when the French host was first seen by the English; and he who uttered the wish for some more men was Sir Walter Hungerford.

The French forces, on the morning of the 25th of October, were drawn up in three lines on the plain of Agincourt, through which the route to Calais lay.

"When we reached the top of the hill," says the priest who accompanied the English army, "we saw three columns of the French emerge from the upper part of the valley, about a mile from us; who at length being formed into battalions, companies, and troops, in multitudes compared with us, halted a little more than half a mile

opposite to us, filling a very wide field, as if with an innumerable host of locusts,—a moderate-sized valley being betwixt us and them." "Nothing can be more accurate than this description of the locality. We have stood upon this ascent, having left the little river and the bridge of Blangy about a mile distant. Looking back, there is a range of gentle hills to the east, in the direction of St. Pol, from which the French army marched. Emerging 'from the upper part of the valley,' the French army would fill 'a very wide field'—the plain of Agincourt.

The village of Agincourt now consists of a number of straggling mud-built cottages, and a farm or two, with a church of the beginning of the last century. It is covered by a wood towards the plain. Opposite Agincourt is another village, called Tramecourt, also covered by a wood. The plain of Agincourt is a considerable table-land, now fully cultivated, and expanding into an open country after we have passed between the two woods. The village of Maisoncelles is about a mile from the field."

It is unnecessary for us to follow the chroniclers, or the more minute contemporary historians, through their details of the fearful carnage and victory of Agincourt. We may, however, put the facts shortly before our readers, as they may be collected from Sir H. Nicolas's elaborate and careful history of the battle:—

The fighting-men of France wore "long coats of steel, reaching to their knees, which were very heavy; below these was armour for their legs; and above, white harness, and bascinets, with camails." They were drawn up between two woods, in a space wholly inadequate for the movements of such an immense body; and the ground was soft from heavy rains. It was with the utmost difficulty they could stand or lift their weapons. The horses at every step sunk into the mud. Henry formed his little band in one line, the archers being posted between the wings, in the form of a wedge, with sharp stakes fixed before them. The king, habited in his "cote d'armes," mounted a small grey horse; but he subsequently fought on foot. He addressed his troops with his usual spirit. Each army remained inactive for some hours. A truce was at length proposed by the French. The reply of Henry, before an army ten times as great as his own, differed little from the terms he had offered in his own capital. Towards the middle of the day the order was given to the English to advance, by Henry crying aloud, "Advance banners." Sir Thomas de Erpyngham, the commander of the archers, threw his truncheon into the air, exclaiming, "Now strike!" The English immediately prostrated themselves to the ground, beseeching the protection of Heaven, and proceeded in three lines on the French army. The archers of Henry soon put the French cavalry in disorder: and the whole army rushing on, with the national huzza, the archers threw aside their bows, and slew all before them with their bill-hooks and hatchets. The immense numbers of the French proved their ruin. The battle soon became a slaughter; and the harnessed knights, almost incapable of moving, were hacked to pieces by the English archers, "who were habited in jackets, and had their hosen loose, with hatchets or swords hanging from their girdles, whilst many were barefooted and without hats." The battle lasted about three hours. The English "stood on the heaps of corpses, which exceeded a man's height;" the French, indeed, fell almost passive in their lines. Henry, at one period of the battle, issued an order for the slaughter of his prisoners. Even the French writers justify this horrible circumstance as an act of self-preservation. The total loss of the French was about ten thousand slain on the field; that of the English appears to have been about twelve hundred. Most of the dead were afterwards buried in enormous trenches.

The English king conducted himself with his accustomed dignity to his many illustrious prisoners. The victorious army marched to Calais in fine order, and embarked for England, without any attempt to follow up their almost miraculous triumph. Henry reached Calais on the 29th of October, and on the 17th of November landed at Dover. He entered London amidst the most expensive pageantry of the citizens, contrasting with the studied simplicity of his own retinue and demeanour, on Saturday, the 24th of November.

ACT V.

The triumphal procession and the pageant, with which Henry was welcomed to London, described in the chorus, are given in Holins-

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTICE.

hed; so also the king's freedom "from vainness and self-glorious pride." The chronicler thus depicts this modesty:—"The king, like a great and sober personage, and as one remembering from whom all victories are sent, seemed little to regard such vain pomp and shows as were in triumphant sort devised for his welcoming home from so prosperous a journey, insomuch that he would not suffer his helmet to be carried with him, whereby might have appeared to the people the blows and dents that were to be seen in the same; neither would he suffer any ditties to be made and sung by minstrels of his glorious victory, for that he would wholly have the praise and thanks altogether given to God." Percy, however, thinks that an old song, "For the victory of Agincourt," was drawn up by some poet laureate of those days. This song, or hymn, was printed from a manuscript copy in the Pepys collection. Our readers will perhaps be satisfied with the last stanza:—

"Now gracious God he save owre kyng,
His peple, and all his wel wyllynge,
Gef him gode lyfe, and gode endynge,
That we with merth mowe savely synge,
Deo gratias:
Deo gratias Anglia redde pro victoria."

The poet, in the chorus to this act, desires his audience to

"omit
All the occurrences, whatever chanc'd,
Till Harry's back-return again to France."

But Henry's return to France was marked by many fearful struggles

for power, before the treaty of Troyes was concluded, which gave him the hand of Katharine, and made the King of France his vicerent. Towns had been won; armies had perished. The Dauphin, whom we have seen at Agincourt, was no more; and he was succeeded in his rank by a prince of greater profligacy. Unhappy France was assailed by a resolute enemy, and had nothing to oppose to him but the weakness of factions, more intent upon destroying each other than disposed to unite for a common cause. The Duke of Burgundy, brought in by the poet as the advocate of peace, was certainly present at the negotiations near Meulan, on the 30th of May, 1419, when Henry first saw Katharine, and was struck with her grace and beauty. But this Duke of Burgundy, Jean Sans Peur, was murdered by the Dauphin, on the bridge of Montereau, on the following 10th of September. This event led to a close connection between Henry and the young Duke of Burgundy, who was anxious to revenge the death of his father; and perhaps this circumstance mainly contributed to Henry's success in negotiating the treaty of Troyes.

The meeting of Henry with the French king, who in his unhappy state of mind was "governed and ordered" by his ambitious and crafty queen, is thus described by Holinshed:—"The Duke Burgoigne, accompanied with many noble men, received him two leagues without the town, and conveyed him to his lodging. All his army was lodged in small villages thereabout. And after that he had reposed himself a little, he went to visit the French king, the queen, and the Lady Katharine, whom he found in St. Peter's Church, where was a joyous meeting betwixt them. And this was on the xx. day of May, and there the King of England and the Lady Katharine were affianced."

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"SHAKSPERE," says Frederick Schlegel, "regarded the drama as entirely a thing for the people: and, at first, treated it throughout as such. He took the popular comedy as he found it, and whatever enlargements and improvements he introduced into the stage, were all calculated and conceived according to the peculiar spirit of his predecessors, and of the audience in London."* This is especially true with regard to Shakspeare's Histories. In the case of Henry V. it appears to us that our great dramatic poet would never have touched the subject, had not the stage previously possessed it in the old play of "The Famous Victories." Henry IV. would have been perfect as a dramatic whole, without the addition of Henry V. The somewhat doubtful mode in which he speaks of continuing the story seems to us a pretty certain indication that he rather shrank from a subject which appeared to him essentially undramatic. It is, however, highly probable that having brought the history of Henry of Monmouth up to the period of his father's death, the demands of an audience who had been accustomed to hail "the madcap prince of Wales" as the conqueror of Agincourt compelled him "to continue the story." That he originally contemplated lending to it the interest of his creation of Falstaff is also sufficiently clear. It would be vain to speculate why he abandoned this intention; but it is evident that without the interest which Falstaff would have imparted to the story, the dramatic materials presented by the old play, or by the circumstances that the poet could discover in the real course of events, were extremely meagre and unsatisfying. It is our belief, therefore, that having hastily met the demands of his audience by the first sketch of Henry V., as it appears in the quarto editions, he subsequently saw the capacity which the subject presented for being treated in a grand lyrical spirit. Instead of interpolating an underplot of petty passions and intrigues,—such, for the most part, as we find in the dramatic treatment of an heroic subject by the French

poets,—he preserved the great object of his drama entire by the intervention of the chorus. Skilfully as he has managed this, and magnificent as the whole drama is, as a great national song of triumph, there can be no doubt that Shakspeare felt that in this play he was dealing with a theme too narrow for his peculiar powers. His drama, generally, was cast in an entirely different mould from that of the Greek tragedy. The Greek stage was, in reality, more lyrical than dramatic:—

"Thence what the lofty grave tragedians taught
In Chorus or Iambic, teachers best
Of moral prudence, with delight receiv'd
In brief sententious precepts, while they treat
Of fate, and chance, and change in human life;
High actions, and high passions best describing."

The didactic lessons of moral prudence,—the brief sententious precepts,—the *descriptions* of high actions and high passions,—are alien from the whole spirit of Shakspeare's drama. The Henry V. constitutes an exception to the general rules upon which he worked. "High actions" are here described as well as exhibited; and high passions, in the Shaksperian sense of the term, scarcely make their appearance upon the scene. Here are no struggles between will and fate,—no frailties of humanity dragging down its virtues into an abyss of guilt and sorrow,—no crimes,—no obduracy,—no penitence. We have the lofty and unconquerable spirit of national and individual heroism riding triumphantly over every danger; but the spirit is so lofty that we feel no uncertainty for the issue. We should know, even if we had no foreknowledge of the event, that it must conquer. We can scarcely weep over those who fall in that "glorious and well-foughten field," for "they kept together in their chivalry," and their last words sound as a glorious hymn of exultation. The subject is altogether one of lyric grandeur; but it is not one, we think, which Shakspeare would have chosen for a drama.

And yet how exquisitely has Shakspeare thrown his dramatic power

* Lectures on the History of Literature, vol. ii.

into this undramatic subject! The character of the king is altogether one of the most finished portraits that has proceeded from this master hand. It could, perhaps, only have been thoroughly conceived by the poet who had delineated the Henry of the Boar's Head, and of the Field of Shrewsbury. The surpassing union in this character of spirit and calmness,—of dignity and playfulness,—of an ever-present energy and an almost melancholy abstraction,—the conventional authority of the king, and the deep sympathy with the meanest about him of the man,—was the result of the most philosophical and consistent appreciation by the poet of the moral and intellectual progress of his own Prince of Wales. And let it not be said that the picture which he has painted of his favourite hero is an exaggerated and flattering representation. The extraordinary merits of Henry V. were those of the individual; his demerits were those of his times. Standing now upon the vantage-ground of four centuries of experience, in which civilisation has marched onward at a pace which could only be the result of great intellectual impulses, we may, indeed, say that if Henry V. was justly fitted to be a leader of chivalry,—fearless, enterprising, persevering, generous, pious,—he was, at the same time, rash, obstinate, proud, superstitious, seeking after vain renown and empty conquests, instead of making his people happy by wise laws and the cultivation of sound knowledge. But Henry's character, like that of all other men, must be estimated by the circumstances amidst which he moved. After four centuries of illumination, if we find the world still suffering under the dominion of unjust governors and ambitious conquerors, we may pardon one who acted according to his lights, believing that his cause justified his attempt to seize upon another crown, instead of wearing his own wisely and peaceably. At any rate, it was not for the poet to regard the most popular king of the feudal times with the cold and severe scrutiny of the philosophical historian. It was for him to embody in the person of Henry V. the principle of national heroism; it was for him to call forth "the spirit of patriotic reminiscence." There are periods in the history of every people when their nationality, lifting them up almost to a frenzy of enthusiasm, is one of the sublimest exhibitions of the practical poetry of social life. In the times of Shakspeare such an aspect of the English mind was not unfrequently presented. Neither in our own times have such manifestations of the mighty heart been wanting. But there have been, and there may again be, periods of real danger when the national spirit shows itself drooping and languishing. It is under such circumstances that the heart-stirring power of such a play as Henry V. is to be tested. Frederick Schlegel says, "The feeling by which Shakspeare seems to have been most connected with ordinary men is that of nationality." But how different is his nationality from that of ordinary men! It is reflective, tolerant, generous. It lives not in an atmosphere of falsehood and prejudice. Its theatre is war and conquest; but it does not hold up war and conquest as fitting objects for nationality to dedicate itself to, except under the pressure of the most urgent necessity. Neither does it attempt to conceal the fearful responsibilities of those who carry the principle of nationality to the last arbitrament of arms, nor the enormous amount of evil which always attends the rupture of that peace in the cultivation of which nationality is best displayed. Shakspeare, indeed, speaks proudly as a member of that English family—

"Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof;"

but he never forgets that he belongs to the larger family of the human race. When Henry tells the people of Harfleur—

"The gates of mercy shall be all shut up,"

and draws that most fearful picture of the horrors of a sacked city, the poet tells us, though not in sententious precepts, that nationality, when it takes the road of violence, may be driven to put off all the

gentle attributes of social life, and assuming the "action of the tiger," have the tiger's indiscriminating blood-thirstiness. When Henry, on the eve of the battle, walks secretly amidst his soldiers, the poet makes him hear truths which kings seldom hear; and which, however the hero, in this instance, may contend with them, cannot be disguised or controverted. Again, when Henry has won France, what a France does the poet present to the winner!

"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 overgrown with hair,
Put forth disorder'd twigs; her fallow leas
The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory,
Doth root upon; while that the coulter rusts
That should deracinate such savagery:
The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth
The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover,
Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank,
Conceives by idleness; and nothing teems
But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burs,
Losing both beauty and utility:
And as our vineyards, fallows, meads, and hedges
Defective in their natures, grow to wildness;
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,
And everything that seems unnatural."

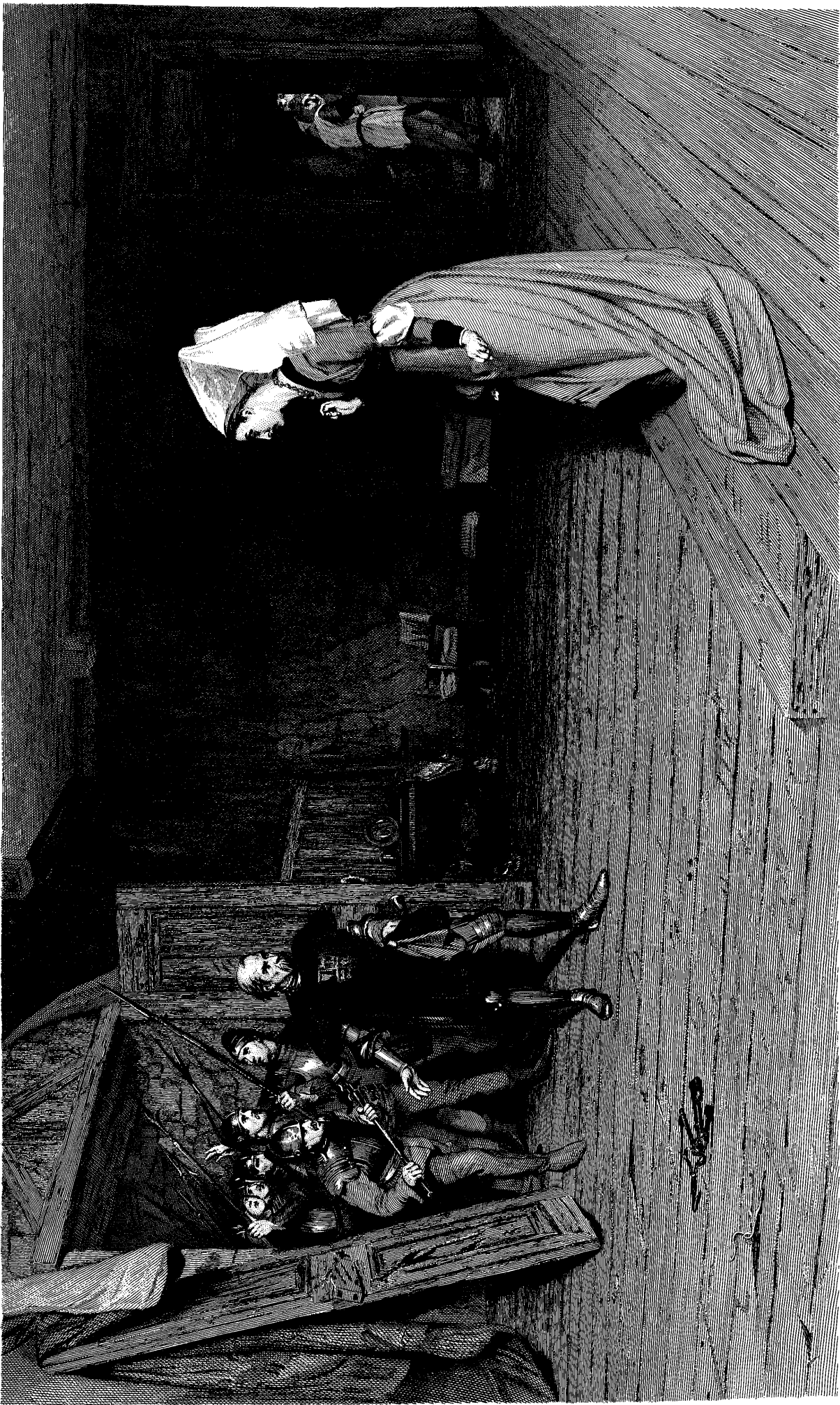
Thoughts such as these, coming from the great poet of humanity and wisdom, are the correctives of a *false* nationality.

It is scarcely necessary for us to trace, as we have done in other instances, the conduct of the dramatic action of Henry V. in connection with its characters. In the inferior persons of the play—the comic characters—the poet has displayed that power which he, above all men, possesses, of combining the highest poetical conceptions with the most truthful delineations of real life. In the amusing pedantry of Fluellen and the vapourings of Pistol there is nothing in the slightest degree incongruous with the main action of the scene. The homely bluntness of the common soldiers of the army brings us still closer to a knowledge of the great mass of which a camp is composed. Perhaps one of the most delicate but yet most appreciable instances of Shakspeare's nationality, in all its power and justice, is the mode in which he has exhibited the characters of these common soldiers. They are rough, somewhat quarrelsome, brave as lions, but without the slightest particle of anything low or grovelling in their composition. They are fit representatives of the "good yeomen, whose limbs were made in England." We almost as anxiously desire that these men should triumphantly show the "mettle of their pastures" as that the heroic Harry and his "band of brothers" should

"Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war."

On the other hand, the discriminating truth of the poet is equally shown in exhibiting to us three arrant cowards in Pistol, Nym, and Bardolph. His impartiality could afford to paint the bullies and blackguards that even our nationality must be content to reckon as component parts of every army.

This drama is full of singularly beautiful detached passages: for example, the reflections of the king upon Ceremony,—the description of the deaths of York and Suffolk,—the glorious speech of the king before the battle,—the chorus of the fourth act,—are remarkable illustrations of Shakspeare's power as a descriptive poet. Nothing can be finer, also, than the commonwealth of bees in the first act. It is full of the most exquisite imagery and music. The art employed in transforming the whole scene of the hive into a resemblance of humanity is a perfect study—every successive object, as it is brought forward, being invested with its characteristic attribute.



W. Q. ORCHARDSON. A. PINXT.

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TALBOT AND THE COUNTS OF AUVERGNE.



KING HENRY VI.

PART I.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

"THE First Part of Henry the Sixth" was originally printed, under that title, in the folio collection of 1623. Upon the authority, then, of the editors of that edition of "Mr. William Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies, published according to the true original Copies," this drama properly finds a place in every modern edition of our poet's works. After the time of Malone the English critics agreed that this play was spurious; and Drake, without hesitation, refers to what Shakspeare's friends and editors denominated the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI. as the First and Second Parts, and recommends all future editors, if they print this first play at all, to give it only in an Appendix. "The spuriousness of this Part, indeed," says Dr. Drake, "has been so satisfactorily proved by Mr. Malone, that no doubt can be supposed any longer to rest upon the subject." If we were in the habit, then, of taking upon trust what the earlier editors of Shakspeare had authoritatively held, we should either reject this play altogether, or, if we printed it, we should inform our readers that "the hand of Shakspeare is nowhere visible throughout." We cannot consent to follow either of these courses.

Malone's "Dissertation on the Three Parts of King Henry VI., tending to show that those plays were not written originally by Shakspeare," is the most careful and elaborate of his productions, and that upon which his reputation as a critic was mainly built. His theory is thus stated by himself:—

"Several passages in The Second and Third Parts of King Henry VI. appearing evidently to be of the hand of Shakspeare, I was long of opinion that the *three* historical dramas which are the subject of the present disquisition were properly ascribed to him; not then doubting that the whole of these plays was the production of the same person. But a more minute investigation of the subject, into which I have been led by the revision of all our author's works, has convinced me that, though the premises were true, my conclusion was too hastily drawn; for, though the hand of Shakspeare is unquestionably found in the two latter of these plays, it does not therefore necessarily follow that they were *originally* and *entirely* composed by him. My hypothesis then is, that The First Part of King Henry VI., as it now appears (of which no quarto copy is extant), was the entire or nearly the entire production of some ancient dramatist; that 'The Whole Contention of the two Houses of York and Lancaster,' &c., written probably before the year 1590, and printed in quarto in 1600, was also the composition of some writer who preceded Shakspeare; and that from this piece, which is in two Parts, (the former of which is entitled 'The First Part of the Contention of the two famous Houses of Yorke and Lancaster, with the Death of the good Duke Humphrey,' &c., and the latter, 'The true Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke, and the death of good King Henrie the Sixt,') our poet formed the two plays entitled 'The Second and Third Parts of King Henry VI.,' as they appear in the first folio edition of his works."

We propose to investigate this question, as a whole, upon broader grounds than Malone has taken. It appears to us that he has left many important points untouched, and has dwelt somewhat too much upon minute distinctions. The question is not one merely of verbal criticism. It is connected with some of the most interesting inquiries as to the history of the English drama and the early life of Shakspeare. It is a subject, therefore, that we cannot take up and dismiss in a hasty or fragmentary manner, or in a spirit of tame acquiescence in prevailing opinions on the one hand, or of inconsiderate controversy on the other. We purpose, then, to treat it as fully as may be necessary in the form of a Supplementary Essay. At present we need only observe that, as it involves an examination of the

dramatic character of the three Parts of Henry VI. and of Richard III., it will render any separate Introductory or Supplementary Notices to these plays unnecessary.

COSTUME OF HENRY VI., PART I.

The number of historical personages introduced in the plays of Henry VI., Richard III., and Henry VIII., of whom the "lively effigies" handed down to us are familiar to every one, will render unnecessary a long verbal description of the costumes of their respective periods. Henry VI. himself, in this play, is almost the only personage for whose dress we have no contemporary authority. He appears for the first time in the third act of this Part as a young man, in his Parliament robes, and in the full exercise of his kingly office, in Westminster Hall; but, in point of fact, he was at that time a child of eight years of age at the utmost. In the fourth act he is crowned at Paris (he was then only in his tenth year), and in the fifth act he is in his ordinary apparel in his palace in London. The only representations we remember of Henry in his childhood are those drawn by John Rouse, the Warwickshire antiquary, in the reign of Richard III., and which are consequently no authorities for this period. In a MS. life of St. Edmund, by Lydgate (Harleian Col., No. 2278), there is a representation of the king presiding in Parliament, which is very nearly of this period; and another MS. in the same collection (No. 1766), also a work of Lydgate's, was written and illuminated, by command of Humphrey Duke of Gloster, about the beginning of the reign of Henry VI., and will furnish the general costume of the people.

Of Duke Humphrey we know no contemporary portrait or effigy; but of his brother, the Duke of Bedford, there is a most authentic representation in the well-known and splendid MS. called the Bedford Missal. He is attired in a richly embroidered robe, with the extravagantly long sleeves of the period; his hair is cut short all round his head, in accordance with the fashion of the preceding reign. The tapestry behind him is covered with his badge, the root of a tree, and his "word," or motto, "*À vous entier.*" Of Henry Beaufort, Cardinal-Bishop of Winchester, there remains a fine effigy on his tomb in Winchester Cathedral. He is in his cardinal's robes. The sleeves of the under tunic are black, edged with white; at each side of his face, which is placid and beardless, appears a little lock of black hair. On his hands are gloves fringed with gold, and having an oval-shaped jewel (an ancient mark of dignity) on the back. On the middle and third fingers of each hand are rings, worn over the gloves. Of John Beaufort, Duke and Earl of Somerset, there is a splendid effigy in Wimborne Minster, Dorsetshire, representing him in a richly ornamented suit of armour of this period. He is without a jupon or surcoat, in complete plate, the borders elaborately engraved and gilt. The bascinet is surrounded by a coronet. To the *tassets*, or plates below the cuirass, are appended by straps and buckles those additional defences for the thighs called *tuilles*, which first appear in this reign; and just above them, over the hips, he wears the military belt, or girdle, to which are affixed on one side his sword, and on the other his dagger.

Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, is represented in his civil attire in a window of St. Mary's Hall, at Coventry, engraved in Dugdale's "Warwickshire." He wears a richly ornamented hood; a loose robe of some figured stuff, with large sleeves, lined with ermine, over a tight under-dress of cloth or velvet. His effigy in the Warwick Chapel exhibits another fine specimen of the armour of this reign.

Of John Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, there is also a fine effigy in armour, and wearing the mantle of the Garter, beautifully engraved in Mr. Stothard's valuable work of "Sepulchral Monuments." Thomas Montacute, Earl of Salisbury, is depicted in armour in a MS. copy of Lydgate's poem, "The Pilgrim" (Harleian Col., No. 4826). The tassets have no tuilles attached to them, and the cloak with scalloped edges, worn with the armour, is a fashion of the time of Henry V. Of William de la Pole, Duke of Suffolk, there is an effigy in the north wall of the chancel at Wingfield Church, Suffolk. He is in armour, with a conical bascinet and gorget of mail. Sir John Fastolfe is depicted in armour, and wearing the mantle and ensigns of the order of the Garter, in the south window of the church at Pulham, Norfolk. (*Vide* Gough and Blomefield.)

There are numerous portraits of Charles VII. of France, engraved from various sources, in Montfaucon's "Monarchie Française." We have only to premise that the illumination wherein Charles is represented receiving a book from a monk is of a later date than this play, and exhibits the costume of the reign of Edward IV.

Of the celebrated Joan of Arc the only authentic because the only contemporary representation known to us is that engraved in Millin's work, from the monument erected to her memory at Orleans by Charles VII. Charles and Joan are thereon sculptured kneeling in complete armour. The painting in the Town Hall of Orleans is, as the costume proves, of the time of our Henry VII., and is believed by some not to have been originally intended to represent La Pucelle

at all. It is no authority either for dress or features. Of Margaret of Anjou there are several portraits as queen, but we know of none painted previous to her marriage.

From the authorities here given, our readers will be able, as we have before observed, to perceive at once the particular alterations in costume which characterize the unquiet reign of Henry VI. A great variety of caps, hats, and hoods were now introduced; feathers were rarely used, and seem to have gone out of fashion again with the reign of Henry V. In armour we find the *salet* or *salade*, a steel cap something resembling the bascinet, but taking more the form of the head, and descending lower in the neck, where it was sometimes furnished with jointed plates. The spurs at this time were very long-necked, had exceedingly large rowels, and were screwed into the heels of the steel sollerets, instead of being fastened by straps and buckles. The hair was still worn very short; and beards and moustaches appear but rarely.

In the female attire the principal change is observable in the head-dress—that which is generally called the heart-shaped or reticulated form prevailing. Turbans of a very Oriental character are also seen occasionally in the illuminated MSS. of this period.

As the Mayor of London appears in this play, we may as well remark that Stow relates that when Henry VI. returned from France, in 1432, the Lord Mayor of London rode to meet him at Eltham, being arrayed in crimson velvet, a great velvet hat, furred, a girdle of gold about his middle, and a baldric of gold about his neck, trailing down behind him; his three henchmen in a uniform of red, spangled with silver; the aldermen in gowns of scarlet with purple hoods; and all the commonalty of the city in white gowns and scarlet hoods, with divers cognisances embroidered on their sleeves.

The livery colours of the house of Lancaster were white and blue; those of the house of York, murrey and blue.

KING HENRY VI.

PART I.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY VI.
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 GLANSDALE.
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 Bordeaux.
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.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Westminster Abbey.

Dead march. Corpse of KING HENRY V. discovered, lying in state; attended on by the DUKES OF BEDFORD, GLOSTER, and EXETER; the EARL OF WARWICK, the BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, Heralds, &c.

Bed. Hung be the heavens with black,^a yield day to night!

Comets, importing change of times and states,
Brandish your crystal¹ tresses in the sky;
And with them scourge the bad revolting stars,
That have consented² unto Henry's death!
King Henry the Fifth, too famous to live long!
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:
His sparkling eyes, replete with wrathful fire,
More dazzled and drove back his enemies,
Than mid-day sun, fierce bent against their faces.
What should I say? his deeds exceed all speech:
He ne'er lift up his hand but conquered.

Exe. We mourn in black: Why mourn we not in blood?
Henry is dead, and never shall revive:
Upon a wooden coffin we attend;
And death's dishonourable victory
We with our stately presence glorify,

¹ *Crystal.* This epithet is applied to comets in a sonnet by Lord Sterline (1604):—

"When as those crystal comets whiles appear."

² *Consented.* Malone is of opinion that *consented* is here used only in the ordinary sense of that word, and that it is used also in the ordinary sense in the fifth scene of this act:—

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

Steevens, on the other hand, believes that the word should be spelt *concented*.—Steevens appears to us to be right. To *concent* is to be in harmony—to act together. See the passage in Henry V., Act I. Sc. II., and the notes on that passage:—

"For government, though high, and low, and lower,
Put into parts, doth keep in one *concent*,"

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
Conjurers and sorcerers, that, afraid of him,
By magic verses have contriv'd his end?³

Win. He was a king bless'd of the King of kings.
Unto the French the dreadful judgment day
So dreadful will not be, as was his sight.
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 churchmen pray'd,

His thread of life had not so soon decay'd;
None do you like but an effeminate prince,
Whom, like a school-boy, you may overawe.

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.

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' moisten'd⁴ eyes babes shall suck;

Congreering in a full and natural close,
Like music."

³ A passage in Scot's "Discoverie of Witchcraft" (1584) explains this:—"The Irishmen . . . will not stick to affirm that they can *rime* either man or beast to death." This is an old northern superstition. In Gray's spirited "Descent of Odin" we find—

"Thrice he trac'd the Runic rhyme;
Thrice pronounc'd, in accents dread,
The thrilling verse that wakes the dead."

⁴ *Moisten'd.* So the folio of 1623. The second folio, in which some verbal alterations of the original text are found, and which, for the most part, are made with judgment, reads *moist*. We adhere to the original in all those cases where the alterations of the second folio are somewhat doubtful.

Our isle be made a nourish¹ of salt tears,
And none but women left to wail the dead.
Henry the Fifth! thy ghost I invoke;
Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils!
Combat with adverse planets in the heavens!
A far more glorious star thy soul will make,
Than Julius Cæsar, or bright——²

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,
Paris, Guysors, Poitiers, are all quite lost.

Bed. What say'st thou, man, before dead Henry's corse?
Speak softly; or the loss of those great towns
Will make him burst his lead, and rise from death.

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

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

Mess. No treachery; but want of men and money.
Amongst 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, without expense 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.

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 will I lend the French, instead of eyes,
To weep their intermissive miseries.

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 forwardness?
An army have I muster'd in my thoughts,
Wherewith already France is overrun.

Enter a third Messenger.

3 Mess. My gracious lords,—to add to your laments,

¹ *Nourish.* Nourice, nourish, nursh, are the same words. We have an example in Lydgate:—

“Athenes whan it was in his floures
Was called *nourish* of philosophers wise.”

Pope substituted *marish*.

² Malone says, “This blank undoubtedly arose from the transcriber's or compositor's not being able to make out the name.” We greatly doubt this. In the original the line is terminated with four hyphens, thus (---), a point which is several times used in the same play to mark an interruption. For example, in the fourth scene of this act—

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'erthrown:
The circumstance I'll tell you more at large.
The tenth of August last, this dreadful lord,
Retiring from the siege of Orleans,
Having full scarce six thousand in his troop,
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 with his sword and lance.
Hundreds he sent to hell, and none durst stand him;
Here, there, and everywhere, enrag'd he flew:
The French exclaim'd, The devil was in arms;
All the whole army stood agaz'd on him:
His soldiers, spying his undaunted spirit,
A Talbot! a Talbot! cried out amain,
And rush'd into the bowels of the battle.
Here had the conquest fully been seal'd up,
If sir John Fastolfe had not play'd the coward;
He being in the vaward,³ (plac'd behind,
With purpose to relieve and follow them,)
Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke.
Hence grew the general wrack and massacre;
Enclosed were they with their enemies:
A base Walloon, to win the Dauphin's grace,
Thrust Talbot with a spear into the back;
Whom all France, with their chief assembled strength,
Durst not presume to look once in the face.

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 foemen 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 besieg'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 my leave,
To go about my preparation.

Glo. I'll to the Tower, with all the haste I can,

[*Exit.*

“Thou shalt not die whiles . . .”

Pope suggested (the notion looks like a joke) to fill up the line thus:—

“Than Julius Cæsar, or bright *Francis Drake*,”

and Monck Mason gravely upholds the reading. Johnson would read—

“Than Julius Cæsar, or bright *Berenice*.”

³ *Vaward*—the van. This is considered by some editors as a misprint for *rearward*. Steevens and M. Mason explain the passage to be correct, and the explanation, such as it is, we give:—“When an army is attacked in the *rear* the *van* becomes the *rear* in its turn, and of course the *reserve*.”

To view the artillery and munition ;
And then I will proclaim young Henry king. *[Exit.*
Exe. To Eltham will I, where the young king is,
Being ordain'd his special governor ;
And for his safety there I'll best devise. *[Exit.*

Win. Each hath his place and function to attend :
I am left out ; for me nothing remains.
But long I will not be Jack-out-of-office ;
The king from Eltham I intend to steal,¹
And sit at chiefest stern of public weal. *[Exit. Scene closes.*

SCENE II.—France. Before Orleans.

Enter CHARLES, with his Forces ; ALENÇON, REIGNIER, and others.

Char. Mars his true moving, 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 tied 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, sound alarum ; we will rush on them.
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. They are beaten back by the English, with great loss. 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.

Alen. Froissart, a countryman of ours, records,
England all Olivers and Rowlands bred
During the time Edward the Third did reign.
More truly now may this be verified ;
For none but Samsons, and Goliasses,
It sendeth forth to skirmish. One to ten !
Lean raw-bon'd rascals ! who would e'er suppose
They had such courage and audacity ?

Char. Let's leave this town ; for they are hare-brain'd slaves,
And hunger will enforce them to be more eager :
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 gimmers² or device,
Their arms are set like clocks, still to strike on ;

Else ne'er could they hold out so as they do.
By my consent, we'll even let them alone.
Alen. Be it so.

Enter the Bastard of Orleans.

Bast. Where's the prince Dauphin ? I have news for him.

Char. Bastard of Orleans, thrice welcome to us.

Bast. Methinks your looks are sad, your cheer³ appall'd ;

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,
Exceeding the nine sibyls of old Rome ;
What's past, and what's to come, she can descry.
Speak, shall I call her in ? Believe my words,
For they are certain and unfaillible.

Char. Go, call her in : *[Exit Bastard.]* But, first, to try her skill,

Reignier, stand thou as Dauphin in my place :
Question her proudly, let thy looks be 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.
Heaven, and our Lady gracious, hath it pleas'd
To shine on my contemptible estate :
Lo, whilst I waited on my tender lambs,
And to sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks,
God's mother deigned to appear to me ;
And, in a vision full of majesty,
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 infused on me,
That beauty am I bless'd with which you may see.
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.
Resolve⁴ on this : Thou shalt be fortunate
If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.

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

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

¹ Send in the original. Mason suggested *steal*.

² *Gimmers*. This word is thus given in the original, but is ordinarily printed *gimmals*, a word of the same meaning. Bishop Hall uses *gimmer* in a like sense :—"When I saw my precious watch (now through an unhappy fall grown irregular) taken asunder, and lying scattered upon the workman's shopboard ; so

as here lay a wheel, there the balance, here one *gimmer*, there another ; straight my ignorance was ready to think, when and how will all these ever piece together again in their former order ?"

³ *Cheer*—countenance.

⁴ *Resolve*—be firmly persuaded.

Deck'd with five flower-de-luces on each side ;
The which, at Touraine, in Saint Katharine's churchyard,
Out of a great deal of old iron I chose forth.

Char. Then come o' God's name, I fear no woman.

Puc. And, while I live, I'll ne'er fly from a man.

[*They fight, and LA PUCELLE overcomes.*]

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 :

My heart and hands thou hast at once subdued.

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. Meantime, 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 to 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,¹ halcyon days,

Since I have entered into these wars.

Glory is like a circle in the water,

Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,

Till, by broad spreading, it disperse to naught.

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.^b

Char. Was Mahomet inspired with a dove ?^c

Thou with an eagle art inspired then.

Helen, the mother of great Constantine,

Nor yet Saint Philip's daughters, were like thee.

Bright star of Venus, fall'n down on the earth,

How may I reverently worship thee enough ?

Alen. Leave off delays, and let us raise the siege.

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

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

SCENE III.—London. Hill before the Tower.

Enter, at the gates, the DUKE OF GLOSTER, with his Serving-men, in blue coats.

Glo. I am come to survey the Tower this day :

Since Henry's death, I fear there is conveyance.²

Where be these warders, that they wait not here ?

Open the gates ; 'tis Gloster that calls. [*Servants knock.*]

1 Ward. [*Within.*] Who's there that knocks so imperiously ?

1 Serv. It is the noble duke of Gloster.

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

1 Serv. Villains, answer you so the lord protector ?

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 up³ the gates, I'll be your warrantize :

Shall I be flouted thus by dunhill grooms ?

Servants rush at the Tower gates. Enter to the gates, WOODVILLE, the Lieutenant.

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

Glo. Lieutenant, is it you whose voice I hear ?

Open the gates ; here's Gloster that would enter.

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

The cardinal of Winchester forbids :

From him I have express commandment,

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.

1 Serv. Open the gates unto the lord protector ;

Or we'll burst them open, if that you come not quickly.

Enter WINCHESTER, attended by a train of Servants in tawny coats.

Win. How now, ambitious Humphrey ? what means this ?

Glo. Peel'd⁴ priest, dost thou command me to be shut out ?

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

Glo. Stand back, thou manifest conspirator ;

Thou that contriv'dst to murder our dead lord ;

Thou that giv'st whores indulgences to sin

I'll canvass thee in thy broad cardinal's hat,

If thou proceed in this thy insolence.

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

This be Damascus, be thou cursed Cain,

To slay thy brother Abel, if thou wilt.⁵

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.^d Priest, beware your beard ;

[*GLOSTER and his men attack the Bishop.*]

I mean to tug it, and to cuff you soundly ;

Under my feet I stamp thy cardinal's hat ;

In spite of pope, or dignities of church,

Here by the cheeks I'll drag thee up and down.

Win. Gloster, thou'lt answer this before the pope.

Glo. Winchester goose ! I cry—a rope ! a rope !

Now beat them hence : Why do you let them stay ?—

Thee I'll chase hence, thou wolf in sheep's array.—

Out, tawny-coats !—out, scarlet hypocrite !

¹ *Saint Martin's summer*—fine weather in November—prosperity after misfortune.

² *Conveyance*—theft.

³ *Break up.* So in Hall's Chronicle :—"The lusty Kentishmen, hoping on more friends, brake up the gates of the King's Bench and Marshalsea."

⁴ *Peel'd*—an allusion to the shaven crown of the priest.

⁵ The old travellers believed that Damascus was the scene of the first murder. Maundevile says, "And in that place where Damascus was founded Kaym slew Abel his brother."

Here a great tumult. In the midst of it, enter the Mayor of London, 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 distrain'd the Tower to his use.

Win. Here's Gloster, too,¹ a foe to citizens; One that still motions war, and never peace, O'ercharging your free purses with large fines; That seeks to overthrow religion, Because he is protector of the realm; And would have armour here out of the Tower, To crown himself king, and suppress the prince.

Glo. I will not answer thee with words, but blows.

[*Here they skirmish again.*]

May. Naught rests for me, in this tumultuous strife, But to make open proclamation:— Come, officer, as loud as e'er thou canst, cry.

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

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

Win. Gloster, we'll meet; to thy dear cost,² be sure: Thy heart-blood I will have for this day's work.

May. I'll call for clubs, if you will not away;— This cardinal is more haughty than the devil.

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

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

May. See the coast clear'd, and then we will depart.— Good God! that nobles should such stomachs bear! I myself fight not once in forty year. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—France. Before Orleans.

Enter, on the walls, the Master-Gunner and his Son.

M. Gun. Sirrah, thou know'st how Orleans is besieg'd, And how the English have the suburbs won.

Son. Father, I know; and oft have shot at them, Howe'er, unfortunate, I miss'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 espials³ have informed me, How the English, in the suburbs close intrench'd, Wont,⁴ through a secret grate of iron bars In yonder tower, to overpeer the city; 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,⁵ For I can stay no longer.

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, SIR WILLIAM GLANSDALE, SIR THOMAS GARGRAVE, and others.

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

Tal. The duke of Bedford had a prisoner, Called the brave lord Ponton de Santrailles; For him was I exchang'd and ransomed. But with a baser man of arms by far, Once, in contempt, they would have barter'd me; Which I, disdainingly, scorn'd; and craved death, Rather than I would be so vile-esteem'd.⁶ In fine, redeem'd I was as I desir'd. But, O! the treacherous Fastolfe wounds my heart! Whom with my bare fists I would execute, If I now had him brought into my power.

Sal. Yet tell'st thou not how thou wert entertain'd.

Tal. With scoffs, and scorns, and contumelious taunts. In open market-place produc'd they me, To be a public spectacle to all: Here, said they, is the terror of the French, The scarecrow that affrights our children so. 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 endur'd; But we will be reveng'd sufficiently. Now it is supper-time in Orleans: Here, through this grate, I count each one,⁷ 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.

Tal. For aught I see, this city must be famish'd, Or with light skirmishes enfeebled.

[*Shot from the town, SALISBURY and SIR THOMAS GARGRAVE fall.*]

Sal. O Lord, have mercy on us, wretched sinners!

Gar. O Lord, have mercy on me, woeful man!

Tal. What chance is this that suddenly hath cross'd us? Speak, Salisbury; at least, if thou canst speak; How far'st thou, mirror of all martial men? One of thy eyes, and thy cheek's side struck off!— Accurs'd tower! accurs'd fatal hand, That hath contriv'd this woeful tragedy! In thirteen battles Salisbury o'ercame; Henry the Fifth he first train'd to the wars; Whilst any trump did sound, or drum struck up, His sword did ne'er leave striking in the field.

¹ So the second folio. The first omits *too*.

² The first folio also omits *dear*, which is in the second.

³ *Espials*—spies.

⁴ *Wont*. The old copies read *went*. The correction, which is a very judicious one, was made by Tyrwhitt. *Wont*—are accustomed—accords with the construction of the remainder of the sentence.

⁵ We follow the reading of the second folio. In the first the passage stands thus:—

"And even these three days have I watch'd
If I could see them. Now do thou watch."

⁶ *Pil'd-esteem'd* in the original. Malone's correction to *vile-esteem'd* is natural and unforced.

⁷ The second folio reads—

"Here, through this grate, I can count every one."

Yet liv'st thou, Salisbury? though thy speech doth fail,
 One eye thou hast, to look to heaven for grace:
 The sun with one eye vieweth all the world.
 Heaven, be thou gracious to none alive,
 If Salisbury wants mercy at thy hand!
 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 like thee, Nero,¹
 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 gather'd head:
 The Dauphin, with one Joan la Pucelle join'd,—
 A holy prophetess, new risen up,—
 Is come with a great power to raise the siege.

[SALISBURY groans.

Tal. Hear, hear, how dying Salisbury doth groan!
 It irks his heart he cannot be reveng'd.—
 Frenchmen, I'll be a Salisbury to you:—
 Pucelle or puzzel,² dolphin or dogfish,
 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.

[Exeunt, bearing out the bodies.

SCENE V.—*The same. Before one of the Gates.*

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

Tal. Where is my strength, my valour, and my force?
 Our English troops retire, I cannot stay them;
 A woman, clad in armour, chaseth 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, thou art a witch,³
 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.

¹ The original folio reads—

"Plantagenet, I will; and like thee."

The second folio has—

"Plantagenet, I will, and Nero-like, will."

We prefer to add Nero to the end of the line, according to Malone's suggestion; for nothing is more common, in printing with movable types, than for a letter or a word at the end of a line of poetry to drop out, from the careless filling up of the space by the compositor.

² *Puzzel*—a dirty drab.

³ The superstitious belief was, that to draw blood from a witch was to destroy her power.

⁴ An allusion to Hannibal's stratagem, recorded in Livy, of fixing lighted twigs on the horns of oxen.

Go, go, cheer up thy hunger-starved men;
 Help Salisbury to make his testament:
 This day is ours, as many more shall be.

[PUCELLE enters the town, with Soldiers.

Tal. My thoughts are whirled like a potter's wheel;
 I know not where I am, nor what I do:
 A witch, by fear, not force, like Hannibal,⁴
 Drives back our troops, and conquers as she lists:
 So bees with smoke, and doves with noisome stench,
 Are from their hives and houses driven away.
 They call'd us, for our fierceness, English dogs;
 Now, like to whelps, we crying run away.

[A short alarum.

Hark, countrymen! either renew the fight,
 Or tear the lions out of England's coat;
 Renounce your soil, give sheep in lions' stead:
 Sheep run not half so timorous 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.

SCENE VI.—*The same.*

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

Puc. Advance our waving colours on the walls;
 Rescued is Orleans from the English wolves:⁵—
 Thus Joan la Pucelle hath perform'd her word.

Char. Divinest creature, bright Astræa's⁶ daughter,
 How shall I honour thee for this success?
 Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens,
 That one day bloom'd, and fruitful were the next.—
 France, triumph in thy glorious prophetess!—
 Recover'd is the town of Orleans:
 More blessed hap did ne'er befall our state.

Reig. Why ring not out the bells aloud throughout the town?

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

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

Char. 'Tis Joan, not we, by whom the day is won;
 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, or Memphis',⁷ ever was:
 In memory of her, when she is dead,
 Her ashes, in an urn more precious
 Than the rich jewell'd coffer of Darius,⁸
 Transported shall be at high festivals

⁵ So the second folio; the first omits *wolves*.

⁶ *Bright* is omitted in the first folio, but is in the second.

⁷ We should probably read—

"Than Rhodope's, of Memphis."

The pyramid of Rhodope, near Memphis, is mentioned by Pliny:—"The fairest and most commended for workmanship was built at the cost and charges of one Rhodope, a very strumpet." Herodotus (ii. 134) maintains that the pyramid was not built by Rhodope (Rhodopis).

⁸ The expression of the text, and the explanation, are found in a passage of Puttenham's "Arte of English Poesie" (1589):—"In what price the noble poems of Homer were holden with Alexander the Great, insomuch that every night they were laid under his pillow, and by day were carried in the rich jewel-coffer of Darius, lately before vanquished by him in battle."

Before the kings and queens of France.
No longer on Saint Denis 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.—Orleans.

Enter to the gates, a French Sergeant, and Two Sentinels.

Serg. Sirs, take your places, and be vigilant:
If any noise, or soldier, you perceive
Near to the walls, by some apparent sign
Let us have knowledge at the court of guard.¹

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

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

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

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 unready² so?

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

Reig. 'Twas time, I trow, to wake and leave our beds,
Hearing alarums at our chamber doors.

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

Bast. I think this Talbot be 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 surpris'd.

Bast. Mine was secure.

Reig. And so was mine, my lord.

Char. And, for myself, most part of all this night,
Within her quarter, and mine own precinct,
I was employ'd in passing to and fro,
About relieving of the sentinels:

Then how, or which way, should they first break in?
Puc. Question, my lords, no further of the case,
How, or which way; 'tis 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 platforms³ to endamage them.

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

Sold. I'll be so bold to take what they have left.
The cry of Talbot serves me for a sword;
For I have loaden me with many spoils,
Using no other weapon but his name. *[Exit.]*

SCENE II.—Orleans. *Within the Town.*

Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, a Captain, and others.

Bed. The day begins to break, and night is fled,
Whose pitchy mantle over-veil'd the earth.
Here sound retreat, and cease our hot pursuit.

[Retreat sounded.]

Tal. Bring forth the body of old Salisbury;

¹ *Court of guard.* Steevens says this is equivalent to the modern term "guard-room." This is rather a forced interpretation; for the word *court* indicates with sufficient precision the general place of guard—the enclosed space where a guard is held, in which the guard-room is situated.

² *Unready*—undressed. So in Beaumont and Fletcher ("Island Princess"):

"Make me unready;
I slept but ill last night."

³ *Platforms*—plans. A *platform* is a delineation of a *form* on a *plain* surface, and hence a plan generally. In North's Plutarch *platform* is used in the sense of a plan, chart, or map:—"They were every one occupied about drawing the *platform* of Sicilia."

And here advance it in the market-place,
The middle centre of this cursed town.
Now have I paid my vow unto his soul;
For every drop of blood was drawn from him,
There hath at least five Frenchmen died to-night.
And, that hereafter ages may behold
What ruin happen'd in revenge of him,
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 asunder, day or night.
After that things are set in order here,
We'll follow them with all the power we have.

Enter a Messenger.

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

Tal. Here is the Talbot; who would speak with him

Mess. The virtuous lady, countess of Auvergne,
With modesty admiring thy renown,
By me entreats, great lord,¹ thou wouldst vouchsafe
To visit her poor castle where she lies;²
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 into a peaceful comic 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 overrul'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.*

SCENE III.—Auvergne. *Court of the Castle.*

Enter the COUNTESS and her Porter.

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

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

Count. The plot is laid: if all things fall out right,
I shall as famous be by this exploit
As Scythian Thomyris by Cyrus' death.
Great is the rumour of this dreadful knight,
And his achievements of no less account:
Fain would mine eyes be witness with mine ears,
To give their censure³ 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,
That with his name the mothers still their babes?
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 writhled⁴ shrimp
Should strike such terror to his enemies.

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

Count. What means he now?—Go ask him whither he
goes.

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

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

Re-enter Porter, with keys.

Count. If thou be he, then art thou prisoner.

Tal. Prisoner! to whom?

Count. To me, blood-thirsty lord;
And for that cause I train'd thee to my house.
Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me,
For in my gallery thy picture hangs:
But now thy 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.

Tal. Ha, ha, ha!

Count. Laughest thou, wretch thy mirth shall turn to
moan.

Tal. I laugh to see your ladyship so fond,
To think that you have aught but Talbot's shadow,
Whereon to practise 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:
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;
He will be here, and yet he is not here:
How can these contrarieties agree?

³ Censure—opinion.

⁴ Writhled—wrinkled. So in Spenser:—

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

¹ Great lord. So in the original copy, and in all subsequent editions, till those which are called *variorum*. The word *great* is then changed to *good*, probably by an error of the press.

² Lies—dwells.



PE R.A. PINX

THE SCENE IN THE TEMPLE GARDEN



Tal. That will I show you presently.

[*He winds a horn. Drums heard; then a peal of ordnance. The gates being forced, enter Soldiers.*

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

Count. Victorious Talbot! pardon my abuse:
I find thou art no less than fame hath bruited,
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 misconster¹
The mind of Talbot, as you did mistake
The outward composition of his body.
What you have done hath not offended me:
Nor other satisfaction do I crave,
But only (with your patience) that we may
Taste of your wine, and see what cates you have;
For soldiers' stomachs always serve them well.

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

SCENE IV.—London. The Temple Garden.

*Enter the EARLS OF SOMERSET, SUFFOLK, and WARWICK;
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, VERNON, and another Lawyer.*

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 the truth;
Or, else, was wrangling Somerset in the error?

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,
Between two blades, which bears the better temper,
Between two horses, which doth bear him best,
Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye,
I have, perhaps, some shallow spirit of judgment:
But in these nice sharp quillets 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-tied, and so loath to speak,
In dumb significants proclaim your thoughts:
Let him that is a true-born gentleman,
And stands upon the honour of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this brier pluck a white rose with me.

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;² 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.

Som. Good master Vernon, it is well objected;³
If I have fewest I subscribe in silence.

Plan. And I.

Ver. Then, for the truth and plainness of the case,
I pluck this pale and maiden blossom here,
Giving my verdict on the white rose side.

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

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

Som. Well, well, come on; Who else?

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

[*To SOMERSET.*

In sign whereof, I pluck a white rose too.

Plan. Now, Somerset, where is your argument?

Som. Here, in my scabbard; meditating that
Shall dye your white rose in a bloody red.

Plan. Meantime, 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
Blush for pure shame, to counterfeit our roses;
And yet thy tongue will not confess thy error.

Plan. Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset?

Som. Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet?

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

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

Plan. Now, by this maiden blossom in my hand,
I scorn thee and thy fashion,⁴ peevish boy.

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,
Third son to the third Edward king of England;
Spring crestless yeomen from so deep a root?

Plan. He bears him on the place's privilege,
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,
For treason executed in our late king's days?
And, by his treason, stand'st not thou attainted,
Corrupted, and exempt⁵ 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;

¹ *Misconster.* So the original: it was ordinarily printed *misconstrue*. In the quarto edition of *Othello* we find the word:—

“And his unbookish jealousy must *conster*.”

² *Colours.* Here used ambiguously for *deceits*, as in *Love's Labour's Lost*—“I do fear colourable *colours*.”

³ *Objected.* The word is not here used in the ordinary sense of *opposed*, but in its less common meaning of *proposed*, *suggested*.

⁴ *Fashion.* So the original. Malone reads *faction*, which was a correction by Theobald.

⁵ *Exempt*—excluded.

And that I'll prove on better men than Somerset,
Were growing time once ripen'd to my will.
For your partaker¹ Poole, and you yourself,
I'll note you in my book of memory,
To scourge you for this apprehension:²
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 cognizance³ of my blood-drinking hate,
Will I for ever, and my faction, wear;
Until it wither with me to my grave,
Or flourish to the height of my degree.

Suf. Go forward, and be chok'd with thy ambition!
And so farewell, until I meet thee next. *[Exit.]*

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

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

War. This blot, that they object against your house,
Shall be wip'd out 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.

Meantime, in signal of my love to thee,
Against proud Somerset and William Poole,
Will I upon thy party wear this rose:
And here I prophesy,—This brawl to-day,
Grown to this faction, in the Temple garden,
Shall send, between the red rose and the white,
A thousand souls to death and deadly night.

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

Ver. In your behalf still will I wear the same.

Lav. And so will I.

Plan. Thanks, gentle sir.

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

SCENE V.—*The same. A Room in the Tower.*

Enter MORTIMER, brought in a chair by Two Keepers.

Mor. Kind keepers of my weak decaying age,
Let dying Mortimer here rest himself.
Even like a man new haled from the rack,
So fare my limbs with long imprisonment:
And these grey locks, these pursuivants of death,
Nestor-like aged, in an age of care,
Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer.
These eyes, like lamps whose wasting oil is spent,
Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent:⁴
Weak shoulders, overborne with burd'ning grief;
And pithless arms, like to a wither'd vine
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?

¹ *Keep.* Richard Plantagenet, my lord, will come:
We sent unto the Temple, to his chamber;
And answer was return'd, that he will come.

Mor. Enough; my soul shall then be satisfied.
Poor gentleman! his wrong doth equal mine.
Since Henry Monmouth first began to reign,
(Before whose glory I was great in arms,)
This loathsome sequestration have I had;

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,
With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me hence;
I would his troubles likewise were expir'd,
That so he might recover what was lost.

Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET.

¹ *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 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 ease, I'll tell thee my disease.⁵

This day, in argument upon a case,
Some words there grew 'twixt Somerset and me:
Among which terms, he us'd his lavish tongue,
And did upbraid me with my father's death;
Which obloquy set bars before my tongue,
Else with the like I had requited him:
Therefore, good uncle,—for my father's sake,
In honour of a true Plantagenet,
And for alliance' sake,—declare the cause
My father, earl of Cambridge, lost his head.

Mor. That cause, fair nephew,⁶ that imprison'd me,
And hath detain'd me, all my flow'ring youth,
Within a loathsome dungeon, there to pine,
Was curs'd 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:
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 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
To king Edward the Third, whereas he
From John of Gaunt doth bring his pedigree,
Being but fourth of that heroic line.
But mark; as, in this haughty great attempt,
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 sister, that thy mother was,
Again, in pity of my hard distress,
Levied an army; weening to redeem,
And have install'd me in the diadem:
But, as the rest, so fell that noble earl,

¹ *Partaker*—confederate.

² *Apprehension*—opinion.

³ *Cognizance*—badge.

⁴ *Exigent*—end.

⁵ *Disease*—uneasiness, unease.

⁶ *Nephew*—put generally for a relative—the Latin *nepos*.

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;
And 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 politic;
Strong-fixed is the house of Lancaster,
And, like a mountain, not to be remov'd.
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!

Mor. Thou dost then wrong me; as the slaught'rer doth,
Which giveth many wounds when one will kill.
Mourn not, except thou sorrow for my good;
Only, give order for my funeral;
And so farewell; and fair be all thy hopes!
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 overpass'd thy days.
Well, I will lock his counsel in my breast;
And what I do imagine, let that rest.
Keepers, convey him hence: and I myself
Will see his burial better than his life.

[Exeunt Keepers, bearing out MORTIMER.]

Here dies the dusky torch of Mortimer,
Chok'd with ambition 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 ill¹ the advantage of my good. [Exit.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—London. *The Parliament-House.*

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; 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 shouldst find thou hast dishonour'd me.
Think not, although in writing I preferr'd
The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes,
That therefore I have forg'd, or am not able
Verbatim to rehearse the method of my pen:

¹ Ill—ill-usage.

² Steevens prints this line thus, "for the sake of metre:"—

"Am I not *the* protector, saucy priest?"

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, vouchsafe
To give me hearing what I shall reply.
If I were covetous, ambitious, or perverse,
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 dissension, 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!—

Win. Ay, lordly sir: For what are you, I pray,
But one imperious in another's throne?

Glo. Am I not protector, saucy priest?²

Win. And am I not a prelate of the church?

Glo. Yes, as an outlaw in a castle keeps,
And useth it to patronage his theft.

Win. Unreverent Gloster!

Glo. Thou art reverent,
Touching thy spiritual function, not thy life.

Win. Rome shall remedy this.

War. Roam thither then.

Som. My lord, it were your duty to forbear.

War. Ay, see the bishop be not overborne.

Som. Methinks, my lord should be religious,
And know the office that belongs to such.

War. Methinks, his lordship should be humbler;
It fitteth not a prelate so to plead.

Som. Yes, when his holy state is touch'd so near.

War. State holy, or unhallow'd, what of that?
Is not his grace protector to the king?

Plan. Plantagenet, I see, must hold his tongue;
Lest it be said, "Speak, sirrah, when you should;
Must your bold verdict enter talk with lords?"
Else would I have a fling at Winchester. [Aside.]

K. Hen. Uncles of Gloster, and of Winchester,
The special watchmen of our English weal,
I would prevail, if prayers might prevail,
To join your hearts in love and amity.
O, what a scandal is it to our crown,
That two such noble peers as ye should jar!
Believe me, lords, my tender years can tell,
Civil dissension 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!"]

The opportunities in this play for Steevens's interference in this manner are remarkably few. We should not notice them, except to mention that we hold it of importance to exhibit this play as we have received it, except in cases of manifest error, which rarely occur. It is printed with singular correctness in the original folio.

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 ourself,
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 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 to his majesty:

And ere that we will suffer such a prince,

So kind a father of the commonweal,

To be disgraced by an inkhorn mate,¹

We, and our wives, and children, all will fight,

And have our bodies slaughter'd by thy foes.

1 Serv. Ay, and the very parings of our nails

Shall pitch a field, when we are dead. *[Skirmish again.]*

Glo.

Stay, stay, I say!

And, if you love me, as you say you do,

Let me persuade you to forbear awhile.

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. Yield, my lord protector;—yield, Winchester;—

Except you mean, with obstinate repulse,

To slay your sovereign, and destroy the realm.

You see what mischief, and what murder too,

Hath been enacted through your enmity;

Then be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.

Win. He shall submit, or I will never yield.

Glo. Compassion on the king commands me 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.²—

For shame, my lord of Winchester! relent;

What, shall a child instruct you what to do?

Win. Well, duke of Gloster, I will yield to thee;

Love for thy love, and hand for hand I give.

Glo. Ay; but, I fear me, with a hollow heart.

See here, my friends, and loving countrymen;

This token serveth for a flag of truce,

Betwixt ourselves and all our followers:

So help me God, as I dissemble not!

Win. So help me God, as I intend it not!

[Aside.]

K. Hen. O loving uncle, kind duke of Gloster,

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 physic the tavern affords.

[Exeunt Servants, Mayor, &c.]

War. Accept this scroll, most gracious sovereign;

Which in the right of Richard Plantagenet

We do exhibit to your majesty.

Glo. Well urg'd, my lord of Warwick;—for, sweet prince,

An if your grace mark every circumstance,

You have great reason to do Richard right:

Especially, for those occasions

At Eltham-place I told your majesty.

K. Hen. And those occasions, uncle, were of force:

Therefore, my loving lords, our pleasure is

That Richard be restored to his blood.

War. Let Richard be restored to his blood;

So shall his father's wrongs be recompens'd.

Win. As will the rest, so willeth Winchester.

K. Hen. If Richard will be true, not that alone,

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 reguerdon³ 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 dnaimates 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.

[Sennet. Flourish. Exeunt all but EXETER.]

Exe. Ay, we may march in England, or in France,

Not seeing what is likely to ensue:

This late dissension, grown betwixt the peers,

Burns under feigned ashes of forg'd love,

And will at last break out into a flame:

As fester'd members rot but by degree,

Till bones, and flesh, and sinews fall away,

So will this base and envious discord breed.

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:⁴

Which is so plain, that Exeter doth wish

His days may finish ere that hapless time.

[Exit.]

¹ An inkhorn mate. Wilson, in his "Art of Rhetoric" (1553), describes a pedant as using "inkhorn terms."

² A kindly gird—a reproof meant in kindness. Falstaff says—
"Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me."

³ Reguerdon—recompense.

⁴ The line, as we print it, is found in the second folio. The original copy omits should.

SCENE II.—France. *Before Rouen.*

Enter LA PUCELLE disguised, and Soldiers dressed like Countrymen with sacks upon their backs.

Puc. These are the city gates, the gates of Rouen,
Through which our policy must make a breach:
Take heed, be wary how you place your words;
Talk like the vulgar sort of market-men,
That come to gather money for their corn.
If we have entrance (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.

Sold. Our sacks shall be a mean to sack the city,
And we be lords and rulers over Rouen;
Therefore we'll knock.

[*Knocks.*

Guard. [*Within.*] *Qui est là ?*

Puc. *Paysans, pauvres gens de France ;*
Poor market-folks that come to sell their corn.

Guard. Enter, go in ; the market-bell is rung.

[*Opens the gates.*

Puc. Now, Rouen, I'll shake thy bulwarks to the ground.
[*PUCELLE, &c., enter the city.*

Enter CHARLES, Bastard of Orleans, ALENÇON, and Forces.

Char. Saint Denis bless this happy stratagem!
And once again we'll sleep secure in Rouen.

Bast. Here enter'd Pucelle, and her practisants;
Now she is there, how will she specify
Where is 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, for weakness, which she enter'd.

Enter LA PUCELLE on a battlement, holding out a torch burning.

Puc. Behold, this is the happy wedding torch,
That joineth Rouen unto her countrymen;
But burning fatal to the Talbotites.

Bast. See, noble Charles! the beacon of our friend,
The burning torch in yonder turret stands.

Char. Now shine it like a comet of revenge,
A prophet to the fall of all our foes!

Alen. Defer no time: Delays have dangerous ends;
Enter, and cry—"The Dauphin!"—presently,
And then do execution on the watch.

[*They enter.*

Alarums. Enter TALBOT, and certain English.

Tal. France, thou shalt rue this treason with thy tears,
If Talbot but survive thy treachery.
Pucelle, that witch, that damned sorceress,
Hath wrought this hellish mischief unawares,
That hardly we escap'd the pride of France.

[*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, and others.

Puc. Good morrow, gallants! want ye corn for bread?
I think the duke of Burgundy will fast,
Before he'll buy again at such a rate:
'Twas full of darnel: Do you like the taste?

Bur. Scoff on, vile fiend, and shameless courtesan!
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 his 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?

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 Hecate,
But unto thee, Alençon, and the rest;
Will ye, like soldiers, come and fight it out?

Alen. Signior, no.

Tal. Signior, hang!—base muleteers of France!
Like peasant foot-boys do they keep the walls,
And dare not take up arms like gentlemen.

Puc. 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 but to tell you
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 public 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,
We will bestow you in some better place,
Fitter for sickness and for crazy age.

Bed. Lord Talbot, do not so dishonour me:
Here will I sit before the walls of Rouen,
And will be partner of your weal or woe.

Bur. Courageous Bedford, let us now persuade you.

Bed. Not to be gone from hence; for once I read,
That stout Pendragon, in his litter, 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.*

Alarum Excursions. Enter SIR JOHN FASTOLFE, and a Captain.

Cap. Whither away, Sir John Fastolfe, in such haste?

Fast. Whither away? to save myself by flight.

We are like to have the overthrow again.

Cap. What! will you fly and leave lord Talbot?

Fast.

All the Talbots in the world, to save my life.

Cap. Cowardly knight! ill fortune follow thee!

Ay,

[*Exit.*

[*Exit.*

Retreat Excursions. Enter, from the town, LA PUCELLE, ALENÇON, CHARLES, &c., and exeunt flying.

Bed. Now, quiet soul, depart when heaven please;
For I have seen our enemies' overthrow.
What is the trust or strength of foolish man?
They, that of late were daring with their scoffs,
Are glad and fain by flight to save themselves.
[Dies, 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 heavens¹ 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 monuments.

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?² Rouen hangs her head for grief
That such a valiant company are fled.
Now will we take some order 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 Burgundy.

Tal. But yet, before we go, let's not forget
The noble duke of Bedford, late deceas'd,
But see his exequies fulfill'd in Rouen;
A braver soldier never couched lance,
A gentler heart did never sway in court:
But kings, and mightiest potentates, must die;
For that's the end of human misery. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*The same. The Plains near the City.*

Enter CHARLES, the Bastard, ALENÇON, LA PUCELLE, and Forces.

Puc. Dismay not, princes, at this accident,
Nor grieve that Rouen is so recovered:
Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,
For things that are not to be remedied.
Let frantic Talbot triumph for awhile,
And like a peacock sweep along his tail;
We'll pull his plumes, and take away his train,
If Dauphin and the rest will be but rul'd.

Char. We have been guided by thee hitherto,
And of thy cunning had no diffidence;
One sudden foil shall never breed distrust.

Bast. Search out thy wit for secret policies,
And we will make thee famous through the world.

Alen. We'll set thy statue in some holy place,
And have thee reverenc'd like a blessed saint;
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 extirp'd from our provinces.

Alen. For ever should they be expuls'd from France,
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.

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,
When death doth close his tender dying eyes,
See, see, the pining malady of France;
Behold the wounds, the most unnatural wounds,
Which thou thyself hast given her woeful breast!
O, turn thy edged sword another way:
Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help
One drop of blood drawn from thy country's bosom
Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign gore;
Return thee, therefore, with a flood of tears,
And wash away thy country's stained spots!

Bur. Either she hath bewitch'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, 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.
Come, come, return; return, thou wand'ring lord;
Charles and the rest will take thee in their arms.

Bur. I am vanquished; these haughty³ words of hers
Have batter'd me like roaring cannon-shot,
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!

¹ Yet heavens. Mr. Dyce has suggested *Let heavens*, which Mr. White adopts.

² All a-mort—dispirited.

³ Haughty—lofty, spirited. So in the next act—

“Valiant and virtuous, full of haughty courage.”

Char. Welcome, brave duke! thy friendship makes us fresh.

Bast. And doth beget new courage in our breasts.

Alen. 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.]*

SCENE IV.—Paris. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING HENRY, GLOSTER, and other Lords, VERNON, BASSET, &c. *To them* TALBOT, and some of his Officers.

Tal. My gracious prince, and honourable peers, Hearing of your arrival in this realm, I have awhile 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, Besides five hundred prisoners of esteem,— Lets fall his sword before your highness' feet; And, with submissive loyalty of heart, Ascribes the glory of his conquest got, First to my God, and next unto your grace.

K. Hen. Is this the lord Talbot, uncle Gloster, 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 A stouter champion never handled sword. Long since we were resolved of your truth, Your faithful service, and your toil in war; Yet never have you tasted our reward, Or been reguerdon'd with so much as thanks, Because till now we never saw your face: Therefore, stand up; and for these good deserts, We here create you earl of Shrewsbury; And in our coronation take your place.

[Exeunt KING HENRY, GLOSTER, TALBOT, and Nobles.

Ver. Now, sir, to you, that were so hot at sea, Disgracing of these colours that I wear In honour of my noble lord of York,— Dar'st thou maintain the former words thou spak'st?

Bas. Yes, sir; as well as you dare patronage The envious barking of your saucy tongue Against my lord, the duke of Somerset.

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 whoso draws a sword 'tis present death, 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.]*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Paris. *A Room of State.*

Enter KING HENRY, GLOSTER, EXETER, YORK, SUFFOLK, SOMERSET, WINCHESTER, WARWICK, TALBOT, the Governor 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, governor of Paris, take your oath,—

[Governor 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 pretend¹ Malicious practices against his state: This shall ye do, so help you righteous God!

[Exeunt Governor and his Train.

Enter SIR JOHN FASTOLFE.

Fast. My gracious sovereign, as I rode from Calais, To haste unto your coronation, A letter was deliver'd to my hands, Writ to your grace from the duke of Burgundy.

Tal. Shame to the duke of Burgundy, and thee! I vow'd, base knight, when I did meet thee next, To tear the garter from thy craven's leg, *[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, 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 surpris'd and taken prisoners. Then judge, great lords, if I have done amiss; Or whether that such cowards ought to wear This ornament of knighthood, yea or no.

Glo. To say the truth, this fact was infamous, And ill-beseeming 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, Such as were grown to credit by the wars; Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress, But always resolute in most extremes. 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, lord protector, view the letter Sent from our uncle duke of Burgundy.

Glo. What means his grace, that he hath chang'd his style? *[Viewing the superscription.]*

No more but, plain and bluntly,—“To the king?”

Hath he forgot he is his sovereign?

Or doth this churlish superscription

Pretend some alteration in good will?²

What's here?—“I have, upon especial cause,—” *[Reads.]*

Mov'd with compassion of my country's wrack,

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?

² *Pretend.* Mr. Dyce states that *pretend* was used in the sense of *portend* by Skelton.

¹ *Pretend*—intend.

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:—

How say you, my lord? are you not content?

Tal. Content, my liege? Yes; but that I am prevented, I should have begg'd I might have been employ'd.

K. Hen. Then gather strength, and march unto him straight:

Let him perceive how ill we brook his treason;

And what offence it is to flout his friends.

Tal. I go, my lord; in heart desiring still

You may behold confusion of your foes. [Exit.

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 repugn¹ the truth, About a certain question in the law, Argued betwixt the duke of York and him; With other vile and ignominious terms: In confutation of which rude reproach, And in defence of my lord's worthiness, I crave the benefit of law of arms.

Ver. And that is my petition, noble lord: For though he seem, with forged quaint conceit, To set a gloss upon his bold intent, Yet know, my lord, I was provok'd by him; And he first took exceptions at this badge, Pronouncing—that the paleness of this flower Bewray'd the faintness of my master's heart.

York. Will not this malice, Somerset, be left?

Som. Your private grudge, my lord of York, will out, Though ne'er so cunningly you smother it.

K. Hen. Good Lord! what madness rules in brain-sick men;

When, for so slight and frivolous a cause, Such factious emulations shall arise:

Good cousins both, of York and Somerset, Quiet yourselves, I pray, and be at peace.

York. Let this dissension first be tried by fight, And then your highness shall command a peace.

Som. The quarrel toucheth none but us alone; Betwixt ourselves let us decide it then.

York. There is my pledge; accept it, Somerset.

Ver. Nay, let it rest where it began at first.

Bas. Confirm it so, mine honourable lord.

Glo. Confirm it so? Confounded be your strife! And perish ye, with your audacious prate! Presumptuous vassals! are you not 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 combatants:

Henceforth, I charge you, as you love our favour,

Quite to forget this quarrel, and the cause.

And you, my lords, remember where we are;

In France, amongst a fickle wavering nation:

If they perceive dissension in our looks,

And that within ourselves we disagree,

How will their grudging stomachs be provok'd

To wilful disobedience, and rebel?

Beside, what infamy will there arise,

When foreign princes shall be certified

That for a toy, a thing of no regard,

King Henry's peers and chief nobility

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 Somerset, unite

Your troops of horsemen with his bands of foot;

And, like true subjects, sons of your progenitors,

Go cheerfully together, and digest

Your angry choler on your enemies.

Ourselves, my lord protector, and the rest,

After some respite, will return to Calais;

From thence to England, where I hope ere long

To be presented, by your victories,

With Charles, Alençon, and that traitorous rout.

[Flourish. *Exeunt* KING HENRY, GLO., SOM., WIN., 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 Somerset.

War. Tush! that was but his fancy, blame him not;

I dare presume, sweet prince, he thought no harm.

York. And, if I wist he did,—But let it rest;

Other affairs must now be managed.

[*Exeunt* YORK, WARWICK, and VERNON.

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 howsoever, no simple man that sees

This jarring discord of nobility,

This shouldering of each other in the court,

This factious bandying of their favourites,

But that it doth presage some ill event.

'Tis much, when sceptres are in children's hands:

But more, when envy breeds unkind division;

There comes the ruin, there begins confusion. [Exit.

SCENE II.—France. *Before Bourdeaux.*

Enter TALBOT with his Forces.

Tal. Go to the gates of Bourdeaux, trumpeter :
Summon their general unto the wall.

Trumpet sounds a parley. Enter, on the walls, the General of the French Forces, and others.

English John Talbot, captains, calls you forth,
Servant in arms to Harry king of England ;
And thus he would,—Open your city gates ;
Be humble to us ; call my sovereign yours,
And do him homage as obedient subjects ;
And I'll withdraw me and my bloody power :
But, if you frown upon this proffer'd peace,
You tempt the fury of my three attendants,
Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire ;
Who, in a moment, even with the earth
Shall lay your stately and air-braving towers,
If you forsake the offer of our¹ love.

Gen. Thou ominous and fearful owl of death,
Our nation's terror, and their bloody scourge !
The period of thy tyranny approacheth.
On us thou canst not enter, but by death :
For, I protest, we are well fortified,
And strong enough to issue out and fight :
If thou retire, the Dauphin, well appointed,
Stands with the snares of war to tangle thee :
On either hand thee there are squadrons pitch'd,
To wall thee from the liberty of flight ;
And no way canst thou turn thee for redress,
But death doth front thee with apparent spoil,
And pale destruction meets thee in the face.
Ten thousand French have ta'en the sacrament,
To rive their dangerous artillery
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, due² thee withal ;
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 music to thy timorous soul,
And mine shall ring thy dire departure out.

[Exeunt General, &c., from the walls.]

Tal. He fables not, I hear the enemy ;—
Out, some light horsemen, and peruse their wings.—
O, negligent and heedless discipline !
How are we park'd, and bounded in a pale ;
A little herd of England's timorous deer,
Maz'd with a yelping kennel of French curs !
If we be English deer, be then in blood :³
Not rascal-like,⁴ to fall down with a pinch ;
But rather moody-mad and desperate stags,
Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of steel,
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, my friends.
God, and Saint George ! Talbot, and England's right !
Prosper our colours in this dangerous fight ! *[Exeunt.]*

¹ The original has *their love*. Hanmer suggested *our love*, which we follow Mr. White in adopting.

² *Due*—pay as due.

SCENE 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's 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 lowted⁵ by a traitor villain,
And cannot help the noble chevalier :
God comfort him in this necessity !
If he miscarry, farewell wars in France.

Enter SIR WILLIAM LUCY.

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,
And hemm'd about with grim destruction :
To Bourdeaux, warlike duke ! to Bourdeaux, York !
Else, farewell Talbot, France, and England's honour.

York. O God ! that Somerset, 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 Somerset.

Lucy. Then, God take mercy on brave Talbot's soul !
And on his son, young John ; whom, two hours since,
I met in travel toward his warlike father !
This seven years did not Talbot see his son ;
And now they meet where both their lives are done.

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 Somerset, and his delay. *[Exit.]*

Lucy. Thus while the vulture of sedition
Feeds in the bosom of such great commanders,
Sleeping neglect doth betray to loss
The conquest of our scarce-cold conqueror,
That ever-living man of memory,
Henry the Fifth :—Whiles they each other cross,
Lives, honours, lands, and all, hurry to loss. *[Exit.]*

SCENE IV.—*Other Plains of Gascony.*

Enter SOMERSET, with his Forces; an Officer of TALBOT'S with him.

Som. It is too late ; I cannot send them now :
This expedition was by York and Talbot

³ *In blood*—a term of the forest.

⁴ *Rascal-like*. *Rascal* was also a term of wood-craft for a lean deer.

Lowted. Malone explains this, I am treated with contempt like a lowt.

Too rashly plotted ; all our general force
Might with a sally of the very town
Be buckled with : the over-daring Talbot
Hath sullied all his gloss of former honour,
By this unheedful, desperate, wild adventure :
York set him on to fight, and die in shame,
That, Talbot dead, great York might bear the name.

Off. Here is sir William Lucy, who with me
Set from our o'ermatch'd forces forth for aid.

Enter SIR WILLIAM LUCY.

Som. How now ? sir William, whither were you sent ?

Lucy. Whither, my lord ? from bought and sold lord
Talbot ;

Who, ring'd about with bold adversity,
Cries out for noble York and Somerset,
To beat assailing death from his weak legions.
And whiles the honourable captain there
Drops bloody sweat from his war-wearied limbs,
And, in advantage ling'ring, looks for rescue,
You, his false hopes, the trust of England's honour,
Keep off aloof with worthless emulation.
Let not your private discord keep away
The levied succours that should lend him aid,
While he, renowned noble gentleman,
Yields up his life unto a world of odds :
Orleans the Bastard, Charles, Burgundy,
Alençon, Reignier, compass him about,
And Talbot perisheth by your default.

Som. York set him on, York should have sent him aid.

Lucy. And York as fast upon your grace exclaims ;
Swearing that you withhold his levied horse,¹
Collected for this expedition.

Som. York lies ; he might have sent and had the horse ;
I owe him little duty and less love ;
And take foul scorn to fawn on him by sending.

Lucy. 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.

Lucy. Too late comes rescue ; he is ta'en or slain :
For fly he could not, if he would have fled ;
And fly would Talbot never, though he might.

Som. If he be dead, brave Talbot then adieu !

Lucy. His fame lives in the world, his shame in you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*The English Camp near Bourdeaux.*

Enter TALBOT and JOHN his Son.

Tal. O young John Talbot ! I did send for thee,
To tutor thee in stratagems of war ;
That Talbot's name might be in thee reviv'd,
When 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,
A terrible and unavowed 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.

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 should be ;

My worth unknown, no loss is known in me.

Upon my death the French can little boast ;

In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.

Flight cannot stain the honour you have won ;

But mine it will, that no exploit have done :

You fled for vantage, every one will swear ;

But, if I bow, they'll say it was for fear.

There is no hope that ever I will stay,

If the first hour I shrink and run away.

Here, on my knee, I beg mortality,

Rather than life preserv'd with infamy.

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 thy life this afternoon.

Come, side by side together live and die ;

And soul with soul from France to heaven fly. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*A Field of Battle.*

Alarum : *Excursions, wherein TALBOT'S Son is hemmed about, and TALBOT rescues him.*

Tal. Saint George and victory ! fight, soldiers, fight :

The regent hath with Talbot broke his word,

And left us to the rage of France his sword.

Where is John Talbot ?—pause, and take thy breath ;

I gave thee life, and rescued thee from death.

John. O twice my father ! twice am I thy son :

The life thou gav'st me first was lost and done ;

Till with thy warlike sword, despite of fate,

To my determin'd time 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 rescued 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 : ”—

¹ *Horse.* The original reads *hoast*. The correction was Hanmer's, and is fully borne out by what follows.

Here, purposing the Bastard to destroy,
 Came in strong rescue. Speak, thy father's care;
 Art thou not weary, John? How didst thou fare?
 Wilt thou yet leave the battle, boy, and fly,
 Now thou art seal'd the son of chivalry?
 Fly, to revenge my death, when I am dead;
 The help of one stands me in little stead.
 O, too much folly is it, well I wot,
 To hazard all our lives in one small boat.
 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:
 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;
 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:
 And like me to the peasant boys of France;
 To be shame's scorn and subject of mischance.
 Surely, by all the glory you have won,
 An if I fly I am not Talbot's son:
 Then talk no more of flight, it is no boot;
 If son to Talbot, die at Talbot's foot.

Tal. Then follow thou thy desperate sire of Crete,
 Thou Icarus; 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,
 Young Talbot's valour makes me smile at thee.
 When he perceiv'd me shrink, and on my knee,
 His bloody sword he brandish'd over me,
 And, like a hungry lion, did commence
 Rough deeds of rage and stern impatience;
 But when my angry guardant stood alone,
 Tend'ring my ruin, and assail'd of none,
 Dizzy-eyed 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 over-mounting spirit; and there died
 My Icarus, my blossom, in his pride.

Enter Soldiers, bearing the body of JOHN TALBOT.

Serv. O my dear lord! lo, where your son is borne!

Tal. Thou antic death, which laugh'st us here to scorn,
 Anon, from thy insulting tyranny,
 Coupled in bonds of perpetuity,
 Two Talbots, winged through the lither sky,
 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.
 Soldiers, adieu! I have what I would have,
 Now my old arms are young John Talbot's grave. [*Dies.*]

Alarums. Exeunt Soldiers and Servant, leaving the two bodies. Enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, BURGUNDY, Bastard, LA PUCELLE, and Forces.

Char. Had York and Somerset brought rescue in,
 We should have found a bloody day of this.

Bast. How the young whelp of Talbot's, raging wood,¹
 Did flesh his puny sword in Frenchmen's blood!

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;"
 So, rushing in the bowels of the French,
 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 asunder;
 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 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.

Char. For prisoners ask'st thou? hell our prison is.
 But tell me whom thou seek'st.

Lucy. But where's² the great Alcides of the field,
 Valiant lord Talbot, earl of Shrewsbury?
 Created, for his rare success in arms,
 Great earl of Washford, 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 style indeed!
 The Turk, that two and fifty kingdoms hath,
 Writes not so tedious a style as this.

Him, that thou magnifiest with all these titles,
 Stinking, and fly-blown, lies here at our feet.

Lucy. Is Talbot slain? the Frenchmen's only scourge,
 Your kingdom's terror and black Nemesis?

O, were mine eyeballs into bullets turn'd,
 That I, in rage, might shoot them at your faces!
 O, that I could but call these dead to life!

It were enough to fright the realm of France:

Were but his picture left among you here,

It would amaze the proudest of you all.

Give me their bodies; that I may bear them hence,
 And give them burial as beseems their worth.

¹ *Raging wood*—raging mad.

² *But where's.* So the original. The ordinary reading is, *Where is.* It

appears to us that Lucy utters an exclamation of surprise when he does not see Talbot, supposing him to be prisoner.

Puc. I think this upstart is old Talbot's ghost,
He speaks with such a proud commanding spirit.
For God's sake let him have 'em; to keep them here,
They would but stink and putrefy the air.

Char. Go, take their bodies hence.

Lucy. I'll bear them hence :
But from their ashes shall be rear'd
A phoenix that shall make all France afeard.

Char. So we be rid of them do with 'em what thou wilt.
And now to Paris, in this conquering vein ;
All will be ours, now bloody Talbot's slain. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—London. *A Room in the Palace.**Enter* KING HENRY, GLOSTER, and EXETER.

K. Hen. Have you perus'd the letters from the pope,
The emperor, and the earl of Armagnac?

Glo. I have, my lord; and their intent is this,—
They humbly sue unto your excellence,
To have a godly peace concluded of,
Between the realms of England and of France.

K. Hen. How doth your grace affect their motion?

Glo. Well, my good lord; and as the only means
To stop effusion of our Christian blood,
And 'stablish quietness on every side.

K. Hen. Ay, marry, uncle; for I always thought
It was both impious and unnatural,
That such immanity¹ 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;
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?
Then, I perceive that will be verified,
Henry the Fifth did sometime prophesy,—
"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 master,—

Immanity—barbarity.

² *Periapt*s—amulets, charms. Cotgrave explains the words, "medicines hanged about any part of the body."

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 contract,
Bear her this jewel, [*to the Amb.*] pledge of my affection.
And so, my lord protector, see them guarded,
And safely brought to Dover; where, inshipp'd,
Commit them to the fortune of the sea.

[*Exeunt* KING HENRY and Train; GLOSTER,
EXETER, and Ambassadors.

Win. Stay, my lord legate; you shall first receive
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, 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.*

SCENE II.—France. *Plains in Anjou.*

Enter CHARLES, BURGUNDY, ALENÇON, LA PUCELLE, and
Forces, marching.

Char. These news, my lords, may cheer our drooping
spirits:

'Tis said the stout Parisians do revolt,
And turn again unto the warlike French.

Alen. Then march to Paris, royal Charles of France,
And keep not back your powers in dalliance.

Puc. Peace be amongst them if they turn to us;
Else, ruin combat with their palaces!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Success unto our valiant general,
And happiness to his accomplices!

Char. What tidings send our scouts? I prithee, speak.

Mess. The English army, that divided was
Into two parties, 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 fortunate!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same. Before Angiers.*

Alarums. Excursions. Enter LA PUCELLE.

Puc. The regent conquers, and the Frenchmen fly.
Now help, ye charming spells, and periapt²;
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,³
Appear, and aid me in this enterprise!

³ "The monarch of the North," says Douce, "was Zimimar, one of the four principal devils invoked by witches. The others were, Amaimon king of the East, Gorson king of the South, and Goap, king of the West. Under these devil kings were devil marquesses, dukes, prelates, knights, presidents, and earls."

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 legions under earth,¹
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 I was wont to feed you with my blood,
I'll lop a member off, and give it you,
In earnest of a further benefit;
So you do condescend to help me now.—

[They hang their heads.]

No hope to have redress?—My body shall
Pay recompense, if you will grant my suit.

[They shake their heads.]

Cannot my body, nor blood-sacrifice,
Entreat you to your wonted furtherance?
Then take my soul; my body, soul, and all,
Before that England give the French the foil. *[They depart.]*
See! they forsake me. Now the time is come
That France must vail her lofty-plumed crest,
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
PUCELLE² 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.

Puc. Chang'd to a worsen 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 surpris'd
By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds!

York. Fell, banning hag! enchantress, hold thy tongue.

Puc. I prithee, give me leave to curse awhile.

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.³
I kiss these fingers *[kissing her hand]* for eternal peace,
And lay them gently on thy tender side.
Who art thou? say, that I may honour thee.

Mar. Margaret my name, and daughter to a king,
The king of Naples; whoso'er thou art.

Suf. An earl I am, and Suffolk am I call'd.

Be not offended, nature's miracle,
Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me:
So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,
Keeping them prisoner underneath her wings.
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.
As plays the sun upon the glassy streams,
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;
Hast not a tongue? is she not here thy prisoner?
Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's sight?
Ay; beauty's princely majesty is such,
Confounds the tongue, and makes the senses rough.⁴

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. *[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.

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.

Mar. He talks of wood: it is some carpenter.

Suf. Yet so my fancy⁵ may be satisfied,
And peace established between these realms.

But there remains a scruple in that too:

For though her father be the king of Naples,

Duke of Anjou and Maine, yet is he poor,

And our nobility will scorn the match. *[Aside.]*

Mar. Hear ye, captain? Are you not at leisure?

Suf. It shall be so, disdain they ne'er so much:
Henry is youthful, and will quickly yield.

Madam, I have a secret to reveal.

Mar. What though I be enthrall'd? he seems a knight,
And will not any way dishonour me. *[Aside.]*

Suf. Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.

Mar. Perhaps I shall be rescued 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 pro quo*.

Suf. Say, gentle princess, would you not suppose
Your bondage happy, to be made a queen?

Mar. To be a queen in bondage is more vile
Than is a slave in base servility;
For princes should be free.

¹ *Legions.* The original has *regions*. The change to *legions* was made by Warburton, and we follow Mr. Dyce in adopting it.

² The old stage direction is, "*Burgundy and York fight hand to hand.*"

³ We print these lines as they stand in the original. Some modern editors, however, give them thus:—

"For I will touch thee but with reverent hands,
And lay them gently on thy tender side.
I kiss these fingers for eternal peace."

Malone says that by the original reading "Suffolk is made to kiss his own fingers, a symbol of peace of which there is, I believe, no example." We do not see this. Suffolk says—

"Do not fear, nor fly;
For I will touch thee but with reverent hands."

He then adds, kissing the lady's fingers,—

"I kiss these fingers for eternal peace,
And lay them gently on thy tender side,"

accompanying the words by a corresponding action. He takes the lady's hand, but, instead of seizing it as the hand of a prisoner, he replaces it, having kissed it, on her tender side.

⁴ *Rough.* So the folio. Hammer reads *crouch*.

⁵ *Fancy*—love.

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 sceptre in thy hand,
And set a precious crown upon thy head,
If thou wilt condescend to be my—
Mar. What?
Suf. His love.
Mar. I am unworthy to be Henry's wife.
Suf. No, gentle madam; I unworthy am
To woo so fair a dame to be his wife,
And have no portion in the choice myself.
How say you, madam; are you so content?
Mar. An if my father please, I am content.
Suf. Then call our captains, and our colours, forth:
And, madam, at your father's castle walls
We'll crave a parley, to confer with him.
[*Troops come forward.*]

A parley sounded. Enter REIGNIER, on the walls.

Suf. See, Reignier, see, thy daughter prisoner.
Reig. To whom?
Suf. To me.
Reig. Suffolk, what remedy?
I am a soldier; and unapt to weep,
Or to exclaim on fortune's fickleness.
Suf. Yes, there is remedy enough, my lord:
Consent, (and for thy honour, give consent,)
Thy daughter shall be wedded to my king;
Whom I with pain have woo'd and won thereto;
And this her easy-held imprisonment
Hath gain'd thy daughter princely liberty.
Reig. Speaks Suffolk as he thinks?
Suf. Fair Margaret knows
That Suffolk doth not flatter, face, or feign.
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,
To be the princely bride of such a lord;
Upon condition I may quietly
Enjoy mine own, the county Maine, 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 traffic 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?

Mar. Such commendations as become a maid,
A virgin, and his servant, say to him.

Suf. Words sweetly plac'd, and modestly 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 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 wond'rous praise:
Bethink thee on her virtues that surmount;
And¹ natural graces that extinguish 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.

SCENE IV.—Camp of the Duke of York, in Anjou.

Enter YORK, WARWICK, and others.

York. Bring forth that sorceress, condemn'd to burn.

Enter LA PUCELLE, guarded, and a Shepherd.

Shep. Ah, Joan! this kills thy father's heart outright!
Have I sought every country far and near,
And, now it is my chance to find thee out,
Must I behold thy timeless cruel death?

Ah, Joan, sweet daughter Joan, I'll die with thee!

Puc. Decrepit miser!² 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. Graceless! wilt thou deny thy parentage?
York. This argues what her kind of life hath been;
Wicked and vile; and so her death concludes.

Shep. Fie, Joan! that thou wilt be so obstacle!³
God knows thou art a collop of my flesh;
And for thy sake have I shed many a tear:
Deny me not, I prithee, 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 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,

¹ *And.* The original has *Mad*, which Steevens thought was used in the sense of *wild*. Monck Mason made the correction to *And*.

² *Miser*—wretch, miserable creature.

³ *Obstacle*—obstinate. In Chapman's "May-Day" we have—

"An *obstacle* young thing it is."

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.

Puc. First, let me tell you whom you have condemn'd:
Not me begotten of a shepherd swain,
But issued 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! Joan of Arc hath been
A virgin from her tender infancy,
Chaste and immaculate in very thought;
Whose maiden blood, thus rigorously effus'd,
Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven.

York. Ay, ay;—away with her to execution.

War. And hark ye, sirs; because she is a maid,
Spare for no fagots, let there be enow;
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.
I am with child, ye bloody homicides:
Murder not then the fruit within my womb,
Although ye hale me to a violent death.

York. Now heaven forefend! the holy maid with child?

War. The grèatest 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!
It dies, an if it had a thousand lives.

Puc. O, give me leave, I have deluded you;
'Twas neither Charles nor yet the duke I nam'd,
But Reignier, king of Naples, that prevail'd.

War. A married man! that's most intolerable.

York. Why, here's a girl! I think she knows not well,
There were so many, whom she may accuse.

War. It's sign she hath been liberal and free.

York. And yet, forsooth, 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 made abode!
But darkness and the gloomy shade of death
Environ you; till mischief, and despair,
Drive you to break your necks, or hang yourselves!

[Exit guarded.]

York. Break thou in pieces, and consume to ashes,
Thou foul accursed minister of hell!

Enter CARDINAL BEAUFORT, attended.

Car. Lord regent, I do greet your excellence
With letters of commission from the king.
For know, my lords, the states of Christendom,
Mov'd with remorse of these outrageous broils,

Have earnestly implor'd a general peace
Betwixt our nation and the aspiring French;
And here at hand the Dauphin, and his train,
Approacheth to confer about some matter.

York. Is all our travail turn'd to this effect?
After the slaughter of so many peers,
So many captains, gentlemen, and soldiers,
That in this quarrel have been overthrown,
And sold their bodies for their country's benefit,
Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace?
Have we not lost most part of all the towns,
By treason, falsehood, and by treachery,
Our great progenitors had conquered?
O, Warwick, Warwick! I foresee with grief
The utter loss of all the realm of France.

War. Be patient, York: if we conclude a peace,
It shall be with such strict and severe covenants
As little shall the Frenchmen gain thereby.

*Enter CHARLES, attended; ALENÇON, Bastard, REIGNIER,
and others.*

Char. Since, lords of England, it is thus agreed
That peaceful truce shall be proclaim'd in France,
We come to be informed by yourselves
What the conditions of that league must be.

York. Speak, Winchester; for boiling choler chokes
The hollow passage of my prison'd¹ voice,
By sight of these our baleful enemies.

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.

Alen. Must he be then as shadow of himself?
Adorn his temples with a coronet;
And yet, in substance and authority,
Retain but privilege of a private man?
This proffer is absurd and reasonless.

Char. 'Tis known already that I am possess'd
With more than half the Gallian territories,
And therein reverenc'd for their lawful king:
Shall I, for lucre of the rest unvanquish'd,
Detract so much from that prerogative,
As to be call'd but viceroy of the whole?
No, lord ambassador; I'll rather keep
That which I have, than, coveting for more,
Be cast from possibility of all.

York. Insulting Charles! hast thou by secret means
Used intercession to obtain a league;
And, now the matter grows to compromise,
Stand'st thou aloof upon comparison?
Either accept the title thou usurp'st,
Of benefit proceeding from our king,
And not of any challenge of desert,
Or we will plague thee with incessant wars.

Reig. My lord, you do not well in obstinacy
To cavil in the course of this contract:
If once it be neglected, ten to one,
We shall not find like opportunity.

Alen. To say the truth, it is your policy,
To save your subjects from such massacre,
And ruthless slaughters, as are daily seen
By our proceeding in hostility:

¹ Prison'd. The original has *poison'd*. Pope made the correction.

And therefore take this compact of a truce,
Although you break it when your pleasure serves.

[*Aside to CHARLES.*

War. How say'st thou, Charles? shall our condition stand?

Char. It shall:

Only reserv'd, you claim no interest
In any of our towns of garrison.

York. Then swear allegiance to his majesty;
As thou art knight, never to disobey,
Nor be rebellious to the crown of England,
Thou, nor thy nobles, to the crown of England.—

[*CHARLES, and the rest, give tokens of fealty.*

So, now dismiss your army when ye please;
Hang up your ensigns, let your drums be still,
For here we entertain a solemn peace. [Exit.]

SCENE V.—London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING HENRY, in conference with SUFFOLK; GLOSTER and EXETER following.

K. Hen. Your wondrous 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, by breath of her renown,
Either to suffer shipwrack, 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)
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 otherwise will Henry ne'er presume.
Therefore, my lord protector, give consent
That Margaret may be England's royal queen.

Glo. So should I give consent to flatter sin.
You know, my lord, your highness is betroth'd
Unto another lady of esteem;
How shall we then dispense with that contract,
And not deface your honour with reproach?

Suf. As doth a ruler with unlawful oaths;
Or one that at a triumph having vow'd
To try his strength, forsaketh yet the lists
By reason of his adversary's odds:
A poor earl's daughter is unequal odds,
And therefore may be broke without offence.

Glo. Why, what, I pray, is Margaret more than that?
Her father is no better than an earl,
Although in glorious titles he excel.

Suf. Yes, my lord, 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 a liberal dower,
Where 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;
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 of all these reasons bindeth us,
In our opinions she should be prefer'd.
For what is wedlock forced but a hell,
An age of discord and continual strife?
Whereas the contrary bringeth forth bliss,
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;
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 dissension in my breast,
Such fierce alarms both of hope and fear,
As I am sick with working of my thoughts.
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 expenses 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 censure¹ me by what you were,
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 ruminate my grief. [Exit.]

Glo. Ay, grief, I fear me, both at first and last.

[Exit 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.]

¹ Censure—judge.

ILLUSTRATIONS TO KING HENRY VI.—PART I.

ACT I.

^a SCENE I.—“*Hung be the heavens with black.*”

“THE covering, or internal roof, of the theatre was anciently termed the *heavens*.” Malone, in his “History of the Stage,” has collected some passages from old writers to prove this. The passage before us would warrant us in believing that upon the performance of tragedy the roof, or *heavens*, underwent some gloomy transformation. There is a similar allusion in Marston’s “Insatiate Countess.”—

The stage of heaven is hung with solemn black,
A time best fitting to act tragedies.”

Mr. Whiter (“Specimen of a Commentary,” &c.) has a long and very ingenious passage to prove that several of the poetical images of Shakspeare are derived from this association.

^b SCENE II.—“*Now am I like that proud insulting ship,
Which Cæsar and his fortune bare at once.*”

The comparison was suggested by a passage in Plutarch’s “Life

of Cæsar,” thus translated by North :—“Cæsar, hearing that, straight discovered himself unto the master of the pinnace, who at the first was amazed when he saw him ; but Cæsar, &c., said unto him, Good fellow, be of good cheer, &c., and fear not, for *thou hast Cæsar and his fortune with thee.*”

^c SCENE II.—“*Was Mahomet inspired with a dove ?*”

In Prideaux’s “Life of Mahomet” we read that the prophet of the Arabians had a dove, “which he used to feed with wheat out of his ear ; which dove, when it was hungry, lighted on Mahomet’s shoulder, and thrust its bill in to find its breakfast ; Mahomet persuading the rude and simple Arabians that it was the Holy Ghost that gave him advice.”

^d SCENE III.—“*Blue-coats to tawny-coats.*”

It appears that the *tawny coat* was the livery of an apparitor, and probably of ecclesiastical officers in general. Stow describes the Bishop of London as “attended on by a goodly company of gentlemen in *tawny coats.*”

HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

ACT I.

It was a favourite theory with the commentators upon Shakspeare after the time of Dr. Farmer, that the acquired knowledge of the poet was of the most limited character. According to these critics, he was not only unable to read any language but his own, but his power even of reading in English books was limited in a degree that would indicate him to have been the most idle or the most incurious of mankind. Malone’s favourite opinion is, that Shakspeare consulted but *one* historical writer for the materials of his Histories. In a note upon the passage in the first act of Henry V. in which the King of France is erroneously called “King Louis the Tenth,” Malone says that Holinshed led Shakspeare into the mistake, and that Hall calls the king correctly Charles the Ninth ; and he adds, “Here, therefore, we have a decisive proof that our author’s guide in *all* his historical plays was Holinshed, and not Hall.” In a note upon the second act of the First Part of Henry VI., where an English soldier enters crying, “A Talbot ! a Talbot !” the same critic says, “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.” Without entering into a discussion in this place as to the value of Malone’s argument that Shakspeare was not the author of the First Part of Henry VI. because the author of that play had evidently consulted Hall’s Chronicle, we must express a decided opinion of the worthlessness of this point, in justification of our intention to illustrate the play before us by passages taken indifferently from Hall or Holinshed. We believe that the question whether Shakspeare was the author of the First Part of Henry VI. is not in the slightest degree affected by the circumstance that the author of this play appears to have been familiar with the narrative of Hall, in which the circumstances of this period of history are given more in detail than by Holinshed. It was perfectly impossible that any writer who undertook to produce four dramas upon the subject of the wars of York and Lancaster should not have gone to Hall’s Chronicle as an authority ; for that book is expressly on the subject of these wars. The original edition of 1548 bears this title :—“The Vnion of the two noble and illustre Famelies of Lancastre and Yorke, beeyng long in continual discension for the croune of this noble realme, with all the

actes done in bothe the tymes of the princes, bothe of the one lineage and of the other, beginnyng at the tyme of Kyng Henry the fowerth, the first Aurther of this deuision, and so successiuey proceadyng to the reigne of the high and prudent prince Kyng Henry the eight, the vndubitate flower and very heire of both the sayd linages.” If it could be proved that Shakspeare had not consulted a book the entire subject of which he has dramatized, devoting to that subject nine out of his ten historical plays, we should consider it the most marvellous circumstance in literary history, and totally inexplicable upon any other theory than that of the grossest ignorance on the part of the author. The phrase of Malone, “Shakspeare’s historian,” assumes that Shakspeare could only read in one book. It was perfectly natural that he, for the most part, should follow Holinshed, which is a compilation from all the English historians ; but, as Holinshed constantly refers to his authorities, and in the period of the civil wars particularly to Hall, it is manifest that for some of his details he would go to the book especially devoted to the subject, in which they were treated more fully than in the abridgment which he generally consulted. For example, in Holinshed’s narrative of the pathetic interview between Talbot and his son, before they both fell at the battle of Chatillon, we have no dialogue between the father and son, but simply, “Many words he used to persuade him to have saved his life.” In Hall we have the very words at length, which the poet has paraphrased. We repeat, therefore, that we shall quote indifferently from Hall and Holinshed passages illustrating this play, without considering that the question of its authorship is in the slightest degree involved in thus tracing the footsteps of its author.

The play opens with the funeral of Henry V. In this, as it appears to us, there is great dramatic judgment. The death of that prince, who was the conqueror of France and the idol of England—who, by his extraordinary talents and energy, obliterated almost the memory of the circumstances under which his father obtained the throne—was the starting-point of a long period of error and misfortune, during which France was lost, and England torn to pieces by civil war. It was the purpose of the poet to mark most strikingly the obvious cause of these events ; and thus, surrounding the very bier of Henry V., the great lords, to whom were committed the management of his kingdom and the guardianship of his son, begin to dispute, and the messenger of France reproaches them for their party conflicts :—

"Among the soldiers this is muttered,—
That here you maintain several factions."

This, indeed, was an anticipation ; for it was two or three years after the accession of Henry VI. that the quarrels of Gloster and Beaufort became dangerous to the realm. In the same way, the losses of towns in France, the coronation of the Dauphin at Rheims, and the defeat of Talbot at Patay, were all anticipations of events which occurred during the succeeding seven years. The poet had the Chronicles before him in which these events are detailed, year by year, with the strictest regard to dates. But he was not himself a chronicler. It was his business to crowd the narrative of these events upon the scene, so as to impress upon his audience the general truth that the death of Henry V. was succeeded by disasters which eventually overthrew the empire of the English in France. In the final chorus to Henry V., written some years after this play, the dramatic connection of these disasters with the death of this heroic prince is clearly indicated :—

"Fortune made his sword ;
By which the world's best garden he achiev'd,
And of it left his son imperial lord.
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."

This is the theme of the Three Parts of Henry VI., and of Richard III. ; and in this, the first of these four dramas, or rather the first division of this one great drama, the poet principally shows how France was lost, whilst he slightly touches upon the growth of those factions through which England bled. Previous to the loss of France there was a period of brilliant success, during which the Regent Bedford appeared likely to insure to Henry VI. the quiet possession of what Henry V. had won for him. But it was not the province of the dramatist to exhibit this aspect of affairs. In the first scene he prepares us, by a bold condensation of the narrative of events connected in themselves, but occurring at distant periods, for the final loss of France. In the second scene he brings us at once into the heart of the extraordinary circumstances in which the final discomfiture of the English commenced—the appearance of Joan of Arc before Orleans, and the almost miraculous success which attended that appearance. There was a real interval of nearly seven years between the events of the first scene and of the second. Henry V. died on the 31st of August, 1422 ; Joan of Arc entered Orleans in April, 1429. Here, then, commences the true dramatic action of this play. The preceding scene stands in the place of a prologue, and is the key-note to what is to follow.

The narrative of Holinshed, and not that of Hall, has been followed by the poet in the second scene of this act. Malone did some injustice to Shakspeare in maintaining that he could not have been the author of the First Part of Henry VI., because the author consulted Hall ; for, as it is manifest that the author consulted both chroniclers, Malone gives to his unknown author the merit of doing what he affirms Shakspeare did not do—consult two writers on one subject. To have been consistent in his argument, he ought to have shown that the unknown author did not consult Holinshed. The narrative of Holinshed, then, who has been consulted in this case, of the first interview of Joan of Arc with Charles VII., is as follows :—

"In time of this siege at Orleans, unto Charles the Dauphin, at Chinon, as he was in very great care and study how to wrestle against the English nation, by one Peter Badricourt, captain of Vacouleur (made after marshal of France by the Dauphin's creation), was carried a young wench of an eighteen years old, called Joan Arc, by name of her father (a sorry shepherd), James of Arc, and Isabella her mother, brought up poorly in their trade of keeping cattle, born at Domprin (therefore reported by Bale, Joan Domprin), upon Meuse in Lorraine, within the diocese of Thoule. Of favour was she counted likesome, of person strongly made and manly, of courage great, hardy, and stout withal, an understander of counsels though she were not at them, great semblance of chastity both of body and behaviour, the name of Jesus in her mouth about all her businesses, humble, obedient, and fasting divers days in the week. A person (as their books make her) raised up by power divine, only for succour to the French estate, then deeply in distress, in whom, for planting a credit the rather, first the company that towards the Dauphin did conduct her, through places all dangerous, as held by the English, where she

never was afore, all the way and by nightertale* safely did she lead : then at the Dauphin's sending by her assignement, from St. Katherine's church of Fierbois in Touraine (where she never had been and knew not), in a secret place there, among old iron, appointed she her sword to be sought out and brought her, that with five fleurs-de-lis was graven on both sides, wherewith she fought and did many slaughters by her own hands. In warfare rode she in armour, cap-à-pie and mustered as a man, before her an ensign all white, wherein was Jesus Christ painted with a fleur-de-lis in his hand.

"Unto the Dauphin into his gallery when first she was brought, and he shadowing himself behind, setting other gay lords before him to try her cunning from all the company, with a salutation (that indeed was all the matter) she picked him out alone, who thereupon had her to the end of the gallery, where she held him an hour in secret and private talk, that of his privy chamber was thought very long, and therefore would have broken it off ; but he made them a sign to let her say on. In which (among other), as likely it was, she set out unto him the singular feats (forsooth) given her to understand by revelation divine, that in virtue of that sword she should achieve, which were, how with honour and victory she would raise the siege at Orleans, set him in state of the crown of France, and drive the English out of the country, thereby he to enjoy the kingdom alone. Hereupon he hearkened at full, appointed her a sufficient army with absolute power to lead them, and they obediently to do as she bade them."

Our quotation is from the second and enlarged edition of Holinshed published in 1586-7 ; and by this quotation the fact is established, which has not before been noticed, that the author of the First Part of Henry VI. must have consulted that very edition. In the original edition of Holinshed, the first appearance of Joan of Arc at Orleans is treated in a very different manner :—

"While this treaty was in hand, the Dauphin studied daily how to provide remedy, by the delivery of his friends in Orleans out of their present danger. And even at the same time that monstrous woman, named Joan la Pucell de Dieu, was presented to him at Chinon, where as then he sojourned, of which woman ye may find more written in the French history, touching her birth, estate, and quality. But, briefly to speak of her doings, so much credit was given to her, that she was honoured as a saint, and so she handled the matter that she was thought to be sent from God to the aid of the Dauphin, otherwise called the French King, Charles, the seventh of that name, as an instrument to deliver France out of the Englishmen's hands, and to establish him in the kingdom."

In this passage the term "monstrous woman" is taken from Hall, who says, "She as a monster was sent to the Dolphin." Hall says she was "a great space a chamberlain in a common hostery, and was a ramp of such boldness that she would course horses and ride them to water, and do things that other young maidens both abhorred and were ashamed to do." The description of Joan of Arc by herself—

"Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter"—

is suggested by Holinshed :—"Brought up poorly in their trade of keeping cattle." Of the choice of her sword "out of a deal of old iron" we have nothing in Hall, nor in the first edition of Holinshed, nor have we the selection of the Dauphin from amongst his courtiers in these earlier authorities.

The third scene of this act hurries us back to London. The poet will not lose sight of the events which made England bleed, whilst he delineates those by which France was lost. The narrative of Holinshed, upon which this scene is founded, is almost a literal transcript from Hall. Both chroniclers give the complaint before the Parliament at Leicester of Gloster against Beaufort, of which the first article alleges that the bishop incited Woodville, the Lieutenant of the Tower, to refuse admission to Gloster, "he being protector and defender of this land."

The fourth scene is a dramatic amplification of a dramatic scene which the poet found both in Hall and Holinshed. We give the passage from the latter chronicler, as it differs very slightly from that of his predecessor :—

"In the tower that was taken at the bridge end (as before you

* Night-time. The word is in Chaucer :—

"So hote he loved, that by nightertale
He slept no more than doth the nightingale."

Tyrwhitt explains it as derived from the Saxon nightern dæl—*nocturna portio*.

have heard) there was an high chamber, having a grate full of bars of iron, by the which a man might look all the length of the bridge into the city; at which grate many of the chief captains stood many times, viewing the city, and devising in what place it was best to give the assault. They within the city well perceived this tooting-hole, and laid a piece of ordinance directly against the window. It so chanced, that, the nine-and-fiftieth day after the siege was laid, the Earl of Salisbury, Sir Thomas Gargrave, and William Glansdale, with divers others, went into the said tower, and so into the high chamber, and looked out at the grate, and, within a short space, the son of the master-gunner, perceiving men looking out at the window, took his match (as his father had taught him, who was gone down to dinner), and fired the gun; the shot whereof broke and shivered the iron bars of the grate, so that one of the same bars struck the earl so violently on the head, that it struck away one of his eyes and the side of his cheek. Sir Thomas Gargrave was likewise stricken, and died within two days. The earl was conveyed to Meun on Loire, where, after eight days, he likewise departed this world."

The fifth scene, the subject of which is the entry of Joan of Arc into Orleans, follows the course of narration in both chroniclers; but it was in Hall that the poet found a suggestion for this passage:—

"Why ring not out the bells throughout the town?
Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires,
And feast and banquet in the open streets,
To celebrate the joy that God hath given us."

The old historian is quaintly picturesque in his notice of the joy which this great event produced amongst the French:—

"After this siege thus broken up, to tell you what triumphs were made in the city of Orleans, what wood was spent in fires, what wine was drunk in houses, what songs were sung in the streets, what melody was made in taverns, what rounds were danced in large and broad places, what lights were set up in the churches, what anthems were sung in chapels, and what joy was showed in every place, it were a long work, and yet no necessary cause. For they did as we in like case would have done; and we, being in like estate, would have done as they did."

ACT II.

This is that terrible Talbot, so famous for his sword, or rather whose sword was so famous for his arm that used it; a sword with bad Latin* upon it, but good steel within it; which constantly conquered where it came, in so much that the bare fame of his approach frightened the French from the siege of Burdeaux."

Such is the quaint notice which old Fuller, in his "Worthies," gives of Talbot. He is the hero of the play before us; and it is easy to see how his bold, chivalrous bearing, and, above all, the manner of his death, should have made him the favourite of the poet as well as of the chroniclers. His name appears to have been a traditionary household word up to the time of Shakspeare; and other writers, besides the chroniclers, rejoiced in allusions to his warlike deeds. Edward Kerke, the commentator on Spenser's "Pastorals," thus speaks of him in 1579:—"His nobleness bred such a terror in the hearts of the French, that oftentimes great armies were defeated and put to flight at the only hearing of his name: in so much that the French women, to affray their children, would tell them that the Talbot cometh." By a poetical license, Talbot, in this act, is made to retake Orleans; whereas in truth his defeat at the battle of Patay soon followed upon the raising of the siege after the appearance of Joan of Arc. The loss of this battle is attributed, in the description of the messenger in the first act, solely to the cowardice of Sir John Fastolfe; and in the fourth act we are witnesses to the degradation of this knight upon the same imputation of cowardice. There is scarcely enough in the chroniclers to have warranted the poet in making this charge against Fastolfe so prominent. The account of Holinshed, which we subjoin, is nearly a transcript from Hall:—"From this battle departed, without any strokes stricken, Sir John Fastolfe, the same year for his valiantness elected into the Order of the Garter; for which cause the Duke of Bedford took from him the image of St. George, and his garter, though afterward, by mean

Sum Talboti pro vincere inimicos meos.

of friends and apparent causes of good excuse, the same were to him again delivered, against the mind of the Lord Talbot." It is highly probable that Fastolfe, of whose private character we have an intimate knowledge from those most curious records of social life in the days of Henry VI., the Paston Letters, was a commander whose discretion was habitually opposed to the fiery temperament of Talbot; and that, Talbot being the especial favourite of his soldiers, the memory of Fastolfe was handed down to Shakspeare's day as that of one who had contributed to lose France by his timidity, he dying in prosperity and ease in England, whilst the great Talbot perished in the field, leaving in the popular mouth the sentiment which Fuller has preserved, "Henceforward we may say good night to the English in France."

The Bastard of Orleans, who appears in this act, gave the first serious blow to the power of the English in France at the battle of Montargis.

The scene in the Temple Gardens is of purely dramatic creation. It is introduced, we think, with singular judgment, with reference to the purpose of connecting the First Part of Henry VI. with the Second and Third Parts. The scene of the death of Mortimer is introduced with the same object. Edmund Mortimer did not die in confinement, nor was he an old man at the time of his death; but the accounts of the chroniclers are so confused that the poet has not committed any violation of historical truth, such as it presented itself to him, in dramatizing the following passage of Hall (the third year of Henry VI.):—"During which season Edmund Mortimer, the last Earl of March of that name (which long time had been restrained from his liberty, and finally waxed lame), deceased without issue, whose inheritance descended to Lord Richard Plantagenet, son and heir to Richard Earl of Cambridge, beheaded, as you have heard before, at the town of Southampton. Which Richard, within less than thirty years, as heir to this Earl Edmund, in open parliament claimed the crown and sceptre of this realm."

ACT III.

It is here that Henry is first introduced on the scene. The poet has represented him as very young:—

"What, shall a child instruct you what to do?"

He was, in truth, only in his fifth year when the contest between Gloster and Beaufort was solemnly arbitrated before the Parliament at Leicester. But the poor child was made to go through the ceremonies of royalty even before this. Hall, writing of the third year of his reign, says, "About Easter, this year, the king called his high court of parliament at his town of Westminster: and coming to the parliament-house, he was conveyed through the city upon a great courser with great triumph: which child was judged of all men not only to have the very image, the lively portraiture, and lovely countenance of his noble parent and famous father, but also like to succeed and be his heir in all moral virtues, martial policies, and princely feats."

At the Parliament of Leicester Bedford presided, and "openly rebuked the lords in general because that they, in the time of war, through their privy malice and inward grudge, had almost moved the people to war and commotion." This rebuke the poet has put into the mouth of Henry:—

"Believe me, lords, my tender years can tell,
Civil dissension is a viperous worm,
That gnaws the bowels of the commonwealth."

The creation of Richard Plantagenet as Duke of York has been dramatically introduced by the poet into the same scene. The honours bestowed upon Plantagenet immediately followed the hollow reconciliation between Gloster and Beaufort.

The second scene brings us again to France. The stratagem by which Joan of Arc is here represented to have taken Rouen is found in Holinshed, as a narrative of the mode in which Evreux was taken in 1442. The scene of Bedford dying in the field is purely imaginary. The chronicler simply records his death in 1435, and that his "body was with all funeral solemnity buried in the cathedral church of our

lady in Rone, on the north side of the high altar, under a sumptuous and costly monument."

The defection of the Duke of Burgundy from the English cause did not take place till 1434, and was in that year that he wrote the letter to Henry to which Gloster alludes in the first scene of the fourth act. The English chroniclers are totally silent as to any influence exercised, or attempted to be exercised, by Joan of Arc in the separation of Burgundy from the interests of England. The actual event, of course, took place after Joan's death; yet it is most remarkable that the spirited dialogue between La Pucelle and Burgundy in this act is wholly borne out by the circumstance that the Maid, on the very day of the coronation of Charles at Rheims, in 1429, addressed a letter to the Duke of Burgundy, in which she uses arguments not at all unlike those of this scene of the play. The letter is published by Barante (*"Histoire des Ducs de Bourgogne,"* tom. iv. p. 259). The original is in the archives of Lille; and Barante says it was first published in 1780. We can scarcely avoid thinking that the author of this play had access to some French chronicler, by whom the substance of the letter was given. We transcribe the original from Barante; for the characteristic simplicity of the style would be lost in a translation:—

"Jhesus Maria.

"Haut et redouté prince, duc de Bourgogne, Jehanne la Pucelle vous requiert, de par le roi du ciel, mon droiturier souverain seigneur, que le roi de France et vous fassiez bonne paix, ferme, qui dure longuement. Pardonnez l'un à l'autre de bon cœur, entièrement, ainsi que doivent faire loyaux chrétiens; et s'il vous plaît guerroyer, allez sur le Sarrasin. Prince de Bourgogne, je vous prie, supplie, et requiers tant humblement que je vous puis requérir, que ne guerroyiez plus au saint royaume de France, et faites retraire incontinent et brièvement vos gens qui sont en aucunes places et forteresses du dit royaume. De la part du gentil roi de France, il est prêt de faire paix avec vous, sauf son honneur; et il ne tient qu'à vous. Et je vous fais savoir, de par le roi du ciel, mon droiturier et souverain seigneur, pour votre bien et pour votre honneur, que vous ne gagnerez point de bataille contre les loyaux Français; et que tous ceux qui guerroyent au dit saint royaume de France guerroyent contre le roi Jhesus, roi du ciel et de tout le monde, mon droiturier et souverain seigneur. Et vous prie et vous requiers à jointes mains que ne fassiez nulle bataille, ni ne guerroyiez contre nous, vous, vos gens, et vos sujets. Croyez sûrement, quelque nombre de gens que vous ameniez contre nous, qu'ils n'y gagneront mie; et sera grand pitié de la grand bataille et du sang qui sera répandu de ceux qui y viendront contre nous. Il y a trois semaines que je vous ai écrit et envoyez de bonnes lettres par un héraut pour que vous fussiez au sacre du roi qui, aujourd'hui dimanche, dix-septième jour de ce présent mois de juillet, se fait en la cité de Reims. Je n'en ai pas eu réponse, ni onc depuis n'a ouï nouvelles du héraut. A Dieu vous recommande et soit garde de vous, s'il lui plaît, et prie Dieu qu'il y mette bonne paix. Ecrit au dit lieu de Reims, le 17 juillet."

ACT IV.

The coronation of Henry VI. in Paris took place as early as 1431. In the scene of the play where this event is represented, Talbot receives a commission to proceed against Burgundy; and the remainder of the fourth act is occupied with the events of the campaign in which Talbot fell. Twenty years or more are leaped over by the poet, for the purpose of showing, amidst the disasters of our countrymen in France, the heroism by which the struggle for empire was so long maintained. We have already alluded to the detailed narrative which Hall gives of Talbot's death, and the brief notice of Holinshed. The account of the elder historian is very graphic, and no doubt furnished the materials for the fifth, sixth, and seventh scenes of this act:—

"This conflict continued in doubtful judgement of victory two long hours; during which fight the lords of Montamban and Humadayre, with a great company of Frenchmen, entered the battle, and began a new field; and suddenly the gunners, perceiving the Englishmen to approach near, discharged their ordinance, and slew three hundred persons near to the earl, who, perceiving the imminent

jeopardy and subtile labyrinth in the which he and his people were inclosed and illaqueate, despising his own safeguard, and desiring the life of his entirely and well beloved son the Lord Lisle, willed, advertised, and counselled him to depart out of the field, and to save himself. But when the son had answered that it was neither honest nor natural for him to leave his father in the extreme jeopardy of his life, and that he would taste of that draught which his father and parent should assay and begin, the noble earl and comfortable captain said to him, Oh, son, son! I, thy father, which only hath been the terror and scourge of the French people so many years,—which hath subverted so many towns, and profligate and discomfited so many of them in open battle and martial conflict,—neither can here die, for the honour of my country, without great laud and perpetual fame, nor fly or depart without perpetual shame and continual infamy. But because this is thy first journey and enterprise, neither thy flying shall redound to thy shame, nor thy death to thy glory: for as hardy a man wisely flieth as a temerarious person foolishly abideth, therefore the fleeing of me shall be the dishonour, not only of me and my progeny, but also a discomfiture of all my company: thy departure shall save thy life, and make thee able another time, if I be slain, to revenge my death, and to do honour to thy prince and profit to his realm. But nature so wrought in the son, that neither desire of life, nor thought of security, could withdraw or pluck him from his natural father; who, considering the constancy of his child, and the great danger that they stood in, comforted his soldiers, cheered his captains, and valiantly set on his enemies, and slew of them more in number than he had in his company. But his enemies, having a great company of men, and more abundance of ordinance than before had been seen in a battle, first shot him through the thigh with a hand-gun, and slew his horse, and cowardly killed him, lying on the ground, whom they never durst look in the face while he stood on his feet: and with him there died manfully his son the Lord Lisle, his bastard son Henry Talbot, and Sir Edward Hull, elect to the noble Order of the Garter, and thirty valiant personages of the English nation; and the Lord Molyns was there taken prisoner with sixty other. The residue of the English people fled to Burdeaux and other places; whereof in the flight were slain above a thousand persons. At this battle of Chastillon, fought the 13th day of July, in this year, ended his life, John Lord Talbot, and of his progeny the first Earl of Shrewsbury, after that he with much fame, more glory, and most victory, had for his prince and country, by the space of twenty-four years and more, valiantly made war and served the king in the parts beyond the sea, whose corps was left on the ground, and after was found by his friends, and conveyed to Whitchurch in Shropshire, where it is intumulate."

ACT V.

The circumstances which attended the capture of Joan of Arc are differently told by the French chroniclers. They all agree, however, that the event happened at Compiègne. The narrative which we find in the first edition of Holinshed is almost entirely taken from that of Hall. In the second edition we have an abstract of the details of the *"Chroniques de Bretagne."* The poet has departed from the literal exactness of all the accounts. We give the passage from Holinshed:—

"After this the Duke of Bourgoyne, accompanied with the Earls of Arundel and Suffolk, and the Lord John of Lutzenburg, besieged the town of Compiègne with a great puissance. This town was well walled, manned, and victualled, so that the besiegers were constrained to cast trenches, and make mines, for otherwise they saw not how to compass their purpose. In the meantime it happened, in the night of the Ascension of our Lord (A. 1430), that Poyton de Saintreyles, Joan la Pucelle, and five or six hundred men of arms, issued out by the bridge towards Mondedier, intending to set fire in the tents and lodgings of the Lord Bawdo de Noyelle. At the same very time, Sir John de Lutzenburg, with eight other gentlemen, chanced to be near unto the lodgings of the said Lord Bawdo, where they espied the Frenchmen, which began to cut down tents, overthrow pavilions, and kill men in their beds; whereupon they with all speed assembled a great number of men, as well English as Burgoyne, and courageously set on the Frenchmen, and in the end beat them back into the town, so that they fled so fast that one

letted another, as they would have entered. In the chase and pursuit was the Pucelle taken with divers other, besides those that were slain, which were no small number."

The mode in which the author of this play has chosen to delineate the character of Joan of Arc in the last act has been held to be a proof that Shakspeare was not the author. It will be our duty to treat this subject at length in another place; but we would here observe that, however the dramatist may have represented this extraordinary woman as a sorceress, and made her accuse herself of licentious conduct, he has fallen very far short of the injustice of the English chroniclers, who, no doubt, represented the traditionary opinions of the English nation. Upon her first appearance at Orleans she was denounced by Bedford in his letter to the King of France as "a devilish witch and satanical enchantress." After the cruel revenge which the English took upon their captive, a letter was written in the name of Henry to the Duke of Burgundy, setting forth and defending the proceedings which had taken place at Rouen. The conclusion of this letter marks the spirit of the age; and Hall, writing more than a century afterwards, affirms that the letter is quite sufficient evidence that Joan was an organ of the devil:—"And because she still was obstinate in her trespasses and villainous offences," says the letter of Henry, "she was delivered to the secular power, the which condemned her to be burnt and consumed her in the fire. And when she saw that the fatal day of her obstinacy was come, she openly confessed that the spirits which to her often did appear were evil and false, and apparent liars; and that their promise which they had made to deliver her out of captivity was false and untrue, affirming herself by those spirits to be often beguiled, blinded, and mocked. And so, being in good mind, she was by the justices carried to the old market within the city of Roan, and there by the fire consumed to ashes in the sight of all the people." The confession in the fourth scene, which is so revolting to us, is built upon an assertion which the dramatist found in Holinshed. Taken altogether, the character of Joan of Arc, as represented in this play, appears to us to be founded upon juster views than those of the chroniclers; and the poet, without any didactic expression of his opinion, has dramatically made us feel that the conduct of her persecutors was atrocious. That in a popular play, written more than two hundred and fifty years ago, we should find those tolerant, and therefore profound, views of the character of such an enthusiast as Joan of Arc by which she is estimated in our own day, was hardly to be expected. From her own countrymen Joan of Arc had an equally scanty measure of justice. Monstrelet, the French chronicler, does not hesitate to affirm that the whole affair was a got-up imposture. The same views prevailed in France in the next century; and it is scarcely necessary to observe that Voltaire converted the story of the

Maid into a vehicle for the most profligate ribaldry. Long after France had erected monuments to Joan of Arc her memory was ridiculed by those who claimed to be in advance of public opinion.

The narrative of the wooing of Margaret of Anjou by Suffolk is thus given by Holinshed:—

"In the treating of this truce, the Earl of Suffolk, extending his commission to the uttermost, without the assent of his associates, imagined in his fantasy that the next way to come to a perfect peace was to move some marriage between the French king's kinswoman, the Lady Margaret, daughter to Regner Duke of Anjou, and his sovereign lord King Henry. This Regner Duke of Anjou named himself King of Sicily, Naples, and Jerusalem, having only the name and style of those realms, without any penny profit or foot of possession. This marriage was made strange to the earl at first, and one thing seemed to be a great hindrance to it, which was, because the King of England occupied a great part of the duchy of Anjou, and the whole county of Maine, appertaining (as was alleged) to King Regner. The Earl of Suffolk (I cannot say) either corrupted with bribes, or too much affection to this unprofitable marriage, condescended and agreed that the duchy of Anjou and the county of Maine should be delivered to the king, the bride's father, demanding for her marriage neither penny nor farthing, as who would say that this new affinity passed all riches, and excelled both gold and precious stone.

But although this marriage pleased the king and others of his counsel, yet Humfrey Duke of Gloucester, protector of the realm, was much against it, alleging that it should be both contrary to the laws of God and dishonourable to the prince if he should break that promise and contract of marriage made by ambassadors, sufficiently thereto instructed, with the daughter of the Earl of Arminack, upon conditions, both to him and his realm, as much profitable as honourable. But the duke's words could not be heard, for the earl's doings were only liked and allowed.

The Earl of Suffolk was made Marquis of Suffolk, which marquis, with his wife and many honourable personages of men and women, sailed into France for the conveyance of the nominated queen into the realm of England. For King Regner, her father, for all his long style, had too short a purse to send his daughter honourably to the king her spouse."

In the fourth scene we find

"That peaceful truce shall be proclaim'd in France."

By this was probably intended the truce of 1444, which lasted till 1449. It was in that year that Charles VII. poured his troops into Normandy, and that Rouen, "that rich city," as Holinshed calls it,—the scene of the English glory and the English shame,—was delivered to the French.

KING HENRY VI.

PART II.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

THIS drama appears in the original folio edition of Shakspeare's plays under the title of "The Second Part of Henry the Sixt, with the Death of the Good Duke Humfrey." In the form in which it has been transmitted to us by the editors of that first collected edition of our author, it had not been previously printed. But in 1594 there appeared a separate play, in quarto, under the following title:—"The First Part of the Contention betwixt the two famous Houses of Yorke and Lancaster, with the Death of the Good Duke Humphrey, and the Banishment and Death of the Duke of Suffolke, and the Tragical End of the proud Cardinall of Winchester, with the notable Rebellion of Jack Cade, and the Duke of Yorkes first Claime unto the Croune. Printed by Thomas Creede for Thomas Millington." This play, in the entire conduct of the scenes, and in a great measure in the dialogue, is "The Second Part of Henry the Sixt." But the alterations and additions are so considerable that it has been held, of late years, that "The First Part of the Contention," as published by Millington in 1594, reprinted by him in 1600, and subsequently republished about 1619 as written by Shakspeare, was the entire work of some other dramatist, and that Shakspeare only added certain lines to this original, and altered others. This is the question which, in connection with the more general question of the literary history of the Three Parts of Henry VI. and of Richard III., we propose to examine in a separate Dissertation. It has appeared to us, however, that it would be desirable on many accounts if we were to reprint "The First Part of the Contention" as a Supplement to this Second Part of Henry VI., and "The Second Part of the Contention" as a Supplement to the Third Part of Henry VI. To enable the reader fairly to compare the original and the revised dramas, we have modernised the orthography of the elder performances, as well as corrected the punctuation, and printed some lines metrically which, although appearing as prose, were obviously intended to be read as verse, and the contrary. We have also, for the convenience of reference, divided each of these plays into acts and scenes. In every other respect we strictly follow the original copies.

COSTUME OF HENRY VI., PART II.

In our Notice to the First Part of this play we mentioned that we knew of no contemporary portrait or effigy of Humphrey Duke of

Gloster. A figure supposed to represent him exists in a piece of tapestry belonging to St. Mary's Hall, at Coventry; but the tapestry is, in our opinion, of the date of Henry VII., although Major Hamilton Smith, in his "Ancient Costume of England," quotes the suggestion of an antiquarian friend that it was put up in all probability during the lives of Henry VI. and Queen Margaret, who both frequently visited the city, and were entertained in that hall. Our reason for doubting this circumstance is, that the costume is evidently of a later date than the accession of Edward IV., and that during the reign of that monarch, or of Richard III., not even the Lancastrian citizens of Coventry would have been likely to venture so ostentatious a display of the portraits of Henry, Margaret, Cardinal Beaufort, the Duke of Bedford, Duke Humphrey, and all the principal nobility and courtiers attached to the party of the Red Rose. We believe it to have been executed immediately after the triumph of Henry VII. at Bosworth Field; and therefore the figures must not be taken as authorities for the dress of this precise period. The plates in Major Hamilton Smith's work are incorrectly drawn and coloured; but in the original tapestry the dresses of the King and Queen exhibit the peculiar pine-apple pattern so much in vogue during the close of the fifteenth century. The dress of Cardinal Beaufort has been described in the First Part. Of *Edmund* Beaufort, the Duke of Somerset in this part of the play, we have no representation; he was buried in the Abbey of St. Alban's.

Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York, is depicted on glass in Trinity Hall, Cambridge: the figure has been frequently but improperly engraved as Richard Duke of Gloster. Sandford mentions another painting on glass of this Richard Plantagenet, in the east window of the north aisle of Cirencester Church in Gloucestershire, "having on the pomel of his sword the arms of Mortimer Earl of March, it may be thereby to signifie that, although he was forced to use the *blade* to dispute his right to the crown, yet did he shroud himself under the *shield* or *hilt* of a good title." Of Humphrey Stafford Duke of Buckingham, or of the Cliffords, father and son, we have no representation; neither know we any of Richard Nevil Earl of Salisbury; but his son Richard Nevil Earl of Warwick is depicted by Rouse in the Warwick Roll, College of Arms, London. The general costume of this period may be observed in Lydgate's MS. in the Harleian Collection mentioned in Part I.

KING HENRY VI.

PART II.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY VI.
HUMPHREY, *Duke of Gloster, his uncle.*
CARDINAL BEAUFORT, *Bishop of Winchester, great uncle to the King.*
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *Duke of York.*
EDWARD and RICHARD, *his sons.*
DUKE OF SOMERSET,
DUKE OF SUFFOLK,
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, } *of the King's party.*
LORD CLIFFORD,
Young CLIFFORD, *his son,* }
EARL OF SALISBURY, } *of the York faction.*
EARL OF WARWICK,
LORD SCALES, *Governor of the Tower.*
LORD SAY.
SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD, *and his Brother.*
SIR JOHN STANLEY.
A Sea Captain, Master, and Master's Mate, and WALTER WHITMORE.
Two Gentlemen, prisoners with Suffolk.
A Herald.

VAUX.
HUME and SOUTHWELL, *two priests.*
BOLINGBROKE, *a conjurer, and a Spirit raised by him.*
THOMAS HORNER, *an armourer; and PETER, his man.*
Clerk of Chatham.
Mayor of Saint Alban's.
SIMPCOX, *an impostor.*
Two Murderers.
JACK CADE, *a rebel, and GEORGE, JOHN, DICK; SMITH, the weaver; MICHAEL, &c., his followers.*
ALEXANDER IDEN, *a Kentish gentleman.*

MARGARET, *Queen to King Henry.*
ELEANOR, *Duchess of Gloster.*
MARGERY JOURDAIN, *a witch.*
Wife to Simpcox.

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants; Petitioners, Aldermen, a Beadle, Sheriff, and Officers; Citizens, Prentices, Falconers, Guards, Soldiers, Messengers, &c.

SCENE,—*In various parts of England.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. *A Room of State in the Palace.*

Flourish of trumpets then hautboys. Enter, on one side, KING HENRY, DUKE OF GLOSTER, SALISBURY, WARWICK, and CARDINAL BEAUFORT; on the other, QUEEN MARGARET, led in by SUFFOLK; YORK, SOMERSET, BUCKINGHAM, and others following.

Suf. As by your high imperial majesty
I had in charge at my depart for France,
As procurator to your excellence,
To marry princess Margaret for your grace;
So, in the famous ancient city, Tours,—
In presence of the kings of France and Sicil,
The dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Bretagne, and Alençon,
Seven earls, twelve barons, and twenty reverend bishops,—
I have perform'd my task, and was espous'd:
And humbly now upon my bended knee,
In sight of England and her lordly peers,
Deliver up my title in the queen
To your most gracious hands, that are the substance
Of that great shadow I did represent;
The happiest gift that ever marquess gave,
The fairest queen that ever king receiv'd.

K. Hen. Suffolk, arise.—Welcome, queen Margaret:
I can express no kinder sign of love,
Than this kind kiss.—O Lord, that lends me life,
Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness!
For thou hast given me, in this beauteous face,
A world of earthly blessings to my soul,
If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.

Q. Mar. Great king of England, and my gracious lord,
The mutual conference that my mind hath had,

By day, by night,—waking, and in my dreams,—
In courtly company, or at my beads,—
With you mine alder-lifest¹ sovereign,
Makes me the bolder to salute my king
With ruder terms, such as my wit afford
And over-joy of heart doth minister.

K. Hen. Her sight did ravish; but her grace in speech,
Her words y-clad with wisdom's majesty,
Makes me from wondering fall to weeping joys;²
Such is the fulness of my heart's content.

Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my love.

All. [*Kneeling.*] Long live queen Margaret, England's
happiness!

Q. Mar. We thank you all. [*Flourish.*

Suf. My lord protector, so it please your grace,
Here are the articles of contracted peace,
Between our sovereign, and the French king Charles,
For eighteen months concluded by consent.

Glo. [*Reads.*] "Imprimis, It is agreed between the French king, Charles, and William de la Poole, marquess of Suffolk, ambassador for Henry king of England, that the said Henry shall espouse the lady Margaret, daughter unto Reignier king of Naples, Sicilia, and Jerusalem; and crown her queen of England, ere the thirtieth of May next ensuing.—Item,—That the duchy of Anjou and the county of Maine shall be released and delivered to the king her father"—

K. Hen. Uncle, how now?

Glo. Pardon me, gracious lord;
Some sudden qualm hath struck me at the heart,
And dimm'd mine eyes; that I can read no further.

K. Hen. Uncle of Winchester, I pray, read on.

Car. "Item,—It is further agreed between them, that the duchies of Anjou and Maine³ shall be released and

¹ *Alder-lifest*—dearest of all. This beautiful word is a Saxon compound. *Alder*, of all, is thus frequently joined with an adjective of the superlative degree, as *alderfirst*, *alderlast*. *Lifest*, *levest*, is the superlative of *lefe*, *leve*, dear.

² This line is usually pointed thus:—

"Makes me, from wondering, fall to weeping joys."

But *wondering* is an adjective agreeing with *joys* as well as *weeping*.

³ Gloster reads this document thus:—"That the duchy of Anjou and the county of Maine shall be released," &c. In the cardinal's hands the words are

changed—"That the duchies of Anjou and Maine shall be released," &c. Malone says, "The words in the instrument could not thus vary whilst it was passing from the hands of the duke to those of the cardinal;" and he adds that the inaccuracy is not found in the original play. It seems to us that the variation was intentional. The cardinal reads the document correctly; but Gloster, whose mind had seized upon the substance of the articles before he recited the conclusion of the sentence, ceases to *read* when the sudden qualm hath struck him at the heart, and delivers the import of the words which have so moved him with substantial correctness, but formal inaccuracy.

delivered over to the king her father; and she sent over of the king of England's own proper cost and charges, without having any dowry."

K. Hen. They please us well.—Lord marquess, kneel down;

We here create thee the first duke of Suffolk,
And girt thee with the sword. Cousin of York,
We here discharge your grace from being regent
In the parts of France, till term of eighteen months
Be full expir'd. Thanks, uncle Winchester,
Gloster, York, Buckingham, Somerset,
Salisbury, and Warwick;
We thank you all for this great favour done,
In entertainment to my princely queen.
Come, let us in; and with all speed provide
To see her coronation be perform'd.

[*Exeunt KING, QUEEN, and SUFFOLK.*]

Glo. Brave peers of England, pillars of the state,
To you duke Humphrey must unload his grief;
Your grief, the common grief of all the land.
What! did my brother Henry spend his youth,
His valour, coin, and people, in the wars?
Did he so often lodge in open field,
In winter's cold, and summer's parching heat,
To conquer France, his true inheritance?
And did my brother Bedford toil his wits,
To keep by policy what Henry got?
Have you yourselves, Somerset, Buckingham,
Brave York, Salisbury, and victorious Warwick,
Receiv'd deep scars in France and Normandy?
Or hath mine uncle Beaufort, and myself,
With all the learned council of the realm,
Studied so long, sat in the council-house,
Early and late, debating to and fro
How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe?
And hath his highness in his infancy
Been¹ crown'd in Paris, in despite of foes?
And shall these labours, and these honours, die?
Shall Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance,
Your deeds of war, and all our counsel, die?
O peers of England, shameful is this league!
Fatal this marriage! cancelling your fame;
Blotting your names from books of memory;
Razing the characters of your renown;
Defacing monuments of conquer'd France;
Undoing all, as all had never been!

Car. Nephew, what means this passionate discourse,—
This peroration with such circumstance?
For France, 'tis ours; and we will keep it still.

Glo. Ay, uncle, we will keep it, if we can;
But now it is impossible we should:
Suffolk, the new-made duke, that rules the roast,
Hath given the duchies of Anjou and Maine
Unto the poor king Reignier, whose large style
Agrees not with the leanness of his purse.

Sal. Now, by the death of him that died for all,
These counties were the keys of Normandy:—
But wherefore weeps Warwick, my valiant son?

War. For grief, that they are past recovery:
For were there hope to conquer them again,
My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no tears.
Anjou and Maine! myself did win them both;
Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer:
And are the cities that I got with wounds
Deliver'd up again with peaceful words?
Mort Dieu!

York. For Suffolk's duke, may he be suffocate,
That dims the honour of this warlike isle!
France should have torn and rent my very heart
Before I would have yielded to this league.

I never read but England's kings have had
Large sums of gold, and dowries, with their wives:
And our king Henry gives away his own,
To match with her that brings no vantages.

Glo. A proper jest, and never heard before,
That Suffolk should demand a whole fifteenth,
For costs and charges in transporting her!
She should have stay'd in France, and starv'd in France,
Before—

Car. My lord of Gloster, now you grow too hot;
It was the pleasure of my lord the king.

Glo. My lord of Winchester, I know your mind;
'Tis not my speeches that you do mislike,
But 'tis my presence that doth trouble you.
Rancour will out: Proud prelate, in thy face
I see thy fury: if I longer stay
We shall begin our ancient bickerings.

Lordings, farewell; and say, when I am gone,
I prophesied—France will be lost ere long.

[*Exit.*]

Car. So, there goes our protector in a rage.
'Tis known to you he is mine enemy:
Nay, more, an enemy unto you all;
And no great friend, I fear me, to the king.
Consider, lords,—he is the next of blood,
And heir apparent to the English crown;
Had Henry got an empire by his marriage,
And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west,
There's reason he should be displeas'd at it.
Look to it, lords; let not his smoothing words
Bewitch your heart; be wise, and circumspect.
What, though the common people favour him,
Calling him—"Humphrey, the good duke of Gloster;"
Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voice—
"Jesu maintain your royal excellence!"
With—"God preserve the good duke Humphrey!"
I fear me, lords, for all this flattering gloss,
He will be found a dangerous protector.

Buck. Why should he then protect our sovereign,
He being of age to govern of himself?
Cousin of Somerset, join you with me,
And all together with the duke of Suffolk,
We'll quickly hoise duke Humphrey from his seat.

Car. This weighty business will not brook delay;
I'll to the duke of Suffolk presently.

[*Exit.*]

Som. Cousin of Buckingham, though Humphrey's pride,
And greatness of his place, be grief to us,
Yet let us watch the haughty cardinal;
His insolence is more intolerable
Than all the princes in the land beside;
If Gloster be displac'd, he'll be protector.

Buck. Or thou, or I, Somerset, will be protector,
Despite duke Humphrey, or the cardinal.

[*Exeunt BUCKINGHAM and SOMERSET.*]

Sal. Pride went before, ambition follows him.
While these do labour for their own preferment,
Behoves it us to labour for the realm.
I never saw but Humphrey duke of Gloster
Did bear him like a noble gentleman.
Oft have I seen the haughty cardinal—
More like a soldier than a man o' the church,
As stout and proud as he were lord of all,—
Swear like a ruffian, and demean himself
Unlike the ruler of a commonweal.
Warwick, my son, the comfort of my age!
Thy deeds, thy plainness, and thy house-keeping,
Hath won the greatest favour of the commons,
Excepting none but good duke Humphrey.
And, brother York, thy acts in Ireland,
In bringing them to civil discipline;
Thy late exploits, done in the heart of France,
When thou wert regent for our sovereign,
Have made thee fear'd and honour'd of the people:

¹ Been is not in the original.

Join we together for the public good,
In what we can, to bridle and suppress
The pride of Suffolk, and the cardinal,
With Somerset's and Buckingham's ambition
And, as we may, cherish duke Humphrey's deeds
While they do tend the profit of the land.

War. So God help Warwick, as he loves the land,
And common profit of his country!

York. And so says York, for he hath greatest cause.

Sal. Then let's make haste away, and look unto the main.

War. Unto the main! O father, Maine is lost;
That Maine, which by main force Warwick did win,
And would have kept, so long as breath did last:
Main chance, father, you meant; but I meant Maine;
Which I will win from France, or else be slain.

[*Exeunt WARWICK and SALISBURY.*]

York. Anjou and Maine are given to the French;
Paris is lost; the state of Normandy
Stands on a tickle¹ point, now they are gone:
Suffolk concluded on the articles;
The peers agreed; and Henry was well pleas'd
To change two dukedoms for a duke's fair daughter.
I cannot blame them all: What is't to them?
'Tis thine they give away, and not their own.
Pirates may make cheap pennyworths of their pillage,
And purchase friends, and give to courtesans,
Still revelling, like lords, till all be gone:
While as the silly owner of the goods
Weeps over them, and wrings his hapless hands,
And shakes his head, and trembling stands aloof,
While all is shar'd, and all is borne away;
Ready to starve, and dare not touch his own.
So York must sit, and fret, and bite his tongue,
While his own lands are bargain'd for and sold.
Methinks, the realms of England, France, and Ireland,
Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood
As did the fatal brand Althea burn'd,
Unto the prince's heart of Calydon.²
Anjou and Maine, both given unto the French!
Cold news for me; for I had hope of France,
Even as I have of fertile England's soil.
A day will come when York shall claim his own;
And therefore I will take the Nevils' parts,
And make a show of love to proud duke Humphrey,
And, when I spy advantage, claim the crown,
For that's the golden mark I seek to hit:
Nor shall proud Lancaster usurp my right,
Nor hold the sceptre in his childish fist,
Nor wear the diadem upon his head,
Whose church-like humours fit not for a crown.
Then, York, be still awhile, till time do serve:
Watch thou, and wake, when others be asleep,
To pry into the secrets of the state;
Till Henry, surfeiting in joys of love,
With his new bride, and England's dear-bought queen,
And Humphrey with the peers be fall'n at jars:
Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,
With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfum'd;
And in my standard bear the arms of York,
To grapple with the house of Lancaster;
And, force perforce, I'll make him yield the crown,
Whose bookish rule hath pull'd fair England down.

[*Exit.*]

¹ *Tickle*—uncertain; the Saxon *tikel*. So in Chaucer, "The Miller's Tale:"—

"This world is now full tikel sikerly;"

i.e. this world is now quite uncertain, surely.

² Meleager, the Prince of Calydon, died in great torments when his mother Althea threw into the flames the firebrand upon the preservation of which his life depended.

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room in the Duke of Gloster's House.*

Enter GLOSTER and the DUCHESS.

Duch. Why droops my lord, like over-ripen'd corn,
Hanging the head at Ceres' plenteous load?
Why doth the great duke Humphrey knit his brows,
As frowning at the favours of the world?
Why are thine eyes fix'd to the sullen earth,
Gazing on that which seems to dim thy sight?
What seest thou there? king Henry's diadem,
Enchas'd with all the honours of the world?
If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,
Until thy head be circled with the same.
Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious gold:
What, is't too short? I'll lengthen it with mine:
And, having both together heav'd it up,
We'll both together lift our heads to heav'n;
And never more abase our sight so low
As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground.

Glo. O Nell, sweet Nell, if thou dost love thy lord,
Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts:
And may that thought, when I imagine ill
Against my king and nephew, virtuous Henry,
Be my last breathing in this mortal world!
My troublous dream this night doth make me sad.

Duch. What dream'd my lord? tell me, and I'll requite it
With sweet rehearsal of my morning's dream.

Glo. Methought this staff, mine office-badge in court,
Was broke in twain; by whom I have forgot,
But, as I think, it was by the cardinal;
And, on the pieces of the broken wand
Were plac'd the heads of Edmund duke of Somerset,
And William de la Poole first duke of Suffolk.
This was my dream; what it doth bode, God knows.

Duch. Tut, this was nothing but an argument,
That he that breaks a stick of Gloster's grove
Shall lose his head for his presumption.
But list to me, my Humphrey, my sweet duke:
Methought, I sat in seat of majesty,
In the cathedral church of Westminster,
And in that chair where kings and queens are crown'd;
Where Henry, and dame Margaret, kneel'd to me,
And on my head did set the diadem.

Glo. Nay, Eleanor, then must I chide outright:
Presumptuous dame, ill-nurtur'd³ Eleanor!
Art thou not second woman in the realm:
And the protector's wife, belov'd of him?
Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,
Above the reach or compass of thy thought?
And wilt thou still be hammering treachery,
To tumble down thy husband and thyself,
From top of honour to disgrace's feet?
Away from me, and let me hear no more.

Duch. What, what, my lord! are you so choleric
With Eleanor, for telling but her dream?
Next time, I'll keep my dreams unto myself,
And not be check'd.

Glo. Nay, be not angry, I am pleas'd again.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My lord protector, 'tis his highness' pleasure,
You do prepare to ride unto Saint Alban's,
Whereas⁴ the king and queen do mean to hawk.

³ So in "Venus and Adonis:"—

"Were I hard-favour'd, foul, or wrinkled-old,
Ill-nurtur'd, crooked, churlish, harsh in voice."

⁴ *Whereas* is here used in the sense of *where*, as it frequently is by Shakspeare's contemporaries. Thus, in Daniel's tragedy of "Cleopatra" (1594), we have—

"That I should pass *whereas* Octavia stands
To view my misery."

Glo. I go.—Come, Nell, thou wilt ride with us?

Duch. Yes, my good lord, I'll follow presently

[*Exeunt GLOSTER and Messenger.*]

Follow I must, I cannot go before,
While Gloster bears this base and humble mind.
Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,
I would remove these tedious stumbling-blocks,
And smooth my way upon their headless necks :
And, being a woman, I will not be slack
To play my part in fortune's pageant.
Where are you there? Sir John!¹ nay, fear not, man,
We are alone; here's none but thee and I.

Enter HUME.

Hume. Jesu preserve your royal majesty!

Duch. What say'st thou, majesty! I am but grace.

Hume. But, by the grace of God, and Hume's advice,
Your grace's title shall be multiplied.

Duch. What say'st thou, man? hast thou as yet conferr'd
With Margery Jourdain, the cunning witch;
With Roger Bolingbroke, the conjurer?
And will they undertake to do me good?

Hume. This they have promised,—to show your high-
ness

A spirit rais'd from depth of under ground,
That shall make answer to such questions,
As by your grace shall be propounded him.

Duch. It is enough; I'll think upon the questions :
When from Saint Alban's we do make return,
We'll see these things effected to the full.
Here, Hume, take this reward; make merry, man,
With thy confederates in this weighty cause.

[*Exit DUCHESS.*]

Hume. Hume must make merry with the duchess' gold;
Marry, and shall. But how now, sir John Hume?
Seal up your lips, and give no words but—mum!
The business asketh silent secrecy.

Dame Eleanor gives gold, to bring the witch :
Gold cannot come amiss, were she a devil.
Yet have I gold, flies from another coast :
I dare not say from the rich cardinal,
And from the great and new-made duke of Suffolk
Yet I do find it so : for, to be plain,
They, knowing dame Eleanor's aspiring humour,
Have hired me to undermine the duchess,
And buz these conjurations in her brain.
They say, A crafty knave does need no broker ;
Yet am I Suffolk and the cardinal's broker.
Hume, if you take not heed, you shall go near
To call them both a pair of crafty knaves.
Well, so it stands : And thus, I fear, at last,
Hume's knavery will be the duchess' wrack ;
And her attainture will be Humphrey's fall :
Sort how it will, I shall have gold for all.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter PETER, and others, with petitions.

¹ *Pet.* My masters, let's stand close; my lord protector
will come this way by-and-by, and then we may deliver
our supplications in the quill.²

² *Pet.* Marry, the Lord protect him, for he's a good man!
Jesu bless him!

Enter SUFFOLK and QUEEN MARGARET.

¹ *Pet.* Here'a comes, methinks, and the queen with him :
I'll be the first, sure.

² *Pet.* Come back, fool; this is the duke of Suffolk, and
not my lord protector.

Suf. How now, fellow? wouldst anything with me?

¹ *Pet.* I pray, my lord, pardon me! I took ye for my
lord protector.

Q. Mar. [*Reading the superscription.*] "To my lord pro-
tector!" are your supplications to his lordship? Let me
see them: What is thine?

¹ *Pet.* Mine is, an't please your grace, against John
Goodman, my lord cardinal's man, for keeping my house,
and lands, and wife and all, from me.

Suf. Thy wife too? that is some wrong, indeed.—What's
yours?—What's here? [*Reads.*] "Against the duke of
Suffolk, for enclosing the commons of Melford."—How
now, sir knave?

² *Pet.* Alas, sir, I am but a poor petitioner of our whole
township.

Peter. [*Presenting his petition.*] Against my master,
Thomas Horner, for saying, That the duke of York was
rightful heir to the crown.

Q. Mar. What say'st thou? Did the duke of York say,
he was rightful heir to the crown?

Peter. That my master was? No, forsooth: my master
said, That he was; and that the king was an usurper.

Suf. Who is there? [*Enter Servants.*]—Take this fellow
in, and send for his master with a pursuivant presently :—
we'll hear more of your matter before the king.

[*Exeunt Servants, with PETER.*]

Q. Mar. And as for you that love to be protected
Under the wings of our protector's grace,
Begin your suits anew, and sue to him. [*Tears the petition.*]
Away, base cullions!—Suffolk, let them go.

All. Come, let's be gone. [*Exeunt Petitioners.*]

Q. Mar. My lord of Suffolk, say, is this the guise,
Is this the fashion in the court of England?
Is this the government of Britain's isle,
And this the royalty of Albion's king?
What, shall king Henry be a pupil still,
Under the surly Gloster's governance?
Am I a queen in title and in style,
And must be made a subject to a duke
I tell thee, Poole, when in the city Tours
Thou ran'st a tilt in honour of my love,
And stol'st away the ladies' hearts of France,
I thought king Henry had resembled thee,
In courage, courtship, and proportion :
But all his mind is bent to holiness,
To number Ave-Marias on his beads :
His champions are the prophets and apostles ;
His weapons, holy saws of sacred writ ;
His study is his tilt-yard, and his loves
Are brazen images of canoniz'd saints.
I would the college of the cardinals
Would choose him pope, and carry him to Rome,
And set the triple crown upon his head ;
That were a state fit for his holiness.

Suf. Madam, be patient: as I was cause
Your highness came to England, so will I
In England work your grace's full content.

Q. Mar. Beside the haughty protector, have we Beaufort,³
The imperious churchman; Somerset, Buckingham,
And grumbling York: and not the least of these
But can do more in England than the king.

¹ *Sir John.* Hume was a priest, and receives the title common to his order.
Tyrwhitt says that, from the title being so usually given in this way, "a *Sir John*
came to be a nickname for a priest."

² *In the quill, or in quill,* may mean *written*—our written petitions. In the
same way *in print* means *printed*.

³ *Haughty* in the first folio; *haught* in the second. Mr. Sidney Walker
notices the reading of *haughty* as "a remarkable instance of Mr. Knight's slavery
to the [first] folio." The preference of *haught* is a "remarkable instance,"
amongst many others, of my late friend's "slavery" to a syllable-counting
principle, frequently opposed to the freedom and harmony of dramatic verse.

Suf. And he of these that can do most of all
Cannot do more in England than the Nevils:
Salisbury and Warwick are no simple peers.

Q. Mar. Not all these lords do vex me half so much
As that proud dame, the lord protector's wife.
She sweeps it through the court with troops of ladies,
More like an empress than duke Humphrey's wife;
Strangers in court do take her for the queen:
She bears a duke's revenues on her back,
And in her heart she scorns our poverty:
Shall I not live to be aveng'd on her?
Contemptuous base-born callat as she is,
She vaunted 'mongst her minions t' other day,
The very train of her worst wearing-gown
Was better worth than all my father's lands,
Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms for his daughter.

Suf. Madam, myself have lim'd a bush for her;
And plac'd a quire of such enticing birds,
That she will light to listen to the lays,
And never mount to trouble you again.
So, let her rest: And, madam, list to me;
For I am bold to counsel you in this:
Although we fancy not the cardinal,
Yet must we join with him, and with the lords,
Till we have brought duke Humphrey in disgrace.
As for the duke of York, this late complaint
Will make but little for his benefit:
So, one by one, we'll weed them all at last,
And you yourself shall steer the happy helm.

*Enter KING HENRY, YORK, and SOMERSET; DUKE and
DUCHESS OF GLOSTER, CARDINAL BEAUFORT,
BUCKINGHAM, SALISBURY, and WARWICK.*

K. Hen. For my part, noble lords, I care not which;
Or Somerset, or York, all's one to me.

York. If York have ill demean'd himself in France,
Then let him be deny'd¹ the regentship.

Som. If Somerset be unworthy of the place,
Let York be regent, I will yield to him.

War. Whether your grace be worthy, yea or no,
Dispute not that: York is the worthier.

Car. Ambitious Warwick, let thy betters speak.

War. The cardinal's not my better in the field.

Buck. All in this presence are thy betters, Warwick.

War. Warwick may live to be the best of all.

Sal. Peace, son; and show some reason, Buckingham,
Why Somerset should be preferr'd in this.

Q. Mar. Because the king, forsooth, will have it so.

Glo. Madam, the king is old enough himself
To give his censure;² these are no women's matters.

Q. Mar. If he be old enough, what needs your grace
To be protector of his excellence?

Glo. Madam, I am protector of the realm;
And at his pleasure will resign my place.

Suf. Resign it then, and leave thine insolence.
Since thou wert king (as who is king but thou?)
The commonwealth hath daily run to wrack:
The Dauphin hath prevail'd beyond the seas;
And all the peers and nobles of the realm
Have been as bondmen to thy sovereignty.

Car. The commons hast thou rack'd; the clergy's bags
Are lank and lean with thy extortion.

¹ Denay'd—denied. So in Twelfth Night:—

"My love can give no place, bide no denay."

Censure—opinion.

Ten commandments. This phrase, which might more worthily fill the mouth of a lady of the fish-market, was common to the dramatists who wrote before the date of this play, and after. Thus, in "The Four P's" (1569)—

Som. Thy sumptuous buildings, and thy wife's attire,
Have cost a mass of public treasury.

Buck. Thy cruelty in execution,
Upon offenders, hath exceeded law,
And left thee to the mercy of the law.

Q. Mar. Thy sale of offices, and towns in France,
If they were known, as the suspect is great,
Would make thee quickly hop without thy head.

[Exit GLOSTER. The QUEEN drops her fan.

Give me my fan: What, minion! can you not?

[Gives the DUCHESS a box on the ear.

I cry you mercy, madam; was it you?

Duch. Was't I? yea, I it was, proud Frenchwoman
Could I come near your beauty with my nails,
I'd set my ten commandments³ in your face.

K. Hen. Sweet aunt, be quiet; 'twas against her will.

Duch. Against her will! Good king, look to't in time;
She'll hamper thee, and dandle thee like a baby.
Though in this place most master wear no breeches,
She shall not strike dame Eleanor unreveng'd.

[Exit DUCHESS.

Buck. Lord cardinal, I will follow Eleanor,
And listen after Humphrey, how he proceeds:
She's tickled now: her fume needs no spurs,⁴
She'll gallop far⁵ enough to her destruction.

[Exit BUCKINGHAM.

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Now, lords, my choler being over-blown,
With walking once about the quadrangle,
I come to talk of commonwealth affairs.
As for your spiteful false objections,
Prove them, and I lie open to the law:
But God in mercy so deal with my soul,
As I in duty love my king and country!
But, to the matter that we have in hand:
I say, my sovereign, York is meetest man
To be your regent in the realm of France.

Suf. Before we make election, give me leave
To show some reason, of no little force,
That York is most unmeet of any man.

York. I'll tell thee, Suffolk, why I am unmeet
First, for I cannot flatter thee in pride:
Next, if I be appointed for the place,
My lord of Somerset will keep me here,
Without discharge, money, or furniture,
Till France be won into the Dauphin's hands.
Last time, I danc'd attendance on his will,
Till Paris was besieg'd, famish'd, and lost.

War. That can I witness; and a fouler fact
Did never traitor in the land commit.

Suf. Peace, headstrong Warwick!

War. Image of pride, why should I hold my peace

*Enter Servants of SUFFOLK, bringing in HORNER and
PETER.*

Suf. Because here is a man accus'd of treason
Pray God, the duke of York excuse himself!

York. Doth any one accuse York for a traitor?

K. Hen. What mean'st thou, Suffolk? Tell me: What
are these?

"Now ten times I beseech him that he sits,
Thy wives X com. may serche thy five wits."

And in "Westward Hoe" (1607)—

"Your harpy has set his ten commandments on my back."

⁴ The first folio has *fume needs*; the second, *fume can need*.

⁵ Far. So the original. Pope's reading is *fast*.

Suf. Please it your majesty, this is the man
That doth accuse his master of high treason :
His words were these ;—that Richard, duke of York,
Was rightful heir unto the English crown ;
And that your majesty was an usurper.

K. Hen. Say, man, were these thy words ?

Hor. An't shall please your majesty, I never said nor
thought any such matter : God is my witness, I am falsely
accused by the villain.

Pet. By these ten bones,¹ my lords, [*holding up his hands*] he did speak them to me in the garret one night, as
we were scouring my lord of York's armour.

York. Base dunghill villain and mechanical,
I'll have thy head for this thy traitor's speech :—
I do beseech your royal majesty,
Let him have all the rigour of the law.

Hor. Alas, my lord, hang me, if ever I spake the words.
My accuser is my prentice ; and when I did correct him
for his fault the other day, he did vow upon his knees he
would be even with me : I have good witness of this ;
therefore, I beseech your majesty, do not cast away an
honest man for a villain's accusation.

K. Hen. Uncle, what shall we say to this in law ?

Glo. This doom, my lord, if I may judge.
Let Somerset be regent o'er the French,
Because in York this breeds suspicion :
And let these have a day appointed them
For single combat, in convenient place ;
For he hath witness of his servant's malice :
This is the law, and this duke Humphrey's doom.²

Som. I humbly thank your royal majesty.

Hor. And I accept the combat willingly.

Pet. Alas, my lord, I cannot fight ; for God's sake, pity
my case ! the spite of man prevaleth against me. O Lord,
have mercy upon me ! I shall never be able to fight a
blow : O Lord, my heart !

Glo. Sirrah, or you must fight, or else be hang'd.

K. Hen. Away with them to prison : and the day
Of combat shall be the last of the next month.—
Come, Somerset, we'll see thee sent away. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The same. The Duke of Gloster's Garden.*

*Enter MARGERY JOURDAIN, HUME, SOUTHWELL,
and BOLINGBROKE.*

Hume. Come, my masters ; the duchess, I tell you,
expects performance of your promises.

Boling. Master Hume, we are therefore provided : Will
her ladyship behold and hear our exorcisms ?

Hume. Ay : What else ? fear you not her courage.

Boling. I have heard her reported to be a woman of an
invincible spirit : But it shall be convenient, master Hume,
that you be by her aloft while we be busy below ; and so,
I pray you, go in God's name, and leave us. [*Exit HUME.*]
Mother Jourdain, be you prostrate, and grovel on the
earth :—John Southwell, read you ; and let us to our work.

Enter DUCHESS, above.

Duch. Well said, my masters ; and welcome all. To
this gear ; the sooner the better.

¹ *Ten bones.* This is an ancient adjuration.

In this place the following two lines are usually inserted :—

"*K. Hen.* Then be it so. My lord of Somerset,
We make your grace lord regent o'er the French."

The lines were found by Theobald in "The First Part of the Contention," and he introduced them because he thought that "duke Humphrey's doom" required the confirmation of King Henry. But Henry, having given the power of deciding to Gloster, both in the case of the armourer and of the regency, might be intended by the poet, on his revival of the play, to speak by the mouth of the protector. The scene as it stands is an exhibition of the almost kingly authority of Gloster

Boling. Patience, good lady ; wizards know their times :
Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night,³
The time of night when Troy was set on fire ;
The time when screech-owls cry, and ban-dogs howl,
And spirits walk, and ghosts break up their graves,
That time best fits the work we have in hand.
Madam, sit you, and fear not ; whom we raise,
We will make fast within a hallow'd verge

[*Here they perform the ceremonies appertaining, and make
the circle ; BOLINGBROKE, or SOUTHWELL, reads,
"Conjuro te," &c. It thunders and lightens
terribly ; then the Spirit riseth.*]

Spir. Adsum.

M. Jourd. Asmath,

By the eternal God, whose name and power
Thou tremblest at, answer that I shall ask ;
For, till thou speak, thou shalt not pass from hence.

Spir. Ask what thou wilt : That I had said and done !

Boling. "First of the king. What shall of him become ?"

[*Reading out of a paper.*]

Spir. The duke yet lives that Henry shall depose ;
But him outlive, and die a violent death.

[*As the Spirit speaks, SOUTHWELL writes the answer.*]

Boling. "What fates await the duke of Suffolk ?"

Spir. By water shall he die, and take his end.

Boling. "What shall befall the duke of Somerset ?"

Spir. Let him shun castles ;

Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains,
Than where castles mounted stand.

Have done, for more I hardly can endure.

Boling. Descend to darkness and the burning lake :
False fiend, avoid !

[*Thunder and lightning. Spirit descends.*]

*Enter YORK and BUCKINGHAM, hastily, with their Guards,
and others.*

York. Lay hands upon these traitors, and their trash.
Beldame, I think, we watch'd you at an inch.—
What, madam, are you there ? the king and commonweal
Are deeply indebted for this piece of pains ;
My lord protector will, I doubt it not,
See you well guerdon'd for these good deserts.

Duch. Not half so bad as thine to England's king,
Injurious duke ; that threat'st where is no cause.

Buck. True, madam, none at all. What call you this ?

[*Showing her the papers.*]

Away with them ; let them be clapp'd up close,
And kept asunder :—You, madam, shall with us :—
Stafford, take her to thee. [*Exit DUCHESS from above.*]

We'll see your trinkets here all forthcoming ;

All, away ! [*Exeunt Guards, with SOUTH., BOLING., &c.*]

York. Lord Buckingham, methinks, you watch'd her
well :

A pretty plot, well chosen to build upon :
Now, pray, my lord, let's see the devil's writ.

What have we here ? [*Reads.*]

"The duke yet lives that Henry shall depose ;
But him outlive, and die a violent death."

Why, this is just,

Aio te, Æacida, Romanos vincere posse.

Well, to the rest :

"Tell me, what fate awaits the duke of Suffolk ?"

immediately before his fall. Mr. Dyce restores the lines, because "the king has not given the power of deciding to Gloster, but merely puts a question to him." Mr. Grant White holds that "the terms of that question clearly imply that Gloster is to decide the matter, and he pronounces doom, with the mere ceremonious expression of deference, 'if I may judge.' And that his judgment was considered final is plain."

³ In "The First Part of the Contention" this line thus appears :—

"Dark night, dread night, the silence of the night."

The use of *silent* as a noun is wonderfully fine, and reminds us of "the vast of night" in *The Tempest*.

By water shall he die, and take his end.—
 What shall betide the duke of Somerset?
 Let him shun castles;
 Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains,
 Than where castles mounted stand.”
 Come, come, my lords;
 These oracles are hardly¹ attain'd,
 And hardly understood.
 The king is now in progress toward Saint Alban's,
 With him the husband of this lovely lady:
 Thither go these news, as fast as horse can carry them;
 A sorry breakfast for my lord protector.
Buck. Your grace shall give me leave, my lord of York,
 To be the post, in hope of his reward.
York. At your pleasure, my good lord.—
 Who's within there, ho!

Enter a Servant.

Invite my lords of Salisbury, and Warwick,
 To sup with me to-morrow night.—Away! *[Exeunt.]*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Saint Alban's.

Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, GLOSTER, CARDINAL, and SUFFOLK, with Falconers hollaing.

Q. Mar. Believe me, lords, for flying at the brook,²
 I saw not better sport these seven years' day:
 Yet, by your leave, the wind was very high;
 And ten to one old Joan had not gone out.³
K. Hen. But what a point, my lord, your falcon made,
 And what a pitch she flew above the rest!—
 To see how God in all his creatures works!
 Yea, man and birds are fain⁴ of climbing high.

Suf. No marvel, an it like your majesty,
 My lord protector's hawks do tower so well;
 They know their master loves to be aloft,
 And bears his thoughts above his falcon's pitch.

Glo. My lord, 'tis but a base ignoble mind
 That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.

Car. I thought as much; he would be above the clouds

Glo. Ay, my lord cardinal: How think you by that?
 Were it not good your grace could fly to heaven?

K. Hen. The treasury of everlasting joy!

Car. Thy heaven is on earth; thine eyes and thoughts
 Beat on a crown,⁵ the treasure of thy heart;
 Pernicious protector, dangerous peer,
 That smooth'st it so with king and commonweal!

Glo. What, cardinal, is your priesthood grown peremptory?

Tantæne animis cælestibus iræ?

Churchmen so hot? good uncle, hide such malice;
 With such holiness can you do it?

Suf. No malice, sir; no more than well becomes
 So good a quarrel, and so bad a peer.

Glo. As who, my lord?

Suf. Why, as you, my lord;
 An't like your lordly lord-protectorship.

Glo. Why, Suffolk, England knows thine insolence.

Q. Mar. And thy ambition, Gloster.

K. Hen. I prithee, peace,
 Good queen; and whet not on these furious peers,
 For blessed are the peacemakers on earth.

Car. Let me be blessed for the peace I make,
 Against this proud protector with my sword!

Glo. 'Faith, holy uncle, 'would 'twere come to that!

[Aside to the CARDINAL.]

Car. Marry, when thou dar'st. *[Aside.]*

Glo. Make up no factious numbers for the matter,
 In thine own person answer thy abuse. *[Aside.]*

Car. Ay, where thou dar'st not peep: an if thou dar'st,
 This evening, on the east side of the grove. *[Aside.]*

K. Hen. How now, my lords?

Car. Believe me, cousin Gloster,
 Had not your man put up the fowl so suddenly,
 We had had more sport.—Come with thy two-hand sword.
[Aside to GLO.]

Glo. True, uncle.

Car. Are you advis'd?—the east side of the grove?

Glo. Cardinal, I am with you. *[Aside.]*

K. Hen. Why, how now, uncle Gloster!

Glo. Talking of hawking; nothing else, my lord.—
 Now, by God's mother, priest, I'll shave your crown for this,

Or all my fence shall fail. *[Aside.]*

Car. *Medice teipsum;*

Protector, see to't well, protect yourself. *[Aside.]*

K. Hen. The winds grow high; so do your stomachs,
 lords.

How irksome is this music to my heart:
 When such strings jar, what hope of harmony?
 I pray, my lords, let me compound this strife.

Enter One, crying, "A miracle!"

Glo. What means this noise?
 Fellow, what miracle dost thou proclaim?

One. A miracle! a miracle!

Suf. Come to the king, and tell him what miracle.

One. Forsooth, a blind man at Saint Alban's shrine
 Within this half-hour, hath receiv'd his sight;
 A man that ne'er saw in his life before.

K. Hen. Now, God be prais'd! that to believing souls
 Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair!

Enter the Mayor of Saint Alban's, and his Brethren; and SIMPCOX, borne between two Persons in a chair; his Wife and a great multitude following.

Car. Here come the townsmen on procession,
 To present your highness with the man.

K. Hen. Great is his comfort in this earthly vale,
 Although by his sight his sin be multiplied.

Glo. Stand by, my masters, bring him near the king;
 His highness' pleasure is to talk with him.

K. Hen. Good fellow, tell us here the circumstance
 That we for thee may glorify the Lord.

What, hast thou been long blind, and now restor'd?

Simp. Born blind, an't please your grace.

Wife. Ay, indeed, was he.

Suf. What woman is this?

Wife. His wife, an't like your worship.

Glo. Hadst thou been his mother thou couldst have
 better told.

K. Hen. Where wert thou born?

“Fayre words make fooles faine.”

Surely in this quotation *faine* means *glad*, the Saxon meaning. And this, it appears to us, is the signification in the passage before us.

⁵ *Beat on a crown*—are intent on a crown. This fine expression may be explained by a passage in *The Tempest*:—

“Do not infest your mind with *beating on*
 The strangeness of this business.”

¹ *Hardily*. In the folio, *hardly*. The correction, which is ingenious, was made by Theobald.

² *Flying at the brook*—flying at birds of the brook; hawking at waterfowl.

³ Percy explains that “the wind was so high it was ten to one that old Joan would not have taken her flight at the game.”

⁴ *Fain*. Steevens says that *fain* here signifies *fond*; and he quotes Heywood's “Epigrams on Proverbs:”—

Simp. At Berwick in the north, an't like your grace.

K. Hen. Poor soul! God's goodness hath been great to thee:

Let never day nor night unhallow'd pass,
But still remember what the Lord hath done.

Q. Mar. Tell me, good fellow, cam'st thou here by chance,

Or of devotion, to this holy shrine?

Simp. God knows, of pure devotion; being call'd
A hundred times, and oftener, in my sleep
By good Saint Alban; who said,—“Simpcox, come;
Come, offer at my shrine, and I will help thee.”

Wife. Most true, forsooth; and many time and oft
Myself have heard a voice to call him so.

Car. What, art thou lame?

Simp. Ay, God Almighty help me!

Suf. How cam'st thou so?

Simp. A fall off of a tree.

Wife. A plum-tree, master.

Glo. How long hast thou been blind?

Simp. O, born so, master.

Glo. What, and wouldst climb a tree?

Simp. But that in all my life, when I was a youth.

Wife. Too true; and bought his climbing very dear.

Glo. 'Mass, thou lov'dst plums well, that wouldst venture so.

Simp. Alas, good master, my wife desir'd some damsons,
And made me climb, with danger of my life.

Glo. A subtle knave! but yet it shall not serve.—
Let me see thine eyes:—wink now; now open them:—
In my opinion yet thou seest not well.

Simp. Yes, master, clear as day; I thank God and Saint Alban.

Glo. Say'st thou me so? What colour is this cloak of?

Simp. Red, master; red as blood.

Glo. Why, that's well said: What colour is my gown of?

Simp. Black, forsooth; coal-black, as jet.

K. Hen. Why then thou know'st what colour jet is of?

Suf. And yet, I think, jet did he never see.

Glo. But cloaks and gowns, before this day, a many.

Wife. Never, before this day, in all his life.

Glo. Tell me, sirrah, what's my name?

Simp. Alas, master, I know not.

Glo. What's his name?

Simp. I know not.

Glo. Nor his?

Simp. No, indeed, master.

Glo. What's thine own name?

Simp. Saunder Simpcox, an if it please you, master.

Glo. Then, Saunder, sit there, the lyingest knave in Christendom. If thou hadst been born blind, thou might'st as well have known all our names, as thus to name the several colours we do wear. Sight may distinguish of colours; but suddenly to nominate them all, it is impossible.—My lords, Saint Alban here hath done a miracle; and would ye not think that cunning to be great that could restore this cripple to his legs again?¹

Simp. O master, that you could!

Glo. My masters of Saint Alban's, have you not beadles in your town, and things called whips?

May. Yes, my lord, if it please your grace.

Glo. Then send for one presently.

May. Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither straight.

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

Glo. Now fetch me a stool hither by and by. [*A stool brought out.*] Now, sirrah, if you mean to save yourself from whipping, leap me over this stool and run away.

Simp. Alas, master, I am not able to stand alone; you go about to torture me in vain.

Re-enter Attendant, with the Beadle.

Glo. Well, sir, we must have you find your legs. Sirrah beadle, whip him till he leap over that same stool.

Bead. I will, my lord.—Come on, sirrah; off with your doublet quickly.

Simp. Alas, master, what shall I do? I am not able to stand.

[*After the Beadle hath hit him once, he leaps over the stool, and runs away; and the people follow, and cry, “A miracle!”*]

K. Hen. O God, seest thou this, and bear'st so long?

Q. Mar. It made me laugh to see the villain run.

Glo. Follow the knave; and take this drab away.

Wife. Alas, sir, we did it for pure need.

Glo. Let them be whipped through every market town, till they come to Berwick, from whence they came.

[*Exeunt Mayor, Beadle, Wife, &c.*]

Car. Duke Humphrey has done a miracle to-day.

Suf. True; made the lame to leap, and fly away.

Glo. But you have done more miracles than I; You made in a day, my lord, whole towns to fly.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

K. Hen. What tidings with our cousin Buckingham?

Buck. Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold.

A sort² of naughty persons, lewdly³ bent,—
Under the countenance and confederacy
Of lady Eleanor, the protector's wife,
The ringleader and head of all this rout,—
Have practis'd dangerously against your state,
Dealing with witches, and with conjurers:
Whom we have apprehended in the fact;
Raising up wicked spirits from under ground,
Demanding of king Henry's life and death,
And other of your highness' privy council,
As more at large your grace shall understand.

Car. And so, my lord protector, by this means
Your lady is forthcoming yet at London.
This news, I think, hath turn'd your weapon's edge;
'Tis like, my lord, you will not keep your hour.

[*Aside to GLOSTER.*]

Glo. Ambitious churchman, leave to afflict my heart!
Sorrow and grief have vanquish'd all my powers;
And vanquish'd as I am I yield to thee,
Or to the meanest groom.

K. Hen. O God, what mischiefs work the wicked ones;
Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby!

Q. Mar. Gloster, see here the tainture of thy nest;
And look thyself be faultless, thou wert best.

Glo. Madam, for myself, to heaven I do appeal,
How I have lov'd my king and commonweal:
And for my wife, I know not how it stands;
Sorry I am to hear what I have heard;
Noble she is; but if she have forgot
Honour and virtue, and convers'd with such
As, like to pitch, defile nobility,
I banish her my bed and company;
And give her as a prey to law, and shame,
That hath dishonour'd Gloster's honest name.

K. Hen. Well, for this night we will repose us here:
To-morrow toward London, back again,
To look into this business thoroughly,
And call these foul offenders to their answers;
And poise the cause in justice' equal scales,
Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

² Sort—company.

³ Lewdly—wickedly.

¹ Steevens prints this speech metrically, with certain changes after his fashion of making verses. We give it as prose, as it stands in “The Contention;” the folio is neither prose nor verse.

SCENE II.—London. *The Duke of York's Garden.**Enter YORK, SALISBURY, and WARWICK.*

York. Now, my good lords of Salisbury and Warwick,
Our simple supper ended, give me leave,
In this close walk, to satisfy myself,
In craving your opinion of my title,
Which is infallible, to England's crown.

Sal. My lord, I long to hear it at full.

War. Sweet York, begin: and if thy claim be good,
The Nevils are thy subjects to command.

York. Then thus—

Edward the Third, my lords, had seven sons:
The first, Edward the Black Prince, prince of Wales;
The second, William of Hatfield; and the third,
Lionel, duke of Clarence; next to whom
Was John of Gaunt, the duke of Lancaster;
The fifth was Edmund Langley, duke of York;
The sixth was Thomas of Woodstock, duke of Gloster;
William of Windsor was the seventh, and last.
Edward, the Black Prince, died before his father;
And left behind him Richard, his only son,
Who, after Edward the Third's death, reign'd as king;
Till Henry Bolingbroke, duke of Lancaster,
The eldest son and heir of John of Gaunt,
Crown'd by the name of Henry the Fourth,
Seiz'd on the realm; depos'd the rightful king;
Sent his poor queen to France from whence she came,
And him to Pomfret; where, as all you know,
Harmless Richard was murder'd traitorously.

War. Father, the duke hath told the truth;
Thus got the house of Lancaster the crown.

York. Which now they hold by force, and not by right;
For Richard, the first son's heir, being dead,
The issue of the next son should have reign'd.

Sal. But William of Hatfield died without an heir.

York. The third son, duke of Clarence, (from whose line
I claim the crown,) had issue—Philippe, a daughter,
Who married Edmund Mortimer, earl of March
Edmund had issue—Roger, earl of March:
Roger had issue—Edmund, Anne, and Eleanor.

Sal. This Edmund, in the reign of Bolingbroke,
As I have read, laid claim unto the crown;
And but for Owen Glendower had been king,
Who kept him in captivity till he died.
But, to the rest.

York. His eldest sister, Anne,
My mother, being heir unto the crown,
Married Richard earl of Cambridge; who was son
To Edmund Langley, Edward the Third's fifth son.
By her I claim the kingdom: she was heir
To Roger earl of March; who was the son
Of Edmund Mortimer; who married Philippe,
Sole daughter unto Lionel duke of Clarence:
So if the issue of the elder son
Succeed before the younger, I am king.

War. What plain proceedings are more plain than this?
Henry doth claim the crown from John of Gaunt,
The fourth son; York claims it from the third.
Till Lionel's issue fails, his should not reign:
It fails not yet; but flourishes in thee,
And in thy sons, fair slips of such a stock.
Then, father Salisbury, kneel we together;
And, in this private plot,¹ be we the first
That shall salute our rightful sovereign,
With honour of his birthright to the crown.

Both. Long live our sovereign Richard, England's king!

York. We thank you, lords. But I am not your king
Till I be crown'd; and that my sword be stain'd

With heart-blood of the house of Lancaster;
And that's not suddenly to be perform'd;
But with advice, and silent secrecy.
Do you, as I do, in these dangerous days,
Wink at the duke of Suffolk's insolence,
At Beaufort's pride, at Somerset's ambition,
At Buckingham, and all the crew of them,
Till they have snar'd the shepherd of the flock,
That virtuous prince, the good duke Humphrey:
'Tis that they seek; and they, in seeking that,
Shall find their deaths, if York can prophesy.

Sal. My lord, break we off; we know your mind at full.

War. My heart assures me that the earl of Warwick
Shall one day make the duke of York a king.

York. And, Nevil, this I do assure myself,—
Richard shall live to make the earl of Warwick
The greatest man in England but the king. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*The same. A Hall of Justice.*

Trumpets sounded. Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, GLOSTER, YORK, SUFFOLK, and SALISBURY; the DUCHESS OF GLOSTER, MARGERY JOURDAIN, SOUTHWELL, HUME, and BOLINGBROKE, under guard.

K. Hen. Stand forth, dame Eleanor Cobham, Gloster's wife:

In sight of God, and us, your guilt is great;
Receive the sentence of the law, for sins
Such as by God's book are adjudg'd to death.
You four, from hence to prison back again;

[To JOURD., &c.]

From thence, unto the place of execution:
The witch in Smithfield shall be burn'd to ashes,
And you three shall be strangled on the gallows.
You, madam, for you are more nobly born,
Despoiled of your honour in your life,
Shall, after three days' open penance done,
Live in your country here in banishment,
With sir John Stanley, in the Isle of Man.

Duch. Welcome is banishment, welcome were my death.

Glo. Eleanor, the law, thou seest, hath judg'd thee;
I cannot justify whom the law condemns.—

[Exeunt the DUCHESS, and the other Prisoners guarded.]

Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.
Ah, Humphrey, this dishonour in thine age
Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground!
I beseech your majesty give me leave to go;
Sorrow would solace, and mine age would ease.

K. Hen. Stay, Humphrey duke of Gloster: ere thou go
Give up thy staff; Henry will to himself
Protector be: and God shall be my hope,
My stay, my guide, and lantern to my feet;
And go in peace, Humphrey; no less belov'd
Than when thou wert protector to thy king.

Q. Mar. I see no reason why a king of years
Should be to be protected like a child.
God and king Henry govern England's helm:²
Give up your staff, sir, and the king his realm.

Glo. My staff?—here, noble Henry, is my staff:
As willingly do I the same resign,
As ere thy father Henry made it mine;
And even as willingly at thy feet I leave it,
As others would ambitiously receive it.
Farewell, good king: when I am dead and gone,
May honourable peace attend thy throne. [Exit.]

Q. Mar. Why, now is Henry king, and Margaret queen;
And Humphrey duke of Gloster scarce himself,
That bears so shrewd a maim; two pulls at once,—

² *Helm.* In the original this is *realm*. Johnson made the correction, the repetition of *realm* being most probably a typographical error.

¹ *Plot*—spot.

His lady banish'd, and a limb lopp'd off;
This staff of honour raught:¹—There let it stand,
Where it best fits to be, in Henry's hand.

Suf. Thus droops this lofty pine and hangs his sprays;
Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her youngest days.

York. Lords, let him go:—Please it your majesty,
This is the day appointed for the combat;
And ready are the appellant and defendant,
The armourer and his man, to enter the lists,
So please your highness to behold the fight.

Q. Mar. Ay, good my lord; for purposely therefore
Left I the court, to see this quarrel tried.

K. Hen. O' God's name, see the lists and all things fit;
Here let them end it, and God defend the right!

York. I never saw a fellow worse bested.
Or more afraid to fight, than is the appellant,
The servant of this armourer, my lords.

Enter, on one side, HORNER, and his neighbours, drinking to him so much that he is drunk; and he enters bearing his staff with a sand-bag fastened to it; a drum before him at the other side, PETER, with a drum and a similar staff accompanied by Prentices drinking to him.

1 Neigh. Here, neighbour Horner, I drink to you in a cup of sack. And fear not, neighbour, you shall do well enough.

2 Neigh. And here, neighbour, here's a cup of charneco.²

3 Neigh. And here's a pot of good double beer, neighbour: drink, and fear not your man.

Hor. Let it come, i' faith, and I'll pledge you all; and a mug for Peter!

1 Pren. Here, Peter, I drink to thee; and be not afraid.

2 Pren. Be merry, Peter, and fear not thy master: fight for credit of the prentices.

Peter. I thank you all: drink, and pray for me, I pray you; for I think I have taken my last draught in this world.—Here, Robin, an if I die I give thee my apron; and, Will, thou shalt have my hammer:—and here, Tom, take all the money that I have. O Lord, bless me, I pray God! for I am never able to deal with my master, he hath learnt so much fence already.

Sal. Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blows.—Sirrah, what's thy name?

Peter. Peter, forsooth.

Sal. Peter! what more?

Peter. Thump.

Sal. Thump! then see thou thump thy master well.

Hor. Masters, I am come hither, as it were, upon my man's instigation, to prove him a knave and myself an honest man: and touching the duke of York, I will take my death, I never meant him any ill, nor the king, nor the queen: And therefore, Peter, have at thee with a down-right blow, [as Bevis of Southampton fell upon Ascapart.^{3a}]

York. Despatch;—this knave's tongue begins to double. Sound trumpets alarum to the combatants.

[*Alarum.* They fight, and PETER strikes down his master.]

Hor. Hold, Peter, hold! I confess, I confess treason.

[*Dies.*]

York. Take away his weapon:—Fellow, thank God, and the good wine in thy master's way.

Peter. O God! have I overcome mine enemy in this presence? O Peter, thou hast prevailed in right!

K. Hen. Go, take hence that traitor from our sight;
For, by his death, we do perceive his guilt:

And God, in justice, hath reveal'd to us
The truth and innocence of this poor fellow,
Which he had thought to have murder'd wrongfully.
Come, fellow, follow us for thy reward. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The same. A Street.*

Enter GLOSTER and Servants, in mourning cloaks.

Glo. Thus, sometimes, hath the brightest day a cloud;
And after summer ever more succeeds
Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold:
So cares and joys abound as seasons fleet.
Sirs, what's o'clock?

Serv. Ten, my lord.

Glo. Ten is the hour that was appointed me,
To watch the coming of my punish'd duchess;
Uneath⁴ may she endure the flinty streets,
To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.
Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind abrook
The abject people, gazing on thy face,
With envious⁵ looks still laughing at thy shame,
That erst did follow thy proud chariot wheels,
When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets.
But soft! I think she comes; and I'll prepare
My tear-stain'd eyes to see her miseries.

Enter the DUCHESS OF GLOSTER, in a white sheet, with papers pinned upon her back, her feet bare, and a taper burning in her hand; SIR JOHN STANLEY, a Sheriff, and Officers.

Serv. So please your grace, we'll take her from the sheriff.

Glo. No, stir not, for your lives; let her pass by.

Duch. Come you, my lord, to see my open shame?
Now thou dost penance too. Look, how they gaze!
See, how the giddy multitude do point,
And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee!
Ah, Gloster, hide thee from their hateful looks;
And in thy closet pent up rue my shame,
And ban thine enemies, both mine and thine.

Glo. Be patient, gentle Nell; forget this grief.

Duch. Ah, Gloster, teach me to forget myself:
For, whilst I think I am thy married wife,
And thou a prince, protector of this land,
Methinks I should not thus be led along,
Mail'd up in shame, with papers on my back;
And follow'd with a rabble, that rejoice
To see my tears, and hear my deep-fet⁶ groans.
The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet;
And when I start the envious people laugh,
And bid me be advised how I tread.
Ah, Humphrey, can I bear this shameful yoke?
Trow'st thou that e'er I'll look upon the world;
Or count them happy that enjoy the sun?
No; dark shall be my light, and night my day
To think upon my pomp shall be my hell.
Sometime I'll say, I am duke Humphrey's wife;
And he a prince, and ruler of the land:
Yet so he rul'd, and such a prince he was,
As he stood by, whilst I, his forlorn duchess,
Was made a wonder, and a pointing stock,
To every idle rascal follower.
But be thou mild, and blush not at my shame;
Nor stir at nothing, till the axe of death

¹ *Raught.* This is used by Chaucer and Spenser in the sense of *reached*; it certainly means here *taken away*, as in Peele's "Arraignment of Paris:"—

"How Pluto *raught* queen Ceres' daughter thence."

Charneco—the name of a wine.

² The words in brackets are not in the folio, but are found in "The First Part
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of the Contention." The story of Bevis and Ascapart was a favourite legend.
(See Illustrations of Act II.)

⁴ *Uneath*—not easily.

⁵ *Envious*—malicious.

⁶ *Deep-fet*—deep-fetched.

Hang over thee, as sure it shortly will.
For Suffolk,—he that can do all in all
With her, that hateth thee, and hates us all,—
And York, and impious Beaufort, that false priest,
Have all lim'd bushes to betray thy wings,
And, fly thou how thou canst, they'll tangle thee :
But fear not thou until thy foot be snar'd,
Nor never seek prevention of thy foes.

Glo. Ah, Nell, forbear ; thou aimest all awry ;
I must offend before I be attainted :
And had I twenty times so many foes,
And each of them had twenty times their power,
All these could not procure me any scath,¹
So long as I am loyal, true, and crimeless.
Wouldst have me rescue thee from this reproach ?
Why, yet thy scandal were not wip'd away,
But I in danger for the breach of law.
Thy greatest help is quiet, gentle Nell :
I pray thee, sort thy heart to patience ;
These few days' wonder will be quickly worn.

Enter a Herald.

Her. I summon your grace to his majesty's parliament,
holden at Bury the first of this next month.

Glo. And my consent ne'er ask'd herein before !
This is close dealing.—Well, I will be there.

[*Exit Herald.*

My Nell, I take my leave :—and, master sheriff,
Let not her penance exceed the king's commission.

Sher. An't please your grace, here my commission stays :
And sir John Stanley is appointed now
To take her with him to the Isle of Man.

Glo. Must you, sir John, protect my lady here ?

Stan. So am I given in charge, may't please your grace.

Glo. Entreat her not the worse, in that I pray
You use her well :
The world may laugh again ; and I may live
To do you kindness, if you do it her.
And so, sir John, farewell.

Duch. What, gone, my lord ; and bid me not farewell ?

Glo. Witness my tears, I cannot stay to speak.

[*Exeunt GLOSTER and Servants.*

Duch. Art thou gone too ? All comfort go with thee,
For none abides with me : my joy is—death ;
Death, at whose name I oft have been afeard,
Because I wish'd this world's eternity.—
Stanley, I prithee, go, and take me hence ;
I care not whither, for I beg no favour,
Only convey me where thou art commanded.

Stan. Why, madam, that is to the Isle of Man ;
There to be used according to your state.

Duch. That's bad enough, for I am but reproach :
And shall I then be used reproachfully ?

Stan. Like to a duchess, and duke Humphrey's lady,
According to that state you shall be used.

Duch. Sheriff, farewell, and better than I fare ;
Although thou hast been conduct of my shame !

Sher. It is my office ; and, madam, pardon me.

Duch. Ay, ay, farewell : thy office is discharg'd.
Come, Stanley, shall we go ?

Stan. Madam, your penance done, throw off this sheet,
And go we to attire you for our journey.

Duch. My shame will not be shifted with my sheet :
No, it will hang upon my richest robes,
And show itself, attire me how I can.

Go, lead the way ; I long to see my prison. [*Exeunt.*

RECENT NEW READING.

Sc. III. p. 687.—“ *Q. Mar.* I see no reason why a king of years
Should be to be protected like a child.

¹ *Scath*—harm.

God and king Henry govern England's helm ;
Give up your staff, sir, and the king his realm.

Glo. My staff ?—here, noble Henry, is my staff :
As willingly do I the same resign.”

“ *Q. Mar.* I see no reason why a king of years
Should be protected, like a child, *by peers.*

God and king Henry govern England's helm ;
Give up your staff, sir, and the king his realm.

“ *Glo.* My staff ?—here, noble Henry, is my staff :
To think I fain would keep it makes me laugh.
As willingly,” &c.—*Collier.*

The broken-hearted protector has just seen his wife banished :—

“ Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.”

The king has demanded the staff, but with words of kindness. Margaret
interposes—

“ I see no reason why a king of years
Should be to be protected like a child.”

The Corrector of Mr. Collier's folio, to obtain a rhyme, inserts *by peers* ; and, two
lines onward, adds the new line. Is it exactly adapted to the situation where it is
inserted ? Is this entirely consistent with what precedes and follows, in the
bearing of this dishonoured man, bowing his head “ in sorrow to the ground ?”

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Abbey at Bury.*

*Enter to the Parliament, KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET,
CARDINAL BEAUFORT, SUFFOLK, YORK, BUCKING-
HAM, and others.*

K. Hen. I muse,² my lord of Gloster is not come :
'Tis not his wont to be the hindmost man,
Whate'er occasion keeps him from us now.

Q. Mar. Can you not see ? or will you not observe
The strangeness of his alter'd countenance ?
With what a majesty he bears himself ;
How insolent of late he is become,
How proud, peremptory, and unlike himself ?
We know the time since he was mild and affable ;
And, if we did but glance a far-off look,
Immediately he was upon his knee,
That all the court admir'd him for submission ;
But meet him now, and, be it in the morn,
When every one will give the time of day,
He knits his brow, and shows an angry eye,
And passeth by with stiff unbowed knee,
Disdaining duty that to us belongs.
Small curs are not regarded when they grin ;
But great men tremble when the lion roars ;
And Humphrey is no little man in England.
First, note, that he is near you in descent ;
And should you fall, he is the next will mount.
Me seemeth then, it is no policy,—
Respecting what a rancorous mind he bears,
And his advantage following your decease,—
That he should come about your royal person,
Or be admitted to your highness' council.
By flattery hath he won the commons' heart ;
And, when he please to make commotion,
'Tis to be fear'd they all will follow him.
Now 'tis the spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted ;
Suffer them now, and they'll o'ergrow the garden,
And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.
The reverent care I bear unto my lord
Made me collect these dangers in the duke.
If it be fond, call it a woman's fear ;
Which fear, if better reasons can supplant,
I will subscribe and say—I wrong'd the duke.
My lord of Suffolk,—Buckingham,—and York,—
Reprove my allegation, if you can ;
Or else conclude my words effectual.

Suf. Well hath your highness seen into this duke ;
And had I first been put to speak my mind,

I think I should have told your grace's tale.
The duchess, by his subornation,
Upon my life, began her devilish practices :
Or, if he were not privy to those faults,
Yet, by reputed of his high descent,
(As next the king he was successive heir,)
And such high vaunts of his nobility,
Did instigate the bedlam brain-sick duchess,
By wicked means to frame our sovereign's fall.
Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep ;
And in his simple show he harbours treason.
The fox barks not when he would steal the lamb.
No, no, my sovereign ; Gloster is a man
Unsound yet, and full of deep deceit.

Car. Did he not, contrary to form of law,
Devise strange deaths for small offences done ?

York. And did he not, in his protectorship,
Levy great sums of money through the realm,
For soldiers' pay in France, and never sent it ?
By means whereof the towns each day revolted.

Buck. Tut ! These are petty faults to faults unknown,
Which time will bring to light in smooth duke Humphrey.

K. Hen. My lords, at once. The care you have of us,
To mow down thorns that would annoy our foot,
Is worthy praise : But shall I speak my conscience
Our kinsman Gloster is as innocent
From meaning treason to our royal person,
As is the sucking lamb, or harmless dove :
The duke is virtuous, mild ; and too well given,
To dream on evil, or to work my downfall.

Q. Mar. Ah, what's more dangerous than this fond
affiance !

Seems he a dove ? his feathers are but borrow'd,
For he's disposed as the hateful raven.
Is he a lamb ? his skin is surely lent him,
For he's inclin'd as is the ravenous wolf.¹
Who cannot steal a shape that means deceit ?
Take heed, my lord ; the welfare of us all
Hangs on the cutting short that fraudulent man.

Enter SOMERSET.

Som. All health unto my gracious sovereign !

K. Hen. Welcome, lord Somerset. What news from
France ?

Som. That all your interest in those territories
Is utterly bereft you ; all is lost.

K. Hen. Cold news, lord Somerset : But God's will be
done !

York. Cold news for me ; for I had hope of France,
As firmly as I hope for fertile England.
Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud,
And caterpillars eat my leaves away :
But I will remedy this gear ere long,
Or sell my title for a glorious grave.

[*Aside.*

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. All happiness unto my lord the king !
Pardon, my liege, that I have stay'd so long.

Suf. Nay, Gloster, know that thou art come too soon,
Unless thou wert more loyal than thou art :
I do arrest thee of high treason here.

Glo. Well, Suffolk's duke,² thou shalt not see me blush,
Nor change my countenance for this arrest ;
A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.

The purest spring is not so free from mud
As I am clear from treason to my sovereign :
Who can accuse me ? wherein am I guilty ?

York. 'Tis thought, my lord, that you took bribes of
France,

And, being protector, stay'd the soldiers' pay ;
By means whereof his highness hath lost France.

Glo. Is it but thought so ? What are they that think it ?

I never robb'd the soldiers of their pay,
Nor ever had one penny bribe from France.
So help me God, as I have watch'd the night,—
Ay, night by night,—in studying good for England !
That do it that e'er I wrested from the king,
Or any groat I hoarded to my use,
Be brought against me at my trial day !
No ! many a pound of mine own proper store,
Because I would not tax the needy commons,
Have I dis-pursed to the garrisons,
And never ask'd for restitution.

Car. It serves you well, my lord, to say so much.

Glo. I say no more than truth, so help me God !

York. In your protectorship, you did devise
Strange tortures for offenders, never heard of,
That England was defam'd by tyranny.

Glo. Why, 'tis well known, that whiles I was protector
Pity was all the fault that was in me ;
For I should melt at an offender's tears,
And lowly words were ransom for their fault.
Unless it were a bloody murderer,
Or foul felonious thief, that fleec'd poor passengers,
I never gave them condign punishment :
Murder, indeed, that bloody sin, I tortur'd
Above the felon, or what trespass else.

Suf. My lord, these faults are easy,³ quickly answer'd :
But mightier crimes are laid unto your charge,
Whereof you cannot easily purge yourself.
I do arrest you in his highness' name ;
And here commit you to my lord cardinal
To keep, until your further time of trial.

K. Hen. My lord of Gloster, 'tis my special hope,
That you will clear yourself from all suspects ;⁴
My conscience tells me you are innocent.

Glo. Ah, gracious lord, these days are dangerous.
Virtue is chok'd with foul ambition,
And charity chas'd hence by rancour's hand ;
Foul subornation is predominant,
And equity exil'd your highness' land.
I know their complot is to have my life ;
And, if my death might make this island happy,
And prove the period of their tyranny,
I would expend it with all willingness :
But mine is made the prologue to their play ;
For thousands more, that yet suspect no peril,
Will not conclude their plotted tragedy.
Beaufort's red sparkling eyes blab his heart's malice,
And Suffolk's cloudy brow his stormy hate ;
Sharp Buckingham unburdens with his tongue
The envious load that lies upon his heart ;
And dogged York, that reaches at the moon,
Whose overweening arm I have pluck'd back,
By false accuse doth level at my life :
And you, my sovereign lady, with the rest,
Causeless have laid disgraces on my head ;
And, with your best endeavour, have stirr'd up
My liefest⁵ liege to be mine enemy :
Ay, all of you have laid your heads together.
Myself had notice of your conventicles,

¹ This is the reading of Rowe, instead of *wolves*.

² *Well, Suffolk's duke.* The reading of the first folio is—

“Well, Suffolk, thou shalt not see me blush.”

In the second folio the defect of the metre is remedied by the addition of *yet* :
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“Well, Suffolk, yet,” &c. In “The First Part of the Contention” we have the
line—

“Why, Suffolk's duke, thou shalt not see me blush.”

³ *Easy.* The adjective is here probably used adverbially.

⁴ *Suspects.* In the original, *suspence*. The correction was made by Steevens.

⁵ *Liefest*—dearest. See note on *alder-liefest*, Act I. Sc. I.

And all to make away my guiltless life :
I shall not want false witness to condemn me,
Nor store of treasons to augment my guilt ;
The ancient proverb will be well effected,—
A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.

Car. My liege, his railing is intolerable :
If those that care to keep your royal person
From treason's secret knife, and traitors' rage,
Be thus upbraided, chid, and rated at,
And the offender granted scope of speech,
'Twill make them cool in zeal unto your grace.

Suf. Hath he not twit our sovereign lady here,
With ignominious words, though clerkly couch'd,
As if she had suborned some to swear
False allegations to o'erthrow his state ?

Q. Mar. But I can give the loser leave to chide.

Glo. Far truer spoke than meant : I lose, indeed ;—
Beshrew the winners, for they play'd me false !
And well such losers may have leave to speak.

Buck. He'll wrest the sense, and hold us here all day :
Lord cardinal, he is your prisoner.

Car. Sirs, take away the duke, and guard him sure.

Glo. Ah, thus king Henry throws away his crutch,
Before his legs be firm to bear his body :
Thus is the shepherd beaten from thy side,
And wolves are gnarling who shall gnaw thee first.
Ah, that my fear were false ! ah, that it were !
For, good king Henry, thy decay I fear.

[*Exeunt Attendants, with GLOSTER.*]

K. Hen. My lords, what to your wisdoms seemeth best,
Do, or undo, as if ourself were here.

Q. Mar. What, will your highness leave the parliament ?

K. Hen. Ay, Margaret ; my heart is drown'd with grief,
Whose flood begins to flow within mine eyes ;
My body round engirt with misery ;
For what's more miserable than discontent ?
Ah, uncle Humphrey ! in thy face I see
The map of honour, truth, and loyalty ;
And yet, good Humphrey, is the hour to come,
That e'er I prov'd thee false, or fear'd thy faith.
What low'ring star now envies thy estate,
That these great lords, and Margaret our queen,
Do seek subversion of thy harmless life ?
Thou never didst them wrong, nor no man wrong :
And as the butcher takes away the calf,
And binds the wretch, and beats it when it strays,
Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house ;
Even so, remorseless, have they borne him hence.
And as the dam runs lowing up and down,
Looking the way her harmless young one went,
And can do naught but wail her darling's loss ;
Even so myself bewails good Gloster's case,
With sad unhelpful tears ; and with dimm'd eyes
Look after him, and cannot do him good ;
So mighty are his vowed enemies.

His fortunes I will weep ; and, 'twixt each groan,
Say—"Who's a traitor, Gloster he is none." [Exit.]

Q. Mar. Free lords, cold snow melts with the sun's hot beams.

Henry my lord is cold in great affairs,
Too full of foolish pity : and Gloster's show
Beguiles him, as the mournful crocodile
With sorrow snares relenting passengers ;
Or as the snake, roll'd in a flowering bank,
With shining checker'd slough, doth sting a child,
That, for the beauty, thinks it excellent.
Believe me, lords, were none more wise than I,
(And yet, herein I judge mine own wit good,)

This Gloster should be quickly rid the world,
To rid us from the fear we have of him.

Car. That he should die is worthy policy :
But yet we want a colour for his death :
'Tis meet he be condemn'd by course of law.

Suf. But, in my mind, that were no policy :
The king will labour still to save his life ;
The commons haply rise to save his life ;
And yet we have but trivial argument,
More than mistrust, that shows him worthy death.

York. So that by this you would not have him die.

Suf. Ah, York, no man alive so fain as I.

York. 'Tis York that hath more reason for his death.
But, my lord cardinal, and you, my lord of Suffolk,—
Say as you think, and speak it from your souls,—
Were't not all one, an empty eagle were set
To guard the chicken from a hungry kite,
As place duke Humphrey for the king's protector ?

Q. Mar. So the poor chicken should be sure of death.

Suf. Madam, 'tis true : and were't not madness then,
To make the fox surveyor of the fold ?
Who being accus'd a crafty murderer,
His guilt should be but idly posted over,
Because his purpose is not executed.
No ; let him die, in that he is a fox,
By nature prov'd an enemy to the flock,
(Before his chaps be stain'd with crimson blood,)
As Humphrey, prov'd by reasons, to my liege.
And do not stand on quilllets, how to slay him :
Be it by gins, by snares, by subtilty,
Sleeping or waking, 'tis no matter how,
So he be dead ; for that is good deceit
Which mates¹ him first that first intends deceit.

Q. Mar. Thrice-noble Suffolk, 'tis resolutely spoke.

Suf. Not resolute, except so much were done ;
For things are often spoke, and seldom meant :
But, that my heart accordeth with my tongue,—
Seeing the deed is meritorious,
And to preserve my sovereign from his foe,—
Say but the word, and I will be his priest.

Car. But I would have him dead, my lord of Suffolk,
Ere you can take due orders for a priest :
Say, you consent, and censure well² the deed,
And I'll provide his executioner,
I tender so the safety of my liege.

Suf. Here is my hand, the deed is worthy doing.

Q. Mar. And so say I.

York. And I : and now we three have spoke it,
It skills not greatly who impugns our doom.

[Enter a Messenger.]

Mess. Great lords, from Ireland am I come amain,
To signify, that rebels there are up,
And put the Englishmen unto the sword :
Send succours, lords, and stop the rage betime,
Before the wound do grow incurable ;
For being green there is great hope of help.

Car. A breach that craves a quick expedient³ stop !
What counsel give you in this weighty cause ?

York. That Somerset be sent as regent thither ;
'Tis meet that lucky ruler be employ'd ;
Witness the fortune he hath had in France.

Som. If York, with all his far-fet policy,
Had been the regent there instead of me,
He never would have stay'd in France so long.

York. No, not to lose it all as thou hast done :
I rather would have lost my life betimes,
Than bring a burden of dishonour home,

¹ *Mates*—destroys, confounds.

² *Censure well*—approve.

³ *Expedient*—expeditious. So in King John :—

"His marches are *expedient* to this town."

By staying there so long, till all were lost.
Show me one scar character'd on thy skin :
Men's flesh preserv'd so whole, do seldom win.

Q. Mar. Nay then, this spark will prove a raging fire,
If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with :
No more, good York ;—sweet Somerset, be still ;
Thy fortune, York, hadst thou been regent there,
Might happily have prov'd far worse than his.

York. What, worse than naught ? nay, then a shame
take all !

Som. And in the number, thee, that wishest shame !

Car. My lord of York, try what your fortune is.
The uncivil Kernes of Ireland are in arms,
And temper clay with blood of Englishmen :
To Ireland will you lead a band of men,
Collected choicely, from each county some,
And try your hap against the Irishmen ?

York. I will, my lord, so please his majesty.

Suf. Why, our authority is his consent ;
And what we do establish he confirms :
Then, noble York, take thou this task in hand.

York. I am content : Provide me soldiers, lords,
Whiles I take order for mine own affairs.

Suf. A charge, lord York, that I will see perform'd.
But now return we to the false duke Humphrey.

Car. No more of him ; for I will deal with him,
That henceforth he shall trouble us no more.
And so break off ; the day is almost spent :
Lord Suffolk, you and I must talk of that event.

York. My lord of Suffolk, within fourteen days,
At Bristol I expect my soldiers ;
For there I'll ship them all for Ireland.

Suf. I'll see it truly done, my lord of York.

[*Exeunt all but YORK.*]

York. Now, York, or never, steel thy fearful thoughts,
And change misdoubt to resolution :
Be that thou hop'st to be ; or what thou art
Resign to death, it is not worth the enjoying :
Let pale-fac'd fear keep with the mean-born man,
And find no harbour in a royal heart.
Faster than spring-time showers comes thought on thought ;
And not a thought but thinks on dignity.
My brain, more busy than the labouring spider,
Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies.
Well, nobles, well, 'tis politicly done,
To send me packing with an host of men :
I fear me you but warm the starved snake,
Who, cherish'd in your breasts, will sting your hearts.
'Twas men I lack'd, and you will give them me :
I take it kindly ; yet, be well assur'd
You put sharp weapons in a madman's hands.
Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mighty band,
I will stir up in England some black storm
Shall blow ten thousand souls to heaven or hell :
And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage
Until the golden circuit on my head,
Like to the glorious sun's transparent beams,
Do calm the fury of this mad-bred flaw.¹
And, for a minister of my intent,
I have seduc'd a headstrong Kentishman,
John Cade of Ashford,
To make commotion, as full well he can,
Under the title of John Mortimer.
In Ireland have I seen this stubborn Cade
Oppose himself against a troop of Kernes ;
And fought so long, till that his thighs with darts
Were almost like a sharp-quill'd porcupine :
And, in the end being rescued, I have seen him
Caper upright like a wild Morisco,²
Shaking the bloody darts, as he his bells.

Full often, like a shag-hair'd crafty Kerne,
Hath he conversed with the enemy ;
And undiscover'd come to me again,
And given me notice of their villainies.
This devil here shall be my substitute ;
For that John Mortimer, which now is dead,
In face, in gait, in speech, he doth resemble ;
By this I shall perceive the commons' mind,
How they affect the house and claim of York.
Say, he be taken, rack'd, and tortur'd ;
I know no pain they can inflict upon him,
Will make him say—I mov'd him to those arms.
Say, that he thrive, (as 'tis great like he will,)
Why, then from Ireland come I with my strength,
And reap the harvest which that rascal sow'd :
For, Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,
And Henry put apart, the next for me. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—Bury. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter certain Murderers, hastily.

1 Mur. Run to my lord of Suffolk ; let him know
We have despatch'd the duke, as he commanded.

2 Mur. O, that it were to do !—What have we done ?
Didst ever hear a man so penitent ?

Enter SUFFOLK.

1 Mur. Here comes my lord.

Suf. Now, sirs, have you despatch'd this thing ?

1 Mur. Ay, my good lord, he's dead.

Suf. Why that's well said. Go, get you to my house ;
I will reward you for this venturous deed.
The king and all the peers are here at hand :—
Have you laid fair the bed ? are all things well,
According as I gave directions ?

1 Mur. 'Tis, my good lord.

Suf. Away, be gone ! [Exit Murderers.]

*Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, CARDINAL
BEAUFORT, SOMERSET, Lords, and others.*

K. Hen. Go, call our uncle to our presence straight :
Say, we intend to try his grace to-day,
If he be guilty, as 'tis published.

Suf. I'll call him presently, my noble lord. [Exit.]

K. Hen. Lords, take your places :—And, I pray you all,
Proceed no straiter 'gainst our uncle Gloster,
Than from true evidence, of good esteem,
He be approv'd in practice culpable.

Q. Mar. God forbid any malice should prevail,
That faultless may condemn a nobleman !
Pray God he may acquit him of suspicion !

K. Hen. I thank thee, Margaret ; these words content
me much.—

Re-enter SUFFOLK.

How now ? why look'st thou pale ? why tremblest thou ?
Where is our uncle ? what's the matter, Suffolk ?

Suf. Dead 'in his bed, my lord ; Gloster is dead.

Q. Mar. Marry, God forefend !

Car. God's secret judgment :—I did dream to-night
The duke was dumb, and could not speak a word.

[The KING swoons.]

Q. Mar. How fares my lord ?—Help, lords ! the king is
dead.

Som. Rear up his body ; wring him by the nose.

Morisco. This term probably points at the Moorish origin of the morris-dance.

¹ *Flaw*—a sudden gust of wind.

Q. Mar. Run, go, help, help!—O Henry, ope thine eyes!

Suf. He doth revive again:—Madam, be patient.

K. Hen. O heavenly God!

Q. Mar. How fares my gracious lord?

Suf. Comfort, my sovereign! gracious Henry, comfort!

K. Hen. What, doth my lord of Suffolk comfort me?

Came he right now to sing a raven's note,
Whose dismal tune bereft my vital powers;
And thinks he that the chirping of a wren,
By crying comfort from a hollow breast,
Can chase away the first-conceived sound?
Hide not thy poison with such sugar'd words:
Lay not thy hands on me; forbear, I say;
Their touch affrights me as a serpent's sting.
Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight!
Upon thy eyeballs murderous tyranny
Sits in grim majesty, to fright the world.
Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding:
Yet do not go away:—Come, basilisk,
And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight:
For in the shade of death I shall find joy;
In life but double death, now Gloster's dead.

Q. Mar. Why do you rate my lord of Suffolk thus?
Although the duke was enemy to him,
Yet he, most Christian-like, laments his death:
And for myself, foe as he was to me,
Might liquid tears, or heart-offending groans,
Or blood-consuming sighs recall his life,
I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,
Look pale as primrose with blood-drinking sighs,
And all to have the noble duke alive.
What know I how the world may deem of me?
For it is known we were but hollow friends;
It may be judg'd I made the duke away:
So shall my name with slander's tongue be wounded,
And princes' courts be fill'd with my reproach.
This get I by his death: Ah me, unhappy!
To be a queen, and crown'd with infamy!

K. Hen. Ah, woe is me for Gloster, wretched man!

Q. Mar. Be woe for me, more wretched than he is.
What, dost thou turn away, and hide thy face?
I am no loathsome leper, look on me.
What, art thou like the adder waxen deaf?
Be poisonous too, and kill thy forlorn queen.
Is all thy comfort shut in Gloster's tomb?
Why, then dame Margaret was ne'er thy joy:
Erect his statua then, and worship it,
And make my image but an alehouse sign.
Was I for this nigh wrack'd upon the sea;
And twice by awkward¹ wind from England's bank
Drove back again unto my native clime?
What boded this, but well-forewarning wind
Did seem to say,—Seek not a scorpion's nest,
Nor set no footing on this unkind shore?
What did I then, but curs'd the gentle gusts,
And he that loos'd them forth their brazen caves;
And bid them blow towards England's blessed shore,
Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock?
Yet Æolus would not be a murderer,
But left that hateful office unto thee:
The pretty vaulting sea refus'd to drown me;
Knowing that thou wouldst have me drown'd on shore,
With tears as salt as sea through thy unkindness:
The splitting rocks cower'd in the sinking sands,
And would not dash me with their ragged sides;
Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they,
Might in thy palace perish² Margaret.

As far as I could ken thy chalky cliffs,
When from thy shore the tempest beat us back,
I stood upon the hatches in the storm:
And when the dusky sky began to rob
My earnest-gaping sight of thy land's view,
I took a costly jewel from my neck,—
A heart it was, bound in with diamonds,—
And threw it towards thy land;—the sea receiv'd it;
And so I wish'd thy body might my heart:
And even with this I lost fair England's view,
And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart;
And call'd them blind and dusky spectacles,
For losing ken of Albion's wished coast.
How often have I tempted Suffolk's tongue
(The agent of thy foul inconstancy,)
To sit and witch me, as Ascanius did,
When he to madding Dido would unfold
His father's acts, commenc'd in burning Troy!
Am I not witch'd like her? or thou not false like him?
Ah me, I can no more! Die, Margaret!
For Henry weeps that thou dost live so long.

Noise within. Enter WARWICK and SALISBURY. The Commons press to the door.

War. It is reported, mighty sovereign,
That good duke Humphrey traitorously is murder'd
By Suffolk and the cardinal Beaufort's means.
The commons, like an angry hive of bees,
That want their leader, scatter up and down,
And care not who they sting in his revenge.
Myself have calm'd their spleenful mutiny,
Until they hear the order of his death.

K. Hen. That he is dead, good Warwick, 'tis too true;
But how he died, God knows, not Henry:
Enter his chamber, view his breathless corpse,
And comment then upon his sudden death.

War. That shall I do, my liege:—Stay, Salisbury,
With the rude multitude, till I return.

[WARWICK goes into an inner room, and SALISBURY retires.]

K. Hen. O thou that judgest all things, stay my thoughts;
My thoughts, that labour to persuade my soul
Some violent hands were laid on Humphrey's life!
If my suspect be false, forgive me, God;
For judgment only doth belong to thee!
Fain would I go to chafe his paly lips
With twenty thousand kisses, and to drain
Upon his face an ocean of salt tears;
To tell my love unto his dumb deaf trunk,
And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling:
But all in vain are these mean obsequies;
And to survey his dead and earthy image,
What were it but to make my sorrow greater?

*The folding doors of an inner chamber are thrown open, and GLOSTER is discovered dead in his bed: WARWICK and others standing by it.*³

War. Come hither, gracious sovereign, view this body.

K. Hen. That is, to see how deep my grave is made:
For with his soul fled all my worldly solace:
For seeing him, I see my life in death.

War. As surely as my soul intends to live
With that dread King, that took our state upon him
To free us from his Father's wrathful curse,

¹ *Awkward wind.* The same epithet is used by Marlowe and by Drayton.

² *Perish*—used actively, as *destroy*.

³ This direction is modern. There can be no doubt that, as the play was originally acted, the secondary stage (which we shall describe in *Othello*) was

employed. In "The First Part of the Contention" the murder itself takes place before the audience, as indicated by the following singular direction:—"Then the curtains being drawn, Duke Humphrey is discovered in his bed, and two men lying on his breast, and smothering him in his bed." At the present scene the direction in the folio is, "A bed with Gloster's body put forth."

I do believe that violent hands were laid
Upon the life of this thrice-famed duke.

Suf. A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn tongue!
What instance gives lord Warwick for his vow?

War. See, how the blood is settled in his face!
Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost,¹
Of ashy semblance, meagre, pale, and bloodless,
Being all descended to the labouring heart;²
Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,
Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy;
Which with the heart there cools, and ne'er returneth
To blush and beautify the cheek again.
But see, his face is black, and full of blood;
His eyeballs further out than when he liv'd,
Staring full ghostly like a strangled man:
His hair uprear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with struggling;
His hands abroad display'd, as one that grasp'd
And tugg'd for life, and was by strength subdued.
Look on the sheets, his hair, you see, is sticking;
His well-proportion'd beard made rough and rugged,
Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodg'd.
It cannot be but he was murder'd here;
The least of all these signs were probable.

Suf. Why, Warwick, who should do the duke to death?
Myself and Beaufort had him in protection;
And we, I hope, sir, are no murderers.

War. But both of you were vow'd duke Humphrey's
foes;

And you, forsooth, had the good duke to keep:
'Tis like you would not feast him like a friend;
And 'tis well seen he found an enemy.

Q. Mar. Then you, belike, suspect these noblemen
As guilty of duke Humphrey's timeless death.

War. Who finds the heifer dead, and bleeding fresh,
And sees fast by a butcher with an axe,
But will suspect 'twas he that made the slaughter?
Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest,
But may imagine how the bird was dead,
Although the kite soar with unbloodied beak?
Even so suspicious is this tragedy.

Q. Mar. Are you the butcher, Suffolk; where's your
knife?

Is Beaufort term'd a kite; where are his talons?

Suf. I wear no knife to slaughter sleeping men;
But here's a vengeful sword, rusted with ease,
That shall be scoured in his rancorous heart
That slanders me with murder's crimson badge:
Say, if thou dar'st, proud lord of Warwickshire,
That I am faulty in duke Humphrey's death.

[*Exeunt* CARDINAL, SOM., and others.]

War. What dares not Warwick, if false Suffolk dare
him?

Q. Mar. He dares not calm his contumelious spirit,
Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,
Though Suffolk dare him twenty thousand times.

War. Madam, be still, with reverence may I say;
For every word you speak in his behalf
Is slander to your royal dignity.

Suf. Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanour!
If ever lady wrong'd her lord so much,
Thy mother took into her blameful bed
Some stern untutor'd churl, and noble stock
Was graft with crab-tree slip; whose fruit thou art,
And never of the Nevils' noble race.

War. But that the guilt of murder bucklers thee,
And I should rob the deathsman of his fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
And that my sovereign's presence makes me mild,
I would, false murderous coward, on thy knee

Make thee beg pardon for thy passed speech,
And say—It was thy mother that thou meant'st,
That thou thyself was born in bastardy:
And, after all this fearful homage done,
Give thee thy hire, and send thy soul to hell,
Pernicious bloodsucker of sleeping men!

Suf. Thou shalt be waking while I shed thy blood,
If from this presence thou dar'st go with me.

War. Away even now, or I will drag thee hence:
Unworthy though thou art, I'll cope with thee,
And do some service to duke Humphrey's ghost.

[*Exeunt* SUFFOLK and WARWICK.]

K. Hen. What stronger breastplate than a heart un-
tainted?

Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just;
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

[*A noise within.*]

Q. Mar. What noise is this?

Re-enter SUFFOLK and WARWICK, with their weapons
drawn.

K. Hen. Why, how now, lords? your wrathful weapons
drawn

Here in our presence? dare you be so bold?—

Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here?

Suf. The traitorous Warwick, with the men of Bury,
Set all upon me, mighty sovereign.

Noise of a crowd within. Re-enter SALISBURY.

Sal. Sirs, stand apart; the king shall know your mind.—
[*Speaking to those within.*]

Dread lord, the commons send you word by me,
Unless lord Suffolk straight be done to death,
Or banished fair England's territories,
They will by violence tear him from your palace,
And torture him with grievous ling'ring death.
They say, by him the good duke Humphrey died;
They say, in him they fear your highness' death;
And mere instinct of love, and loyalty,—
Free from a stubborn opposite intent,
As being thought to contradict your liking,—
Makes them thus forward in his banishment.
They say, in care of your most royal person,
That, if your highness should intend to sleep,
And charge that no man should disturb your rest,
In pain of your dislike, or pain of death;
Yet, notwithstanding such a strait edict,
Were there a serpent seen, with forked tongue,
That slily glided towards your majesty,
It were but necessary you were wak'd;
Lest, being suffer'd in that harmful slumber,
The mortal worm might make the sleep eternal:
And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,
That they will guard you whe'r you will or no,
From such fell serpents as false Suffolk is;
With whose envenomed and fatal sting,
Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth,
They say, is shamefully bereft of life.

Commons. [*Within.*] An answer from the king, my lord
of Salisbury.

Suf. 'Tis like, the commons, rude unpolish'd hinds,
Could send such message to their sovereign:
But you, my lord, were glad to be employ'd,
To show how quaint an orator you are:
But all the honour Salisbury hath won,

¹ *Timely-parted ghost.* The word *ghost* was used somewhat vaguely by the old writers; it here undoubtedly means a *body* recently parted from the soul.

² The adjective *bloodless*, by a license of construction, includes the substantive —*the blood* "being all descended," &c.

Is, that he was the lord ambassador,
Sent from a sort of tinkers to the king.

Commons. [*Within.*] An answer from the king, or we
will all break in.

K. Hen. Go, Salisbury, and tell them all from me,
I thank them for their tender loving care;
And had I not been 'cited so by them,
Yet did I purpose as they do entreat;
For sure, my thoughts do hourly prophesy
Mischance unto my state by Suffolk's means.
And therefore, by His majesty I swear,
Whose far unworthy deputy I am,
He shall not breathe infection in this air
But three days longer, on the pain of death.

[*Exit* SALISBURY.]

Q. Mar. O Henry, let me plead for gentle Suffolk!

K. Hen. Ungentle queen, to call him gentle Suffolk.
No more, I say; if thou dost plead for him
Thou wilt but add increase unto my wrath.
Had I but said, I would have kept my word;
But when I swear, it is irrevocable:
If, after three days' space, thou here be'st found
On any ground that I am ruler of,
The world shall not be ransom for thy life.
Come, Warwick, come good Warwick, go with me:
I have great matters to impart to thee.

[*Exeunt* KING HENRY, WARWICK, Lords, &c.]

Q. Mar. Mischance and sorrow go along with you!
Heart's discontent, and sour affliction,
Be playfellows to keep you company!
There's two of you; the devil make a third!
And threefold vengeance tend upon your steps!

Suf. Cease, gentle queen, these execrations,
And let thy Suffolk take his heavy leave.

Q. Mar. Fie, coward woman, and soft-hearted wretch!
Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemies?

Suf. A plague upon them! wherefore should I curse
them?

Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,
I would invent as bitter searching terms,
As curst, as harsh, and horrible to hear,
Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,
With full as many signs of deadly hate,
As lean-fac'd Envy in her loathsome cave:
My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words;
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint;
My hair be fix'd on end, as one distract;
Ay, every joint should seem to curse and ban:
And even now my burden'd heart would break,
Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink!
Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that they taste!
Their sweetest shade a grove of cypress trees!
Their chiefest prospect murdering basilisks!
Their softest touch as smart as lizards' stings!
Their music frightful as the serpents' hiss;
And boding screech-owls make the concert full!
All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell——

Q. Mar. Enough, sweet Suffolk; thou torment'st thyself;
And these dread curses, like the sun 'gainst glass,
Or like an overcharged gun, recoil,
And turn the force of them upon thyself.

Suf. You bade me ban, and will you bid me leave?
Now, by the ground that I am banish'd from,
Well could I curse away a winter's night,
Though standing naked on a mountain top,
Where biting cold would never let grass grow,
And think it but a minute spent in sport.

Q. Mar. O, let me entreat thee, cease! Give me thy
hand,
That I may dew it with my mournful tears;

Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,
To wash away my woeful monuments.
O, could this kiss be printed in thy hand, [*Kisses his hand.*
That thou might'st think upon these by the seal,
Through whom a thousand sighs are breath'd for thee!
So, get thee gone, that I may know my grief;
'Tis but surmis'd whilst thou art standing by,
As one that surfeits thinking on a want.
I will repeal thee, or, be well assur'd,
Adventure to be banished myself:
And banished I am, if but from thee.
Go, speak not to me; even now be gone.—
O, go not yet!—Even thus two friends condemn'd
Embrace, and kiss, and take ten thousand leaves,
Loather a hundred times to part than die.
Yet now farewell; and farewell life with thee!

Suf. Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banished,
Once by the king, and three times thrice by thee.
'Tis not the land I care for, wert thou hence;
A wilderness is populous enough,
So Suffolk had thy heavenly company:
For where thou art, there is the world itself,
With every several pleasure in the world;
And where thou art not, desolation.
I can no more:—Live thou to joy thy life;
Myself no joy in naught, but that thou liv'st.

[*Enter* VAUX.]

Q. Mar. Whither goes Vaux so fast? what news, I
prithee?

Vaux. To signify unto his majesty
That cardinal Beaufort is at point of death:
For suddenly a grievous sickness took him,
That makes him gasp, and stare, and catch the air
Blaspheming God, and cursing men on earth.
Sometime, he talks as if duke Humphrey's ghost
Were by his side; sometime, he calls the king,
And whispers to his pillow, as to him,
The secrets of his overcharged soul:
And I am sent to tell his majesty,
That even now he cries aloud for him.

Q. Mar. Go tell this heavy message to the king.

[*Exit* VAUX.]

Ah me! what is this world? what news are these?
But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loss,
Omitting Suffolk's exile, my soul's treasure?
Why only, Suffolk, mourn I not for thee,
And with the southern clouds contend in tears;
Theirs for the earth's increase, mine for my sorrows?
Now, get thee hence: The king, thou know'st, is coming!
If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.

Suf. If I depart from thee I cannot live:
And in thy sight to die, what were it else,
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?
Here could I breathe my soul into the air,
As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe,
Dying with mother's dug between its lips:
Where,¹ from thy sight, I should be raging mad,
And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes,
To have thee with thy lips to stop my mouth;
So shouldst thou either turn my flying soul,
Or I should breathe it so into thy body,
And then it liv'd in sweet Elysium.
To die by thee were but to die in jest;
From thee to die were torture more than death:
O, let me stay, befall what may befall.

Q. Mar. Away! though parting be a fretful corsive,²
It is applied to a deathful wound.
To France, sweet Suffolk: Let me hear from thee;

¹ *Where*—for *whereas*. The words were convertible. (See Note 4, p. 681.)

² *Corsive*—corrosive. The word was often spelt and pronounced *corsive*.
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For wheresoe'er thou art in this world's globe,
I'll have an Iris that shall find thee out.

Suf. I go.

Q. Mar. And take my heart with thee.

Suf. A jewel, lock'd into the woeful'st cask
That ever did contain a thing of worth.
Even as a splitted bark, so sunder we;
This way fall I to death.

Q. Mar. This way for me. [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE III.—London. Cardinal Beaufort's *Bedchamber.*

Enter KING HENRY, SALISBURY, WARWICK, and others.
The CARDINAL in bed; Attendants with him.

K. Hen. How fares my lord? speak, Beaufort, to thy
sovereign.

Car. If thou be'st death, I'll give thee England's
treasure,

Enough to purchase such another island,
So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.

K. Hen. Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,
Where death's approach is seen so terrible!

War. Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks to thee.

Car. Bring me unto my trial when you will.
Died he not in his bed? where should he die?
Can I make men live, wh'er they will or no?—
O! torture me no more, I will confess.—

Alive again? then show me where he is;

I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him.—

He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.—

Comb down his hair; look! look! it stands upright,

Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul!—

Give me some drink; and bid the apothecary

Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

K. Hen. O thou eternal Mover of the heavens,

Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch!

O, beat away the busy meddling fiend

That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,

And from his bosom purge this black despair!

War. See, how the pangs of death do make him grin.

Sal. Disturb him not, let him pass peaceably.

K. Hen. Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure be!

Lord cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,

Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.—

He dies, and makes no sign; O God, forgive him!

War. So bad a death argues a monstrous life.

K. Hen. Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.—

Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close;

And let us all to meditation. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Kent. *The Sea-shore, near Dover.*

*Firing heard at sea. Then enter from a boat, a Captain, a
Master, a Master's Mate, WALTER WHITMORE, and
others; with them SUFFOLK, and other Gentlemen,
prisoners.*

Cap. The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day¹
Is crept into the bosom of the sea;

¹ These epithets are beautifully chosen. Milton has copied one of them in
"Comus:—"

"Ere the *blabbing* eastern scout,
The nice morn, on th' Indian steep,
From her cabin'd loop-hole peep."

² The *jades* with flagging *wings* are the "night's swift dragons" of A Mid-
summer Night's Dream:—

"For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast."

³ We follow the reading of the folio. Malone has corrected the passage as
follows:—

"The lives of those which we have lost in fight
Cannot be counterpois'd with such a petty sum."

And now loud-howling wolves arouse the jades

That drag the tragic melancholy night;²

Who with their drowsy, slow, and flagging wings

Clip dead men's graves, and from their misty jaws

Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air.

Therefore, bring forth the soldiers of our prize;

For, whilst our pinnace anchors in the Downs,

Here shall they make their ransom on the sand,

Or with their blood stain this discolour'd shore.

Master, this prisoner freely give I thee;—

And thou that art his mate, make boot of this;—

The other, [*pointing to SUFFOLK*] Walter Whitmore, is thy
share.

¹ *Gent.* What is my ransom, master? let me know.

Mast. A thousand crowns, or else lay down your head.

Mate. And so much shall you give, or off goes yours.

Cap. What, think you much to pay two thousand
crowns,

And bear the name and port of gentlemen?—

Cut both the villains' throats,—for die you shall.—

The lives of those which we have lost in fight

Be counterpois'd with such a petty sum?³

¹ *Gent.* I'll give it, sir; and therefore spare my life.

² *Gent.* And so will I, and write home for it straight.

Whit. I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard,
And therefore to revenge it shalt thou die; [*To Suf.*]

And so should these, if I might have my will.

Cap. Be not so rash; take ransom, let him live.

Suf. Look on my George, I am a gentleman;

Rate me at what thou wilt thou shalt be paid.

Whit. And so am I; my name is Walter Whitmore.

How now? why start'st thou? what, doth death affright?

Suf. Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is death.

A cunning man did calculate my birth,

And told me that by *Water*⁴ I should die.

Yet let not this make thee be bloody minded;

Thy name is *Gualtier*, being rightly sounded.

Whit. *Gualtier*, or *Walter*, which it is I care not;

Never yet did base dishonour blur our name,

But with our sword we wip'd away the blot;

Therefore, when merchant-like I sell revenge,

Broke be my sword, my arms torn and defac'd,

And I proclaim'd a coward through the world!

[*Lays hold on SUFFOLK.*]

Suf. Stay, Whitmore; for thy prisoner is a prince,
The duke of Suffolk, William de la Pole.

Whit. The duke of Suffolk, muffled up in rags!

Suf. Ay, but these rags are no part of the duke;
[*Jove sometimes went disguis'd, and why not I?*⁵]

Cap. But Jove was never slain, as thou shalt be.

Suf. Obscure and lowly swain, king Henry's blood,

The honourable blood of Lancaster,

Must not be shed by such a jaded groom.

Hast thou not kiss'd thy hand, and held my stirrup?

Bare-headed plodded by my foot-cloth mule,

And thought thee happy when I shook my head?

How often hast thou waited at my cup,

Fed from my trencher, kneel'd down at the board,

When I have feasted with queen Margaret?

Remember it, and let it make thee crest-fall'n;

Ay, and allay this thy abortive pride:

How in our voiding lobby hast thou stood,

And duly waited for my coming forth?

It appears to us that this emendation greatly weakens the force of the passage.
Upon the hesitation to pay ransom the captain exclaims, "*What*, think you
much," &c. He then, parenthetically, threatens death; and continues his half-
interrogative sentence, *What*, "The lives of those which we have lost in fight be
counterpois'd," &c.

⁴ In the incantation scene in Act I. we have this prophecy:—

"What fates await the duke of Suffolk?
By *water* shall he die, and take his end."

It appears from this passage that *Walter* was commonly pronounced *Water*.

⁵ This line, which is necessary for the understanding of what follows, is not
found in the folio. It is introduced from "The First Part of the Contention," &c.

This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf,
And therefore shall it charm thy riotous tongue.

Whit. Speak, captain, shall I stab the forlorn swain?

Cap. First let my words stab him, as he hath me.

Suf. Base slave! thy words are blunt, and so art thou.

Cap. Convey him hence, and on our long-boat's side
Strike off his head.

Suf. Thou dar'st not for thy own.

[*Cap.* Yes, Poole.

Suf. Poole!¹]

Cap. Poole! Sir Poole! lord!

Ay, kennel, puddle, sink; whose filth and dirt
Troubles the silver spring where England drinks.
Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth,
For swallowing the treasure of the realm:
Thy lips, that kiss'd the queen, shall sweep the ground:
And thou, that smil'dst at good duke Humphrey's death,
Against the senseless winds shall grin in vain,
Who, in contempt, shall hiss at thee again:
And wedded be thou to the hags of hell,
For daring to affy² a mighty lord
Unto the daughter of a worthless king,
Having neither subject, wealth, nor diadem.
By devilish policy art thou grown great,
And, like ambitious Sylla, overgorg'd
With gobbets of thy mother's bleeding heart,
By thee Anjou and Maine were sold to France:
The false revolting Normans, thorough thee,
Disdain to call us lord; and Picardy
Hath slain their governors, surpris'd our forts,
And sent the ragged soldiers wounded home.
The princely Warwick, and the Nevils all,
Whose dreadful swords were never drawn in vain,
As hating thee, are rising up in arms:
And now the house of York—thrust from the crown,
By shameful murder of a guiltless king,
And lofty proud encroaching tyranny,—
Burns with revenging fire; whose hopeful colours
Advance our half-fac'd sun, striving to shine,
Under the which is writ *Invitis nubibus*.³
The commons here in Kent are up in arms:
And, to conclude, reproach, and beggary,
Is crept into the palace of our king,
And all by thee:—Away! convey him hence.

Suf. O that I were a god, to shoot forth thunder
Upon these paltry, servile, abject drudges!
Small things make base men proud: this villain here,
Being captain of a pinnace, threatens more
Than Bargulus the strong Illyrian pirate.⁴
Drones suck not eagles' blood, but rob bee-hives.
It is impossible that I should die
By such a lowly vassal as thyself.
Thy words move rage, and not remorse, in me:
I go of message from the queen to France;
I charge thee waft me safely cross the channel.

Cap. Walter,—

Whit. Come, Suffolk, I must waft thee to thy death.

Suf. *Penè gelidus timor occupat artus*:—'tis thee I fear.

Whit. Thou shalt have cause to fear before I leave thee.
What, are ye daunted now? now will ye stoop?

¹ *Gent.* My gracious lord, entreat him, speak him fair.

Suf. Suffolk's imperial tongue is stern and rough,
Used to command, untaught to plead for favour.
Far be it we should honour such as these

With humble suit: no, rather let my head
Stoop to the block than these knees bow to any,
Save to the God of heaven, and to my king;
And sooner dance upon a bloody pole
Than stand uncover'd to the vulgar groom.
True nobility is exempt from fear:—
More can I bear than you dare execute.

Cap. Hale him away, and let him talk no more.

Suf. Come, soldiers, show what cruelty ye can,
That this my death may never be forgot!—
Great men oft die by vile bezonians:⁵
A Roman sworder and banditto slave
Murder'd sweet Tully; Brutus' bastard hand
Stabb'd Julius Cæsar; savage islanders,
Pompey the Great: and Suffolk dies by pirates.

[*Exit Suf.*, with *Whit.* and *others.*

Cap. And as for these whose ransom we have set,
It is our pleasure one of them depart:—
Therefore come you with us, and let him go.

[*Exeunt all but the first Gentleman.*

Re-enter WHITMORE, with SUFFOLK'S body.

Whit. There let his head and lifeless body lie,
Until the queen his mistress bury it. [*Exit.*

¹ *Gent.* O barbarous and bloody spectacle!
His body will I bear unto the king:
If he revenge it not, yet will his friends;
So will the queen, that living held him dear.

[*Exit, with the body.*

SCENE II.—Blackheath.

Enter GEORGE BEVIS and JOHN HOLLAND.

Geo. Come, and get thee a sword, though made of a lath;
they have been up these two days.

John. They have the more need to sleep now then.

Geo. I tell thee, Jack Cade the clothier means to dress
the commonwealth, and turn it, and set a new nap
upon it.

John. So he had need, for 'tis threadbare. Well, I say
it was never merry world in England since gentlemen
came up.

Geo. O miserable age! Virtue is not regarded in handi-
crafts-men.

John. The nobility think scorn to go in leather apron.

Geo. Nay more, the king's council are no good workmen.

John. True. And yet it is said, Labour in thy vocation:
which is as much to say as, let the magistrates be labouring
men; and therefore should we be magistrates.

Geo. Thou hast hit it: for there's no better sign of a
brave mind than a hard hand.

John. I see them! I see them! There's Best's son, the
tanner of Wingham;—

Geo. He shall have the skins of our enemies, to make
dog's leather of.

John. And Dick the butcher,—

Geo. Then is sin struck down like an ox, and iniquity's
throat cut like a calf.

John. And Smith the weaver.

Geo. *Argo*, their thread of life is spun.

John. Come, come, let's fall in with them.

¹ The passage in brackets is not found in the folio. Without it the point of the dialogue is lost. There can be no doubt that it was omitted by a typographical error, for in "The First Part of the Contention" the reading is as follows:—

"*Suf.* Thou dar'st not for thy own.

Cap. Yes, Poole.

Suf. Poole?

Cap. Ay, Poole; puddle, kennel, sink, and dirt."

² To affy—to betroth.

³ This is an allusion to the device of Edward III., which was, according to Camden, "the rays of the sun dispersing themselves out of a cloud."

⁴ "Bargulus, Illyrius latro."—*Ciceronis Officia*, lib. ii. cap. xi.

⁵ *Bezonian* was a term of contempt, of somewhat uncertain derivation. Pistol uses it insultingly in Henry IV., Part II.:—

"Under which king, Bezonian? speak or die."

Drum. Enter CADE, DICK the butcher, SMITH the weaver, and others in great number.

Cade. We John Cade, so termed of our supposed father,—

Dick. Or rather, of stealing a cade of herrings.¹ [*Aside.*

Cade. —for our enemies shall fall before us, inspired with the spirit of putting down kings and princes.—Command silence.

Dick. Silence!

Cade. My father was a Mortimer,—

Dick. He was an honest man, and a good bricklayer. [*Aside.*

Cade. My mother a Plantagenet,—

Dick. I knew her well, she was a midwife. [*Aside.*

Cade. My wife descended of the Lacies,—

Dick. She was, indeed, a pedlar's daughter, and sold many laces. [*Aside.*

Smith. But, now of late, not able to travel with her furred pack, she washes bucks here at home. [*Aside.*

Cade. Therefore am I of an honourable house.

Dick. Ay, by my faith, the field is honourable; and there was he born, under a hedge; for his father had never a house but the cage. [*Aside.*

Cade. Valiant I am.

Smith. 'A must needs; for beggary is valiant. [*Aside.*

Cade. I am able to endure much.

Dick. No question of that; for I have seen him whipped three market days together. [*Aside.*

Cade. I fear neither sword nor fire.

Smith. He need not fear the sword, for his coat is of proof. [*Aside.*

Dick. But methinks he should stand in fear of fire, being burnt i' the hand for stealing of sheep. [*Aside.*

Cade. Be brave then; for your captain is brave, and vows reformation. There shall be, in England, seven half-penny loaves sold for a penny: the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops; and I will make it felony to drink small beer: all the realm shall be in common, and in Cheapside shall my palfrey go to grass. And when I am king, (as king I will be)—

All. God save your majesty!

Cade. I thank you, good people:—there shall be no money; all shall eat and drink on my score; and I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers, and worship me their lord.

Dick. The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers.

Cade. Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? that parchment, being scribbled o'er, should undo a man? Some say the bee stings: but I say 'tis the bee's wax, for I did but seal once to a thing, and I was never mine own man since. How now? who's there?

Enter some, bringing in the Clerk of Chatham.

Smith. The clerk of Chatham: he can write and read, and cast accompt.

Cade. O monstrous!

Smith. We took him setting of boys' copies.

Cade. Here's a villain!

Smith. H' as a book in his pocket with red letters in 't.

Cade. Nay, then he is a conjurer.

Dick. Nay, he can make obligations, and write court-hand.

Cade. I am sorry for 't: the man is a proper man, of mine honour; unless I find him guilty he shall not die.—Come hither, sirrah, I must examine thee: What is thy name?

Clerk. Emmanuel.

Dick. They use to write it on the top of letters;—'Twill go hard with you.

Cade. Let me alone:—Dost thou use to write thy name? or hast thou a mark to thyself, like an honest plain-dealing man?

Clerk. Sir, I thank God I have been so well brought up that I can write my name.

All. He hath confessed: away with him; he's a villain and a traitor.

Cade. Away with him, I say: hang him with his pen and inkhorn about his neck. [*Exeunt some with the Clerk.*

Enter MICHAEL.

Mich. Where's our general?

Cade. Here I am, thou particular fellow.

Mich. Fly, fly, fly! sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother are hard by, with the king's forces.

Cade. Stand, villain, stand, or I'll fell thee down: He shall be encountered with a man as good as himself: He is but a knight, is 'a?

Mich. No.

Cade. To equal him, I will make myself a knight presently: Rise up sir John Mortimer. Now have at him.

Enter SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD, and WILLIAM, his Brother, with drum and Forces.

Staf. Rebellious hinds, the filth and scum of Kent, Mark'd for the gallows, lay your weapons down, Home to your cottages, forsake this groom; The king is merciful, if you revolt.

W. Staf. But angry, wrathful, and inclin'd to blood, If you go forward: Therefore yield, or die.

Cade. As for these silken-coated slaves, I pass not; It is to you, good people, that I speak, Over whom, in time to come, I hope to reign; For I am rightful heir unto the crown.

Staf. Villain, thy father was a plasterer; And thou thyself a shearman, art thou not?

Cade. And Adam was a gardener.

W. Staf. And what of that?

Cade. Marry, this:—Edmund Mortimer, earl of March, Married the duke of Clarence' daughter:—Did he not?

Staf. Ay, sir.

Cade. By her he had two children at one birth.

W. Staf. That's false.

Cade. Ay, there's the question; but, I say, 'tis true: The elder of them, being put to nurse, Was by a beggar-woman stolen away; And, ignorant of his birth and parentage, Became a bricklayer when he came to age: His son am I; deny it if you can.

Dick. Nay, 'tis too true; therefore he shall be king.

Smith. Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house, and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it; therefore, deny it not.

Staf. And will you credit this base drudge's words, That speaks he knows not what?

All. Ay, marry, will we; therefore get ye gone.

W. Staf. Jack Cade, the duke of York hath taught you this.

Cade. He lies, for I invented it myself. [*Aside.*]—Go to, sirrah: Tell the king from me, that, for his father's sake, Henry the Fifth, in whose time boys went to span-counter for French crowns, I am content he shall reign; but I'll be protector over him.

Dick. And, furthermore, we'll have the lord Say's head, for selling the dukedom of Maine.

Cade. And good reason, for thereby is England maimed,² and fain to go with a staff, but that my puissance holds it

¹ A cade of herrings, according to an old monastic account, is a cask containing somewhat more than half a barrel.

² So the folio—injudiciously corrected to *maimed*; to *maine* being a provincial word for *to lame*.

up. Fellow kings, I tell you, that that lord Say hath gelded the commonwealth, and made it an eunuch: and more than that, he can speak French, and therefore he is a traitor.

Staf. O gross and miserable ignorance!

Cade. Nay, answer, if you can: The Frenchmen are our enemies: go to then. I ask but this,—can he that speaks with the tongue of an enemy be a good counsellor, or no?

All. No, no; and therefore we'll have his head.

W. Staf. Well, seeing gentle words will not prevail, Assail them with the army of the king.

Staf. Herald, away: and, throughout every town, Proclaim them traitors that are up with Cade; That those which fly before the battle ends May, even in their wives' and children's sight, Be hang'd up for example at their doors: And you that be the king's friends follow me.

[*Exeunt the two STAFFORDS, and Forces.*]

Cade. And you that love the commons follow me. Now show yourselves men, 'tis for liberty. We will not leave one lord, one gentleman: Spare none, but such as go in clouted shoon; For they are thrifty honest men, and such As would (but that they dare not) take our parts.

Dick. They are all in order, and march toward us.

Cade. But then are we in order, when we are most out of order. Come, march forward. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Another part of Blackheath.*

Alarum. The two parties enter and fight, and both the STAFFORDS are slain.

Cade. Where's Dick the butcher of Ashford?

Dick. Here, sir.

Cade. They fell before thee like sheep and oxen, and thou behavedst thyself as if thou hadst been in thine own slaughter-house: therefore thus will I reward thee,—The Lent shall be as long again as it is; and thou shalt have a licence to kill for a hundred lacking one.¹

Dick. I desire no more.

Cade. And, to speak truth, thou deservest no less. This monument of the victory will I bear;² and the bodies shall be dragged at my horse' heels, till I do come to London, where we will have the mayor's sword borne before us.

Dick. If we mean to thrive and do good, break open the gaols, and let out the prisoners.

Cade. Fear not that, I warrant thee. Come, let's march towards London. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING HENRY, reading a supplication; the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, and LORD SAY, with him at a distance, QUEEN MARGARET, mourning over SUFFOLK'S head.

Q. Mar. Oft have I heard that grief softens the mind, And makes it fearful and degenerate; Think therefore on revenge, and cease to weep. But who can cease to weep, and look on this? Here may his head lie on my throbbing breast; But where's the body that I should embrace?

Buck. What answer makes your grace to the rebels' supplication?

K. Hen. I'll send some holy bishop to entreat: For God forbid, so many simple souls

Should perish by the sword! And I myself, Rather than bloody war shall cut them short, Will parley with Jack Cade their general. But stay, I'll read it over once again.

Q. Mar. Ah, barbarous villains! hath this lovely face Rul'd, like a wandering planet, over me: And could it not enforce them to relent, That were unworthy to behold the same?

K. Hen. Lord Say, Jack Cade hath sworn to have thy head.

Say. Ay, but I hope your highness shall have his.

K. Hen. How now, madam?

Still lamenting, and mourning for Suffolk's death? I fear me, love,³ if that I had been dead, Thou wouldest not have mourn'd so much for me.

Q. Mar. No, my love, I should not mourn, but die for thee.

Enter a Messenger.

K. Hen. How now! what news! why com'st thou in such haste?

Mess. The rebels are in Southwark. Fly, my lord! Jack Cade proclaims himself lord Mortimer, Descended from the duke of Clarence' house; And calls your grace usurper, openly, And vows to crown himself in Westminster. His army is a ragged multitude Of hinds and peasants, rude and merciless: Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother's death Hath given them heart and courage to proceed; All scholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen, They call false caterpillars, and intend their death.

K. Hen. O graceless men! they know not what they do.

Buck. My gracious lord, retire to Killingworth,⁴ Until a power be rais'd to put them down.

Q. Mar. Ah! were the duke of Suffolk now alive, These Kentish rebels would be soon appeas'd.

K. Hen. Lord Say, the traitors hate thee, Therefore away with us to Killingworth.

Say. So might your grace's person be in danger: The sight of me is odious in their eyes; And therefore in this city will I stay, And live alone as secret as I may.

Enter another Messenger.

2 Mess. Jack Cade hath gotten London-bridge; The citizens fly and forsake their houses; The rascal people, thirsting after prey, Join with the traitor; and they jointly swear To spoil the city and your royal court.

Buck. Then linger not, my lord; away, take horse.

K. Hen. Come, Margaret; God, our hope, will succour us.

Q. Mar. My hope is gone, now Suffolk is deceas'd.

K. Hen. Farewell, my lord; [*to LORD SAY.*] trust not the Kentish rebels.

Buck. Trust nobody, for fear you be betray'd.

Say. The trust I have is in mine innocence, And therefore am I bold and resolute. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*The same. The Tower.*

Enter LORD SCALES, and others, on the walls. Then enter certain Citizens, below.

Scales. How now! is Jack Cade slain?

1 Cit. No, my lord, nor likely to be slain; for they have

¹ Malone reads, "for a hundred lacking one, a week." Malone's addition is warranted by the text of "The First Part of the Contention." The license to kill beasts during Lent was one of the ancient modes of favouritism.

² A passage in Holinshed explains this:—"Jack Cade, upon his victory against

the Staffords, apparelled himself in sir Humphrey's brigandine, set full of gilt nails."

³ *I fear me, love.* So the folio. This had been usually printed, *I fear, my love.*

⁴ *Killingworth.* This is the old orthography of *Kenilworth*, and is still the local pronunciation.

won the bridge, killing all those that withstand them : The lord mayor craves aid of your honour from the Tower, to defend the city from the rebels.

Scales. Such aid as I can spare you shall command ; But I am troubled here with them myself : The rebels have assay'd to win the Tower. But get you to Smithfield, and gather head, And thither I will send you Matthew Gough : Fight for your king, your country, and your lives ; And so farewell, for I must hence again. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VI.—*The same.* Cannon-street.

Enter JACK CADE, and his Followers. He strikes his staff on London-stone.

Cade. Now is Mortimer lord of this city. And here, sitting upon London-stone, I charge and command, that, of the city's cost, the pissing-conduit run nothing but claret wine this first year of our reign. And now, henceforward, it shall be treason for any that calls me other than lord Mortimer.

Enter a Soldier running.

Sold. Jack Cade ! Jack Cade !

Cade. Knock him down there. *[They kill him.]*

Smith. If this fellow be wise, he'll never call you Jack Cade more : I think he hath a very fair warning.

Dick. My lord, there's an army gathered together in Smithfield.

Cade. Come then, let's go fight with them : But, first, go and set London-bridge on fire : and, if you can, burn down the Tower too. Come, let's away. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VII.—*The same.* Smithfield.

Alarum. Enter, on one side, CADE and his Company ; on the other, Citizens, and the KING'S Forces, headed by MATTHEW GOUGH. They fight ; the Citizens are routed, and MATTHEW GOUGH is slain.

Cade. So, sirs :—Now go some and pull down the Savoy ; others to the inns of court ; down with them all.

Dick. I have a suit unto your lordship.

Cade. Be it a lordship, thou shalt have it for that word.

Dick. Only, that the laws of England may come out of your mouth.

John. Mass, 'twill be sore law then ; for he was thrust in the mouth with a spear, and 'tis not whole yet. *[Aside.]*

Smith. Nay, John, it will be stinking law ; for his breath stinks with eating toasted cheese. *[Aside.]*

Cade. I have thought upon it, it shall be so. Away, burn all the records of the realm ; my mouth shall be the parliament of England.

John. Then we are like to have biting statutes, unless his teeth be pull'd out. *[Aside.]*

Cade. And henceforward, all things shall be in common.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, a prize, a prize ! here's the lord Say, which sold the towns in France ; he that made us pay one

and twenty fifteens, and one shilling to the pound, the last subsidy.

Enter GEORGE BEVIS, with the LORD SAY.

Cade. Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten times.—Ah, thou say, thou serge, nay, thou buckram lord ! now art thou within point blank of our jurisdiction regal. What canst thou answer to my majesty, for giving up of Normandy unto monsieur Basimecu, the dauphin of France ? Be it known unto thee, by these presence, even the presence of lord Mortimer, that I am the besom that must sweep the court clean of such filth as thou art. Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm, in erecting a grammar-school and whereas, before, our forefathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be used ; and, contrary to the king, his crown and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill. It will be proved to thy face, that thou hast men about thee that usually talk of a noun, and a verb ; and such abominable words as no Christian ear can endure to hear. Thou hast appointed justices of peace, to call poor men before them about matters they were not able to answer. Moreover, thou hast put them in prison ; and because they could not read thou hast hanged them ; when, indeed, only for that cause they have been most worthy to live. Thou dost ride on a foot-cloth, dost thou not ?

Say. What of that ?

Cade. Marry, thou oughtest not to let thy horse wear a cloak, when honest men than thou go in their hose and doublets.

Dick. And work in their shirt too ; as myself, for example, that am a butcher.

Say. You men of Kent,—

Dick. What say you of Kent ?

Say. Nothing but this ; 'Tis *bona terra, mala gens.*

Cade. Away with him, away with him ! he speaks Latin.

Say. Hear me but speak, and bear me where you will.

Kent, in the Commentaries Cæsar writ,
Is term'd the civil'st place of all this isle :
Sweet is the country, because full of riches ;
The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy ;
Which makes me hope you are not void of pity.

I sold not Maine, I lost not Normandy ;
Yet, to recover them, would lose my life.
Justice with favour have I always done ;
Prayers and tears have mov'd me, gifts could never.

When have I aught exacted at your hands ?
Kent to maintain, the king, the realm, and you,¹

Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks,
Because my book preferr'd me to the king,
And seeing ignorance is the curse of God,

Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven.²
Unless you be possess'd with devilish spirits,
You cannot but forbear to murder me.

This tongue hath parley'd unto foreign kings
For your behoof,—

Cade. Tut ! when struck'st one blow in the field ?

Say. Great men have reaching hands : oft have I struck
Those that I never saw, and struck them dead.

Geo. O monstrous coward ! what, to come behind folks ?

Say. These cheeks are pale for watching³ for your good.

Cade. Give him a box o' the ear, and that will make 'em red again.

Say. Long sitting to determine poor men's causes
Hath made me full of sickness and diseases.

¹ We follow the original punctuation in making Say unconditionally ask—
“ When have I aught exacted at your hands ? ”

He then goes on to say that, for the good of all, he has encouraged learned men. Instead of “ Kent to maintain,” Johnson proposes to read “ But to maintain,” which has been recently adopted without a sufficient regard, we think, to the context. “ Kent to maintain ” is Say's answer to “ What say you of Kent ? ”

² This is usually pointed so as to close the sentence at “ preferr'd me to the king.” He not only bestowed gifts on learned clerks because his own book had preferred him, but from a general conviction that ignorance is the curse of God, &c. This declaration has little connection with the exhortation not to murder him.

³ For watching—in consequence of watching.

Cade. Ye shall have a hempen caudle then, and the pap of hatchet.¹

Dick. Why dost thou quiver, man?

Say. The palsy, and not fear, provokes me.

Cade. Nay, he nods at us; as who should say, I'll be even with you. I'll see if his head will stand steadier on a pole, or no: Take him away, and behead him.

Say. Tell me, wherein have I offended most?

Have I affected wealth, or honour; speak?

Are my chests fill'd up with extorted gold?

Is my apparel sumptuous to behold?

Whom have I injur'd, that ye seek my death?

These hands are free from guiltless blood-shedding,²

This breast from harbouring foul deceitful thoughts.

O, let me live!

Cade. I feel remorse in myself with his words: but I'll bridle it; he shall die, an it be but for pleading so well for his life. Away with him! he has a familiar under his tongue; he speaks not o' God's name. Go, take him away, I say, and strike off his head presently; and then break into his son-in-law's house, sir James Cromer, and strike off his head, and bring them both upon two poles hither.

All. It shall be done.

Say. Ah, countrymen! if when you make your prayers, God should be so obdurate as yourselves, How would it fare with your departed souls? And therefore yet relent, and save my life.

Cade. Away with him, and do as I command ye. [*Exeunt some with LORD SAY.*] The proudest peer in the realm shall not wear a head on his shoulders, unless he pay me tribute; there shall not a maid be married, but she shall pay to me her maidenhead ere they have it: Men shall hold of me *in capite*; and we charge and command that their wives be as free as heart can wish, or tongue can tell.

Dick. My lord, when shall we go to Cheapside, and take up commodities upon our bills?³

Cade. Marry, presently.

All. O brave!

Re-enter Rebels, with the heads of LORD SAY and his Son-in-law.

Cade. But is not this braver?—Let them kiss one another, for they loved well when they were alive. Now part them again, lest they consult about the giving up of some more towns in France. Soldiers, defer the spoil of the city until night: for with these borne before us, instead of maces, will we ride through the streets; and, at every corner, have them kiss.—Away! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.—Southwark.

Alarum. Enter CADE, and all his Rabblement.

Cade. Up Fish street! down Saint Magnus' corner! kill and knock down! throw them into Thames!—[*A parley sounded, then a retreat.*] What noise is this I hear? Dare any be so bold to sound retreat or parley, when I command them kill?

Enter BUCKINGHAM, and Old CLIFFORD, with Forces.

Buck. Ay, here they be that dare and will disturb thee: Know, Cade, we come ambassadors from the king Unto the commons, whom thou hast misled; And here pronounce free pardon to them all That will forsake thee, and go home in peace.

¹ This is "help of hatchet" in the original text. In Steevens's edition we first read, upon the suggestion of Farmer, "the pap of a hatchet." There is every reason to think that the correction is right. "Caudle of hemp" and "pap of hatchet" were to cure Say's "sickness and diseases," according to Cade's prescription. We have no authority for the phrase "hempen caudle;" but there is no doubt that "pap of hatchet" was a common cant phrase. Lyly's pamphlet, so celebrated in the history of controversy, bears this title: "Pap with an hatchet; alias, a fig for my godson; or, crack me this nut; or, a country cuff; that is, a sound box of the ear, et cætera."

Clif. What say ye, countrymen? will ye relent, And yield to mercy, whilst 'tis offer'd you; Or let a rabble lead you to your deaths? Who loves the king, and will embrace his pardon, Fling up his cap, and say—God save his majesty! Who hateth him, and honours not his father, Henry the Fifth, that made all France to quake, Shake he his weapon at us, and pass by.

All. God save the king! God save the king!

Cade. What, Buckingham and Clifford, are ye so brave?—And you, base peasants, do ye believe him? will you needs be hanged with your pardons about your necks? Hath my sword therefore broke through London gates, that you should leave me at the White Hart in Southwark? I thought ye would never have given out these arms, till you had recovered your ancient freedom: but you are all recreants and dastards; and delight to live in slavery to the nobility. Let them break your backs with burdens, take your houses over your heads, ravish your wives and daughters before your faces: For me,—I will make shift for one; and so—God's curse light upon you all!

All. We'll follow Cade, we'll follow Cade.

Clif. Is Cade the son of Henry the Fifth, That thus you do exclaim you'll go with him? Will he conduct you through the heart of France, And make the meanest of you earls and dukes? Alas, he hath no home, no place to fly to; Nor knows he how to live but by the spoil, Unless by robbing of your friends, and us. Were't not a shame that whilst you live at jar, The fearful French, whom you late vanquished, Should make a start o'er seas, and vanquish you? Methinks, already, in this civil broil, I see them lording it in London streets, Crying—*Viliaco*!⁴ unto all they meet. Better ten thousand base-born Cades miscarry, Than you should stoop unto a Frenchman's mercy. To France, to France, and get what you have lost; Spare England, for it is your native coast; Henry hath money, you are strong and manly; God on our side, doubt not of victory.

All. A Clifford! a Clifford! we'll follow the king and Clifford.

Cade. Was ever feather so lightly blown to and fro as this multitude? The name of Henry the Fifth hales them to a hundred mischiefs, and makes them leave me desolate. I see them lay their heads together to surprise me: my sword make way for me, for here is no staying.—In despite of the devils and hell, have through the very midst of you! and heavens and honour be witness, that no want of resolution in me, but only my followers' base and ignominious treasons, makes me betake me to my heels. [*Exit.*]

Buck. What, is he fled? go some, and follow him; And he that brings his head unto the king Shall have a thousand crowns for his reward.— Follow me, soldiers; we'll devise a mean To reconcile you all unto the king. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IX.—Killingworth Castle.

Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, and SOMERSET, on the terrace of the Castle.

K. Hen. Was ever king that joy'd an earthly throne, And could command no more content than I?

² This inverted phrase is somewhat difficult. It means, "These hands are free from shedding guiltless blood."

³ *Upon our bills.* This is an équivoque. The *bills* of Cade were not *bills of debt* (as bonds for the payment of money, executed in the simplest form, were anciently called), but the *brown bills* of the rabble soldiery.

⁴ *Viliaco.* The folio has *Villiago*. Florio interprets the Italian word as a *rascal*, &c.

No sooner was I crept out of my cradle,
But I was made a king, at nine months old:
Was never subject long'd to be a king,
As I do long and wish to be a subject.

Enter BUCKINGHAM and CLIFFORD.

Buck. Health and glad tidings to your majesty!

K. Hen. Why, Buckingham, is the traitor Cade surpris'd?
Or is he but retir'd to make him strong?

Enter, below, a great number of CADE'S Followers, with halters about their necks.

Clif. He's fled, my lord, and all his powers do yield;
And humbly thus, with halters on their necks,
Expect your highness' doom, of life or death.

K. Hen. Then, heaven, set ope thy everlasting gates,
To entertain my vows of thanks and praise!—
Soldiers, this day have you redeem'd your lives,
And show'd how well you love your prince and country:
Continue still in this so good a mind,
And Henry, though he be unfortunate,
Assure yourselves, will never be unkind;
And so, with thanks, and pardon to you all,
I do dismiss you to your several countries.

All. God save the king! God save the king!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Please it your grace to be advertised,
The duke of York is newly come from Ireland:
And with a puissant and a mighty power,
Of Gallowglasses, and stout Kernes,¹
Is marching hitherward in proud array;
And still proclaimeth, as he comes along,
His arms are only to remove from thee
The duke of Somerset, whom he terms a traitor.

K. Hen. Thus stands my state, 'twixt Cade and York
distress'd;
Like to a ship, that, having scap'd a tempest,
Is straightway calm'd and boarded with a pirate:
But now² is Cade driven back, his men dispers'd;
And now is York in arms to second him.
I pray thee, Buckingham, go forth and meet him;
And ask him, what's the reason of these arms.
Tell him, I'll send duke Edmund to the Tower;—
And, Somerset, we will commit thee thither,
Until his army be dismiss'd from him.

Som. My lord,
I'll yield myself to prison willingly,
Or unto death, to do my country good.

K. Hen. In any case, be not too rough in terms;
For he is fierce, and cannot brook hard language.

Buck. I will, my lord; and doubt not so to deal
As all things shall redound unto your good.

K. Hen. Come, wife, let's in, and learn to govern better;
For yet may England curse my wretched reign. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE X.—Kent. Iden's Garden.

Enter CADE.

Cade. Fie on ambition! fie on myself, that have a sword,
and yet am ready to famish! These five days have I hid
me in these woods; and durst not peep out, for all the

country is laid for me. But now am I so hungry that if I
might have a lease of my life for a thousand years, I could
stay no longer. Wherefore, on a brick-wall have I climbed
into this garden; to see if I can eat grass, or pick a sallet
another while, which is not amiss to cool a man's stomach
this hot weather. And I think this word sallet was born
to do me good: for, many a time, but for a sallet³ my
brain-pan had been cleft with a brown bill; and, many a
time, when I have been dry, and bravely marching, it hath
served me instead of a quart-pot to drink in: And now the
word sallet⁴ must serve me to feed on.

Enter IDEN, with Servants.

Iden. Lord, who would live turmoiled in the court,
And may enjoy such quiet walks as these?
This small inheritance my father left me
Contenteth me, and 's worth a monarchy.
I seek not to wax great by others' waning;
Or gather wealth I care not with what envy;
Sufficeth that I have maintains my state,
And sends the poor well pleased from my gate.

Cade. Here's the lord of the soil come to seize me for a
stray, for entering his fee simple without leave. Ah, villain,
thou wilt betray me, and get a thousand crowns of the
king by carrying my head to him; but I'll make thee eat
iron like an ostrich, and swallow my sword like a great
pin, ere thou and I part.

Iden. Why, rude companion, whatso'er thou be,
I know thee not: Why then should I betray thee?
Is 't not enough to break into my garden,
And, like a thief, to come to rob my grounds,
Climbing my walls in spite of me the owner,
But thou wilt brave me with these saucy terms?

Cade. Brave thee? ay, by the best blood that ever was
broach'd, and beard thee too. Look on me well: I have
eat no meat these five days: yet, come thou and thy five
men, and if I do not leave you all as dead as a door nail, I
pray God I may never eat grass more.

Iden. Nay, it shall ne'er be said, while England stands,
That Alexander Iden, an esquire of Kent,
Took odds to combat a poor famish'd man.
Oppose thy steadfast gazing eyes on mine,
See if thou canst outface me with thy looks.
Set limb to limb, and thou art far the lesser;
Thy hand is but a finger to my fist;
Thy leg a stick, compared with this truncheon;
My foot shall fight with all the strength thou hast;
And if mine arm be heaved in the air,
Thy grave is digg'd already in the earth.
As for words, whose greatness answers words,
Let this my sword report what speech forbears.

Cade. By my valour, the most complete champion that
ever I heard.—Steel, if thou turn the edge, or cut not out
the burly-boned clown in chins of beef ere thou sleep in
thy sheath, I beseech Jove on my knees thou mayest be
turned to hobnails. [*They fight. CADE falls.*] O, I am
slain! famine, and no other, hath slain me: let ten thou-
sand devils come against me, and give me but the ten
meals I have lost, and I'd defy them all. Wither, garden;
and be henceforth a burying-place to all that do dwell in
this house, because the unconquered soul of Cade is fled.

Iden. Is 't Cade that I have slain, that monstrous traitor?
Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deed,
And hang thee o'er my tomb, when I am dead:
Ne'er shall this blood be wiped from thy point;
But thou shalt wear it as a herald's coat,
To emblaze the honour that thy master got.

But now—just now.

³ *Sallet*, or *sallad*, a helmet; from the Spanish *celada*, so called, according to
Du Cange, because the soldier who wears it *celetur*. Chaucer used the word.

⁴ *Sallet*, or *salad*—a herb which is eaten salted—*salada*.

¹ The mention of these soldiery occurs again in Macbeth (Act I. Sc. II.). In
"The Mirror for Magistrates" they are described as giving no quarter:—

"The Gallowglas, the Kerne,
Yield or not yield, whom so they take they slay."

Cade. Iden, farewell; and be proud of thy victory: Tell Kent from me she hath lost her best man, and exhort all the world to be cowards; for I, that never feared any, am vanquished by famine, not by valour. [*Dies.*]

Iden. How much thou wrong'st me, heaven be my judge. Die, damned wretch, the curse of her that bare thee! And as I thrust thy body in with my sword, So wish I, I might thrust thy soul to hell. Hence will I drag thee headlong by the heels Unto a dunghill, which shall be thy grave, And there cut off thy most ungracious head; Which I will bear in triumph to the king, Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed upon.
[*Exit, dragging out the body.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The same. Fields between Dartford and Blackheath.*

The KING'S Camp on one side. On the other, enter YORK attended, with drum and colours his Forces at some distance.

York. From Ireland thus comes York, to claim his right, And pluck the crown from feeble Henry's head: Ring, bells, aloud; burn, bonfires, clear and bright; To entertain great England's lawful king. Ah, *sancta majestas!* who would not buy thee dear? Let them obey that know not how to rule; This hand was made to handle naught but gold: I cannot give due action to my words, Except a sword or sceptre balance it. A sceptre shall it have, have I a soul,¹ On which I'll toss the fleur-de-luce of France.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

Whom have we here? Buckingham, to disturb me? The king hath sent him, sure: I must dissemble.

Buck. York, if thou meanest well, I greet thee well.

York. Humphrey of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting. Art thou a messenger, or come of pleasure?

Buck. A messenger from Henry, our dread liege, To know the reason of these arms in peace; Or why thou, being a subject as I am, Against thy oath and true allegiance sworn, Shouldst raise so great a power without his leave, Or dare to bring thy force so near the court.

York. Scarce can I speak, my choler is so great. O, I could hew up rocks, and fight with flint, I am so angry at these abject terms; And now, like Ajax Telamonius, On sheep or oxen could I spend my fury! I am far better born than is the king; More like a king, more kingly in my thoughts: But I must make fair weather yet awhile, Till Henry be more weak, and I more strong.—

[*All the preceding is spoken aside.*]

Buckingham, I prithee pardon me, That I have given no answer all this while; My mind was troubled with deep melancholy. The cause why I have brought this army hither, Is, to remove proud Somerset from the king, Seditious to his grace, and to the state.

Buck. That is too much presumption on thy part: But if thy arms be to no other end, The king hath yielded unto thy demand; The duke of Somerset is in the Tower.

York. Upon thine honour, is he prisoner?

Buck. Upon mine honour, he is prisoner.

York. Then, Buckingham, I do dismiss my powers. Soldiers, I thank you all; disperse yourselves; Meet me to-morrow in Saint George's field, You shall have pay, and everything you wish. And let my sovereign, virtuous Henry, Command my eldest son, nay, all my sons, As pledges of my fealty and love, I'll send them all as willing as I live; Lands, goods, horse, armour, anything I have Is his to use, so Somerset may die.

Buck. York, I commend this kind submission: We twain will go into his highness' tent.

Enter KING HENRY, attended.

K. Hen. Buckingham, doth York intend no harm to us, That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm?

York. In all submission and humility, York doth present himself unto your highness.

K. Hen. Then what intend these forces thou dost bring?

York. To heave the traitor Somerset from hence; And fight against that monstrous rebel, Cade, Who since I heard to be discomfited.

Enter IDEN, with CADE'S head.

Iden. If one so rude, and of so mean condition, May pass into the presence of a king, Lo, I present your grace a traitor's head, The head of Cade, whom I in combat slew.

K. Hen. The head of Cade?—Great God, how just art thou!—

O, let me view his visage being dead, That living wrought me such exceeding trouble. Tell me, my friend, art thou the man that slew him?

Iden. I was, an't like your majesty.

K. Hen. How art thou call'd? and what is thy degree?

Iden. Alexander Iden, that's my name;

A poor esquire of Kent, that loves his king.

Buck. So please it you, my lord, 'twere not amiss He were created knight for his good service.

K. Hen. Iden, kneel down: [*He kneels.*] Rise up a knight.

We give thee for reward a thousand marks; And will that thou henceforth attend on us.

Iden. May Iden live to merit such a bounty, And never live but true unto his liege!

K. Hen. See, Buckingham! Somerset comes with the queen; Go, bid her hide him quickly from the duke.

Enter QUEEN MARGARET and SOMERSET.

Q. Mar. For thousand Yorks he shall not hide his head, But boldly stand, and front him to his face.

York. How now! Is Somerset at liberty? Then, York, unloose thy long-imprison'd thoughts, And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart. Shall I endure the sight of Somerset?— False king! why hast thou broken faith with me, Knowing how hardly I can brook abuse? King did I call thee? no, thou art not king; Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,

¹ Some editors make a difficulty here, and would read—
"A sceptre shall it have, have I a sword."

The meaning is very obvious by reading "have I a soul" parenthetically; that is, if I have a soul.

Which dar'st not, no, nor canst not rule a traitor.
That head of thine doth not become a crown;
Thy hand is made to grasp a palmer's staff,
And not to grace an awful princely sceptre.
That gold must round engirt these brows of mine;
Whose smile and frown, like to Achilles' spear,
Is able with the change to kill and cure.

Here is a hand to hold a sceptre up,
And with the same to act controlling laws.
Give place; by heaven, thou shalt rule no more
O'er him whom heaven created for thy ruler.

Som. O monstrous traitor!—I arrest thee, York,
Of capital treason 'gainst the king and crown:
Obey, audacious traitor; kneel for grace.

York. Wouldst have me kneel? first let me ask of these,¹
If they can brook I bow a knee to man.
Sirrah, call in my sons to be my bail;

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

I know, ere they will have me go to ward,
They'll pawn their swords for my enfranchisement.

Q. Mar. Call hither Clifford; bid him come amain,

[*Exit BUCKINGHAM.*]

To say, if that the bastard boys of York
Shall be the surety for their traitor father.

York. O blood-bespotted Neapolitan,
Outcast of Naples, England's bloody scourge!
The sons of York, thy betters in their birth,
Shall be their father's bail; and bane to those
That for my surety will refuse the boys.

*Enter EDWARD and RICHARD PLANTAGENET, with Forces,
at one side; at the other, with Forces also, Old CLIFFORD
and his Son.*

See, where they come; I'll warrant they'll make it good.

Q. Mar. And here comes Clifford, to deny their bail.

Clif. Health and all happiness to my lord the king!

[*Kneels.*]

York. I thank thee, Clifford: Say, what news with thee?
Nay, do not fright us with an angry look:
We are thy sovereign, Clifford, kneel again;
For thy mistaking so we pardon thee.

Clif. This is my king, York, I do not mistake;
But thou mistak'st me much to think I do:—
To Bedlam with him! is the man grown mad?

K. Hen. Ay, Clifford; a bedlam and ambitious humour
Makes him oppose himself against his king.

Clif. He is a traitor; let him to the Tower,
And chop away that factious pate of his.

Q. Mar. He is arrested, but will not obey;
His sons, he says, shall give their words for him.

York. Will you not, sons?

Edw. Ay, noble father, if our words will serve.

Rich. And if words will not, then our weapons shall.

Clif. Why, what a brood of traitors have we here!

York. Look in a glass, and call thy image so;
I am thy king, and thou a false heart traitor.
Call hither to the stake my two brave bears,²
That, with the very shaking of their chains,
They may astonish these fell lurking curs;
Bid Salisbury and Warwick come to me.

Drums. *Enter WARWICK and SALISBURY, with Forces.*

Clif. Are these thy bears? we'll bait thy bears to death,
And manacle the bear-ward in their chains,
If thou dar'st bring them to the baiting place.

Rich. Oft have I seen a hot o'erweening cur
Run back and bite, because he was withheld;
Who, being suffer'd with the bear's fell paw,
Hath clapp'd his tail between his legs, and cried:
And such a piece of service will you do,
If you oppose yourselves to match lord Warwick.

Clif. Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested lump,
As crooked in thy manners as thy shape!

York. Nay, we shall heat you thoroughly anon.

Clif. Take heed, lest by your heat you burn yourselves.

K. Hen. Why, Warwick, hath thy knee forgot to bow?
Old Salisbury,—shame to thy silver hair,
Thou mad misleader of thy brain-sick son!—
What, wilt thou on thy death-bed play the ruffian,
And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles?

O, where is faith? O, where is loyalty?
If it be banish'd from the frosty head,
Where shall it find a harbour in the earth?—
Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war,
And shame thine honourable age with blood?

Why art thou old and want'st experience?

Or wherefore dost abuse it if thou hast it?

For shame! in duty bend thy knee to me,

That bows unto the grave with mickle age.

Sal. My lord, I have consider'd with myself

The title of this most renowned duke;

And in my conscience do repute his grace

The rightful heir to England's royal seat.

K. Hen. Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto me?

Sal. I have.

K. Hen. Canst thou dispense with heaven for such an
oath?

Sal. It is great sin, to swear unto a sin;
But greater sin, to keep a sinful oath.

Who can be bound by any solemn vow

To do a murderous deed, to rob a man,

To force a spotless virgin's chastity,

To reave the orphan of his patrimony,

To wring the widow from her custom'd right;

And have no other reason for this wrong

But that he was bound by a solemn oath?

Q. Mar. A subtle traitor needs no sophister.

K. Hen. Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himself.

York. Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou hast,
I am resolv'd for death, or dignity.

Clif. The first I warrant thee, if dreams prove true.

War. You were best to go to bed, and dream again,
To keep thee from the tempest of the field.

Clif. I am resolv'd to bear a greater storm
Than any thou canst conjure up to-day;
And that I'll write upon thy burgonet,
Might I but know thee by thy household badge.

War. Now, by my father's badge, old Nevil's crest,
The rampant bear chain'd to the ragged staff,
This day I'll wear aloft my burgonet,
(As on a mountain-top the cedar shows,
That keeps his leaves in spite of any storm,)
Even to affright thee with the view thereof.

Clif. And from thy burgonet I'll rend thy bear,
And tread it under foot with all contempt,
Despite the bear-ward that protects the bear.

Y. Clif. And so to arms, victorious father,
To quell the rebels, and their 'complices.

Rich. Fie! charity, for shame! speak not in spite,
For you shall sup with Jesu Christ to-night.

Y. Clif. Foul stigmatick,³ that's more than thou canst
tell.

Rich. If not in heaven, you'll surely sup in hell.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

¹ He probably points to his sons, who are waiting without, or it may be to his troops.

² The bear and ragged staff was the cognisance of the Nevils. See, in this scene, Warwick's speech.

³ Stigmatick. This was the appellation of an offender who had been branded—upon whom a stigma had been set. Young Clifford insults Richard with the natural stigma of his deformity.

SCENE II.—Saint Alban's.

Alarums Excursions. Enter WARWICK.

War. Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwick calls!
And if thou dost not hide thee from the bear,
Now, when the angry trumpet sounds alarum,
And dead men's cries do fill the empty air,
Clifford, I say, come forth and fight with me:
Proud northern lord, Clifford of Cumberland,
Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms.

Enter YORK.

How now, my noble lord? what, all a-foot?

York. The deadly-handed Clifford slew my steed;
But match to match I have encounter'd him,
And made a prey for carrion kites and crows
Even of the bonny beast he lov'd so well.

Enter CLIFFORD.

War. Of one or both of us the time is come.

York. Hold, Warwick, seek thee out some other chase,
For I myself must hunt this deer to death.

War. Then, nobly, York; 'tis for a crown thou fight'st.
As I intend, Clifford, to thrive to-day,
It grieves my soul to leave thee unassail'd. *[Exit.]*

Clif. What seest thou in me, York? why dost thou pause?

York. With thy brave bearing should I be in love,
But that thou art so fast mine enemy.

Clif. Nor should thy prowess want praise and esteem,
But that 'tis shown ignobly, and in treason.

York. So let it help me now against thy sword,
As I in justice and true right express it!

Clif. My soul and body on the action both!—

York. A dreadful lay!—address thee instantly.

[They fight, and CLIFFORD falls.]

Clif. *La fin couronne les œuvres.* *[Dies.]*

York. Thus war hath given thee peace, for thou art still.
Peace with his soul, heaven, if it be thy will. *[Exit.]*

Enter Young CLIFFORD.

Y. Clif. Shame and confusion! all is on the rout;
Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds
Where it should guard. O war, thou son of hell,
Whom angry heavens do make their minister,
Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part
Hot coals of vengeance!—Let no soldier fly:
He that is truly dedicate to war
Hath no self-love; nor he that loves himself
Hath not essentially, but by circumstance,
The name of valour.—O, let the vile world end,

[Seeing his dead father.]

And the premised flames of the last day
Knit earth and heaven together!
Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,
Particularities and petty sounds
To cease!¹ Wast thou ordain'd, dear father,
To lose thy youth in peace, and to achieve
The silver livery of advised age,
And in thy reverence, and thy chair-days, thus
To die in ruffian battle?—Even at this sight
My heart is turn'd to stone: and, while 'tis mine,
It shall be stony. York not our old men spares;
No more will I their babes: tears virginal
Shall be to me even as the dew to fire;

¹ To cease—actively—to stop.

² See the prediction in Act I.,—

“Let him shun castles.”

And beauty, that the tyrant oft reclaims,
Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.
Henceforth I will not have to do with pity:
Meet I an infant of the house of York,
Into as many gobbets will I cut it,
As wild Medea young Absyrtus did:
In cruelty will I seek out my fame.
Come, thou new ruin of old Clifford's house;

[Taking up the body.]

As did Æneas old Anchises bear,
So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders;
But then Æneas bare a living load,
Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine. *[Exit.]*

Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET and SOMERSET, fighting, and SOMERSET is killed.

Rich. So, lie thou there;—
For, underneath an alehouse' paltry sign,
The Castle in Saint Alban's, Somerset
Hath made the wizard famous in his death.²
Sword, hold thy temper: heart, be wrathful still:
Priests pray for enemies, but princes kill. *[Exit.]*

Alarums Excursions. Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, and others, retreating.

Q. Mar. Away, my lord! you are slow; for shame, away!

K. Hen. Can we outrun the heavens? good Margaret, stay.

Q. Mar. What are you made of? you'll not fight, nor fly:
Now is it manhood, wisdom, and defence,
To give the enemy way; and to secure us
By what we can, which can no more but fly.

[Alarum afar off.]

If you be ta'en, we then should see the bottom
Of all our fortunes: but if we haply scape,
(As well we may, if not through your neglect,)
We shall to London get, where you are lov'd;
And where this breach, now in our fortunes made,
May readily be stopp'd.

Enter Young CLIFFORD.

Y. Clif. But that my heart's on future mischief set,
I would speak blasphemy ere bid you fly;
But fly you must; uncurable discomfit
Reigns in the hearts of all our present parts.³
Away, for your relief! and we will live
To see their day, and them our fortune give:
Away, my lord, away! *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III.—Fields near Saint Alban's.

Alarum Retreat. Flourish; then enter YORK, RICHARD PLANTAGENET, WARWICK, and Soldiers, with drum and colours.

York. Of Salisbury, who can report of him:—
That winter lion, who in rage forgets
Aged contusions and all brush of time;
And, like a gallant in the brow of youth,
Repairs him with occasion? This happy day
Is not itself, nor have we won one foot,
If Salisbury be lost.

Rich. My noble father,
Three times to-day I help him to his horse,

³ Parts—parties, party.
8 R

KING HENRY VI.—PART II.

Three times bestrid him, thrice I led him off,
Persuaded him from any further act :
But still where danger was still there I met him ;
And like rich hangings in a homely house,
So was his will in his old feeble body.
But, noble as he is, look where he comes.

Enter SALISBURY.

Sal. Now, by my sword, well hast thou fought to-day ;
By the mass, so did we all.—I thank you, Richard :
God knows how long it is I have to live ;
And it hath pleas'd him, that three times to-day
You have defended me from imminent death.

Well, lords, we have not got that which we have :
'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,
Being opposites of such repairing nature.

York. I know our safety is to follow them ;
For, as I hear, the king is fled to London,
To call a present court of parliament.

Let us pursue him, ere the writs go forth :
What says lord Warwick ? shall we after them ?

War. After them ! nay, before them, if we can.
Now, by my hand, lords, 'twas a glorious day :
Saint Alban's battle, won by famous York,
Shall be eterniz'd in all age to come.

Sound, drum and trumpets :—and to London all :
And more such days as these to us befall !

[*Exeunt.*]

ILLUSTRATION TO KING HENRY VI.—PART II.

ACT II.

^a SCENE III.—“*As Bevis of Southampton fell upon Ascabart.*”

WE have been unwilling to part with these words, although they are wanting in the text as revised by Shakspeare. The allusions in our old poets to the older romances form a chain of traditionary literature of which it is not pleasant to lose a single link. We have no doubt that our greatest poet was a diligent student of those ancient legends, upon which one who in many respects greatly resembled him chiefly formed himself. Scott has done more than any man of our own generation to send us back to these well-heads of poesy. His lines in the “*Lady of the Lake*” illustrate the passage before us :—

“My sire's tall form might grace the part
Of Ferragus, or Ascabart.”

Sir Bevis has had monuments of stone (as the Bar-Gate at Southampton), and more enduring monuments of literature. He earned these honours, as the legend says, by the conquest of the mightiest of giants, who yet stands by his side, in the sculptured record, as a person of very reasonable dimensions. But the romance (we give the modernised version of Ellis) tells us something different :—

“This giant was mighty and strong,
And full thirty feet was long.
He was bristled like a sow ;
A foot he had between each brow ;
His lips were great and hung aside ;
His eyen were hollow, his mouth was wide ;
Lothly he was to look on than,
And liker a devil than a man :
His staff was a young oak,—
Hard and heavy was his stroke.”

HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

ACT I.

THE connection between the last scene of the First Part of Henry VI. and the first scene of the Second Part is as perfect as if they each belonged to one play. The concluding words of that last scene show us Suffolk departing for France for the accomplishment of the anxious wish of Henry—

“That lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come
To cross the seas to England.”

In the first lines of the Second Part we find Suffolk returned from his mission, the purpose of which, as expressed in the last scene of the First Part, he here recapitulates. The passage of the poet is almost exactly copied from the historians, Holinshed being in this case a literal transcriber from Hall :—“The Marquis of Suffolk, as procurator to King Henry, espoused the said lady in the church of St. Martin's. At the which marriage were present the father and mother of the bride ; the French king himself, which was uncle to the husband ; and the French queen also, which was aunt to the wife. There were also the Dukes of Orleans, of Calaber, of Alanson, and of Britaine, seven earls, twelve barons, twenty bishops, besides knights and gentlemen.”

The displeasure of the Duke of Gloster at this marriage is indi-

cated by the poet in the last scene of the First Part. There Henry says—

“Agree to any covenants.”

The announcement of the surrender of Anjou and Maine is reserved by the dramatist for the scene before us. This surrender is the chief cause of the Duke of Gloster's indignation, as expressed in the celebrated speech—

“Brave peers of England, pillars of the state,” &c.

The poet makes the duke intimate no dislike of the queen's person ; and Henry, indeed, expressly thanks him

“for this great favour done,
In entertainment to my princely queen.”

The poet here follows Holinshed, who copies Fabyan :—“On the eighteenth of May she came to London, all the lords of England in most sumptuous sort meeting and receiving her upon the way, and specially the Duke of Gloster, with such honour as stood with the dignity of his person.” Of this circumstance Hall has no mention.

Margaret of Anjou arrived in England in 1445. Her impatience under the authority of the Protector Gloster, and her intrigues to procure his disgrace, are set forth very graphically by Hall :—“This woman, perceiving that her husband did not frankly rule as he

would, but did all things by the advice and counsel of Humphrey Duke of Gloster, and that he passed not much on the authority and governance of the realm, determined with herself to take upon her the rule and regiment both of the king and his kingdom, and to deprive and evict out of all rule and authority the said duke, then called the lord protector of the realm: lest men should say and report that she had neither wit nor stomach, which would permit and suffer her husband, being of perfect age and man's estate, like a young scholar or innocent pupil to be governed by the disposition of another man." But the hatred of Queen Margaret to "duke Humphrey's wife" is purely an invention of the poet. The disgrace of Eleanor Cobham took place three years before the arrival of Margaret in England. It is insinuated, however, by the chroniclers, that the accusation of the duchess upon a charge of sorcery and treason was prompted by the enemies of the protector. The following is Hall's account of this tragedy, in which "horror and absurdity are mingled in about equal portions:"*—

"But venom will once break out, and inward grudge will soon appear, which was this year to all men apparent: for divers secret attempts were advanced forward this season against the noble duke Humphrey of Gloster, afar off, which in conclusion came so near that they bereft him both of life and land, as you shall hereafter more manifestly perceive. For first this year, dame Eleanor Cobham, wife to the said duke, was accused of treason, for that she, by sorcery and enchantment, intended to destroy the king, to the intent to advance and to promote her husband to the crown: upon this she was examined in Saint Stephen's chapel, before the bishop of Canterbury, and there by examination convict and judged to do open penance in three open places within the city of London, and after that adjudged to perpetual prison in the Isle of Man, under the keeping of Sir John Stanley, knight. At the same season were arrested, as aiders and counsellors to the said duchess, Thomas Southwel, priest and canon of Saint Stephen's in Westminster; John Hum, priest; Roger Bolingbroke, a cunning necromancer; and Margery Jourdain, surnamed the witch of Eye: to whose charge it was laid, that they, at the request of the duchess, had devised an image of wax representing the king, which by their sorcery a little and little consumed, intending thereby in conclusion to waste and destroy the king's person, and so to bring him death; for the which treason they were adjudged to die: and so Margery Jourdain was burnt in Smithfield, and Roger Bolingbroke was drawn and quartered at Tyburn, taking upon his death that there was never no such thing by them imagined. John Hum had his pardon, and Southwel died in the Tower before execution. The Duke of Gloster took all these things patiently, and said little."

In the third scene, the charges which Beaufort, and Somerset, and Buckingham insultingly heap upon the protector are supported by this passage of Hall:—"Divers articles, both heinous and odious, were laid to his charge in open council; and in especial, one that he had caused men adjudged to die to be put to other execution than the law of the land had ordered or assigned." This is the charge of Buckingham:—

"Thy cruelty in execution,
Upon offenders, hath exceeded law,
And left thee to the mercy of the law."

ACT II.

The miracle scene at St. Alban's is founded upon a real occurrence. Sir Thomas More tells the story as related to him by his father. The poet probably found it in More's works, which were printed in 1557; but this ludicrous episode in a tragic history is also thus told by Grafton in his Chronicle:—

"In the time of King Henry VI., as he rode in progress, there came to the town of Saint Alban's a certain beggar, with his wife, and there was walking about the town, begging, five or six days before the king's coming, saying that he was born blind, and never saw in all his life; and was warned in his dream that he should come out of Berwick, where he said that he had ever dwelled, to seek Saint Alban. When the king was come, and the town full of

people, suddenly this blind man, at Saint Alban's shrine, had his sight; and the same was solemnly rung for a miracle, and *Te Deum* songen: so that nothing was talked of in all the town but this miracle. So happened it then that Duke Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, a man no less wise than also well learned, called the poor man up to him, and looked well upon his eyen, and asked whether he could never see anything at all in all his life before? and when as well his wife as himself affirmed fastly, No; then he looked advisedly upon his eyen again, and said, I believe you may well, for me thinketh that ye cannot see well yet. Yes, sir, quoth he: I thank God and his holy martyr, I can see now as well as any man. Ye can, quoth the duke; what colour is this gown? Then anon the beggar told him. What colour, quoth he, is this man's gown? He told him also, without staying or stumbling, and told the names of all the colours that could be showed him. And when the duke saw that, he made him be set openly in the stocks."

The poet found the picturesque story of the trial of battle between the armourer and his servant thus briefly told in Holinshed:—

"In the same year also a certain armourer was appeached of treason by a servant of his own. For proof thereof a day was given them to fight in Smithfield, insomuch that in conflict the said armourer was overcome and slain; but yet by misgoverning of himself: for, on the morrow, when he should come to the field fresh and fasting, his neighbours came to him, and gave him wine and strong drink in such excessive sort that he was therewith distempered, and reeled as he went, and so was slain without guilt. As for the false servant, he lived not long unpunished; for, being convict of felony in court of assize, he was judged to be hanged, and so was, at Tyburn."

The event is dramatically connected by the poet with the main plot, by his exact description of the treason of which "a certain armourer was appeached:—

"His words were these;—that Richard, duke of York,
Was rightful heir unto the English crown;
And that your majesty was an usurper."

The poetical variations of the incident told by Holinshed greatly heighten the dramatic effect. The scene, in all probability, presents an accurate representation of the forms which attended a trial of battle. In this remarkable case of the battle between the armourer and his servant, some very curious particulars, not detailed by the chroniclers, have been found in the original precept to the sheriffs, and the return of expenses on the occasion, both of which are preserved in the Exchequer. The names of the combatants were John Daveys and William Catour. The barriers, it appears, were brought to Smithfield from Westminster; a large quantity of sand and gravel was laid down, and the place of battle was strewn with rushes. The return of expenses contains the following item:—"Also paid to officers for watchyng of ye ded man in Smyth felde ye same day and ye nyghte aftyr yt ye bataill was doon, and for hors hyre for ye officers at ye execucion doynge, and for ye hangman's labor, xjs. viid." The "hangman's labor" was subsequent to the battle. All the historians agree that the armourer was slain by his servant; but the ceremonies attending the punishment of a traitor were gone through with the dead body. (See Douce, "Illustrations.") It is remarkable that the trial of battle was only abolished by law as recently as 1819, and that in the previous year there was every probability that a somewhat similar scene to that here dramatized would have been acted by the authority of the law, in the celebrated case of Ashford and Thornton.

ACT III.

We have already noticed the charges which were made by his enemies against the Duke of Gloster. Hall, whom Holinshed copies, thus proceeds to describe his death:—

"Although the duke (not without great laud and praise) sufficiently answered to all things to him objected, yet because his death was determined, his wisdom little helped, nor his truth smally availed: but of this unquietness of mind he delivered himself, because he thought neither of death, nor of condemnation to die: such affiance had he in his strong truth, and such confidence had he in indifferent

* Pictorial History of England, vol. ii. p. 83.

justice. But his capital enemies and mortal foes, fearing that some tumult or commotion might arise if a prince so well beloved of the people should be openly executed and put to death, determined to trap and undo him, or he thereof should have knowledge or warning. So, for the furtherance of their purpose, a parliament was summoned to be kept at Bury, whither resorted all the peers of the realm, and amongst them the Duke of Gloster, which, on the second day of the session, was by the Lord Beaumont, then high constable of England, accompanied by the Duke of Buckingham and other, arrested, apprehended, and put in ward, and all his servants sequestered from him, and xxxii of the chief of his retinue were sent to divers prisons, to the great admiration of the common people. The duke, the night after his imprisonment, was found dead in his bed, and his body showed to the lords and commons as though he had died of a palsy or empostom; but all indifferent persons well knew that he died of no natural death, but of some violent force."

The conspiracy which the poet has exhibited in the first scene of this act, of the queen, the cardinal, Suffolk, and York against the life of Gloster, is not borne out by any relation of the chroniclers. Indeed, it is by no means clear that the duke actually did die by violence. The people, no doubt, firmly believed that he came to his end by foul practices; and they would naturally associate this belief with the suspicion of his avowed enemies. Hence, probably, the general tone of the chroniclers. The participation of the queen in the supposed crime is distinctly stated by Hall; and he suggests, also, the motive by which York might have been prompted to remove so able and popular a branch of the house of Lancaster as the Duke Humphrey. The following passage bears upon both points:—

"There is an old said saw, that a man intending to avoid the smoke falleth into the fire: so here the queen, minding to preserve her husband in honour and herself in authority, procured and consented to the death of this noble man, whose only death brought to pass that thing which she would most fain have eschewed, and took from her that jewel which she most desired: for if this duke had lived, the Duke of York durst not have made title to the crown: if this duke had lived, the nobles had not conspired against the king, nor yet the commons had not rebelled: if this duke had lived, the house of Lancaster had not been defaced and destroyed; which things happened all contrary by the destruction of this good man."

The banishment of Suffolk took place in 1450, three years after the death of Gloster. In the articles against him "proponed by the commons" there were many accusations of "treason, misprision, and evil demeanour;" but the murder of the Duke of Gloster was not therein imputed to him. Hall, indeed, says that the commonalty affirmed him to "be the chief procurer of the death of the good Duke of Gloster." The protection of the queen, "which entirely loved the duke," was for some time his safeguard; but he was finally banished by the king, according to Hall, "as the abhorred toad and common nuisance of the whole realm, for the term of five years." The poet has brought events which were separated by considerable intervals of time into a dramatic unity; and he has connected the guilt which was popularly attributed to Suffolk with the punishment which was demanded by the public hatred of him.

The death of Cardinal Beaufort is one of those scenes of the Shaksperian drama which stand in the place of real history, and almost supersede its authority. Shakspeare, however, found the meagre outline of this great scene in a passage of Hall:—

"During these doings, Henry Beauford Bishop of Winchester, and called the rich cardinal, departed out of this world, and was buried at Winchester. This man was son to John of Gaunt Duke of Lancaster, descended of an honourable lineage, but born in baste, more noble of blood than notable in learning, haut in stomach and high in countenance, rich above measure of all men, and to few liberal; disdainful to his kin and dreadful to his lovers, preferring money before friendship, many things beginning and nothing performing. His covetous insatiable, and hope of long life, made him both to forget God, his prince, and himself, in his latter days; for Doctor John Baker, his privy counsellor and his chaplain, wrote that he, lying on his death-bed, said these words: 'Why should I die, having so much riches? If the whole realm would save my life, I am able either by policy to get it, or by riches to buy it. Fie! will not death be hired, nor will money do nothing? When my nephew of Bedford died, I thought myself half up the wheel; but when I saw my other nephew of Gloster deceased, then I thought myself able to be equal

with kings, and so thought to increase my treasure in hope to have worn a triple crown. But I see now the world faileth me, and so I am deceived: praying you all to pray for me.'"

ACT IV.

The extraordinary circumstances attending the execution, or more properly murder, of the Duke of Suffolk are very briefly given by the chroniclers. Holinshed, in the following passage, copies Hall with little variation:—

"But God's justice would not that so ungracious a person should so escape; for when he shipped in Suffolk, intending to transport himself over into France, he was encountered with a ship of war appertaining to the Duke of Excester, constable of the Tower of London, called the Nicholas of the Tower. The captain of that bark with small fight entered into the duke's ship, and, perceiving his person present, brought him to Dover Road, and there on one side of a cock-boat caused his head to be stricken off, and left his body with the head lying there on the sands; which corpse, being there found by a chaplain of his, was conveyed to Wingfield College, in Suffolk, and there buried. This end had William de la Poole Duke of Suffolk, as men judge by God's providence, for that he had procured the death of that good duke of Gloster, as before is partly touched."

The most circumstantial account of this event is to be found in the Paston Correspondence, in one of the letters in that most curious and interesting collection, dated the 5th of May, 1450, and written immediately after the occurrence:—

"Right worshipful Sir,—I recommend me to you, and am right sorry of that I shall say, and have so washed this little bill with sorrowful tears, that scarcely ye shall read it. As on Monday next after May-day (4th May) there came tidings to London that on Thursday before (30th April) the Duke of Suffolk came unto the coasts of Kent full near Dover, with his two ships and a little spinner; the which spinner he sent with certain letters by certain of his trusted men unto Calais-ward to know how he should be received, and with him met a ship called Nicholas of the Tower, with other ships waiting on him, and by them that were in the spinner the master of the Nicholas had knowledge of the duke's coming. When he espied the duke's ships he sent full his boat to weet what they were, and the duke himself spoke to them, and said he was, by the king's commandment, sent to Calais-ward, &c.; and they said he must speak with their master; and so he, with two or three of his men, went forth with them in their boat to the Nicholas; and when he came the master bid him Welcome, traitor, as men say. And further, the master desired to weet if the shipmen would hold with the duke, and they sent word they would not in no wise; and so he was in the Nicholas till Saturday next following. Some say he wrote much things to be delivered to the king, but that is not verily known; some say he had his confessor with him, &c.; and some say he was arraigned in the ship in their manner, upon the impeachments, and found guilty, &c."

"Also he asked the name of the ship, and when he knew it he remembered Stacy, that said, if he might escape the danger of the Tower he would be safe; and then his heart failed him, for he thought he was deceived. And in the sight of all his men he was drawn out of the great ship into the boat, and there was an axe and a stock; and one of the lewdest of the ship bade him lay down his head, and he should be fairly ferd (*dealt*) with, and die on a sword; and took a rusty sword and smote off his head within half-a-dozen strokes, and took away his gown of russet, and his doublet of velvet mailed, and laid his body on the sands of Dover, and some say his head was set on a pole by it, and his men set on the land, by great circumstance and prey. And the sheriff of Kent doth watch the body, and sent his under-sheriff to the judges to weet what to do; and also to the king, what shall be done. Further I wot not; but thus far is it, if the process be erroneous let his counsel reverse it," &c.

The other scenes of this act are almost wholly occupied with the insurrection of Cade. In the principal events the poet has pretty exactly followed the chroniclers; but the vigorous delineation of character is entirely his own. The narrative of Holinshed is copied almost literally from that of Hall, with the introduction, however, of

several state papers not given by the elder chronicler. The story is told by Hall with great spirit; and we give it entire to show with what wonderful power Shakspeare seized upon these materials to work them up into a representation, universally and permanently true, of the folly and injustice which invariably attend every attempt to redress public grievances by popular violence:—

“A certain young man of a goodly stature and pregnant wit was enticed to take upon him the name of John Mortimer, although his name was John Cade, and not for a small policy, thinking that by that surname the line and lineage of the assistant house of the Earl of March, which were no small number, should be to him both adherent and favourable. This captain, not only suborned by teachers, but also enforced by privy schoolmasters, assembled together a great company of tall personages; assuring them that their attempt was both honourable to God and the king, and also profitable to the commonwealth, promising them, that if either by force or policy they might once take the king, the queen, and other their counsellors, into their hands and governance, that they would honourably entreat the king, and so sharply handle his counsellors, that neither fifteens should hereafter be demanded, nor once any impositions or tax should be spoken of. These persuasions, with many other fair promises of liberty (which the common people more affect and desire, rather than reasonable obedience and due conformity), so animated the Kentish people, that they, with their captain above named, in good order of battle (not in great number) came to the plain of Blackheath, between Eldham and Greenwich. And to the intent that the cause of this glorious captain's coming thither might be shadowed from the king and his counsel, he sent to him an humble supplication, with loving words but with malicious intent, affirming his coming not to be against him, but against divers of his counsel, lovers of themselves and oppressors of the poor commonalty, flatterers to the king and enemies to his honour, suckers of his purse and robbers of his subjects, partial to their friends and extreme to their enemies, for rewards corrupted and for indifferency nothing doing. This proud bill was both of the king and his counsel disdainfully taken, and thereupon great consultation had, and after long debating it was concluded that such proud rebels should rather be suppressed and tamed with violence and force than with fair words or amicable answer: whereupon the king assembled a great army and marched toward them, which had lyen on Blackheath by the space of vii days. The subtil captain, named Jack Cade, intending to bring the king farther within the compass of his net, brake up his camp, and retired backward to the town of Sevenoaks, in Kent, and there, expecting his prey, encamped himself and made his abode. The queen, which bare the rule, being of his retreat well advertised, sent Sir Humphrey Stafford, knight, and William his brother, with many other gentlemen, to follow the chase of the Kentishmen, thinking that they had fled; but verily they were deceived; for at the first skirmish both the Staffords were slain, and all their company shamefully discomfited. The king's army, being at this time come to Blackheath, hearing of this discomfiture, began to grudge and murmur amongst themselves; some wishing the Duke of York at home to aid the captain his cousin; some desiring the overthrow of the king and his counsel; other openly crying out on the queen and her complices. This rumour, openly spoken and commonly published, caused the king, and certain of his counsel, not led by favour nor corrupted by rewards (to the intent to appease the furious rage of the inconstant multitude), to commit the Lord Say, Treasurer of England, to the Tower of London; and if other, against whom like displeasure was borne, had been present, they had likewise been served: but it was necessary that one should suffer rather than all the nobility then should perish. When the Kentish captain, or the covetous Cade, had thus obtained victory and slain the two valiant Staffords, he apparelled himself in their rich armour, and so with pomp and glory returned again toward London; in which retreat, divers idle and vagabond persons resorted to him from Sussex and Surrey, and from other parts, to a great number. Thus this glorious captain, compassed about and environed with a multitude of evil, rude, and rustic persons, came again to the plain of Blackheath, and there strongly encamped himself: to whom were sent by the king the Archbishop of Canterbury and Humphrey Duke of Buckingham, to commune with him of his griefs and requests. These lords found him sober in communication, wise in disputing, arrogant in heart, and stiff in his opinion, and by no ways possible to be persuaded to dissolve his army, except the king in person would come to him and assent to all things which he would require. These lords,

perceiving the wilful pertinacy and manifest contumacy of this rebellious Javelin, departed to the king, declaring to him his temerarious and rash words and presumptuous requests. The king, somewhat hearing and more marking the sayings of this outrageous losel, and having daily report of the concourse and access of people which continually resorted to him, doubting as much his familiar servants as his unknown subjects (which spared not to speak that the captain's cause was profitable for the commonwealth), departed in all haste to the castle of Killingworth, in Warwickshire, leaving only behind him the Lord Scales, to keep the Tower of London. The captain, being advertised of the king's absence, came first into Southwark, and there lodged at the White Hart, prohibiting to all men murder, rape, or robbery; by which colour he allured to him the hearts of the common people. But after that he entered into London, and cut the ropes of the drawbridge, striking his sword on London stone, saying, ‘Now is Mortimer lord of this city,’ and rode in every street like a lordly captain. And after a flattering declaration made to the mayor of the city of his thither coming, he departed again into Southwark. And upon the third day of July he caused Sir James Fines, Lord Say, and Treasurer of England, to be brought to the Guildhall of London, and there to be arraigned; which, being before the king's justices put to answer, desired to be tried by his peers, for the longer delay of his life. The captain, perceiving his dilatory plea, by force took him from the officers and brought him to the standard in Cheap, and there, before his confession ended, caused his head to be cut off, and pitched it on a high pole, which was openly borne before him through the streets. And this cruel tyrant, not content with the murder of the Lord Say, went to Mile-end, and there apprehended Sir James Cromer, then Sheriff of Kent, and son-in-law to the said Lord Say, and him, without confession or excuse heard, caused there likewise to be beheaded, and his head fixed on a pole, and with these two heads this bloody butcher entered into the city again, and in despite caused them in every street kiss together, to the great detestation of all the beholders.

“After this shameful murder succeeded open rapine and manifest robbery in divers houses within the city, and in especial in the house of Philip Malpas, alderman of London, and divers other: over and beside ransoming and fining of divers notable merchants, for the tuition and security of their lives and goods; as Robert Horne, alderman, which paid v C marks, and yet neither he or no other person was either of life or substance in a surety or safeguard. He also put to execution in Southwark divers persons, some for infringing his rules and precepts, because he would be seen indifferant; other he tormented of his old acquaintance, lest they should blase and declare his base birth and low lineage, disparaging him from his usurped name of Mortimer; for the which he thought, and doubted not, both to have friends and fautors both in London, Kent, and Essex. The wise mayor and sage magistrates of the city of London, perceiving themselves neither to be sure of goods nor of life well warranted, determined with fear to repell and expulse this mischievous head and his ungracious company. And because the Lord Scales was ordained keeper of the Tower of London, with Matthew Gough, the often-named captain in Normandy (as you have heard before), they purposed to make them privy both of their intent and enterprise. The Lord Scales promised them his aid, with shooting of ordinance; and Matthew Gough was by him appointed to assist the mayor and the Londoners, because he was both of manhood and experience greatly renowned and noised. So the captains of the city appointed took upon them in the night to keep the bridge of London, prohibiting the Kentishmen either to pass or approach. The rebels, which never soundly slept for fear of sudden chances, hearing the bridge to be kept and manned, ran with great haste to open their passage, where between both parties was a fierce and cruel encounter. Matthew Gough, more expert in martial feats than the other chieftains of the city, perceiving the Kentishmen better to stand to their tackling than his imagination expected, advised his company no further to proceed toward Southwark till the day appeared; to the intent that the citizens, hearing where the place of the jeopardy rested, might occur their enemies and relieve their friends and companions. But this counsel came to small effect, for the multitude of the rebels drove the citizens from the stouls at the bridge foot to the drawbridge, and began to set fire in divers houses. Alas! what sorrow it was to behold that miserable chance; for some, desiring to eschew the fire, leapt on his enemy's weapon, and so died: fearful women, with children in their arms, amazed and appalled, leapt into the river; other, doubting how to save

themselves between fire, water, and sword, were in their houses suffocated and smouldered. Yet the captains, nothing regarding these chances, fought on the drawbridge all the night valiantly; but, in conclusion, the rebels got the drawbridge, and drowned many, and slew John Sutton, alderman, and Robert Heysand, a hardy citizen, with many other, beside Matthew Gough, a man of great wit, much experience in feats of chivalry, the which in continual wars had valiantly served the king and his father in the part beyond the sea (as before ye have heard). But it is often seen that he which many times had vanquished his enemies in strange countries, and returned again as a conqueror, hath of his own nation afterward been shamefully murdered and brought to confusion. This hard and sore conflict endured on the bridge till ix of the clock in the morning, in doubtful chance and fortune's balance. For some time the Londoners were beat back to the stoups at Saint Magnes corner, and suddenly again the rebels were repulsed and driven back to the stoups in Southwark; so that both parties, being faint, weary, and fatigued, agreed to desist from fight, and to leave battle till the next day, upon condition that neither Londoners should pass into Southwark nor the Kentishmen into London.

"After this abstinence of war agreed, the lusty Kentish captain, hoping on more friends, brake up the gaols of the King's Bench and Marshalsea, and set at liberty a swarm of galants, both meet for his service and apt for his enterprise. The Archbishop of Canterbury, being then Chancellor of England, and for his surety lying in the Tower of London, called to him the Bishop of Winchester, which also for fear lurked at Halywell. These two prelates, seeing the fury of the Kentish people, by reason of their beating back, to be mitigated and diminished, passed the river of Thames from the Tower into Southwark, bringing with them, under the king's seal, a general pardon unto all the offenders; which they caused to be openly proclaimed and published. Lord! how glad the poor people were of this pardon (yea, more than of the great Jubilee of Rome), and how they accepted the same, in so much that the whole multitude, without bidding farewell to their captain, retired the same night, every man to his own home, as men amazed and stricken with fear. But John Cade, desperate of succours, which by the friends of the Duke of York were to him promised, and seeing his company thus without his knowledge suddenly depart, mistrusting the sequel of the matter, departed secretly, in habit disguised, into Sussex; but all his metamorphosis and transfiguration little prevailed, for after a proclamation made that whosoever could apprehend the said Jack Cade should have for his pain a M marks, many sought for him but few espied him, till one Alexander Iden, esquire of Kent, found him in a garden, and there, in his defence, manfully slew the caitiff Cade, and brought his dead body to London, whose head was set on London bridge."

We may add that the following curious entry is found in the Issue Roll, 29th Henry VI. :—

"To *Alexander EDEN, Sheriff of Kent*, and to divers other persons of the same county. In money paid to them, viz., by the hands of *Gervase Clifton*, 100*l.* and by *John Seynder*, 166*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*, in part payment of 1000 marks, which the Lord the King commanded to be paid to the same *Alexander* and others, as well for taking JOHN CADE, an *Irishman*, calling himself *John Mortymer*, a great rebel, enemy, and traitor to the King, as also for conducting the person of *John Cade* to the Council of the King, after proclamation thereof made in London, to be had of his gift for their pains in the matter aforesaid.

"By writ of privy seal amongst the mandates of this term (Easter), 266*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*"

ACT V.

The persecution of the Duke of Gloster, the banishment and death of Suffolk, the insurrection of Cade, were events that had long distracted and agitated the people, and prepared the way for the open claim of the house of York to the crown. The return of the Duke of York from Ireland, his demand for the removal of Somerset, and the subsequent dismissal of his forces upon learning that Somerset was a prisoner, are detailed by the chroniclers. The indignation of York upon finding Somerset at liberty is also related by them. The poet leaps over the subsequent committal of York as prisoner to the Tower, and his release under the terror which was produced by the approach of his son Edward towards London with a great army. The duke, previous to his release, solemnly submitted under oath to the king. The poet has preserved the unity of action by destroying the intervals between one event and the other, and bringing causes and consequences into closer union. It is scarcely necessary for us to trace the real course of events, but we transcribe Hall's narrative of the first battle of St. Alban's :—

"The king, being credibly informed of the great army coming towards him, assembled an host, intending to meet with the duke in the north part, because he had too many friends about the city of London; and for that cause, with great speed and small luck, he, being accompanied with the Dukes of Somerset and Buckingham, the Earls of Stafford, Northumberland, and Wiltshire, with the Lord Clifford and divers other barons, departed out of Westminster, the xx day of May, toward the town of S. Albans: of whose doings the Duke of York being advertised by his espials, with all his power coasted the country, and came to the same town the third day next ensuing. The king, hearing of their approaching, sent to him messengers, straitly charging and commanding him, as an obedient subject, to keep the peace, and not, as an enemy to his natural country, to murder and slay his own countrymen and proper nation. While King Henry, more desirous of peace than of war, was sending forth his orators at the one end of the town, the Earl of Warwick, with the Marchmen, entered at the other gate of the town, and fiercely set on the king's foreward, and them shortly discomfited. Then came the Duke of Somerset and all the other lords with the king's power, which fought a sore and cruel battle, in the which many a tall man lost his life: but the Duke of York sent ever fresh men to succour the weary, and put new men in the places of the hurt persons, by which policy the king's army was profligate and dispersed, and all the chieftains of the field almost slain and brought to confusion. For there died, under the sign of the Castle, Edmund Duke of Somerset, who long before was warned to eschew all castles; and beside him lay Henry the second Earl of Northumberland, Humphrey Earl of Stafford, son to the Duke of Buckingham, John Lord Clifford, and viii M men and more. Humphrey Duke of Buckingham, being wounded, and James Butler Earl of Wiltshire and Ormond, seeing fortune's lowering chance, left the king post alone, and with a great number fled away. This was the end of the first battle at S. Albans, which was fought on the Thursday before the feast of Pentecost, being the xxiii day of May. In this xxxiii year of the king's reign, the bodies of the noble men were buried in the monastery, and the mean people in other places."

* Holinshed suggests this is an error for 800. The Paston Letters say "some six score" were slain.

THE FIRST PART OF THE CONTENTION

OF THE TWO FAMOUS HOUSES OF

YORK AND LANCASTER,

WITH THE

DEATH OF THE GOOD DUKE HUMPHREY.

(ACT I.)

(SCENE I.)

Enter at one door, KING HENRY THE SIXTH, and HUMPHREY, Duke of Gloster, the DUKE OF SOMERSET, the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, CARDINAL BEAUFORT, and others.

Enter at the other door, the DUKE OF YORK, and the MARQUESS OF SUFFOLK, and QUEEN MARGARET, and the EARLS OF SALISBURY and WARWICK.

Suf. As by your high imperial majesty's command,
I had in charge at my depart for France,
As procurator for your excellence,
To marry princess Margaret for your grace;
So in the ancient famous city Tours,
In presence of the kings of France and Sicil,
The dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Bretagne, and Alençon,
Seven earls, twelve barons, and twenty reverend bishops,
I did perform my task, and was espous'd:
And now, most humbly on my bended knees,
In sight of England and her royal peers,
Deliver up my title in the queen
Unto your gracious excellence, that are the substance
Of that great shadow I did represent:
The happiest gift that ever marquess gave,
The fairest queen that ever king possess'd.

King. Suffolk arise,
Welcome queen Margaret to English Henry's court:
The greatest show of kindness yet we can bestow
Is this kind kiss: O gracious God of heaven,
Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness,
For in this beauteous face thou hast bestow'd
A world of pleasures to my perplex'd soul.

Queen. Th' excessive love I bear unto your grace
Forbids me to be lavish of my tongue,
Lest I should speak more than beseems a woman:
Let this suffice, my bliss is in your liking;
And nothing can make poor Margaret miserable,
Unless the frown of mighty England's king.

King. Her looks did wound, but now her speech doth pierce.
Lovely queen Margaret, sit down by my side:
And uncle Gloster, and you lordly peers,
With one voice welcome my beloved queen.

All. Long live queen Margaret, England's happiness.

Queen. We thank you all.

[*Sound trumpets.*]

Suf. My lord protector, so it please your grace,
Here are the articles confirm'd, of peace
Between our sovereign and the French king Charles,
Till term of eighteen months be full expir'd.

Hum. *Imprimis*, It is agreed between the French king, Charles, and William de la Pole, marquess of Suffolk, ambassador for Henry king of England, that the said Henry shall wed and espouse the lady Margaret, daughter to Reignier king of Naples, Sicil, and Jerusalem, and crown her queen of England, ere the thirtieth day of the next month.

Item, It is further agreed between them, that the duchies of Anjou and of Maine shall be released and delivered over to the king her father—

[*DUKE HUMPHREY lets it fall.*]

King. How now uncle, what's the matter that you stay so suddenly?

Hum. Pardon my lord, a sudden qualm came o'er my heart,
Which dims mine eyes that I can read no more.
My lord of York, I pray do you read on.

York. *Item*, It is further agreed between them, that the duchies of Anjou and of Maine shall be released and delivered over to the king her father, and she sent over of the king of England's own proper cost and charges, without dowry.

King. They please us well, lord marquess kneel down:

We here create thee first duke of Suffolk,
And girt thee with the sword. Cousin of York,
We here discharge your grace from being regent
In the parts of France, till term of eighteen months
Be full expir'd. Thanks uncle Winchester,
Gloster, York, and Buckingham, Somerset,
Salisbury, and Warwick.

We thank you for all this great favour done,
In entertainment to my princely queen.
Come let us in, and with all speed provide
To see her coronation be perform'd.

[*Exeunt KING, QUEEN, and SUFFOLK, and DUKE HUMPHREY stays all the rest.*]

Hum. Brave peers of England, pillars of the state,
To you duke Humphrey must unfold his grief;
What, did my brother Henry toil himself,
And waste his subjects for to conquer France?
And did my brother Bedford spend his time,
To keep in awe that stout unruly realm?
And have not I and mine uncle Beaufort here
Done all we could to keep that land in peace?
And are all our labours then spent quite in vain?
For Suffolk he, the new-made duke that rules the roast,
Hath given away for our king Henry's queen,
The duchies of Anjou and Maine unto her father.
Ah lords, fatal is this marriage, cancelling our states,
Reversing monuments of conquer'd France,
Undoing all, as none had ne'er been done.

Card. Why, how now, cousin Gloster! what needs this;
As if our king were bound unto your will,
And might not do his will without your leave?
Proud protector, envy in thine eyes I see,
The big swoll'n venom of thy hateful heart,
That dares presume 'gainst that thy sovereign likes.

Hum. Nay, my lord, 'tis not my words that trouble you,
But my presence, proud prelate as thou art:
But I'll be gone, and give thee leave to speak.
Farewell my lords, and say, when I am gone,
I prophesied France would be lost ere long.

[*Exit DUKE HUMPHREY.*]

Card. There goes our protector in a rage.
My lords, you know he's my great enemy,
And though he be protector of the land,
And thereby covers his deceitful thoughts.
For you well see, if he but walk the streets,
The common people swarm about him straight,
Crying, Jesus bless your royal excellence,
With God preserve the good duke Humphrey,
And many things besides that are not known,
Which time will bring to light in smooth duke Humphrey.

But I will after him, and if I can,

[*Exit CARDINAL.*]

Buck. But let us watch this haughty cardinal.
Cousin of Somerset, be ruled by me,
We'll watch duke Humphrey and the cardinal too,
And put them from the mark they fain would hit.

Som. Thanks, cousin Buckingham, join thou with me,
And both of us with the duke of Suffolk,
We'll quickly heave duke Humphrey from his seat.

Buck. Content: come then, let us about it straight,
For either thou or I will be protector. [*Exeunt BUCKINGHAM and SOMERSET.*]

Sal. Pride went before, ambition follows after.
Whilst these do seek their own preferments thus,
My lords, let us seek for our country's good:
Oft have I seen this haughty cardinal

Swear, and forswear himself, and brave it out,
More like a ruffian than a man of the church.
Cousin York, the victories thou hast won,
In Ireland, Normandy, and in France,
Hath won thee immortal praise in England :
And thou, brave Warwick, my thrice valiant son,
Thy simple plainness and thy house-keeping
Hath won thee credit amongst the common sort :
The reverence of mine age, and Nevil's name,
Is of no little force if I command.

Then let us join all three in one for this,
That good duke Humphrey may his state possess.
But wherefore weeps Warwick, my noble son ?

War. For grief that all is lost that Warwick won.

Sons. Anjou and Maine, both given away at once, why, Warwick did win them ! and must that then which we won with our swords, be given away with words ?

York. As I have read, our kings of England were wont to have large dowries with their wives, but our king Henry gives away his own.

Sal. Come sons, away, and look unto the main.

War. Unto the Main ! O father, Maine is lost,
Which Warwick by main force did win from France :
Main chance, father, you meant, but I meant Maine,
Which I will win from France, or else be slain.

[*Exeunt SALISBURY and WARWICK.*]

York. Anjou and Maine both given unto the French !
Cold news for me, for I had hope of France,
Even as I have of fertile England.
A day will come when York shall claim his own,
And therefore I will take the Nevils' parts,
And make a show of love to proud duke Humphrey
And, when I spy advantage, claim the crown,
For that's the golden mark I seek to hit ;
Nor shall proud Lancaster usurp my right,
Nor hold the sceptre in his childish fist,
Nor wear the diadem upon his head,
Whose church-like humours fit not for a crown.
Then, York, be still awhile till time do serve :
Watch thou, and wake, when others be asleep,
To pry into the secrets of the state ;
Till Henry, surfeiting in joys of love,
With his new bride and England's dear-bought queen,
And Humphrey with the peers be fall'n at jars.
Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,
With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfum'd,
And in my standard bear the arms of York,
To grapple with the house of Lancaster :
And, force perforce, I'll make him yield the crown,
Whose bookish rule hath pull'd fair England down.

(SCENE II.)

Enter DUKE HUMPHREY, and DAME ELEANOR COBHAM, his wife.

Eleanor. Why droops my lord, like over-ripen'd corn,
Hanging the head at Ceres' plenteous load ?
What, seest thou, duke Humphrey, king Henry's crown ?
Reach at it, and if thine arm be too short,
Mine shall lengthen it. Art thou not a prince ?
Uncle to the king ? and his protector ?
Then what shouldst thou lack that might content thy mind ?

Hum. My lovely Nell, far be it from my heart
To think of treasons 'gainst my sovereign lord ;
But I was troubled with a dream to-night,
And God I pray it do betide none ill.

Eleanor. What dreamt my lord ? Good Humphrey tell it me,
And I'll interpret it : and when that's done,
I'll tell thee then what I did dream to-night.

Hum. This night, when I was laid in bed, I dreamt
That this my staff, mine office-badge in court,
Was broke in twain ; by whom I cannot guess ;
But, as I think, by the cardinal. What it bodes
God knows ; and on the ends were placed
The heads of Edmund duke of Somerset,
And William de la Pole first duke of Suffolk.

Eleanor. Tush my lord ! this signifies naught but this, —
That he that breaks a stick of Gloster's grove
Shall for the offence make forfeit of his head.
But now, my lord, I'll tell you what I dreamt :
Methought I was in the cathedral church
At Westminster, and seated in the chair
Where kings and queens are crown'd, and at my feet
Henry and Margaret with a crown of gold
Stood ready to set it on my princely head.

Hum. Fie, Nell. Ambitious woman as thou art,
Art thou not second woman in this land,
And the protector's wife ? belov'd of him ?
And wilt thou still be hammering treason thus ?
Away, I say, and let me hear no more.

Eleanor. How now, my lord ! what angry with your Nell

For telling but her dream ? The next I have
I'll keep it to myself, and not be rated thus.

Hum. Nay, Nell, I'll give no credit to a dream,
But I would have thee to think on no such things.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. An it please your grace, the king and queen to-morrow morning will ride
a hawking to Saint Alban's, and crave your company along with them.

Hum. With all my heart ; I will attend his grace.

Come, Nell, thou wilt go with us I am sure.

[*Exit HUMPHREY.*]

Eleanor. I'll come after you, for I cannot go before,
As long as Gloster bears this base and humble mind :

Were I a man, and protector as he is,

I'd reach to th' crown, or make some hop headles

And being but a woman, I'll not behind

For playing of my part, in spite of all that seek to cross me thus :

Who is within there ?

Enter SIR JOHN HUME.

What, sir John Hume, what news with you ?

Sir John. Jesus preserve your majesty.

Eleanor. My majesty ? why, man, I am but grace.

Sir John. Ay, but by the grace of God, and Hume's advice,
Your grace's state shall be advanc'd ere long.

Eleanor. What, hast thou conferred with Margery Jourdain the cunning witch
of Eye, with Roger Bolingbroke, and the rest ? and will they undertake to do me
good ?

Sir John. I have, madam ; and they have promised me to raise a spirit from
depth of under ground, that shall tell your grace all questions you demand.

Eleanor. Thanks, good sir John.

Some two days hence I guess will fit our time,

Then see that they be here :

For now the king is riding to Saint Alban's,

And all the dukes and earls along with him.

When they be gone, then safely may they come,

And on the back side of my orchard here,

There cast their spells in silence of the night,

And so resolve us of the thing we wish ;

Till when, drink that for my sake, and so farewell.

[*Exit ELEANOR.*]

Sir John. Now, sir John Hume, no words but mum.

Seal up your lips, for you must silent be :

These gifts ere long will make me mighty rich.

The duchess she thinks now that all is well,

But I have gold comes from another place,

From one that hired me to set her on,

To plot these treasons 'gainst the king and peers ;

And that is the mighty duke of Suffolk.

For he it is, but I must not say so,

That by my means must work the duchess' fall,

Who now by conjurations thinks to rise.

But wist, sir John, no more of that I trow,

For fear you lose your head before you go.

(SCENE III.)

Enter two Petitioners, and PETER the Armourer's man.

1 Pet. Come, sirs, let's linger hereabout awhile,
Until my lord protector come this way,
That we may show his grace our several causes.

2 Pet. I pray God save the good duke Humphrey's life,
For but for him a many were undone,
They cannot get no succour in the court.
But see where he comes with the queen.

Enter the DUKE OF SUFFOLK with the QUEEN, and they take him for DUKE HUMPHREY, and give him their writings.

1 Pet. Oh, we are undone, this is the duke of Suffolk.

Queen. Now good fellows, whom would you speak withal ?

2 Pet. If it please your majesty, with my lord protector's grace.

Queen. Are your suits to his grace ? Let us see them first.
Look on them, my lord of Suffolk.

Suf. A complaint against the cardinal's man.

What hath he done ?

2 Pet. Marry, my lord, he hath stole away my wife, and they are gone together,
and I know not where to find them.

Suf. Hath he stole thy wife ? that's some injury indeed. But what say you ?

Peter. Marry, sir, I come to tell you, that my master said that the duke of York
was true heir to the crown, and that the king was an usurper.

Queen. An usurper thou wouldst say.

Peter. Ay, forsooth, an usurper.

Queen. Didst thou say the king was an usurper ?

Peter. No, forsooth, I said my master said so, th' other day when we wer
scouring the duke of York's armour in our garret.

Suf. Ay, marry, this is something like,

Who's within there ?

Enter One or Two.

Sirrah, take in this fellow, and keep him close,
And send out a pursuivant for his master straight,
We'll hear more of this thing before the king.

[Exeunt, with the Armourer's man.]

Now, sir, what's yours? Let me see it,
What's here?

A complaint against the duke of Suffolk, for enclosing the commons of Long Melford.

How now, sir knave?

I Pet. I beseech your grace to pardon me, I am but a messenger for the whole township.

[He tears the papers.]

Suf. So now show your petitions to duke Humphrey.

Villains, get you gone, and come not near the court.

Dare these peasants write against me thus?

[Exeunt Petitioners.]

Queen. My lord of Suffolk, you may see by this

The commons' loves unto that haughty duke,

That seek to him more than to king Henry:

Whose eyes are always poring on his book,

And ne'er regards the honour of his name,

But still must be protected like a child,

And governed by that ambitious duke,

That scarce will move his cap to speak to us;

And his proud wife, high-minded Eleanor,

That ruffles it with such a troop of ladies,

As strangers in the court take her for queen:

She bears a duke's whole revenues on her back.

The other day she vaunted to her maids

That the very train of her worst gown

Was worth more wealth than all my father's lands.

Can any grief of mind be like to this?

I tell thee Pole, when thou didst run at tilt,

And stol'st away our ladies' hearts in France,

I thought king Henry had been like to thee,

Or else thou hadst not brought me out of France.

Suf. Madam, content yourself a little while:

As I was cause of your coming into England,

So will I in England work your full content:

And as for proud duke Humphrey and his wife,

I have set lime-twigs that will entangle them,

As that your grace ere long shall understand.

But stay, madam, here comes the king.

Enter KING HENRY, and the DUKE OF YORK and the DUKE OF SOMERSET on both sides of the KING, whispering with him: Then entereth DUKE HUMPHREY, DAME ELEANOR, the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, the EARL OF SALISBURY, the EARL OF WARWICK, and the CARDINAL OF WINCHESTER.

King. My lords, I care not who be regent in France,
Or York or Somerset, all's one to me.

York. My lord, if York have ill demean'd himself,
Let Somerset enjoy his place, and go to France.

Som. Then whom your grace thinks worthy, let him go,
And there be made the regent over the French.

War. Whomsoever you account worthy,
York is the worthiest.

Card. Peace, Warwick, give thy betters leave to speak.

War. The cardinal's not my better in the field.

Buck. All in this place are thy betters far.

War. And Warwick may live to be best of all.

Queen. My lord in mine opinion, it were best
That Somerset were regent over France.

Hum. Madam, our king is old enough himself,
To give his answer without your consent.

Queen. If he be old enough, what needs your grace
To be protector over him so long?

Hum. Madam, I am but protector o'er the land,
And when it please his grace, I will resign my charge.

Suf. Resign it then, for since thou wast a king
(As who is king but thee?) the common state
Doth as we see, all wholly go to wrack,
And millions of treasure hath been spent.

And as for the regentship of France,
I say Somerset is more worthy than York.

York. I'll tell thee, Suffolk, why I am not worthy,
Because I cannot flatter as thou canst.

War. And yet the worthy deeds that York hath done
Should make him worthy to be honour'd here.

Suf. Peace, headstrong Warwick.

War. Image of pride, wherefore should I peace?

Suf. Because here is a man accus'd of treason;
Pray God the duke of York do clear himself.

Ho, bring hither the armourer and his man.

Enter the Armourer and his man.

If it please your grace, this fellow here hath accused his master of high treason,
and his words were these: That the duke of York was lawful heir unto the crown,
and that your grace was an usurper.

York. I beseech your grace let him have what punishment the law will afford
for his villainy.

King. Come hither, fellow; didst thou speak these words?

Arm. An't shall please your worship, I never said any such matter, God is my
witness; I am falsely accused by this villain here.

Peter. 'Tis no matter for that, you did say so.

York. I beseech your grace let him have the law.

Arm. Alas, master, hang me if ever I spake the words. My accuser is my
prentice, and when I did correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow upon
his knees that he would be even with me: I have good witness of this, and there-
fore I beseech your worship do not cast away an honest man for a villain's
accusation.

King. Uncle Gloster, what do you think of this?

Hum. The law, my lord, is this (because it rests suspicious),

That a day of combat be appointed,
And there to try each other's right or wrong,
With ebon staves and sandbags combating
In Smithfield, before your royal majesty.

[Exit HUMPHREY.]

Arm. And I accept the combat willingly.

Peter. Alas, my lord, I am not able for to fight.

Suf. You must either fight, sirrah, or else be hang'd:
Go take them hence again to prison.

[Exeunt with them.]

*[The QUEEN lets fall her glove, and hits the DUCHESS OF GLOSTER a
box on the ear.]*

Queen. Give me my glove. Why, minion, can you not see? *[She strikes her.]*
I cry you mercy, madam, I did mistake;
I did not think it had been you.

Eleanor. Did you not, proud Frenchwoman?
Could I come near your dainty visage with my nails,
I'd set my ten commandments in your face.

King. Be patient, gentle aunt;
It was against her will.

Eleanor. Against her will! Good king, she'll dandle thee,
If thou wilt always thus be rul'd by her.

But let it rest: as sure as I do live,
She shall not strike dame Eleanor unreveng'd.

[Exit ELEANOR.]

King. Believe me, my love, thou wert much to blame:
I would not for a thousand pounds of gold,
My noble uncle had been here in place.

Enter DUKE HUMPHREY.

But see where he comes: I am glad he met her not.

Uncle Gloster, what answer makes your grace
Concerning our regent for the realm of France,
Whom thinks your grace is meetest for to send?

Hum. My gracious lord, then this is my resolve:
For that these words the armourer should speak
Doth breed suspicion on the part of York,
Let Somerset be regent o'er the French,
Till trial's made, and York may clear himself.

King. Then be it so: my lord of Somerset,
We make your grace regent over the French,
And to defend our right 'gainst foreign foes,
And so do good unto the realm of France.
Make haste, my lord, 'tis time that you were gone,
The time of truce is I think full expir'd.

Som. I humbly thank your royal majesty,
And take my leave to post with speed to France.

[Exit SOMERSET.]

King. Come, uncle Gloster, now let's have our horse,
For we will to Saint Alban's presently.
Madam, your hawk, they say, is swift of flight,
And we will try how she will fly to-day.

Exeunt omnes.

(SCENE IV.)

*Enter ELEANOR, with SIR JOHN HUME, ROGER BOLINGBROKE, a Conjuror,
and MARGERY JOURDAIN a Witch.*

Eleanor. Here, sir John, take this scroll of paper here,
Wherein is writ the questions you shall ask,
And I will stand upon this tower here,
And hear the spirit what it says to you,
And to my questions write the answers down.

[She goes up to the tower.]

Sir John. Now, sirs, begin, and cast your spells about,
And charm the fiends for to obey your wills,
And tell dame Eleanor of the thing she asks.

Witch. Then, Roger Bolingbroke, about thy task,
And frame a circle here upon the earth,
Whilst I thereon all prostrate on my face
Do talk and whisper with the devils below,
And conjure them for to obey my will.

[She lies down upon her face. BOLINGBROKE makes a circle.]

Boling. Dark night, dread night, the silence of the night,
Wherein the furies mask in hellish troops,
Send up, I charge you, from Cocytus' lake
The spirit Ascalon to come to me,
To pierce the bowels of this centric earth,
And hither come in twinkling of an eye:
Ascend, ascend, ascend.

[It thunders and lightens, and then the Spirit riseth up.]

Spirit. Now, Bolingbroke, what wouldst thou have me do?

Boling. First, of the king, what shall become of him?

Spirit. The duke yet lives that Henry shall depose,
But him outlive, and die a violent death.

Boling. What fate awaits the duke of Suffolk?

Spirit. By water shall he die, and take his end.

Boling. What shall betide the duke of Somerset?

Spirit. Let him shun castles:

Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains,
Than where castles mounted stand:

Now question me no more, for I must hence again.

[*He sinks down again.*]

Boling. Then down, I say, unto the damned pool

Where Pluto in his fiery waggon sits,

Riding amidst the sing'd and parched smokes,

The road of Ditis by the river Styx:

There howl and burn for ever in those flames.

Rise, Jourdain, rise, and stay thy charming spells.

Zounds, we are betray'd!

Enter the DUKE OF YORK, and the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, and others.

York. Come, sirs, lay hands on them, and bind them sure.

This time was well watch'd. What, madam, are you there?

This will be great credit for your husband,

That you are plotting treason thus with conjurers;

The king shall have notice of this thing.

[*Exit ELEANOR above.*]

Buck. See here, my lord, what the devil hath writ.

York. Give it me, my lord, I'll show it to the king:

Go, sirs, see them fast lock'd in prison.

[*Exit with them.*]

Buck. My lord, I pray you let me go post unto the king,

Unto Saint Alban's, to tell this news.

York. Content. Away then, about it straight.

Buck. Farewell my lord.

[*Exit BUCKINGHAM.*]

York. Who's within there?

Enter One.

One. My lord.

York. Sirrah, go will the earls of Salisbury and Warwick

To sup with me to-night.

[*Exit YORK.*]

One. I will my lord.

[*Exit.*]

(ACT II.)

(SCENE I.)

Enter the KING and QUEEN with her hawk on her fist, and DUKE HUMPHREY and SUFFOLK, and the CARDINAL, as if they came from hawking.

Queen. My lord, how did your grace like this last flight?

But as I cast her off the wind did rise,

And 'twas ten to one old Joan had not gone out.

King. How wonderful the Lord's works are on earth,

Even in these silly creatures of his hands!

Uncle Gloster, how high your hawk did soar,

And on a sudden sous'd the partridge down.

Suf. No marvel, if it please your majesty,

My lord protector's hawks do tower so well;

They know their master soars a falcon's pitch.

Hum. Faith, my lord, it's but a base mind,

That soars no higher than a bird can soar.

Card. I thought your grace would be above the clouds.

Hum. Ay, my lord cardinal, were it not good

Your grace could fly to heaven?

Card. Thy heaven is on earth, thy words and thoughts

Beat on a crown, proud protector, dangerous peer,

To smooth it thus with king and commonwealth.

Hum. How now, my lord, why this is more than needs!

Churchmen so hot? Good uncle, can you do't?

Suf. Why not, having so good a quarrel,

And so bad a cause?

Hum. As how, my lord?

Suf. As you, my lord, an't like your lordly lord's protectorship.

Hum. Why Suffolk, England knows thy insolence.

Queen. And thy ambition, Gloster.

King. Cease, gentle queen,

And whet not on these furious lords to wrath,

For blessed are the peace-makers on earth.

Card. Let me be blessed for the peace I make,

Against this proud protector with my sword.

Hum. Faith, holy uncle, I would it were come to that.

Card. Even when thou dar'st.

Hum. Dare? I tell thee priest,

Plantagenets could never brook the dare.

Card. I am Plantagenet as well as thou,

And son to John of Gaunt.

Hum. In bastardy.

Card. I scorn thy words.

Hum. Make up no factious numbers,

But even in thine own person meet me at the east end of the grove.

Card. Here's my hand, I will.

King. Why, how now, lords?

Card. Faith, cousin Gloster,

Had not your man cast off so soon, we had had

More sport to-day. Come with thy sword and buckler.

Hum. God's mother, priest, I'll shave your crown.

Card. Protector, protect thyself well.

King. The wind grows high, so doth your choler, lords.

Enter One crying "A miracle! a miracle!"

How now? Now, sirrah, what miracle is it?

One. An it please your grace, there is a man that came blind to Saint Alban's,
and hath received his sight at the shrine.

King. Go fetch him hither, that we may glorify the Lord with him.

Enter the Mayor of Saint Alban's, and his brethren, with music, bearing the man that had been blind between Two in a chair.

King. Thou happy man, give God eternal praise,
For he it is that thus hath helped thee:

Where wast thou born?

Poor Man. At Berwick, please your majesty, in the north.

Hum. At Berwick, and come thus far for help?

P. Man. Ay, sir, it was told me in my sleep,

That sweet Saint Alban should give me my sight again.

Hum. What, art lame too?

P. Man. Ay, indeed, sir, God help me.

Hum. How cam'st thou lame?

P. Man. With falling off a plum-tree.

Hum. Wert thou blind and would climb plum-trees?

P. Man. Never but once, sir, in all my life.

My wife did long for plums.

Hum. But tell me, wert thou born blind?

P. Man. Ay, truly, sir.

Woman. Ay, indeed, sir, he was born blind.

Hum. What, art thou his mother?

Woman. His wife, sir.

Hum. Hadst thou been his mother,

Thou couldst have better told.

Why, let me see, I think thou canst not see yet.

P. Man. Yes, truly, master, as clear as day.

Hum. Say'st thou so? what colour's his cloak?

P. Man. Red, master, as red as blood.

Hum. And his cloak?

P. Man. Why, that's green.

Hum. And what colour's his hose?

P. Man. Yellow, master, yellow as gold.

Hum. And what colour's my gown?

P. Man. Black, sir, as black as jet.

King. Then belike he knows what colour jet is on.

Suf. And yet I think jet did he never see.

Hum. But cloaks and gowns ere this day many a one.

But tell me, sirrah, what's my name?

P. Man. Alas, master, I know not.

Hum. What's his name?

P. Man. I know not.

Hum. Nor his?

P. Man. No, truly, sir.

Hum. Nor his name?

P. Man. No, indeed, master.

Hum. What's thine own name?

P. Man. Sander, an it please you, master.

Hum. Then, Sander, sit there, the lyingest knave in Christendom. If thou hadst been born blind, thou might'st as well have known all our names as thus to name the several colours we do wear. Sight may distinguish of colours, but suddenly to nominate them all it is impossible. My lords, Saint Alban here hath done a miracle, and would you not think his cunning to be great, that could restore this cripple to his legs again?

P. Man. O, master, I would you could.

Hum. My masters of Saint Alban's, have you not beadles in your town, and things called whips?

Mayor. Yes, my lord, if it please your grace.

Hum. Then send for one presently.

Mayor. Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither strait.

[*Exit One.*]

Hum. Now fetch me a stool hither by and by. Now, sirrah, if you mean to save yourself from whipping, leap me over this stool, and run away.

Enter a Beadle.

P. Man. Alas, master, I am not able to stand alone; you go about to torture me in vain.

Hum. Well, sir, we must have you find your legs. Sirrah beadle, whip him till he leap over that same stool.

Beadle. I will, my lord: come on, sirrah, off with your doublet quickly.

P. Man. Alas, master, what shall I do? I am not able to stand.

[*After the Beadle hath hit him one jerk, he leaps over the stool, and runs away, and they run after him, crying "A miracle! a miracle!"*]

Hum. A miracle, a miracle! Let him be taken again, and whipped through every market-town till he comes at Berwick where he was born.

Mayor. It shall be done, my lord.

[*Exit Mayor.*]

Suf. My lord protector hath done wonders to-day,
He hath made the blind to see, and halt to go.

Hum. Ay, but you did greater wonders, when you made whole dukedoms fly in a day.

Witness France.

King. Have done, I say, and let me hear no more of that.

Enter the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

What news brings duke Humphrey of Buckingham?

Buck. Ill news for some, my lord, and this it is,—
That proud dame Eleanor our protector's wife,
Hath plotted treasons 'gainst the king and peers,
By witchcrafts, sorceries, and conjurings,
Who by such means did raise a spirit up,
To tell her what hap should betide the state;
But ere they had finished their devilish drift,
By York and myself they were all surpris'd;
And here's the answer the devil did make to them.

King. First, of the king, what shall become of him?

[*Reads.*] The duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose,
Yet him outlive, and die a violent death.
God's will be done in all.

What fate awaits the duke of Suffolk?

By water shall he die, and take his end.

Suf. By water must the duke of Suffolk die?
It must be so, or else the devil doth lie.

King. Let Somerset shun castles,
For safer shall he be upon the sandy plains,
Than where castles mounted stand.

Card. Here's good stuff, how now my lord protector?
This news I think hath turn'd your weapon's point;
I am in doubt you'll scarcely keep your promise.

Hum. Forbear, ambitious prelate, to urge my grief,
And pardon me my gracious sovereign,
For here I swear unto your majesty,
That I am guiltless of these heinous crimes
Which my ambitious wife hath falsely done;
And for she would betray her sovereign lord,
I here renounce her from my bed and board,
And leave her open for the law to judge,
Unless she clear herself of this foul deed.

King. Come, my lords, this night we'll lodge in Saint Alban's,
And to-morrow we will ride to London,
And try the utmost of these treasons forth.
Come, uncle Gloster, along with us,
My mind doth tell me thou art innocent.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

(SCENE II.)

Enter the DUKE OF YORK, and the EARLS OF SALISBURY and WARWICK.

York. My lords, our simple supper ended thus,
Let me reveal unto your honours here
The right and title of the house of York
To England's crown by lineal descent.

War. Then, York, begin; and if thy claim be good,
The Nevils are thy subjects to command.

York. Then thus, my lords:
Edward the Third had seven sons;
The first was Edward the Black Prince, prince of Wales.
The second was William of Hatfield, who died young.
The third was Lionel, duke of Clarence.
The fourth was John of Gaunt, the duke of Lancaster.
The fifth was Edmund of Langley, duke of York.
The sixth was William of Windsor, who died young.
The seventh and last was sir Thomas of Woodstock,
Duke of Gloster.

Now Edward the Black Prince died before his father, leaving behind him two sons, Edward born at Angoulême, who died young, and Richard, that was after crowned king by the name of Richard the Second, who died without an heir. Lionel duke of Clarence died, and left him one only daughter, named Philippe, who was married to Edmund Mortimer, earl of March and Ulster; and so by her I claim the crown, as the true heir to Lionel duke of Clarence, third son to Edward the Third. Now, sir, in time of Richard's reign, Henry of Bolingbroke, son and heir to John of Gaunt, the duke of Lancaster, fourth son to Edward the Third, he claimed the crown, deposed the mirthful king, and as both you know, in Pomfret castle harmless Richard was shamefully murdered, and so by Richard's death came the house of Lancaster unto the crown.

Sal. Saving your tale, my lord, as I have heard, in the reign of Bolingbroke the duke of York did claim the crown, and but for Owen Glendower had been king.

York. True: but so it fortun'd then, by means of that monstrous rebel Glendower, the noble duke of York was put to death, and so ever since the heirs of John of Gaunt have possessed the crown. But if the issue of the elder should succeed before the issue of the younger, then am I lawful heir unto the kingdom.

War. What proceedings can be more plain? He claims it from Lionel duke of Clarence, the third son to Edward the Third, and Henry from John of Gaunt the fourth son. So that till Lionel's issue fails, his should not reign.

It fails not yet, but flourisheth in thee,
And in thy sons, brave slips of such a stock.
Then, noble father, kneel we both together,
And in this private place, be we the first
To honour him with birthright to the crown.

Both. Long live Richard, England's royal king!

York. I thank you both. But, lords, I am not your king, until this sword be sheathed even in the heart blood of the house of Lancaster.

War. Then, York, advise thyself, and take thy time:

Claim thou the crown, and set thy standard up,
And in the same advance the milk-white rose,
And then to guard it, will I rouse the bear,
Environ'd with ten thousand ragged staves,
To aid and help thee for to win thy right,
Maugre the proudest lord of Henry's blood
That dares deny the right and claim of York.
For why, my mind presageth I shall live
To see the noble duke of York to be a king.

York. Thanks, noble Warwick; and York doth hope to see the earl of Warwick live to be the greatest man in England but the king. Come, let's go.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

(SCENE III.)

Enter KING HENRY and the QUEEN, DUKE HUMPHREY, the DUKE OF SUFFOLK, and the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, the CARDINAL, and DAME ELEANOR COBHAM led with the officers, and then enter to them the DUKE OF YORK, and the EARLS OF SALISBURY and WARWICK.

King. Stand forth, dame Eleanor Cobham, duchess of Gloster, and hear the sentence pronounced against thee for these treasons that thou hast committed against us, our state, and peers. First, for thy heinous crime, thou shalt two days in London do penance barefoot in the streets, with a white sheet about thy body, and a wax taper burning in thy hand. That done, thou shalt be banished for ever into the Isle of Man, there to end thy wretched days; and this is our sentence irrevocable. Away with her.

Eleanor. Even to my death, for I have lived too long.

[*Exeunt some with ELEANOR.*]

King. Grieve not, noble uncle, but be thou glad,
In that these treasons thus are come to light,
Lest God had pour'd his vengeance on thy head
For her offences that thou held'st so dear.

Hum. Oh, gracious Henry, give me leave awhile
To leave your grace, and to depart away;
For sorrow's tears hath gripp'd my aged heart,
And makes the fountains of mine eyes to swell,
And therefore, good my lord, let me depart.

King. With all my heart, good uncle, when you please.
Yet ere thou goest, Humphrey, resign thy staff,
For Henry will be no more protected;
The Lord shall be my guide both for my land and me.

Hum. My staff? Ay, noble Henry, my life and all.
My staff I yield as willing to be thine,
As ere thy noble father made it mine:
And even as willing at thy feet I leave it,
As others would ambitiously receive it:
And long hereafter, when I am dead and gone,
May honourable peace attend thy throne.

King. Uncle Gloster, stand up, and go in peace.
No less belov'd of us, than when
Thou wert protector over this my land.

[*Exit GLOSTER.*]

Queen. Take up the staff, for here it ought to stand.
Where should it be but in king Henry's hand?

York. Please it your majesty, this is the day
That was appointed for the combating
Between the armourer and his man, my lord,
And they are ready when your grace doth please.

King. Then call them forth that they may try their rights.

Enter at one door the Armourer and his Neighbours, drinking to him so much that he is drunken, and he enters with a drum before him, and his staff with a sandbag fastened to it, and at the other door his Man with a drum and sandbag, and Prentices drinking to him.

1 *Neigh.* Here, neighbour Horner, I drink to you in a cup of sack; and fear not, neighbour, you shall do well enough.

2 *Neigh.* And here, neighbour, here's a cup of charneco.

3 *Neigh.* Here's a pot of good double beer, neighbour: drink and be merry, and fear not your man.

Arm. Let it come, i' faith I'll pledge you all,
And a fig for Peter.

1 *Pren.* Here, Peter, I drink to thee, and be not afraid.

2 *Pren.* Here, Peter, here's a pint of claret wine for thee.

3 *Pren.* And here's a quart for me, and be merry, Peter,
And fear not thy master; fight for credit of the prentices.

Peter. I thank you all, but I'll drink no more: here, Robin, and if I die, here I give thee my hammer; and Will, thou shalt have my apron: and here, Tom,

take all the money that I have. O Lord bless me, I pray God, for I am never able to deal with my master, he hath learned so much fence already.

Sal. Come leave your drinking, and fall to blows. Sirrah, what's thy name?

Peter. Peter, forsooth.

Sal. Peter: what more?

Peter. Thump.

Sal. Thump, then see that thou thump thy master.

Arm. Here's to thee, neighbour; fill all the pots again, for before we fight, look you, I will tell you my mind; for I am come hither as it were of my man's instigation, to prove myself an honest man and Peter a knave: and so have at you Peter with downright blows, as Bevis of Southampton fell upon Ascapart.

Peter. La you, now; I told you he's in his fence already.

[*Alarums.* PETER hits him on the head and fells him.

Arm. Hold, Peter! I confess, treason, treason.

[*He dies.*

Peter. O God, I give thee praise.

[*He kneels down.*

Pren. Ho, well done, Peter! God save the king!

King. Go, take hence that traitor from our sight,
For by his death we do perceive his guilt,
And God, in justice, hath reveal'd to us
The truth and innocence of this poor fellow,
Which he had thought to have murder'd wrongfully.
Come, fellow, follow us for thy reward.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

(SCENE IV.)

Enter DUKE HUMPHREY and his men, in mourning cloaks.

Hum. Sirrah, what's o'clock?

Serv. Almost ten, my lord.

Hum. Then is that woeful hour hard at hand,
That my poor lady should come by this way,
In shameful penance wandering in the streets.
Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind abrook
The abject people gazing on thy face,
With envious looks laughing at thy shame,
That erst did follow thy proud chariot wheels
When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets.

Enter DAME ELEANOR COBHAM barefoot, and a white sheet about her, with a wax candle in her hand, and verses written on her back and pinned on, and accompanied with the Sheriffs of London, and SIR JOHN STANLEY, and Officers, with bills and halberds.

Serv. My gracious lord, see where my lady comes.
Please it your grace, we'll take her from the sheriffs.

Hum. I charge you for your lives stir not a foot,
Nor offer once to draw a weapon here,
But let them do their office as they should.

Eleanor. Come you, my lord, to see my open shame?
Ah, Gloster, now thou dost penance too,
See how the giddy people look at thee,
Shaking their heads and pointing at thee here.
Go, get thee gone, and hide thee from their sights,
And in thy pent-up study rue my shame,
And ban thine enemies,—ah! mine and thine.

Hum. Ah, Nell, sweet Nell, forget this extreme grief,
And bear it patiently to ease thy heart.

Eleanor. Ah, Gloster, teach me to forget myself;
For whilst I think I am thy wedded wife,
The thought of this doth kill my woeful heart.
The ruthless flints do cut my tender feet,
And when I start, the cruel people laugh,
And bid me be advised how I tread;
And thus, with burning taper in my hand,
Mail'd up in shame, with papers on my back,
Ah, Gloster, can I endure this and live?
Sometime I'll say I am duke Humphrey's wife,
And he a prince, protector of the land,
But so he rul'd and such a prince he was,
As he stood by, whilst I his forlorn duchess
Was led with shame, and made a laughing-stock
To every idle rascal follower.

Hum. My lovely Nell, what wouldst thou have me do?
Should I attempt to rescue thee from hence,
I should incur the danger of the law,
And thy disgrace would not be shadow'd so.

Eleanor. Be thou mild, and stir not at my disgrace,
Until the axe of death hang o'er thy head,
As shortly sure it will. For Suffolk, he,
The new-made duke, that may do all in all
With her that loves him so, and hates us all,
And impious York, and Beaufort that false priest,
Have all lim'd bushes to betray thy wings,
And fly thou how thou canst, they will entangle thee.

Enter a Herald of arms.

Herald. I summon your grace unto his highness' parliament, holden at Saint Edmond's-bury, the first of the next month.

Hum. A parliament, and our consent ne'er craved
Therein before? This is——

Well, we will be there.

[*Exit Herald.*

Master sheriff, I pray proceed no further against my lady than the course of law extends.

Sheriff. Please it your grace, my office here doth end,
And I must deliver her to sir John Stanley,
To be conducted into the Isle of Man.

Hum. Must you, sir John, conduct my lady?

Stan. Ay, my gracious lord, for so it is decreed,
And I am so commanded by the king.

Hum. I pray you, sir John, use her ne'er the worse,
In that I entreat you to use her well.

The world may smile again, and I may live

To do you favour, if you do it her.

And so, sir John, farewell.

Eleanor. What, gone, my lord, and bid not me farewell?

Hum. Witness my bleeding heart, I cannot stay to speak.

[*Exeunt HUMPHREY and his men.*

Eleanor. Then is he gone, is noble Gloster gone,
And doth duke Humphrey now forsake me too?
Then let me haste from out fair England's bounds:
Come, Stanley, come, and let us haste away.

Stan. Madam, let's go unto some house hereby,
Where you may shift yourself before we go.

Eleanor. Ah, good sir John, my shame cannot be hid,
Nor put away with casting off my sheet:

But, come, let us go; master sheriff, farewell,
Thou hast but done thy office as thou shouldst.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

(ACT III.)

(SCENE I.)

Enter to the Parliament.

Enter two Heralds before, then the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, the DUKE OF SUFFOLK, and then the DUKE OF YORK and the CARDINAL OF WINCHESTER, and then the KING and the QUEEN, and then the EARL OF SALISBURY and the EARL OF WARWICK.

King. I wonder our uncle Gloster stays so long.

Queen. Can you not see? or will you not perceive
How that ambitious duke doth use himself?

The time hath been, but now the time is past,
That none so humble as duke Humphrey was:

But now let one meet him even in the morn,
When every one will give the time of day,

Yet he will neither move nor speak to us.

See you not how the commons follow him

In troops, crying, God save the good duke Humphrey!

Honouring him as if he were their king?

Gloster is no little man in England,

And if he list to stir commotions

'Tis likely that the people will follow him.

My lord, if you imagine there is no such thing,

Then let it pass, and call't a woman's fear.

My lord of Suffolk, Buckingham, and York,

Disprove my allegations if you can,

And by your speeches if you can reprove me,

I will subscribe, and say I wrong'd the duke.

Suf. Well hath your grace foreseen into that duke;

And if I had been licens'd first to speak,

I think I should have told your grace's tale.

Smooth runs the brook whereas the stream is deepest.

No, no, my sovereign, Gloster is a man

Unsounded yet, and full of deep deceit.

Enter the DUKE OF SOMERSET.

King. Welcome lord Somerset, what news from France?

Som. Cold news, my lord, and this it is,—

That all your holds and towns within those territories
Is overcome, my lord; all is lost.

King. Cold news indeed, lord Somerset;

But God's will be done.

York. Cold news for me, for I had hope of France,

Even as I have of fertile England.

Enter DUKE HUMPHREY.

Hum. Pardon, my liege, that I have stay'd so long.

Suf. Nay, Gloster, know that thou art come too soon,

Unless thou prove more loyal than thou art;

We do arrest thee on high treason here.

Hum. Why, Suffolk's duke, thou shalt not see me blush,

Nor change my countenance for thine arrest.
Whereof I am guilty who are my accusers?

York. 'Tis thought, my lord, your grace took bribes from France,
And stopp'd the soldiers of their pay,
Through which his majesty hath lost all France.

Hum. Is it but thought so? And who are they that think so?

So God me help, as I have watch'd the night,
Ever intending good for England still:
That penny that ever I took from France,
Be brought against me at the judgment day.
I never robb'd the soldiers of their pay;
Many a pound of mine own proper cost
Have I sent over for the soldiers' wants,
Because I would not rack the needy commons.

Card. In your protectorship you did devise
Strange torments for offenders, by which means
England hath been defam'd by tyranny.

Hum. Why, 'tis well known that whilst I was protector
Pity was all the fault that was in me:
A murderer or foul felonious thief,
That robs and murders silly passengers,
I tortur'd above the rate of common law.

Suf. Tush, my lord, these be things of no account;
But greater matters are laid unto your charge.
I do arrest thee on high treason here,
And commit thee to my good lord cardinal,
Until such time as thou canst clear thyself.

King. Good uncle, obey to his arrest:
I have no doubt but thou shalt clear thyself;
My conscience tells me thou art innocent.

Hum. Ah, gracious Henry, these days are dangerous!
And would my death might end these miseries,
And stay their moods for good king Henry's sake.
But I am made the prologue to their play,
And thousands more must follow after me,
That dread not yet their lives' destruction.
Suffolk's hateful tongue blabs his heart's malice;
Beaufort's fiery eyes show his envious mind;
Buckingham's proud looks bewray his cruel thoughts
And dogged York, that levels at the moon,
Whose overweening arm I have held back,
All you have joined to betray me thus:
And you, my gracious lady and sovereign mistress,
Causeless have laid complaints upon my head.
I shall not want false witnesses enough,
That so amongst you you may have my life.
The proverb no doubt will be perform'd,
A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.

Suf. Doth he not twit our sovereign lady here,
As if that she, with ignominious wrong,
Had suborn'd or hir'd some to swear against his life?

Queen. But I can give the loser leave to speak.

Hum. Far truer spoke than meant: I lose indeed:
Beshrew the winners' hearts, they play me false.

Buck. He'll wrest the sense, and keep us here all day:
My lord of Winchester, see him sent away.

Card. Who's within there? take in duke Humphrey,
And see him guarded sure within my house.

Hum. Oh, thus king Henry casts away his crutch,
Before his legs can bear his body up;
And puts his watchful shepherd from his side,
Whilst wolves stand snarring who shall bite him first.
Farewell, my sovereign! long may'st thou enjoy
Thy father's happy days, free from annoy!

[Exit HUMPHREY, with the Cardinal's men.]

King. My lords, what to your wisdoms shall seem best
Do and undo as if ourself were here.

Queen. What, will your highness leave the parliament?

King. Ay, Margaret. My heart is kill'd with grief,
Where I may sit and sigh in endless moan,
For who's a traitor, Gloster he is none.

[Exeunt KING, SALISBURY, and WARWICK.]

Queen. Then sit we down again, my lord cardinal,
Suffolk, Buckingham, York, and Somerset;
Let us consult of proud duke Humphrey's fall.
In mine opinion it were good he died,
For safety of our king and commonwealth.

Suf. And so think I, madam; for, as you know,
If our king Henry had shook hands with death,
Duke Humphrey then would look to be our king:
And it may be by policy he works,
To bring to pass the thing which now we doubt.
The fox barks not when he would steal the lamb;
But if we take him ere he do the deed,
We should not question if that he is a fox.

York. No, let him die, in that he is a fox,
Lest that in living he offend us more.

Card. Then let him die before the commons know,
For fear that they do rise in arms for him.

York. Then do it suddenly, my lords.

Suf. Let that be my lord cardinal's charge and mine.

Card. Agreed, for he's already kept within my house.

Enter a Messenger.

Queen. How now, sirrah, what news?

Mess. Madam, I bring you news from Ireland.
The wild O'Neil, my lords, is up in arms,
With troops of Irish Kernes, that uncontroll'd
Do plant themselves within the English pale,
And burn and spoil the country as they go.

Queen. What redress shall we have for this, my lords?

York. 'Twere good that my lord of Somerset,
That fortunate champion, were sent over
To keep in awe the stubborn Irishmen;
He did so much good when he was in France.

Som. Had York been there with all his far-fetch'd policies,
He might have lost as much as I.

York. Ay, for York would have lost his life, before
That France should have revolted from England's rule.

Som. Ay, so thou might'st, and yet have govern'd worse than I.

York. What worse than naught? then a shame take all.

Som. Shame on thyself, that wisheth shame.

Queen. Somerset forbear; good York be patient,
And do thou take in hand to cross the seas,
With troops of armed men, to quell the pride
Of those ambitious Irish that rebel.

York. Well, madam, sith your grace is so content,
Let me have some bands of chosen soldiers,
And York shall try his fortunes 'gainst those Kernes.

Queen. York, thou shalt. My lord of Buckingham,
Let it be your charge to muster up such soldiers
As shall suffice him in these needful wars.

Buck. Madam, I will, and levy such a band
As soon shall overcome those Irish rebels.

But, York, where shall those soldiers stay for thee?

York. At Bristol, I'll expect them ten days hence.

Buck. Then thither shall they come, and so farewell. [Exit BUCKINGHAM.]

York. Adieu, my lord of Buckingham.

Queen. Suffolk, remember what you have to do.
And you, lord cardinal, concerning duke Humphrey.
'Twere good that you did see to it in time.

Come, let us go, that it may be perform'd. [Exeunt omnes, manet YORK.]

York. Now, York, bethink thyself, and rouse thee up,
Take time whilst it is offer'd thee so fair,
Lest when thou wouldst, thou canst it not attain!
'Twas men I lack'd, and now they give them me,
And now, whilst I am busy in Ireland,
I have seduc'd a headstrong Kentishman,
John Cade of Ashford,
Under the title of John Mortimer,
(For he is like him every kind of way)
To raise commotion, and by that means
I shall perceive how the common people
Do affect the claim and house of York.
Then, if he have success in his affairs,
From Ireland then comes York again,
To reap the harvest which that coystroll sow'd:
Now, if he should be taken and condemn'd,
He'll ne'er confess that I did set him on,
And therefore ere I go I'll send him word
To put in practice and to gather head,
That so soon as I am gone he may begin
To rise in arms with troops of country swains,
To help him to perform this enterprise.
And then, duke Humphrey, he well made away,
None then can stop the light to England's crown,
But York can tame, and headlong pull them down.

[Exit YORK.]

(SCENE II.)

Then the curtains being drawn, DUKE HUMPHREY is discovered in his bed, and
two Men lying on his breast and smothering him in his bed. And then
enter the DUKE OF SUFFOLK to them.

Suf. How now, sirs! what, have you despatch'd him?

1. Ay, my lord, he's dead I warrant you.

Suf. Then see the clothes laid smooth about him still,
That when the king comes, he may perceive
No other but that he died of his own accord.

2. All things is handsome now, my lord.

Suf. Then draw the curtains again and get you gone,
And you shall have your firm reward anon.

[Exeunt.]

Enter the KING and QUEEN, the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, and the DUKE OF
SOMERSET, and the CARDINAL.

King. My lord of Suffolk, go call our uncle Gloster.
Tell him this day we will that he do clear himself.

Suf. I will, my lord.

[Exit SUFFOLK.]

King. And, good my lords, proceed no further 'gainst our uncle
Than by just proof you can affirm:
For as the sucking child or harmless lamb,
So is he innocent of treason to our state.

Enter SUFFOLK.

How now, Suffolk? where's our uncle?

Suf. Dead in his bed, my lord of Gloster's dead. [*The KING falls in a swoon.*]

Queen. Ah me, the king is dead: help, help, my lords!

Suf. Comfort, my lord; gracious Henry, comfort.

King. What, doth my lord of Suffolk bid me comfort?

Came he even now to sing a raven's note,
And thinks he that the chirping of a wren,
By crying comfort through a hollow voice,
Can satisfy my griefs, or ease my heart?
Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight,
For even in thine eyeballs murder sits:
Yet do not go. Come, basilisk, and kill
The gazer with thy looks.

Queen. Why do you rate my lord of Suffolk thus,
As if that he had caus'd duke Humphrey's death?
The duke and I too, you know, were enemies,
And ye had best say that I did murder him.

King. Ah, woe is me for wretched Gloster's death.

Queen. Be woe for me, more wretched than he was:
What, dost thou turn away and hide thy face?
I am no loathsome leper, look on me.
Was I for this nigh wrack'd upon the sea,
And thrice by awkward winds driven back from England's bounds?
What might it bode, but that well foretelling
Winds said, seek not a scorpion's nest.

Enter the EARLS OF WARWICK and SALISBURY.

War. My lord, the commons, like an hungry hive of bees,
Run up and down, caring not whom they sting,
For good duke Humphrey's death, whom they report
To be murdered by Suffolk and the cardinal here.

King. That he is dead, good Warwick, is too true,
But how he died God knows, not Henry.

War. Enter his privy chamber, my lord, and view the body. Good father,
stay you with the rude multitude till I return.

Sal. I will, son.

[*Exit SALISBURY.*]

WARWICK draws the curtains, and shows DUKE HUMPHREY in his bed.

King. Ah, uncle Gloster, heaven receive thy soul!
Farewell poor Henry's joy, now thou art gone.

War. Now by his soul that took our shape upon him,
To free us from his Father's dreadful curse,
I am resolv'd that violent hands were laid
Upon the life of this thrice famous duke.

Suf. A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn tongue!
What instance gives lord Warwick for these words?

War. Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost,
Of ashy semblance, pale and bloodless;
But, lo! the blood is settled in his face,
More better coloured than when he liv'd.
His well-proportion'd beard made rough and stern,
His fingers spread abroad as one that grasp'd for life,
Yet was by strength surpris'd; the least of these are probable:
It cannot choose but he was murdered.

Queen. Suffolk and the cardinal had him in charge,
And they I trust, sir, are no murderers.

War. Ay, but 'tis well known they were not his friends,
And 'tis well seen he found some enemies.

Card. But have ye no greater proofs than these?

War. Who sees a heifer dead and bleeding fresh,
And sees hard by a butcher with an axe,
But will suspect 'twas he that made the slaughter?
Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest,
But will imagine how the bird came there,
Although the kite soar with unbloody beak?
Even so suspicious is this tragedy.

Queen. Are you the kite, Beaufort; where's his talons?
Is Suffolk the butcher; where's his knife?

Suf. I wear no knife to slaughter sleeping men,
Yet here's a vengeful sword, rusted with ease,
That shall be scour'd in his rancorous heart
That slanders me with murder's crimson badge.
Say, if thou dare, proud lord of Warwickshire,
That I am guilty in duke Humphrey's death.

War. What dares not Warwick, if false Suffolk dare him?

Queen. He dares not calm his contumelious spirit,
Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,
Though Suffolk dare him twenty hundred times.

War. Madam, be still; with reverence may I say it,
That every word you speak in his defence
Is slander to your royal majesty.

Suf. Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in thy words,
If ever lady wrong'd her lord so much,
Thy mother took unto her blameful bed
Some stern untutor'd churl, and noble stock
Was graft with crab-tree slip, whose fruit thou art,
And never of the Nevil's noble race.

War. But that the guilt of murder bucklers thee,
And I should rob the deathsmen of his fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames;
And that my sovereign's presence makes me mute,
I would, false murderous coward, on thy knees
Make thee crave pardon for thy passed speech,
And say, it was thy mother that thou meant'st,
That thou thyself was born in bastardy:
And, after all this fearful homage done,
Give thee thy hire, and send thee down to hell,
Pernicious bloodsucker of sleeping men.

Suf. Thou shouldst be waking whilst I shed thy blood,
If from this presence thou dare go with me.

War. Away, even now, or I will drag thee hence. [*WARWICK pulls him out.*]

Exit WARWICK and SUFFOLK, and then all the Commons within cry, "Down with Suffolk, down with Suffolk." And then enter again the DUKES OF SUFFOLK and WARWICK, with their weapons drawn.

King. Why, how now, lords?

Suf. The traitorous Warwick, with the men of Bury,
Set all upon me, mighty sovereign.

The Commons again cry, "Down with Suffolk, down with Suffolk." And then enter from them the EARL OF SALISBURY.

Sal. My lord, the commons send you word by me,
That unless false Suffolk here be done to death,
Or banished fair England's territories,
That they will err from your highness' person:
They say, by him the good duke Humphrey died;
They say, by him they fear the ruin of the realm;
And therefore if you love your subjects' weal,
They wish you to banish him from forth the land.

Suf. Indeed, 'tis like the commons, rude unpolish'd hinds,
Would send such message to their sovereign:
But you, my lord, were glad to be employ'd,
To try how quaint an orator you were;
But all the honour Salisbury hath got,
Is—that he was the lord ambassador,
Sent from a sort of tinkers to the king.

Commons. [*Within.*] An answer from the king, my lord of Salisbury.

King. Good Salisbury, go back again to them;
Tell them we thank them all for their kind care,
And had I not been cited thus by their means,
Myself had done it. Therefore here I swear
If Suffolk be found to breathe in any place
Where I have rule, but three days more, he dies.

[*Exit SALISBURY.*]

Queen. Oh, Henry, reverse the doom of gentle Suffolk's banishment.

King. Ungentle queen, to call him gentle Suffolk.
Speak not for him, for in England he shall not rest.
If I say, I may relent;
But if I swear, it is irrevocable.
Come, good Warwick, and go thou in with me,
For I have great matters to impart to thee.

[*Exeunt KING and WARWICK, manent QUEEN and SUFFOLK.*]

Queen. Hell fire and vengeance go along with you!
There's two of you, the devil make the third!
Fie, womanish man, canst thou not curse thy enemies?

Suf. A plague upon them, wherefore should I curse them?
Could curses kill, as do the mandrake's groans,
I would invent as many bitter terms,
Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,
With twice so many signs of deadly hate,
As lean-fac'd Envy in her loathsome cave.
My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words;
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint;
My hair be fix'd on end, as one distraught;
And every joint should seem to curse and ban.
And now, methinks, my burthen'd heart would break
Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink!
Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest thing they taste!
Their sweetest shade a grove of cypress-trees!
Their softest touch as smart as lizards' stings!
Their music frightful like the serpents' hiss;
And boding screech-owls make the concert full!
All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell—

Queen. Enough, sweet Suffolk, thou torment'st thyself.

Suf. You bad me ban, and will you bid me cease?
Now, by this ground that I am banish'd from,
Well could I curse away a winter's night,
And standing naked on a mountain top,
Where biting cold would never let grass grow,
And think it but a minute spent in sport.

Queen. No more. Sweet Suffolk, hie thee hence to France,
Or live where thou wilt within this world's globe,
I'll have an Iris that shall find thee out.
And long thou shalt not stay, but I'll have thee repeal'd,
Or venture to be banished myself.
Oh, let this kiss be printed in thy hand,
That when thou seest it thou may'st think on me.

Away, I say, that I may feel my grief,
For it is nothing whilst thou standest here.
Suf. Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banished,
Once by the king, but three times thrice by thee.

Enter VAUX.

Queen. How now? whither goes Vaux so fast?
Vaux. To signify unto his majesty
That cardinal Beaufort is at point of death:
Sometimes he raves and cries as he were mad;
Sometimes he calls upon duke Humphrey's ghost,
And whispers to his pillow as to him;
And sometimes he calls to speak unto the king:
And I am going to certify unto his grace,
That even now he call'd aloud for him.
Queen. Go then, good Vaux, and certify the king.
Oh what is worldly pomp! all men must die!
And woe am I for Beaufort's heavy end.
But why mourn I for him, whilst thou art here?
Sweet Suffolk, hie thee hence to France,
For if the king do come, thou sure must die.

[*Exit VAUX.*]

Suf. And if I go I cannot live but here to die,
What were it else,
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?
Here could I breathe my soul into the air,
As mild and gentle as the new-born babe,
That dies with mother's dug between his lips.
Where from my (thy) sight I should be raging mad,
And call for thee to close mine eyes,
Or with thy lips to stop my dying soul,
That I might breathe it so into thy body,
And then it liv'd in sweet Elysium.
By thee to die, were but to die in jest;
From thee to die, were torment more than death:
Oh, let me stay, befall what may befall.
Queen. Oh might'st thou stay with safety of thy life,
Then shouldst thou stay; but heavens deny it,
And therefore go, but hope ere long to be repeal'd.

Suf. I go.

Queen. And take my heart with thee.

[*She kisses him.*]

Suf. A jewel lock'd into the woeful'st cask,
That ever yet contain'd a thing of worth.
Thus, like a splitted bark, so sunder we;
This way fall I to death.

[*Exit SUFFOLK.*]

Queen. This way for me.

[*Exit QUEEN.*]

(SCENE III.)

Enter KING and SALISBURY, and then the curtains be drawn, and the CARDINAL is discovered in his bed, raving and staring as if he were mad.

Card. Oh, death! if thou wilt let me live
But one whole year, I'll give thee as much gold
As will purchase such another island.

King. Oh, see, my lord of Salisbury, how he is troubled:
Lord cardinal, remember, Christ must save thy soul.

Card. Why, died he not in his bed?
What would you have me to do then?
Can I make men live, whether they will or no?
Sirrah, go fetch me the poison which the 'pothecary sent me.
Oh, see where duke Humphrey's ghost doth stand,
And stares me in the face. Look, look, comb down his hair!
So, now he's gone again: Oh, oh, oh!

Sal. See how the pangs of death do gripe his heart.

King. Lord cardinal, if thou diest assur'd of heavenly bliss,
Hold up thy hand, and make some sign to us.
Oh, see he dies, and makes no sign at all!
Oh, God, forgive his soul!

[*CARDINAL dies.*]

Sal. So bad an end did never none behold;
But as his death, so was his life in all.

King. Forbear to judge, good Salisbury, forbear,
For God will judge us all.
Go, take him hence, and see his funerals perform'd.

[*Exeunt.*]

(ACT IV.)

(SCENE I.)

*Alarums within, and the chambers be discharged, like as it were a fight at sea.
And then enter the Captain of the ship, and the Master, and the Master's Mate, and the DUKE OF SUFFOLK disguised, and others with him, and WALTER WHITMORE.*

Cap. Bring forward these prisoners that scorn'd to yield;
Unlade their goods with speed, and sink their ship.
Here, master, this prisoner I give to you;
This other, the master's mate shall have;
And, Walter Whitmore, thou shalt have this man:
And let them pay their ransom ere they pass.

Suf. Water!

[*He starteth.*]

Walter. How now! what, dost fear me?
Thou shalt have better cause anon.

Suf. It is thy name affrights me, not thyself.
I do remember well, a cunning wizard told me
That by Water I should die:
Yet let not that make thee bloody minded;
Thy name, being rightly sounded,
Is Gualtier, not Walter.

Walter. Gualtier or Walter, all's one to me;
I am the man must bring thee to thy death.

Suf. I am a gentleman; look on my ring;
Ransom me at what thou wilt, it shall be paid.

Walter. I lost mine eye in boarding of the ship;
And therefore ere I merchant-like sell blood for gold,
Then cast me headlong down into the sea.

2 Prison. But what shall our ransoms be?

Mast. A hundred pounds apiece; either pay that or die.

2 Prison. Then save our lives; it shall be paid.

Walter. Come, sirrah, thy life shall be the ransom I will have.

Suf. Stay, villain, thy prisoner is a prince,
The duke of Suffolk, William de la Pole.

Cap. The duke of Suffolk folded up in rags.

Suf. Ay, sir, but these rags are no part of the duke:
Jove sometime went disguis'd, and why not I?

Cap. Ay, but Jove was never slain as thou shalt be.

Suf. Base jady groom, king Henry's blood,
The honourable blood of Lancaster,
Cannot be shed by such a lowly swain.

I am sent ambassador for the queen to France;
I charge thee waft me cross the channel safe.

Cap. I'll waft thee to thy death. Go, Walter, take him hence,
And on our long-boat's side chop off his head.

Suf. Thou dar'st not for thine own.

Cap. Yes, Pole.

Suf. Pole.

Cap. Ay, Pole, puddle, kennel, sink, and dirt!

I'll stop that yawning mouth of thine:
Those lips of thine that so oft have kiss'd the queen

Shall sweep the ground,
And thou that smil'dst at good duke Humphrey's death,
Shalt live no longer to infect the earth.

Suf. This villain, being but captain of a pinnace,
Threatens more plagues than mighty Abradas,
The great Macedonian pirate;
Thy words add fury and not remorse in me.

Cap. Ay, but my deeds shall stay thy fury soon.

Suf. Hast not thou waited at my trencher,
When we have feasted with queen Margaret?
Hast not thou kiss'd thy hand, and held my stirrup?
And bare-head plodded by my foot-cloth mule,
And thought thee happy when I smil'd on thee?
This hand hath writ in thy defence;
Then shall I charm thee,—hold thy lavish tongue.

Cap. Away with him, Walter, I say, and off with his head.

1 Prison. Good my lord, entreat him mildly for your life.

Suf. First let this neck stoop to the axe's edge,
Before this knee do bow to any,
Save to the God of heaven, and to my king:
Suffolk's imperial tongue cannot plead
To such a jady groom.

Walter. Come, come, why do we let him speak?
I long to have his head for ransom of mine eye.

Suf. A sworder and banditto slave

Murther'd sweet Tully;

Brutus' bastard hand stabb'd Julius Cæsar;

And Suffolk dies by pirates on the seas.

[*Exit SUFFOLK and WALTER.*]

Cap. Off with his head, and send it to the queen;
And ransomless this prisoner shall go free,
To see it safe deliver'd unto her.

Come, let's go.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

(SCENE II.)

Enter two of the Rebels with long staves.

George. Come away, Nick, and put a long staff in thy pike, and provide
thyself, for I can tell thee they have been up this two days.

Nick. Then they had more need to go to bed now. But, sirrah George, what's
the matter?

George. Why, sirrah, Jack Cade the dyer of Ashford here, he means to turn
this land, and set a new nap on't.

Nick. Ay, marry, he had need so, for 'tis grown threadbare.

'Twas never merry world with us since these gentlemen came up.

George. I warrant thee thou shalt never see a lord wear a leather apron now-a-days.

Nick. But, sirrah, who comes else beside Jack Cade?

George. Why, there's Dick the butcher, and Robin the saddler, and Will that
came a wooing to our Nan last Sunday, and Harry, and Tom, and Gregory that
should have your Parnil, and a great sort more is come from Rochester, and from
Maidstone, and Canterbury, and all the towns hereabouts, and we must be all
lords or squires as soon as Jack Cade is king.

Nick. Hark, hark, I hear the drum; they be coming.

Enter JACK CADE, DICK BUTCHER, ROBIN, WILL, TOM, HARRY, and the rest with long staves.

Cade. Proclaim silence.

All. Silence!

Cade. I, John Cade, so named for my valiancy.

Dick. Or rather for stealing of a cade of sprats.

Cade. My father was a Mortimer.

Dick. He was an honest man and a good bricklayer.

Cade. My mother was come of the Lacies.

Nick. She was a pedlar's daughter indeed, and sold many laces.

Robin. And now, being not able to occupy her furred pack, she washeth bucks up and down the country.

Cade. Therefore I am honourably born.

Harry. Ay, the field is honourable, for he was born under a hedge, because his father had no other house but the cage.

Cade. I am able to endure much.

George. That's true, I know he can endure anything, for I have seen him whipped two market-days together.

Cade. I fear neither sword nor fire.

Will. He need not fear the sword, for his coat is of proof.

Dick. But methinks he should fear the fire, being so often burnt in the hand for stealing of sheep.

Cade. Therefore be brave, for your captain is brave, and vows reformation : you shall have seven halfpenny loaves for a penny, and the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops, and it shall be felony to drink small beer, if I be king, as king I will be.

All. God save your majesty!

Cade. I thank you, good people : you shall all eat and drink of my score, and go all in my livery ; and we'll have no writing, but the score and the tally, and there shall be no laws but such as come from my mouth.

Dick. We shall have sore laws then, for he was thrust into the mouth the other day.

George. Ay, and stinking law too, for his breath stinks so that one cannot abide it.

Enter WILL with the Clerk of Chatham.

Will. Oh, captain, a prize!

Cade. Who's that, Will?

Will. The clerk of Chatham : he can write and read and cast account. I took him setting of boys' copies ; and he has a book in his pocket with red letters.

Cade. Zounds, he's a conjurer ! bring him hither. Now, sir, what's your name?

Clerk. Emanuel, sir, an it shall please you.

Dick. It will go hard with you, I tell you, for they use to write that o'er the top of letters.

Cade. What, do you use to write your name ? Or do you, as ancient fore-fathers have done, use the score and the tally ?

Clerk. Nay, truly, sir, I praise God I have been so well brought up that I can write mine own name.

Cade. Oh, he has confessed ; go hang him with his pen and ink-horn about his neck. *[Exit One with the Clerk.]*

Enter TOM.

Tom. Captain, news, news ! sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother are coming with the king's power, and mean to kill us all.

Cade. Let them come ; he's but a knight, is he ?

Tom. No, no, he's but a knight.

Cade. Why, then, to equal him, I'll make myself knight. Kneel down John Mortimer, rise up sir John Mortimer. Is there any more of them that be knights ?

Tom. Ay, his brother.

Cade. Then kneel down, Dick Butcher. *[He knights him.]* Rise up sir Dick Butcher. Now, sound up the drum.

Enter SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD and his Brother, with drum and Soldiers.

Cade. As for these silken-coated slaves, I pass not a pin ; 'Tis to you, good people, that I speak.

Staf. Why, countrymen, what mean you thus in troops

To follow this rebellious traitor Cade ?

Why, his father was a bricklayer.

Cade. Well, and Adam was a gardener, what then ?

But I come of the Mortimers.

Staf. Ay, the duke of York hath taught you that.

Cade. The duke of York ? nay, I learnt it myself.

For look you, Roger Mortimer the earl of March,

Married the duke of Clarence' daughter.

Staf. Well, that's true : but what then

Cade. And by her he had two children at a birth.

Staf. That's false.

Cade. Ay, but I say 'tis true.

All. Why then 'tis true.

Cade. And one of them was stolen away by a beggar-woman, and that w. father, and I am his son, deny it an you can.

Nick. Nay, look you, I know 'tis true ; for his father built a chimney in my father's house, and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it.

Cade. But dost thou hear, Stafford ; tell the king that for his father's sake, in whose time boys played at span-counter with French crowns, I am content that he shall be king as long as he lives : marry, always provided I'll be protector over him.

Staf. O monstrous simplicity !

Cade. And tell him, we'll have the lord Say's head, and the duke of Somerset's, for delivering up the dukedoms of Anjou and Maine, and selling the towns in France : by which means England hath been mained ever since, and gone as it were with a crutch, but that my puissance held it up. And besides, they can speak French, and therefore they are traitors.

Staf. As how, I prithee ?

Cade. Why, the Frenchmen are our enemies, be they not ? and, then, can he that speaks with the tongue of an enemy be a good subject ? Answer me to that.

Staf. Well, sirrah, wilt thou yield thyself unto the king's mercy, and he will pardon thee and these their outrages and rebellious deeds ?

Cade. Nay, bid the king come to me an he will, and then I'll pardon him, or otherwise I'll have his crown, tell him, ere it be long.

Staf. Go, herald, proclaim in all the king's towns, i

That those that will forsake the rebel Cade

Shall have free pardon from his majesty. *[Exeunt STAFFORD and his men.]*

Cade. Come, sirs, Saint George for us and Kent. *[Exeunt omnes.]*

(SCENE III.)

Alarums to the battle, where SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD and his Brother are both slain. Then enter JACK CADE again, and the rest.

Cade. Sir Dick Butcher, thou hast fought to-day most valiantly, and knocked them down as if thou hadst been in thy slaughter-house, and thus I will reward thee : the Lent shall be as long again as it was, and thou shalt have licence to kill for fourscore and one a-week. Drum, strike up, for now we'll march to London, and to-morrow I mean to sit in the king's seat at Westminster. *[Exeunt omnes.]*

(SCENE IV.)

Enter the KING reading of a letter, and the QUEEN with the DUKE OF SUFFOLK'S head, and the LORD SAY, with others.

King. Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother are slain, And the rebels march amain to London.

Go back to them, and tell them thus from me,

I'll come and parley with their general.

Yet stay, I'll read the letter once again ;

Lord Say, Jack Cade hath solemnly vow'd to have thy head.

Say. Ay, but I hope your highness shall have his.

King. How now, madam ! still

Lamenting and mourning for Suffolk's death ?

I fear, my love, if I had been dead,

Thou wouldst not have mourn'd so much for me.

Queen. No, my love, I should not mourn, but die for thee

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Oh, fly, my lord ! the rebels are entered Southwark,

And have almost won the bridge,

Calling your grace an usurper :

And that monstrous rebel, Cade, hath sworn

To crown himself king in Westminster.

Therefore fly, my lord, and post to Killingworth.

King. Go bid Buckingham and Clifford gather

An army up, and meet with the rebels.

Come, madam, let us haste to Killingworth.

Come on, lord Say, go thou along with us,

For fear the rebel Cade do find thee out.

Say. My innocence, my lord, shall plead for me,

And therefore, with your highness' leave, I'll stay behind.

King. Even as thou wilt, my lord Say :

Come, madam, let us go. *[Exeunt omnes.]*

(SCENE V.)

Enter the LORD SCALES upon the Tower walls, walking.

Scales. How now ! is Jack Cade slain ?

Cit. No, my lord, nor likely to be slain, for they have won the bridge, killing all those that withstand them. The lord mayor craveth aid of your honour from the Tower, to defend the city from the rebels.

Scales. Such aid as I can spare, you shall command ;

But I am troubled here with them myself.

The rebels have attempted to win the Tower.

But get you to Smithfield and gather head,

And thither will I send you Matthew Gough :

Fight for your king, your country, and your lives ;

And so farewell, for I must hence again. *[Exeunt omnes.]*

(SCENE VI.)

Enter JACK CADE, and the rest, and strikes his sword upon London stone.

Cade. Now is Mortimer lord of this city, and now, sitting upon London stone, we command that, the first year of our reign, the pissing conduit run nothing but red wine. And now henceforward, it shall be treason for any that calls me any otherwise than lord Mortimer.

Enter a Soldier.

Sol. Jack Cade, Jack Cade!

Cade. Zounds, knock him down!

[*They kill him.*]

Dick. My lord, there's an army gathered together into Smithfield.

Cade. Come, then, let's go fight with them, but first go on and set London-bridge a-fire, and, if you can, burn down the Tower too. Come, let's away.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

(SCENE VII.)

Alarums, and then MATTHEW GOUGH is slain, and all the rest with him.

Then enter JACK CADE again and his company.

Cade. So, sirs: now go and pull down the Savoy; others to the inns of court: down with them all.

Dick. I have a suit unto your lordship.

Cade. Be it a lordship, Dick, and thou shalt have it for that word.

Dick. That we may go burn all the records, and that all writing may be put down, and nothing used but the score and tally.

Cade. Dick, it shall be so, and henceforward all things shall be in common, and in Cheapside shall my palfrey go to grass. Why is 't not a miserable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb parchment should be made, and then with a little blotting over with ink a man should undo himself? Some say 'tis the bees that sting, but I say 'tis their wax, for I am sure I never sealed to anything but once, and I was never mine own man since.

Nick. But when shall we take up those commodities which you told us of?

Cade. Marry, he that will lustily stand to it, shall take up these commodities following: *Item*, a gown, a kirtle, a petticoat, and a smock.

Enter GEORGE.

George. My lord, a prize, a prize! here's the lord Say, which sold the towns in France.

Cade. Come hither, thou Say, thou George, (serge), thou buckram lord! what answer canst thou make unto my mightiness, for delivering up the towns in France to monsieur Bus-mine-cue, the dolphin of France? And more than so, thou hast most traitorously erected a grammar-school, to infect the youth of the realm; and against the king's crown and dignity thou hast built up a paper-mill; nay, it will be said to thy face, that thou keep'st men in thy house that daily read of books with red letters, and talk of a noun and verb, and such abominable words as no Christian ear is able to endure it. And besides all this, thou hast appointed certain justices of the peace, in every shire, to hang honest men that steal for their living; and because they could not read, thou hast hung them up; only for which cause they were most worthy to live.

Say. Yes, what of that?

Cade. Marry, I say, thou oughtest not to let thy horse wear a cloak, when an honest man than thyself goes in his hose and doublet.

Say. You men of Kent!

All. Kent, what of Kent?

Say. Nothing, but *bona terra*.

Cade. *Bonum terum*, zounds, what's that?

Dick. He speaks French.

Will. No 'tis Dutch.

Nick. No 'tis Outalian, I know it well enough.

Say. Kent (in the Commentaries Cæsar wrote)

Term'd is the civilest place of all this land:

Then, noble countrymen, hear me but speak;

I sold not France, nor lost I Normandy.

Cade. But wherefore dost thou shake thy head so?

Say. It is the palsy, and not fear that makes me.

Cade. Nay, thou nodd'st thy head at us, as who wouldst say, thou wilt be even with me if thou gett'st away: but I'll make thee sure enough now I have thee. Go, take him to the standard in Cheapside, and chop off his head; and then go to Mile-end green to Sir James Cromer, his son-in-law, and cut off his head too, and bring them to me upon two poles presently. Away with him.

[*Exit One or Two with the LORD SAY.*]

There shall not a nobleman wear a head on his shoulders but he shall pay me tribute for it. Nor there shall not a maid be married, but he shall fee to me for her maidenhead; or else I'll have it myself: Marry, I will that married men shall hold of me *in capite*, and that their wives shall be as free as heart can think, or tongue can tell.

Enter ROBIN.

Rob. O, captain, London-bridge is a-fire.

Cade. Run to Billingsgate, and fetch pitch and flax, and quench it.

Enter DICK and a Sergeant.

Serg. Justice, justice, I pray you, sir, let me have justice of this fellow here.

Cade. Why, what has he done?

Serg. Alas, sir, he has ravish'd my wife.

Dick. Why, my lord, he would have 'rested me, and I went and entered my action in his wife's paper-house.

Cade. Dick, follow thy suit in her common place. You whoreson villain, you are a sergeant, you'll take any man by the throat for twelve pence: and 'rest a man when he is at dinner, and have him to prison ere the meat be out on 's mouth. Go, Dick, take him hence, and cut out his tongue for cogging; hough him for running; and to conclude, brain him with his own mace.

[*Exit with the Sergeant.*]

Enter Two with the LORD SAY's head, and SIR JAMES CROMER's, upon two poles.

So, come carry them before me, and at every lane's end let them kiss together.

(SCENE VIII.)

Enter the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, and LORD CLIFFORD, the EARL OF CUMBERLAND.

Clif. Why, countrymen, and warlike friends of Kent, What mean these mutinous rebellions, That you in troops do muster thus yourselves, Under the conduct of this traitor Cade? To rise against your sovereign lord and king, Who mildly hath his pardon sent to you, If you forsake this monstrous rebel here? If honour be the mark whereat you aim, Then haste to France that our forefathers won, And win again that thing which now is lost, And leave to seek your country's overthrow.

All. A Clifford! a Clifford!

[*They forsake CADE.*]

Cade. Why, how now, will you forsake your general, And ancient freedom which you have possess'd, To bend your necks under their servile yokes, Who, if you stir, will straightway hang you up? But follow me, and you shall pull them down, And make them yield their livings to your hands.

All. A Cade! a Cade!

[*They run to CADE again.*]

Clif. Brave warlike friends, hear me but speak. Refuse not good whilst it is offer'd you: The king is merciful, then yield to him, And I myself will go along with you To Windsor castle, whereas the king abides, And on mine honour you shall have no hurt.

All. A Clifford! a Clifford! God save the king!

Cade. How like a feather is this rascal company Blown every way!

But that they may see there wants no valiancy in me, My staff shall make way through the midst of you, And so a pox take you all.

[*He runs through them with his staff, and then flies away.*]

Buck. Go, some, and make after him, and proclaim that those that can bring the head of Cade shall have a thousand crowns for his labour. Come, march away.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

(SCENE IX.)

Enter KING HENRY, and the QUEEN, and SOMERSET.

King. Lord Somerset, what news hear you of the rebel Cade?

Som. This, my gracious lord, that the lord Say is done to death, and the city is almost sacked.

King. God's will be done, for as he hath decreed so must it be: and be as he please, to stop the pride of those rebellious men.

Queen. Had the noble duke of Suffolk been alive, The rebel Cade had been suppress'd ere this, And all the rest that do take part with him.

Enter the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM and CLIFFORD, with the Rebels, with halters about their necks.

Clif. Long live king Henry, England's lawful king.

Lo, here, my lord, these rebels are subdued, And offer their lives before your highness' feet.

King. But tell me, Clifford, is their captain here?

Clif. No, my gracious lord, he is fled away, but proclamations are sent forth that he that can but bring his head shall have a thousand crowns. But may it please your majesty to pardon these their faults, that by that traitor's means were thus misled.

King. Stand up, you simple men, and give God praise,

For you did take in hand you know not what:

And go in peace obedient to your king,

And live as subjects, and you shall not want,

Whilst Henry lives, and wears the English crown.

All. God save the king! God save the king!

King. Come, let us haste to London now with speed,

That solemn processions may be sung,

In laud and honour of the God of heaven,

And triumphs of this happy victory.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

(SCENE X.)

Enter JACK CADE at one door, and at the other, MASTER ALEXANDER IDEN and his men, and JACK CADE lies down, picking of herbs and eating them.

Iden. Good Lord, how pleasant is this country life!

This little land my father left me here,

With my contented mind, serves me as well

As all the pleasures in the court can yield,

Nor would I change this pleasure for the court.

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Cade. Zounds ! here's the lord of the soil : stand, villain ! thou wilt betray me to the king, and get a thousand crowns for my head : but ere thou goest I'll make thee eat iron like an ostrich, and swallow my sword like a great pin.

Iden. Why, saucy companion, why should I betray thee ?

Is 't not enough that thou hast broke my hedges,
And enter'd into my ground, without the leave of me, the owner,
But thou wilt brave me too ?

Cade. Brave thee and beard thee, too, by the best blood of the realm. Look on me well : I have eat no meat this five days ; yet if I do not leave thee and thy five men as dead as a door-nail, I pray God I may never eat grass more.

Iden. Nay, it shall never be said, whilst the world stands,

That Alexander Iden, an esquire of Kent,
Took odds to combat with a famish'd man.
Look on me, my limbs are equal unto thine,
And every way as big : then hand to hand
I'll combat with thee. Sirrah, fetch me weapons,
And stand you all aside.

Cade. Now, sword, if thou dost not hew this burly-boned churl into chines of beef, I would thou might'st fall into some smith's hands and be turn'd to hob-nails.

Iden. Come on thy way.

[*They fight, and CADE falls down.*]

Cade. Oh, villain, thou hast slain the flower of Kent for chivalry ; but it is famine and not thee that has done it. For come ten thousand devils, and give me but the ten meals that I wanted this five days, and I'll fight with you all. And so a pox rot thee, for Jack Cade must die. [*He dies.*]

Iden. Jack Cade ! and was this that monstrous rebel which I have slain ?

Oh, sword, I'll honour thee for this, and in my chamber
Shalt thou hang as a monument to after-age,
For this great service thou hast done to me.
I'll drag him hence, and with my sword
Cut off his head, and bear it to the king.

[*Exit.*]

(ACT V.)

(SCENE I.)

Enter the DUKE OF YORK, with drum and Soldiers.

York. In arms from Ireland comes York again.
Ring bells aloud, bonfires perfume the air,
To entertain fair England's royal king.
Ah, *sancta majestas* ! who would not buy thee dear ?

Enter the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

But soft, who comes here ? Buckingham ! what news with him ?

Buck. York, if thou mean well, I greet thee so.

York. Humphrey of Buckingham, welcome, I swear :
What, comest thou in love, or as a messenger ?

Buck. I come as a messenger from our dread lord and sovereign, Henry,
To know the reason of these arms in peace ;
Or that thou, being a subject as I am,
Shouldst thus approach so near with colours spread,
Whereas the person of the king doth keep ?

York. A subject as he is !

Oh, how I hate these spiteful abject terms !
But, York, dissemble, till thou meet thy sons,
Who now in arms expect their father's sight,
And not far hence I know they cannot be.
Humphrey duke of Buckingham, pardon me
That I answer'd not at first, my mind was troubled.
I came to remove that monstrous rebel Cade,
And heave proud Somerset from out the court,
That basely yielded up the towns in France.

Buck. Why that was presumption on thy behalf :
But if it be no otherwise than so,
The king doth pardon thee, and grants to thy request,
And Somerset is sent unto the Tower.

York. Upon thine honour is it so ?

Buck. York, he is, upon mine honour.

York. Then before thy face I here dismiss my troops.
Sirs, meet me to-morrow in Saint George's fields,
And there you shall receive your pay of me.

Buck. Come, York, thou shalt go speak unto the king.
But see, his grace is coming to meet with us.

[*Exeunt Soldiers.*]

Enter KING HENRY.

King. How now, Buckingham ? is York friends with us,
That thus thou bring'st him hand in hand with thee ?

Buck. He is, my lord, and hath discharged his troops,
Which came with him, but as your grace did say,
To heave the duke of Somerset from hence,
And to subdue the rebels that were up.

King. Then welcome, cousin York ; give me thy hand,
And thanks for thy great service done to us,
Against those traitorous Irish that rebell'd.

Enter MASTER IDEN, with JACK CADE's head.

Iden. Long live King Henry in triumphant peace !

Lo, here, my lord, upon my bended knees,
I here present the traitorous head of Cade,
That hand to hand in single fight I slew.

King. First, thanks to heaven, and next to thee, my friend,
That hast subdued that wicked traitor thus.

Oh let me see that head that in his life
Did work me and my land such cruel spite.

A visage stern, coal-black his curled locks,
Deep-trenched furrows in his frowning brow,
Presageth warlike humours in his life.

Here, take it hence, and thou for thy reward
Shalt be immediately created knight.

Kneel down, my friend, and tell me what's thy name ?

Iden. Alexander Iden, if it please your grace,
A poor esquire of Kent.

King. Then rise up Alexander Iden, knight ;
And for thy maintenance I freely give

A thousand marks a-year to maintain thee,
Beside the firm reward that was proclaim'd
For those that could perform this worthy act,
And thou shalt wait upon the person of the king.

Iden. I humbly thank your grace, and I no longer live
Than I prove just and loyal to my king.

[*Exit.*]

Enter the QUEEN with the DUKE OF SOMERSET.

King. O, Buckingham, see where Somerset comes !
Bid him go hide himself till York be gone.

Queen. He shall not hide himself for fear of York,
But beard and brave him proudly to his face.

York. Who's that ? proud Somerset at liberty ?

Base, fearful Henry, that thus dishonour'st me,
By heaven, thou shalt not govern over me :
I cannot brook that traitor's presence here,
Nor will I subject be to such a king
That knows not how to govern nor to rule.
Resign thy crown, proud Lancaster, to me,
That thou usurped hast so long by force ;
For now is York resolv'd to claim his own,
And rise aloft into fair England's throne.

Som. Proud traitor, I arrest thee on high treason
Against thy sovereign lord ; yield thee, false York,
For here I swear thou shalt unto the Tower,
For these proud words which thou hast given the king.

York. Thou art deceiv'd : my sons shall be my bail,
And send thee there in despite of him.

Ho, where are you boys ?

Queen. Call Clifford hither presently.

Enter the DUKE OF YORK's Sons, EDWARD the EARL OF MARCH, and crook-back RICHARD, at the one door, with drum and Soldiers : and at the other door, enter CLIFFORD and his Son, with drum and Soldiers, and CLIFFORD kneels to HENRY, and speaks.

Clif. Long live my noble lord, and sovereign king.

York. We thank thee, Clifford.

Nay, do not affright us with thy looks :

If thou didst mistake, we pardon thee, kneel again.

Clif. Why, I did no way mistake ; this is my king.
What, is he mad ? To Bedlam with him.

King. Ay, a Bedlam frantic humour drives him thus
To levy arms against his lawful king.

Clif. Why doth not your grace send him to the Tower ?

Queen. He is arrested, but will not obey ;
His sons, he saith, shall be his bail.

York. How say you, boys, will you not ?

Edw. Yes, noble father, if our words will serve.

Rich. And if our words will not, our swords shall.

York. Call hither to the stake my two rough bears.

King. Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himself.

York. Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou hast ;
Both thou and they shall curse this fatal hour.

Enter at one door, the EARLS OF SALISBURY and WARWICK, with drum and Soldiers. And at the other door, the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, with drum and Soldiers.

Clif. Are these thy bears ? we'll bait them soon,
Despite of thee and all the friends thou hast.

War. You had best go dream again,
To keep you from the tempest of the field.

Clif. I am resolv'd to bear a greater storm
Than any thou canst conjure up to-day ;
And that I'll write upon thy burgonet,
Might I but know thee by thy household badge.

War. Now by my father's age (badge), old Nevil's crest,
The rampant bear chain'd to the ragged staff,
This day I'll wear aloft my burgonet,

(As on a mountain-top the cedar shows,
That keeps his leaves in spite of any storm,) Even to affright thee with the view thereof.

Clif. And from thy burgonet will I rend the bear,
And tread him under foot with all contempt,
Despite the bear-ward that protects him so.

Y. Clif. And so, renowned sovereign, to arms,
To quell these traitors and their complices.

Rich. Fie, charity, for shame! speak it not in spite,
For you shall sup with Jesus Christ to-night.

Y. Clif. Foul stigmatic, thou canst not tell.

Rich. No, for if not in heaven, you'll surely sup in hell. [Exeunt omnes.]

(SCENE II.)

Alarums to the battle, and then enter the DUKE OF SOMERSET and RICHARD fighting, and RICHARD kills him under the sign of the Castle in Saint Alban's.

Rich. So, lie thou there, and tumble in thy blood.
What's here, the sign of the Castle?
Then the prophecy is come to pass,
For Somerset was forewarn'd of castles,
The which he always did observe.
And now behold, under a paltry alehouse sign,
The Castle in Saint Alban's, Somerset
Hath made the wizard famous by his death.

[Exit.]

Alarums again, and enter the EARL OF WARWICK alone.

War. Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwick calls,
And if thou dost not hide thee from the bear,
Now, whilst the angry trumpets sound alarms,
And dead men's cries do fill the empty air,
Clifford, I say, come forth and fight with me!
Proud northern lord, Clifford of Cumberland,
Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms. [CLIFFORD speaks within.]

Clif. Warwick, stand still, and view the way that Clifford
Hews with his murth'ring curtel-axe, through the fainting troops
To find thee out.
Warwick, stand still, and stir not till I come.

Enter YORK.

War. How now, my lord, what a-foot?
Who kill'd your horse?

York. The deadly hand of Clifford. Noble lord,
Five horse this day slain under me,
And yet, brave Warwick, I remain alive.
But I did kill his horse he lov'd so well,
The bonniest grey that ere was bred in north.

Enter CLIFFORD, and WARWICK offers to fight with him.

Hold, Warwick, and seek thee out some other chase,
Myself will hunt this deer to death.

War. Brave lord, 'tis for a crown thou fight'st.
Clifford, farewell! as I intend to prosper well to-day,
It grieves my soul to leave thee unassail'd.

[Exit WARWICK.]

York. Now, Clifford, since we are singled here alone,
Be this the day of doom to one of us;
For now my heart hath sworn immortal hate
To thee, and all the house of Lancaster.

Clif. And here I stand, and pitch my foot to thine,
Vowing never to stir till thou or I be slain.
For never shall my heart be safe at rest,
Till I have spoil'd the hateful house of York.

[Alarums, and they fight, and YORK kills CLIFFORD.]

York. Now Lancaster sit sure; thy sinews shrink.
Come, fearful Henry, grovelling on thy face,
Yield up thy crown unto the prince of York.

[Exit YORK.]

Alarums, then enter Young CLIFFORD alone.

Y. Clif. Father of Cumberland!
Where may I seek my aged father forth?
Oh, dismal sight! see where he breathless lies,

All smear'd and welter'd in his luke-warm blood!
Ah, aged pillar of all Cumberland's true house,
Sweet father, to thy murder'd ghost I swear
Immortal hate unto the house of York!
Nor never shall I sleep secure one night,
Till I have furiously reveng'd thy death,
And left not one of them to breathe on earth. [He takes him up on his back.]
And thus, as old Anchises' son did bear
His aged father on his manly back,
And fought with him against the bloody Greeks,
Even so will I. But stay, here's one of them
To whom my soul hath sworn immortal hate.

Enter RICHARD, and then CLIFFORD lays down his father, fights him, and RICHARD flies away again.

Out, crook'd-back villain, get thee from my sight!
But I will after thee, and once again
(When I have borne my father to his tent)
I'll try my fortune better with thee yet. [Exit Young CLIFFORD with his father.]

Alarums again, and then enter Three or Four, bearing the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM wounded to his tent.

Alarums still, and then enter the KING and QUEEN.

Queen. Away, my lord, and fly to London straight.
Make haste, for vengeance comes along with them:
Come, stand not to expostulate, let's go.

King. Come then, fair queen, to London let us haste,
And summon up a parliament with speed,
To stoop the fury of these dire events. [Exeunt KING and QUEEN.]

(SCENE III.)

Alarums, and then a flourish, and enter the DUKE OF YORK, EDWARD, and RICHARD.

York. How now, boys! fortunate this fight hath been,
I hope, to us and ours, for England's good,
And our great honour, that so long we lost,
Whilst faint-heart Henry did usurp our rights.
But did you see old Salisbury, since we
With bloody minds did buckle with the foe?
I would not for the loss of this right hand,
That aught but well betide that good old man.

Rich. My lord, I saw him in the thickest throng,
Charging his lance with his old weary arms;
And thrice I saw him beaten from his horse,
And thrice this hand did set him up again,
And still he fought with courage 'gainst his foes,
The boldest spirited man that ere mine eyes beheld.

Enter SALISBURY and WARWICK.

Edw. See, noble father, where they both do come,
The only props unto the house of York.

Sal. Well hast thou fought this day, thou valiant duke,
And thou brave bud of York's increasing house!
The small remainder of my weary life
I hold for thee, for with thy warlike arm,
Three times this day thou hast preserv'd my life.

York. What say you, lords? the king is fled to London,
There as I hear to hold a parliament:
What says lord Warwick? shall we after them?

War. After them! nay, before them if we can.
Now, by my faith, lords, 'twas a glorious day!
Saint Alban's battle, won by famous York,
Shall be eterniz'd in all age to come.
Sound, drums and trumpets; and to London all;
And more such days as these to us befall.

[Exeunt.]

KING HENRY VI.

PART III.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

THIS drama appears in the original folio collection under the title of "The Third Part of Henry the Sixth, with the Death of the Duke of Yorke." In 1595 was published "The True Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke, and the Death of good King Henry the Sixth, with the whole Contention between the two Houses Lancaster and Yorke, as it was sundrie times acted by the Right Honourable the Earle of Pembroke his Servants." This was reprinted in 1600, the publisher of each edition being Thomas Millington. Upon this drama is founded the Third Part of Henry VI., in the form in which we have received it as Shakspeare's. We print this original, as a Supplement, from the edition of Thomas Pavier, in 1619, which edition we have collated with the unique copy now in the Bodleian Library, having been purchased for that noble collection at the sale of Mr. Chalmers's books in 1842. This play, in Pavier's edition, is entitled "The Second Part of the Contention of the Two famous Houses of York and Lancaster." We indicate, in foot-notes, where this edition materially varies from the first copy of 1595.

COSTUME OF HENRY VI., PART III.

The Costume for the Third Part of King Henry VI. is, in fact, that of the reign of Edward IV., the principal characteristics of which were, in male attire, the exceeding shortness of the jackets, doublets, or pourpoints, and the padding out of the shoulders of them with large waddings called mahoitres, the sleeves being slit up the back or across the elbow to show those of the white shirt. This was the commencement of the fashion of slashing which became so prevalent in the next century. The hood had now disappeared entirely, except from official dresses; and bonnets of cloth, a quarter of an ell in height, were worn by the beaux of the day, who also, instead of cropping the hair all round, as in the last three reigns, suffered it to grow to such a length that it came into their eyes. The toes of their shoes and boots were at first ridiculously long and pointed,* and towards the close of the reign as preposterously broad and round. These extravagancies were endeavoured to be checked by sumptuary laws in the third and twenty-second years of Edward's reign, but, as usual, with very little effect. In the female dress some remarkable changes also occur. The gowns have very long trains, with broad velvet borders. The waists are very short, and confined by broad belts buckled before. The steeple head-dress (similar to the *Cauchoise*, still worn in Normandy, and so called from the *Pays de Caux*) is a peculiar mark of this reign in England.

Of the historical personages in this play we have several representations. A portrait of Edward IV. is amongst those presented to the Society of Antiquaries by Mr. Kerrich, and, if not to be relied upon as an excellent likeness, it was at least executed during or shortly after his reign, and may be fairly supposed to convey an idea of his general appearance and costume. He wears a black cap with a rich ornament and pendent pearl. His outer dress is cloth of

gold—the under one black. In the royal MS. marked 15 E 4 we see him on his throne receiving a book, and surrounded by some of the principal officers of his court. In a MS. in the Lambeth library also he is depicted on his throne receiving a volume from the hands of Lord Rivers and Caxton his printer; and by his side stand his queen, the young Prince Edward, and another royal personage, similarly attired with the prince, who is supposed to be either Richard Duke of Gloster or George Duke of Clarence. The Monk of Croyland informs us that "the new fashion" Edward IV. "chose for the last state-dresses was to have very full hanging sleeves like a monk's, lined with the most sumptuous furs, and so rolled over his shoulders as to give his tall person an air of peculiar grandeur."

Of Louis XI., King of France, there are several authentic portraits in Montfaucon. A drawing of the famous king-making Earl of Warwick exists in the Warwick Roll, College of Arms, as does also one of George Duke of Clarence, Earl of Warwick in right of his wife, Isabel Nevil, eldest daughter and co-heiress of the king-maker. In the additional MSS. at the British Museum (No. 6298), presented by the late Miss Banks, is a most interesting drawing, made apparently in the year 1563. It represents the tomb and effigy of King Henry VI., which were formerly in St. George's Chapel at Windsor, and were destroyed, it is supposed, during the civil wars *temp.* Charles I., as Sandford in 1677 says, "He (Henry) was interred there under a fair monument, of which there are at present no remains." Over the tomb hang the tabard of arms, the sword, gauntlets, and shield of the deceased monarch, and underneath some later hand has written, "Quære, if not the figure of Henry VI. because of the angel?" alluding to the figure of an angel supporting the royal arms which appear on the side of the tomb, as, although the royal supporters during this reign were usually antelopes, the arms of Henry appear supported by an angel on the counter-seal engraved in Sandford's "Genealogical History," p. 240, edit. 1677. At the same page in Sandford will be found the seal of Edward Prince of Wales, son of Henry VI., on which is the figure of the prince on horseback and in armour, his tabard, shield, and the caparisons of his horse emblazoned with his arms, quarterly France and England, over all a label of three points argent.

In illustration of the military costume of the time we have the illuminations of a MS. in the library at Ghent, written by a follower of Edward IV. in 1471, and presented to Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy. One represents the battle of Barnet. Edward IV. is seen on a white charger, with crimson caparisons, lined with blue and embroidered with golden flowers; his bascinet is surrounded by a crown, and he is in the act of piercing with his lance a knight, presumed to be meant for the Earl of Warwick. Another is the battle of Tewkesbury, wherein Edward is depicted on a brown horse, a crown round his helmet, and the arms of France and England quarterly on his shield. The subject of a third is the execution of Edmund Beaufort, Duke of Somerset, after the battle of Tewkesbury.

The decoration bestowed by Edward IV. upon his followers was a collar composed of suns and roses (badges of the house of York), to which was appended the white lion of March. (*Vide* Effigies of Sir John Crosby and Lady, engraved in Stothard's "Sepul. Mon.")

* We are told by Blackman that Henry VI. "would not wear the up-pointed horn-like toes then in fashion," and that "his dress was plain." (*Vide* Collection printed by Hearne at the end of his Otterburne.)

KING HENRY VI

PART III.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY VI.
EDWARD, *Prince of Wales, his son.*
LEWIS XI., *King of France.*
DUKE OF SOMERSET,
DUKE OF EXETER,
EARL OF OXFORD,
EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND,
EARL OF WESTMORELAND,
LORD CLIFFORD,
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *Duke of York.*
EDWARD, *Earl of March, afterwards*
King Edward IV.
EDMUND, *Earl of Rutland,*
GEORGE, *afterwards Duke of Clarence,*
RICHARD, *afterwards Duke of Gloster,*
DUKE OF NORFOLK,
MARQUIS OF MONTAGUE,
EARL OF WARWICK,
EARL OF PEMBROKE,
LORD HASTINGS,
LORD STAFFORD,

Lords on King Henry's side.

his sons.

of the Duke of York's party.

SIR JOHN MORTIMER,
SIR HUGH MORTIMER, } *uncles to the Duke of York.*
HENRY, *Earl of Richmond, a youth.*
LORD RIVERS, *brother to Lady Grey.*
SIR WILLIAM STANLEY.
SIR JOHN MONTGOMERY.
SIR JOHN SOMERVILLE.
Tutor to Rutland.
Mayor of York.
Lieutenant of the Tower.
A Nobleman. Two Keepers. A Huntsman.
A Son that has killed his Father.
A Father that has killed his Son.

QUEEN MARGARET.
LADY GREY, *afterwards Queen to Edward IV.*
BONA, *sister to the French Queen.*

Soldiers, and other Attendants on King Henry and King Edward, Messengers, Watchmen, &c.

SCENE,—during part of the Third Act, in FRANCE; during all the rest of the Play, in ENGLAND.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. The Parliament-House.

Drums. Some Soldiers of YORK'S Party break in. Then enter the DUKE OF YORK, EDWARD, RICHARD, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, WARWICK, and others, with white roses in their hats.

War. I wonder how the king escap'd our hands.

York. While we pursued the horsemen of the north,
He slyly stole away, and left his men :
Whereat the great lord of Northumberland,
Whose warlike ears could never brook retreat,
Cheer'd up the drooping army ; and himself,
Lord Clifford, and lord Stafford, all abreast,
Charg'd our main battle's front, and, breaking in,
Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.

Edw. Lord Stafford's father, duke of Buckingham,
Is either slain or wounded dangerous :
I cleft his beaver with a downright blow ;
That this is true, father, behold his blood.

[Showing his bloody sword.]

Mont. And, brother, here's the earl of Wiltshire's blood,
[To YORK, showing his.]

Whom I encounter'd as the battles join'd.

Rich. Speak thou for me, and tell them what I did.

[Throwing down the DUKE OF SOMERSET'S head.]

York. Richard hath best deserv'd of all my sons,—
But,¹ is your grace dead, my lord of Somerset ?

Norf. Such hope have all the line of John of Gaunt !

Rich. Thus do I hope to shake king Henry's head.

War. And so do I, victorious prince of York.²
Before I see thee seated in that throne
Which now the house of Lancaster usurps,
I vow by heaven, these eyes shall never close.
This is the palace of the fearful king,

And this the regal seat : possess it, York ;
For this is thine, and not king Henry's heirs'.

York. Assist me then, sweet Warwick, and I will ;
For hither we have broken in by force.

Norf. We'll assist you ; he that flies shall die.

York. Thanks, gentle Norfolk,—Stay by me, my lords ;—
And, soldiers, stay, and lodge by me this night.

War. And when the king comes offer him no violence,
Unless he seek to thrust you out by force. *[They retire.]*

York. The queen, this day, here holds her parliament,
But little thinks we shall be of her council :
By words or blows, here let us win our right.

Rich. Arm'd as we are, let's stay within this house.

War. The bloody parliament shall this be call'd,
Unless Plantagenet, duke of York, be king ;
And bashful Henry depos'd, whose cowardice
Hath made us by-words to our enemies.

York. Then leave me not, my lords ; be resolute ;
I mean to take possession of my right.

War. Neither the king, nor he that loves him best,
The proudest he that holds up Lancaster,
Dare stir a wing if Warwick shake his bells.
I'll plant Plantagenet, root him up who dares :—
Resolve thee, Richard ; claim the English crown.

[WARWICK leads YORK to the throne, who seats himself.]

Flourish. Enter KING HENRY, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, WESTMORELAND, EXETER, and others, with red roses in their hats.

K. Hen. My lords, look where the sturdy rebel sits,
Even in the chair of state ! belike, he means,
Back'd by the power of Warwick, that false peer,
To aspire unto the crown, and reign as king.
Earl of Northumberland, he slew thy father ;
And thine, lord Clifford ; and you both have vow'd revenge
On him, his sons, his favourites, and his friends.

¹ But. So the folio. In the "True Tragedy" we have *what*, which was the ordinary reading. There is a contemptuous force in *but* which is hardly given by *what*. The word is similarly employed in Twelfth Night : "But are you not mad indeed, or do you but counterfeit ?"

² We follow the punctuation of all the old copies. In the modern text we have, which is probably the better reading,—

"And so do I. Victorious prince of York," &c.

North. If I be not, heavens be reveng'd on me!

Clif. The hope thereof makes Clifford mourn in steel.

West. What, shall we suffer this? let's pluck him down :
My heart for anger burns, I cannot brook it.

K. Hen. Be patient, gentle earl of Westmoreland.

Clif. Patience is for poltroons, and such as he ;
He durst not sit there had your father liv'd.
My gracious lord, here in the parliament
Let us assail the family of York.

North. Well hast thou spoken, cousin ; be it so.

K. Hen. Ah, know you not the city favours them,
And they have troops of soldiers at their beck?

Exc. But when the duke is slain they'll quickly fly.

K. Hen. Far be the thought of this from Henry's heart,
To make a shambles of the parliament-house!
Cousin of Exeter, frowns, words, and threats,
Shall be the war that Henry means to use.—

[*They advance to the DUKE.*]

Thou factious duke of York, descend my throne,
And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet ;
I am thy sovereign.

York. I am thine.¹

Exc. For shame, come down ; he made thee Duke of
York.

York. 'Twas my inheritance, as the earldom² was.

Exc. Thy father was a traitor to the crown.

War. Exeter, thou art a traitor to the crown,
In following this usurping Henry.

Clif. Whom should he follow but his natural king?

War. True, Clifford ; and that's Richard, duke of York.

K. Hen. And shall I stand, and thou sit in my throne?

York. It must and shall be so. Content thyself.

War. Be duke of Lancaster, let him be king.

West. He is both king and duke of Lancaster ;
And that the lord of Westmoreland shall maintain.

War. And Warwick shall disprove it. You forget
That we are those which chas'd you from the field,
And slew your fathers, and with colours spread
March'd through the city to the palace gates.

North. Yes, Warwick, I remember it to my grief ;
And, by his soul, thou and thy house shall rue it.

West. Plantagenet, of thee, and these thy sons,
Thy kinsmen and thy friends, I'll have more lives
Than drops of blood were in my father's veins.

Clif. Urge it no more : lest that, instead of words,
I send thee, Warwick, such a messenger
As shall revenge his death before I stir.

War. Poor Clifford ! how I scorn his worthless threats !

York. Will you we show our title to the crown ?
If not, our swords shall plead it in the field.

K. Hen. What title hast thou, traitor, to the crown ?
Thy father was, as thou art, duke of York :
Thy grandfather Roger Mortimer, earl of March :
I am the son of Henry the Fifth,
Who made the Dauphin and the French to stoop,
And seiz'd upon their towns and provinces.

War. Talk not of France, sith thou hast lost it all.

K. Hen. The lord protector lost it, and not I ;
When I was crown'd I was but nine months old.

Rich. You are old enough now, and yet methinks you
lose :—

Father, tear the crown from the usurper's head.

Edw. Sweet father, do so ; set it on your head.

Mont. Good brother, [*to YORK*] as thou lov'st and
honour'st arms,

Let's fight it out, and not stand cavilling thus.

Rich. Sound drums and trumpets, and the king will fly.

York. Sons, peace!

K. Hen. Peace thou! and give king Henry leave to
speak.

War. Plantagenet shall speak first :—hear him, lords ;
And be you silent and attentive too,
For he that interrupts him shall not live.

K. Hen. Think'st thou that I will leave my kingly
throne,

Wherein my grandsire and my father sat ?
No : first shall war unpeople this my realm ;
Ay, and their colours—often borne in France,
And now in England to our heart's great sorrow,—
Shall be my winding-sheet.—Why faint you, lords ?
My title's good, and better far than his.

War. Prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be king.

K. Hen. Henry the Fourth by conquest got the crown.

York. 'Twas by rebellion against his king.

K. Hen. I know not what to say ; my title's weak.
Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir ?

York. What then ?

K. Hen. An if he may, then am I lawful king :
For Richard, in the view of many lords,
Resign'd the crown to Henry the Fourth ;
Whose heir my father was, and I am his.

York. He rose against him, being his sovereign,
And made him to resign his crown perforce.

War. Suppose, my lords, he did it unconstrain'd,
Think you 'twere prejudicial to his crown ?

Exc. No ; for he could not so resign his crown,
But that the next heir should succeed and reign.

K. Hen. Art thou against us, duke of Exeter ?

Exc. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.

York. Why whisper you, my lords, and answer not ?

Exc. My conscience tells me he is lawful king.

K. Hen. All will revolt from me, and turn to him.

North. Plantagenet, for all the claim thou lay'st,
Think not that Henry shall be so depos'd.

War. Depos'd he shall be, in despite of all.

North. Thou art deceiv'd ; 'tis not thy southern power,
Of Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent,—
Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,—
Can set the duke up, in despite of me.

Clif. King Henry, be thy title right or wrong,
Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence :
May that ground gape, and swallow me alive,
Where I shall kneel to him that slew my father ?

K. Hen. O Clifford, how thy words revive my heart !

York. Henry of Lancaster, resign thy crown :—
What mutter you, or what conspire you, lords ?

War. Do right unto this princely duke of York ;
Or I will fill the house with armed men,
And over the chair of state, where now he sits,
Write up his title with usurping blood.

[*He stamps, and the Soldiers show themselves.*]

K. Hen. My lord of Warwick, hear but one word ;—
Let me, for this my life-time, reign as king.

York. Confirm the crown to me, and to mine heirs,
And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou liv'st.

K. Hen. I am content : Richard Plantagenet,
Enjoy the kingdom after my decease.

Clif. What wrong is this unto the prince your son !

War. What good is this to England and himself !

West. Base, fearful, and despairing Henry !

Clif. How hast thou injur'd both thyself and us !

West. I cannot stay to hear these articles.

North. Nor I.

Clif. Come, cousin, let us tell the queen these news.

West. Farewell, faint-hearted and degenerate king,
In whose cold blood no spark of honour bides.

North. Be thou a prey unto the house of York,
And die in bands for this unmanly deed !

¹ The earlier editors adopted the reading of the "True Tragedy":—

"Thou art deceiv'd, I am thine."

The words which are rejected in the folio assuredly weaken the passage.

Clif. In dreadful war may'st thou be overcome!
Or live in peace, abandon'd, and despis'd!

[*Exeunt* NORTHUMBERLAND, CLIFFORD, and
WESTMORELAND.

War. Turn this way, Henry, and regard them not.

Exe. They seek revenge, and therefore will not yield.

K. Hen. Ah, Exeter!

War. Why should you sigh, my lord?

K. Hen. Not for myself, lord Warwick, but my son,
Whom I unnaturally shall disinherit.

But, be it as it may:—I here entail

The crown to thee, and to thine heirs for ever;

Conditionally, that here thou take an oath

To cease this civil war, and, whilst I live,

To honour me as thy king and sovereign;

And neither by treason, nor hostility,

To seek to put me down, and reign thyself.

York. This oath I willingly take, and will perform.

[*Coming from the throne.*

War. Long live king Henry!—Plantagenet, embrace
him.

K. Hen. And long live thou, and these thy forward
sons!

York. Now York and Lancaster are reconcil'd.

Exc. Accurs'd be he that seeks to make them foes!

[*Senet. The Lords come forward.*

York. Farewell, my gracious lord; I'll to my castle.

War. And I'll keep London, with my soldiers.

Norf. And I to Norfolk, with my followers.

Mont. And I unto the sea, from whence I came.

[*Exeunt* YORK, and his Sons, WARWICK, NORFOLK,

MONTAGUE, Soldiers, and Attendants.

K. Hen. And I, with grief and sorrow, to the court.

Enter QUEEN MARGARET and the PRINCE OF WALES.

Exc. Here comes the queen, whose looks bewray¹ her
anger:

I'll steal away.

K. Hen. Exeter, so will I.

[*Going.*

Q. Mar. Nay, go not from me, I will follow thee.

K. Hen. Be patient, gentle queen, and I will stay.

Q. Mar. Who can be patient in such extremes?

Ah, wretched man! 'would I had died a maid,

And never seen thee, never borne thee son,

Seeing thou hast prov'd so unnatural a father!

Hath he deserv'd to lose his birthright thus?

Hadst thou but lov'd him half so well as I;

Or felt that pain which I did for him once;

Or nourish'd him, as I did with my blood;

Thou wouldst have left thy dearest heart-blood there,

Rather than have made that savage duke thine heir,

And disinherited thine only son.

Prince. Father, you cannot disinherit me:

If you be king, why should not I succeed?

K. Hen. Pardon me, Margaret; pardon me, sweet son;
The earl of Warwick and the duke enforc'd me.

Q. Mar. Enforc'd thee! art thou king, and wilt be forc'd?
I shame to hear thee speak. Ah, timorous wretch!

Thou hast undone thyself, thy son, and me;

And given unto the house of York such head,

As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance.

To entail him and his heirs unto the crown,

What is it, but to make thy sepulchre,

And creep into it far before thy time?

Warwick is chancellor, and the lord of Calais;

Stern Faulconbridge commands the narrow seas;

The duke is made protector of the realm;

And yet shalt thou be safe? such safety finds

The trembling lamb environed with wolves.

Had I been there, which am a silly woman,

The soldiers should have toss'd me on their pikes

Before I would have granted to that act.

But thou prefer'st thy life before thine honour:

And, seeing thou dost, I here divorce myself,

Both from thy table, Henry, and thy bed,

Until that act of parliament be repeal'd,

Whereby my son is disinherited.

The northern lords, that have forsworn thy colours,

Will follow mine if once they see them spread:

And spread they shall be; to thy foul disgrace,

And utter ruin of the house of York.

Thus do I leave thee:—Come, son, let's away;

Our army's ready; come, we'll after them.

K. Hen. Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me speak.

Q. Mar. Thou hast spoke too much already; get thee
gone.

K. Hen. Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay with me?

Q. Mar. Ay, to be murther'd by his enemies.

Prince. When I return with victory from the field
I'll see your grace: till then, I'll follow her.

Q. Mar. Come, son, away; we may not linger thus.

[*Exeunt* QUEEN MARGARET and the PRINCE.

K. Hen. Poor queen! how love to me, and to her son,
Hath made her break out into terms of rage!

Reveng'd may she be on that hateful duke;

Whose haughty spirit, winged with desire,

Will cost² my crown, and, like an empty eagle,

Tire on the flesh of me and of my son!

The loss of those three lords torments my heart:

I'll write unto them, and entreat them fair;—

Come, cousin, you shall be the messenger.

Exc. And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—A Room in Sandal Castle, near Wakefield, in
Yorkshire.

Enter EDWARD, RICHARD, and MONTAGUE.

Rich. Brother, though I be youngest, give me leave.

Edw. No, I can better play the orator.

Mont. But I have reasons strong and forcible.

Enter YORK.

York. Why, how now, sons and brother, at a strife?
What is your quarrel? how began it first?

Edw. No quarrel, but a slight contention.

York. About what?

Rich. About that which concerns your grace, and us;
The crown of England, father, which is yours.

York. Mine, boy? not till king Henry be dead.

Rich. Your right depends not on his life, or death.

Edw. Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it now:
By giving the house of Lancaster leave to breathe
It will outrun you, father, in the end.

York. I took an oath that he should quietly reign.

Edw. But for a kingdom any oath may be broken:³
I would break a thousand oaths to reign one year.

Rich. No; God forbid your grace should be forsworn.

York. I shall be if I claim by open war.

Rich. I'll prove the contrary, if you'll hear me speak.

York. Thou canst not, son; it is impossible.

Rich. An oath is of no moment, being not took

¹ *Bewray*—discover. Douce says that *bewray* is simply to disclose, whilst *betray* is to disclose treacherously. The words are often used indifferently by the elder writers.

² *Cost.* Warburton, and with him Steevens, maintain that the true word is

coast—"Will coast the crown"—will hover about the crown. It is unnecessary to turn a plain expression into a metaphor.

³ Lord Chedworth quotes Cicero as the authority for this opinion:—"Si violandum est jus, regnandi gratia violandum est: aliis rebus pietatem colas."—*De Officiis*, l. 3.

Before a true and lawful magistrate,
That hath authority over him that swears :
Henry had none, but did usurp the place ;
Then, seeing 'twas he that made you to depose,
Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous.
Therefore, to arms. And, father, do but think
How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown ;
Within whose circuit is Elysium,
And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.
Why do we linger thus ? I cannot rest,
Until the white rose that I wear be dyed
Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart.

York. Richard, enough ; I will be king, or die.
Brother, thou shalt to London presently,
And whet on Warwick to this enterprise.
Thou, Richard, shalt unto the duke of Norfolk,
And tell him privily of our intent.
You, Edward, shall unto my lord Cobham,
With whom the Kentish men will willingly rise :
In them I trust ; for they are soldiers,
Witty,¹ courteous, liberal, full of spirit.
While you are thus employ'd, what resteth more,
But that I seek occasion how to rise,
And yet the king not privy to my drift,
Nor any of the house of Lancaster ?

Enter a Messenger.

But, stay ; What news ? why com'st thou in such post ?

Mess. The queen, with all the northern earls and lords,
Intend here to besiege you in your castle :
She is hard by with twenty thousand men ;
And therefore fortify your hold, my lord.

York. Ay, with my sword. What ! think'st thou that
we fear them ?

Edward and Richard, you shall stay with me ;
My brother Montague shall post to London :
Let noble Warwick, Cobham, and the rest,
Whom we have left protectors of the king,
With powerful policy strengthen themselves,
And trust not simple Henry, nor his oaths.

Mont. Brother, I go ; I'll win them, fear it not :
And thus most humbly I do take my leave. [*Exit.*]

Enter SIR JOHN and SIR HUGH MORTIMER.

York. Sir John, and sir Hugh Mortimer, mine uncles !
You are come to Sandal in a happy hour ;
The army of the queen mean to besiege us.

Sir John. She shall not need, we'll meet her in the field.

York. What, with five thousand men ?

Rich. Ay, with five hundred, father, for a need.
A woman's general ; what should we fear ?

[*A march afar off.*]

Edw. I hear their drums ; let's set our men in order ;
And issue forth, and bid them battle straight.

York. Five men to twenty !—though the odds be great,
I doubt not, uncle, of our victory.
Many a battle have I won in France,
When as the enemy hath been ten to one ;
Why should I not now have the like success ?

[*Alarum. Excunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Plains near Sandal Castle.*

Alarums. Excursions. Enter RUTLAND and his Tutor.

Rut. Ah, whither shall I fly to 'scape their hands ?
Ah, tutor, look where bloody Clifford comes !

Enter CLIFFORD and Soldiers.

Clif. Chaplain, away ! thy priesthood saves thy life.
As for the brat of this accursed duke,
Whose father slew my father, he shall die.

Tut. And I, my lord, will bear him company.

Clif. Soldiers, away with him.

Tut. Ah, Clifford ! murder not this innocent child,
Lest thou be hated both of God and man.

[*Exit, forced off by Soldiers.*]

Clif. How now ! is he dead already ? Or is it fear
That makes him close his eyes ?—I'll open them.

Rut. So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch
That trembles under his devouring paws :
And so he walks, insulting o'er his prey ;
And so he comes to rend his limbs asunder.
Ah, gentle Clifford, kill me with thy sword,
And not with such a cruel threat'ning look.
Sweet Clifford, hear me speak before I die :
I am too mean a subject for thy wrath ;
Be thou reveng'd on men, and let me live.

Clif. In vain thou speak'st, poor boy ; my father's blood
Hath stopp'd the passage where thy words should enter.

Rut. Then let my father's blood open it again ;
He is a man, and, Clifford, cope with him.

Clif. Had I thy brethren here, their lives and thine
Were not revenge sufficient for me ;
No, if I digg'd up thy forefathers' graves,
And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,
It could not slake mine ire, nor ease my heart.
The sight of any of the house of York
Is as a fury to torment my soul ;
And till I root out their accursed line,
And leave not one alive, I live in hell.

Therefore— [*Lifting his hand.*]

Rut. O, let me pray before I take my death :—
To thee I pray : Sweet Clifford, pity me !

Clif. Such pity as my rapier's point affords.

Rut. I never did thee harm : Why wilt thou slay me ?

Clif. Thy father hath.

Rut. But 'twas ere I was born.

Thou hast one son, for his sake pity me ;
Lest in revenge thereof,—sith God is just,—
He be as miserably slain as I.

Ah, let me live in prison all my days ;
And when I give occasion of offence,
Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.

Clif. No cause ?

Thy father slew my father ; therefore, die.

[*CLIFFORD stabs him.*]

Rut. *Dii faciant, laudis summa sit ista tuæ !* [*Dies.*]

Clif. Plantagenet ! I come, Plantagenet !
And this thy son's blood, cleaving to my blade,
Shall rust upon my weapon, till thy blood,
Congeal'd with this, do make me wipe off both. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. — *The same.*

Alarum. Enter YORK.

York. The army of the queen hath got the field ;
My uncles both are slain in rescuing me ;
And all my followers to the eager foe
Turn back, and fly, like ships before the wind,
Or lambs pursued by hunger-starved wolves.
My sons—God knows what hath bechanced them :
But this I know,—they have demean'd themselves
Like men born to renown, by life, or death.
Three times did Richard make a lane to me ;
And thrice cried,—“Courage, father ! fight it out !”
And full as oft came Edward to my side,
With purple faulchion, painted to the hilt

In blood of those that had encounter'd him :
And when the hardiest warriors did retire,
Richard cried,—“Charge! and give no foot of ground!”
And cried,—“A crown, or else a glorious tomb!
A sceptre, or an earthly sepulchre!”
With this, we charg'd again: but, out, alas!
We bodg'd¹ again; as I have seen a swan
With bootless labour swim against the tide,
And spend her strength with over-matching waves.

[A short alarum within.]

Ah, hark! the fatal followers do pursue;
And I am faint, and cannot fly their fury:
And were I strong I would not shun their fury:
The sands are number'd that make up my life;
Here must I stay, and here my life must end.

Enter QUEEN MARGARET, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND,
and Soldiers.

Come, bloody Clifford,—rough Northumberland,—
I dare your quenchless fury to more rage;
I am your butt, and I abide your shot.

North. Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet.

Clif. Ay, to such mercy as his ruthless arm,
With downright payment show'd unto my father.
Now Phaëton hath tumbled from his car,
And made an evening at the noontide prick.

York. My ashes, as the phoenix, may bring forth
A bird that will revenge upon you all:
And in that hope I throw mine eyes to heaven,
Scorning whate'er you can afflict me with.
Why come you not? what! multitudes, and fear?

Clif. So cowards fight, when they can fly no further;
So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons;
So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,
Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.

York. O Clifford, but bethink thee once again,
And in thy thought o'er-run my former time:
And, if thou canst for blushing, view this face;
And bite thy tongue, that slanders him with cowardice,
Whose frown hath made thee faint and fly ere this.

Clif. I will not bandy with thee word for word;
But buckle with thee blows, twice two for one. [Draws.]

Q. Mar. Hold, valiant Clifford! for a thousand causes,
I would prolong awhile the traitor's life:—
Wrath makes him deaf: speak thou, Northumberland.

North. Hold, Clifford; do not honour him so much
To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart:
What valour were it when a cur doth grin
For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,
When he might spurn him with his foot away?
It is war's prize to take all vantages;
And ten to one is no impeach of valour.

[They lay hands on YORK, who struggles.]

Clif. Ay, ay, so strives the woodcock with the gin.

North. So doth the coney struggle in the net.

[YORK is taken prisoner.]

York. So triumph thieves upon their conquer'd booty;
So true men yield, with robbers so o'ermatch'd.

North. What would your grace have done unto him now?

Q. Mar. Brave warriors, Clifford and Northumberland,
Come, make him stand upon this molehill here;
That raught² at mountains with outstretched arms,
Yet parted but the shadow with his hand.
What! was it you that would be England's king?
Was't you, that revell'd in our parliament,
And made a preachment of your high descent?
Where are your mess of sons, to back you now?

The wanton Edward, and the lusty George?
And where's that valiant crook-back prodigy,
Dicky your boy, that, with his grumbling voice,
Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies?
Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rutland?
Look, York; I stain'd this napkin with the blood
That valiant Clifford, with his rapier's point,
Made issue from the bosom of the boy:
And, if thine eyes can water for his death,
I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.
Alas, poor York! but that I hate thee deadly,
I should lament thy miserable state.
I prithee, grieve, to make me merry, York.
What, hath thy fiery heart so parch'd thine entrails,
That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death?
Why art thou patient, man? thou shouldst be mad;
And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus.
Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance.³
Thou wouldst be fee'd, I see, to make me sport;
York cannot speak unless he wear a crown.
A crown for York;—and, lords, bow low to him.
Hold you his hands, whilst I do set it on.

[Putting a paper crown on his head.]

Ay, marry, sir, now looks he like a king!
Ay, this is he that took king Henry's chair;
And this is he was his adopted heir.
But how is it that great Plantagenet
Is crown'd so soon, and broke his solemn oath?
As I bethink me, you should not be king
Till our king Henry had shook hands with death.
And will you pale⁴ your head in Henry's glory,
And rob his temples of the diadem,
Now in his life, against your holy oath?
O, 'tis a fault too, too unpardonable!
Off with the crown; and, with the crown, his head;
And, whilst we breathe, take time to do him dead.

Clif. That is my office, for my father's sake.

Q. Mar. Nay, stay; let's hear the orisons he makes.

York. She-wolf of France, but worse than wolves of
France,

Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth!
How ill-beseeming is it in thy sex,
To triumph, like an Amazonian trull,
Upon their woes whom fortune captivates!
But that thy face is, visor-like, unchanging,
Made impudent with use of evil deeds,
I would assay, proud queen, to make thee blush:
To tell thee whence thou cam'st, of whom deriv'd,
Were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not shame-
less.

Thy father bears the type of king of Naples,
Of both the Sicils and Jerusalem,
Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman.
Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult?
It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud queen;
Unless the adage must be verified,
That beggars, mounted, run their horse to death.
'Tis beauty that doth oft make women proud;
But God he knows thy share thereof is small:
'Tis virtue that doth make them most admir'd;
The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at:
'Tis government that makes them seem divine;
The want thereof makes thee abominable:
Thou art as opposite to every good
As the Antipodes are unto us,
Or as the south to the septentrion.
O, tiger's heart, wrapp'd in a woman's hide!
How couldst thou drain the life-blood of the child,

¹ Bodg'd. Johnson would read budg'd. Steevens thinks that bodg'd here means “we boggled, made bad or bungling work of our attempt to rally.” Bodg'd and budged are both from the French *bouger*, to stir.

² Raught—the ancient preterite of to reach.

³ We place this line as in the folio. In the “True Tragedy” its position is after

“I prithee, grieve, to make me merry, York.”

⁴ Pale—impale, encircle.

To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,
And yet be seen to bear a woman's face?
Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible;
Thou, stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.
Bid'st thou me rage? why, now thou hast thy wish:
Wouldst have me weep? why, now thou hast thy will:
For raging wind blows up incessant showers,
And when the rage allays the rain begins.
These tears are my sweet Rutland's obsequies;
And every drop cries vengeance for his death,
'Gainst thee, fell Clifford, and thee, false Frenchwoman.

North. Beshrew me, but his passions move me so
That hardly can I check my eyes from tears.

York. That face of his the hungry cannibals
Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd with
blood:

But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,
O, ten times more, than tigers of Hyrcania.
See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears:
This cloth thou dipp'dst in blood of my sweet boy,
And I with tears do wash the blood away.
Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this:

[*He gives back the handkerchief.*]

And, if thou tell'st the heavy story right,
Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears;
Yea, even my foes will shed fast-falling tears,
And say,—Alas, it was a piteous deed!—
There, take the crown, and with the crown my curse;
And in thy need such comfort come to thee
As now I reap at thy too cruel hand!
Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the world;
My soul to heaven, my blood upon your heads!

North. Had he been slaughter-man to all my kin,
I should not for my life but weep with him,
To see how inly sorrow gripes his soul.

Q. Mar. What, weeping-ripe, my lord Northumberland?
Think but upon the wrong he did us all,
And that will quickly dry thy melting tears.

Clif. Here's for my oath, here's for my father's death.

[*Stabbing him.*]

Q. Mar. And here's to right our gentle-hearted king.

[*Stabbing him.*]

York. Open thy gate of mercy, gracious God!
My soul flies through these wounds to seek out thee.

[*Dies.*]

Q. Mar. Off with his head, and set it on York gates;
So York may overlook the town of York. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Plain near Mortimer's Cross in Herefordshire.*

Drums. Enter EDWARD and RICHARD, with their Forces, marching.

Edw. I wonder how our princely father 'scap'd;
Or whether he be 'scap'd away, or no,
From Clifford's and Northumberland's pursuit;
Had he been ta'en, we should have heard the news;
Had he been slain, we should have heard the news;
Or, had he 'scap'd, methinks we should have heard
The happy tidings of his good escape.
How fares my brother? why is he so sad?

Rich. I cannot joy, until I be resolv'd
Where our right valiant father is become.
I saw him in the battle range about;
And watch'd him, how he singled Clifford forth.

Methought, he bore him in the thickest troop
As doth a lion in a herd of neat:
Or as a bear, encompass'd round with dogs;
Who having pinch'd a few, and made them cry,
The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him.
So far'd our father with his enemies;
So fled his enemies my warlike father;
Methinks, 'tis prize¹ enough to be his son.
See how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun!
How well resembles it the prime of youth,
Trim'd like a youngster, prancing to his love!

Edw. Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three suns?

Rich. Three glorious suns, each one a perfect sun;
Not separated with the racking clouds,
But sever'd in a pale clear-shining sky.
See, see! they join, embrace, and seem to kiss,
As if they vow'd some league inviolable:
Now are they but one lamp, one light, one sun.
In this the heaven figures some event.

Edw. 'Tis wondrous strange, the like yet never heard of.
I think it cites us, brother, to the field;
That we, the sons of brave Plantagenet,
Each one already blazing by our meeds,²
Should, notwithstanding, join our lights together,
And overshine the earth, as this the world.
Whate'er it bodes, henceforward will I bear
Upon my target three fair shining suns.

Rich. Nay, bear three daughters;—by your leave I
speak it,
You love the breeder better than the male.

Enter a Messenger.

But what art thou, whose heavy looks foretell
Some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue?

Mess. Ah, one that was a woeful looker on,
When as the noble duke of York was slain,
Your princely father, and my loving lord.

Edw. O, speak no more! for I have heard too much.

Rich. Say how he died, for I will hear it all.

Mess. Environed he was with many foes;
And stood against them, as the hope of Troy
Against the Greeks that would have enter'd Troy.
But Hercules himself must yield to odds;
And many strokes, though with a little axe,
Hew down and fell the hardest-timber'd oak.
By many hands your father was subdued;
But only slaughter'd by the ireful arm
Of unrelenting Clifford and the queen:
Who crown'd the gracious duke, in high despite;
Laugh'd in his face; and, when with grief he wept,
The ruthless queen gave him, to dry his cheeks,
A napkin steeped in the harmless blood
Of sweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford slain:
And, after many scorns, many foul taunts,
They took his head, and on the gates of York
They set the same; and there it doth remain,
The saddest spectacle that e'er I view'd.

Edw. Sweet duke of York, our prop to lean upon,
Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no stay!
O Clifford, boist'rous Clifford, thou hast slain
The flower of Europe for his chivalry;
And treacherously hast thou vanquish'd him,
For, hand to hand, he would have vanquish'd thee!
Now my soul's palace is become a prison:
Ah, would she break from hence! that this my body
Might in the ground be closed up in rest:
For never henceforth shall I joy again,
Never, O never, shall I see more joy.

¹ Prize. So the folio; the quartos, *pride*.

Meeds—merits.

Rich. I cannot weep; for all my body's moisture
Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning heart:
Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great burthen;
For self-same wind, that I should speak withal,
Is kindling coals that fire all my breast,
And burn me up with flames that tears would quench.
To weep is to make less the depth of grief:
Tears, then, for babes; blows and revenge for me!—
Richard, I bear thy name, I'll venge thy death,
Or die renowned by attempting it.

Edw. His name that valiant duke hath left with thee;
His dukedom and his chair with me is left.

Rich. Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's bird,
Show thy descent by gazing 'gainst the sun:
For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom say;
Either that is thine, or else thou wert not his.

March. Enter WARWICK and MONTAGUE, with Forces.

War. How now, fair lords? What fare? what news
abroad?

Rich. Great lord of Warwick, if we should recount
Our baleful news, and at each word's deliverance
Stab poniards in our flesh till all were told,
The words would add more anguish than the wounds.
O valiant lord, the duke of York is slain.

Edw. O Warwick! Warwick! that Plantagenet
Which held thee dearly as his soul's redemption,
Is by the stern lord Clifford done to death.

War. Ten days ago I drown'd these news in tears:
And now, to add more measure to your woes,
I come to tell you things sith then befallen.
After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,
Where your brave father breath'd his latest gasp,
Tidings, as swiftly as the post could run,
Were brought me of your loss, and his depart.
I then in London, keeper of the king,
Muster'd my soldiers, gather'd flocks of friends,
[And very well appointed, as I thought,¹]
March'd towards Saint Alban's to intercept the queen,
Bearing the king in my behalf along:
For by my scouts I was advertised
That she was coming with a full intent
To dash our late decree in parliament,
Touching king Henry's oath and your succession.
Short tale to make,—we at Saint Alban's met,
Our battles join'd, and both sides fiercely fought:
But, whether 'twas the coldness of the king,
Who look'd full gently on his warlike queen,
That robb'd my soldiers of their heated spleen;
Or whether 'twas report of her success;
Or more than common fear of Clifford's rigour,
Who thunders to his captives—blood and death,
I cannot judge: but, to conclude with truth,
Their weapons like to lightning came and went;
Our soldiers—like the night-owl's lazy flight,
Or like a lazy thresher with a flail,—
Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends.
I cheer'd them up with justice of our cause,
With promise of high pay and great rewards:
But all in vain; they had no heart to fight,
And we, in them, no hope to win the day,
So that we fled: the king unto the queen;
Lord George your brother, Norfolk, and myself,
In haste, post-haste, are come to join with you;
For in the marches here, we heard, you were
Making another head to fight again.

Edw. Where is the duke of Norfolk, gentle Warwick?
And when came George from Burgundy to England?

War. Some six miles off the duke is with the soldiers:
And for your brother, he was lately sent
From your kind aunt, duchess of Burgundy,
With aid of soldiers to this needful war.

Rich. 'Twas odds, belike, when valiant Warwick fled:
Oft have I heard his praises in pursuit,
But ne'er, till now, his scandal of retire.

War. Nor now my scandal, Richard, dost thou hear:
For thou shalt know, this strong right hand of mine
Can pluck the diadem from faint Henry's head,
And wring the awful sceptre from his fist;
Were he as famous and as bold in war,
As he is fam'd for mildness, peace, and prayer.

Rich. I know it well, lord Warwick: blame me not;
'Tis love I bear thy glories makes me speak.
But, in this troublous time, what's to be done?
Shall we go throw away our coats of steel,
And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns,
Numbering our Ave-Maries with our beads?
Or shall we on the helmets of our foes
Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?
If for the last, say,—Ay, and to it, lords.

War. Why, therefore Warwick came to seek you out;
And therefore comes my brother Montague.
Attend me, lords. The proud insulting queen,
With Clifford and the haught Northumberland,
And of their feather many more proud birds,
Have wrought the easy melting king like wax.
He swore consent to your succession,
His oath enrolled in the parliament;
And now to London all the crew are gone,
To frustrate both his oath, and what beside
May make against the house of Lancaster
Their power, I think, is thirty thousand strong:
Now, if the help of Norfolk, and myself,
With all the friends that thou, brave earl of March,
Amongst the loving Welshmen canst procure,
Will but amount to five and twenty thousand,
Why, *Via!* to London will we march amain;
And once again bestride our foaming steeds,
And once again cry—Charge upon our foes!
But never once again turn back and fly.

Rich. Ay, now, methinks, I hear great Warwick speak:
Ne'er may he live to see a sunshine day
That cries—Retire, if Warwick bid him stay.

Edw. Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I lean;
And when thou fail'st² (as God forbid the hour!)
Must Edward fall, which peril heaven forefend!

War. No longer earl of March, but duke of York;
The next degree is England's royal throne:
For king of England shalt thou be proclaim'd
In every borough as we pass along;
And he that throws not up his cap for joy
Shall for the fault make forfeit of his head.
King Edward, valiant Richard, Montague,
Stay we no longer dreaming of renown,
But sound the trumpets, and about our task.

Rich. Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard as steel,
(As thou hast shown it flinty by thy deeds,)
I come to pierce it, or to give thee mine.

Edw. Then strike up, drums;—God, and Saint George,
for us!

Enter a Messenger.

War. How now? what news?

Mess. The duke of Norfolk sends you word by me,
The queen is coming with a puissant host;
And craves your company for speedy counsel.

War. Why then it sorts, brave warriors; Let's away.

[*Exeunt.*]

¹ This line is not in the folio, but is introduced from the quartos.

² *Fail'st.* So the folio; but it is sometimes printed *fall'st.* The quartos read *faint'st.*

SCENE II.—*Before York.*

Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, the PRINCE OF WALES, CLIFFORD, and NORTHUMBERLAND, with Forces.

Q. Mar. Welcome, my lord, to this brave town of York.

Yonder's the head of that arch-enemy
That sought to be encompass'd with your crown:
Doth not the object cheer your heart, my lord?

K. Hen. Ay, as the rocks cheer them that fear their wrack;—

To see this sight, it irks my very soul.
Withhold revenge, dear God! 'tis not my fault,
Nor wittingly have I infring'd my vow.

Clif. My gracious liege, this too much lenity
And harmful pity must be laid aside.
To whom do lions cast their gentle looks?
Not to the beast that would usurp their den.
Whose hand is that the forest bear doth lick?
Not his that spoils her young before her face.
Who 'scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting?
Not he that sets his foot upon her back.
The smallest worm will turn being trodden on;
And doves will peck in safeguard of their brood.
Ambitious York did level at thy crown,
Thou smiling, while he knit his angry brows:
He, but a duke, would have his son a king,
And raise his issue, like a loving sire;
Thou, being a king, bless'd with a goodly son,
Didst yield consent to disinherit him,
Which argued thee a most unloving father.
Unreasonable creatures feed their young;
And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,
Yet, in protection of their tender ones,
Who hath not seen them (even with those wings
Which sometime they have used with fearful flight,)
Make war with him that climb'd unto their nest,
Offering their own lives in their youngs' defence?
For shame, my liege, make them your precedent!
Were it not pity that this goodly boy
Should lose his birthright by his father's fault;
And long hereafter say unto his child,—
"What my great-grandfather and grandsire got,
My careless father fondly gave away?"
Ah, what a shame were this! Look on the boy;
And let his manly face, which promiseth
Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart
To hold thine own, and leave thine own with him.

K. Hen. Full well hath Clifford play'd the orator,
Inferring arguments of mighty force.
But, Clifford, tell me, didst thou never hear
That things ill got had ever bad success?
And happy always was it for that son,
Whose father for his hoarding went to hell?
I'll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind;
And 'would my father had left me no more!
For all the rest is held at such a rate
As brings a thousand-fold more care to keep,
Than in possession any jot of pleasure.
Ah, cousin York! 'would thy best friends did know
How it doth grieve me that thy head is here!

Q. Mar. My lord, cheer up your spirits; our foes are nigh,
And this soft courage makes your followers faint.
You promis'd knighthood to our forward son;
Unsheathe your sword, and dub him presently.
Edward, kneel down.

K. Hen. Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight;
And learn this lesson,—Draw thy sword in right.

Prince. My gracious father, by your kingly leave,

I'll draw it as apparent to the crown,
And in that quarrel use it to the death.

Clif. Why, that is spoken like a toward prince.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Royal commanders, be in readiness:
For, with a band of thirty thousand men,
Comes Warwick backing of the duke of York;
And in the towns, as they do march along,
Proclaims him king, and many fly to him:
Darraign¹ your battle, for they are at hand.

Clif. I would your highness would depart the field;
The queen hath best success when you are absent.

Q. Mar. Ay, good my lord, and leave us to our fortune.

K. Hen. Why, that's my fortune too; therefore I'll stay.

North. Be it with resolution then to fight.

Prince. My royal father, cheer these noble lords,
And hearten those that fight in your defence:
Unsheathe your sword, good father; cry, "Saint George!"

March. *Enter EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD, WARWICK, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, and Soldiers.*

Edw. Now, perjur'd Henry! wilt thou kneel for grace,
And set thy diadem upon my head;
Or bide the mortal fortune of the field?

Q. Mar. Go, rate thy minions, proud insulting boy!
Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms,
Before thy sovereign, and thy lawful king?

Edw. I am his king, and he should bow his knee;
I was adopted heir by his consent:
Since when, his oath is broke; for, as I hear,
You, that are king though he do wear the crown,
Have caus'd him, by new act of parliament,
To blot out me and put his own son in.

Clif. And reason too;
Who should succeed the father but the son?

Rich. Are you there, butcher?—O, I cannot speak!

Clif. Ay, crook-back; here I stand, to answer thee,
Or any he the proudest of thy sort.

Rich. 'Twas you that kill'd young Rutland, was it not?

Clif. Ay, and old York, and yet not satisfied.

Rich. For God's sake, lords, give signal to the fight.

War. What say'st thou, Henry, wilt thou yield the crown?

Q. Mar. Why, how now, long-tongued Warwick! dare you speak?

When you and I met at Saint Alban's last,
Your legs did better service than your hands.

War. Then 'twas my turn to fly, and now 'tis thine.

Clif. You said so much before, and yet you fled.

War. 'Twas not your valour, Clifford, drove me thence.

North. No, nor your manhood that durst make you stay
Rich. Northumberland, I hold thee reverently;

Break off the parley; for scarce I can refrain

The execution of my big-swoln heart

Upon that Clifford, that cruel child-killer.

Clif. I slew thy father: Call'st thou him a child?

Rich. Ay, like a dastard, and a treacherous coward,
As thou didst kill our tender brother Rutland;
But, ere sunset, I'll make thee curse the deed.

K. Hen. Have done with words, my lords, and hear me speak.

Q. Mar. Defy them then, or else hold close thy lips.

K. Hen. I prithee, give no limits to my tongue;
I am a king, and privileg'd to speak.

¹ *Darraign.* It is curious that the elder quartos have a word which sounds more modern—*prepare*. To *darraign* is used by Chaucer:—

"Full prively two harnes hath he dight,
Both suffisant and mete to *darreine*
The bataille in the feld betwix hem tweine."

Clif. My liege, the wound that bred this meeting here
Cannot be cur'd by words; therefore be still.

Rich. Then, executioner, unsheathe thy sword:
By him that made us all, I am resolv'd
That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue.

Edw. Say, Henry, shall I have my right or no?
A thousand men have broke their fasts to-day,
That ne'er shall dine unless thou yield the crown.

War. If thou deny, their blood upon thy head;
For York in justice puts his armour on.

Prince. If that be right which Warwick says is right,
There is no wrong, but everything is right.

Rich. Whoever got thee, there thy mother stands;
For, well I wot, thou hast thy mother's tongue.

Q. Mar. But thou art neither like thy sire nor dam;
But like a foul mis-shapen stigmatick,¹
Mark'd by the destinies to be avoided,
As venom toads, or lizards' dreadful stings.

Rich. Iron of Naples, hid with English guilt,
Whose father bears the title of a king,
(As if a channel² should be call'd the sea,)
Sham'st thou not, knowing whence thou art extraught,
To let thy tongue detect thy base-born heart?

Edw. A wisp of straw³ were worth a thousand crowns,
To make this shameless callet know herself.
Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou,
Although thy husband may be Menelaus;
And ne'er was Agamemnon's brother wrong'd
By that false woman as this king by thee.
His father revell'd in the heart of France,
And tam'd the king, and made the Dauphin stoop;
And had he match'd according to his state,
He might have kept that glory to this day:
But when he took a beggar to his bed,
And grac'd thy poor sire with his bridal day,
Even then that sunshine brew'd a shower for him,
That wash'd his father's fortunes forth of France,
But heap'd sedition on his crown at home.
For what hath broach'd this tumult but thy pride?
Hadst thou been meek, our title still had slept:
And we, in pity of the gentle king,
Had slipp'd our claim until another age.

Geo. But when we saw our sunshine made thy spring,
And that thy summer bred us no increase,
We set the axe to thy usurping root:
And though the edge hath something hit ourselves,
Yet, know thou, since we have begun to strike,
We'll never leave till we have hewn thee down,
Or bath'd thy growing with our heated bloods.

Edw. And, in this resolution, I defy thee;
Not willing any longer conference,
Since thou deny'st the gentle king to speak.
Sound trumpets!—let our bloody colours wave!--
And either victory, or else a grave.

Q. Mar. Stay, Edward.

Edw. No, wrangling woman; we'll no longer stay;
These words will cost ten thousand lives to-day. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A Field of Battle between Towton and Saxton
in Yorkshire.*

Alarums: Excursions. Enter WARWICK.

War. Forspent⁴ with toil, as runners with a race,
I lay me down a little while to breathe:
For strokes receiv'd, and many blows repaid,

Have robb'd my strong-knit sinews of their strength,
And, spite of spite, needs must I rest awhile.

Enter EDWARD, running.

Edw. Smile, gentle heaven! or strike, ungentle death!
For this world frowns, and Edward's sun is clouded.

War. How now, my lord? what hap? what hope of
good?

Enter GEORGE.

Geo. Our hap is loss, our hope but sad despair;
Our ranks are broke, and ruin follows us:
What counsel give you, whither shall we fly?
Edw. Bootless is flight; they follow us with wings:
And weak we are, and cannot shun pursuit.

Enter RICHARD.

Rich. Ah, Warwick, why hast thou withdrawn thyself?
Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk,
Broach'd with the steely point of Clifford's lance:
And, in the very pangs of death, he cried,—
Like to a dismal clangour heard from far,—
"Warwick, revenge! brother, revenge my death!"
So underneath the belly of their steeds,
That stain'd their fetlocks in his smoking blood,
The noble gentleman gave up the ghost.

War. Then let the earth be drunken with our blood:
I'll kill my horse, because I will not fly.
Why stand we like soft-hearted women here,
Wailing our losses, whiles the foe doth rage;
And look upon, as if the tragedy
Were play'd in jest by counterfeiting actors?
Here on my knee I vow to God above,
I'll never pause again, never stand still,
Till either death hath closed these eyes of mine,
Or fortune given me measure of revenge.

Edw. O Warwick, I do bend my knee with thine;
And, in this vow, do chain my soul to thine;
And, ere my knee rise from the earth's cold face,
I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee,
Thou setter up and plucker down of kings!
Beseeching thee, if with thy will it stands
That to my foes this body must be prey,
Yet that thy brazen gates of heaven may ope,
And give sweet passage to my sinful soul!
Now, lords, take leave until we meet again,
Where'er it be, in heaven, or in earth.

Rich. Brother, give me thy hand;—and, gentle Warwick,
Let me embrace thee in my weary arms:
I, that did never weep, now melt with woe,
That winter should cut off our spring-time so.

War. Away, away! Once more, sweet lords, farewell.

Geo. Yet let us all together to our troops,
And give them leave to fly that will not stay;
And call them pillars that will stand to us;
And, if we thrive, promise them such rewards
As victors wear at the Olympian games:
This may plant courage in their quailing breasts;
For yet is hope of life and victory.

Fore-slow⁵ no longer, make we hence amain. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The same. Another part of the Field.*

Excursions. Enter RICHARD and CLIFFORD.

Rich. Now, Clifford, I have singled thee alone:
Suppose this arm is for the duke of York,

¹ *Stigmatick.* See note on Henry VI., Part II., Act V. Sc. I.

² *Channel*, according to Malone, is equivalent to what we now call a *kennel*.

³ *Wisp of straw.* Capell conjectures that there is some allusion in this expression to the queen's alleged incontinency—to which the word *callet* also refers. It is similarly applied by Nashe in his "Apology of Pierce Pennilesse:"—

"A wisp, a wisp, you kitchen-stuff wrangler!"

⁴ *Forspent.* So the folio; the quartos, *sore spent*. In the same manner we have in King John *forwearied*—excessively wearied.

⁵ *Fore-slow*—delay, loiter.

And this for Rutland ; both bound to revenge,
Wert thou environ'd with a brazen wall.

Clif. Now, Richard, I am with thee here alone :
This is the hand that stabb'd thy father York ;
And this the hand that slew thy brother Rutland ;
And here's the heart that triumphs in their death,
And cheers these hands that slew thy sire and brother,
To execute the like upon thyself ;
And so, have at thee.

[*They fight. WARWICK enters; CLIFFORD flies.*]

Rich. Nay, Warwick, single out some other chase ;
For I myself will hunt this wolf to death. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*Another part of the Field.*

Alarum. Enter KING HENRY.

K. Hen. This battle fares like to the morning's war,
When dying clouds contend with growing light ;
What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
Can neither call it perfect day nor night.
Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea,
Forc'd by the tide to combat with the wind ;
Now sways it that way, like the self-same sea
Forc'd to retire by fury of the wind :
Sometime, the flood prevails ; and then, the wind :
Now, one the better ; then, another best ;
Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,
Yet neither conqueror, nor conquered :
So is the equal poise of this fell war.
Here on this molehill will I sit me down.
To whom God will, there be the victory !
For Margaret my queen, and Clifford too,
Have chid me from the battle ; swearing both
They prosper best of all when I am thence.
'Would I were dead ! if God's good will were so :
For what is in this world but grief and woe ?
O God ! methinks it were a happy life,
To be no better than a homely swain :
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes, how they run :
How many make the hour full complete,
How many hours bring about the day,
How many days will finish up the year,
How many years a mortal man may live.
When this is known, then to divide the times :
So many hours must I tend my flock ;
So many hours must I take my rest ;
So many hours must I contemplate ;
So many hours must I sport myself ;
So many days my ewes have been with young ;
So many weeks ere the poor fools will yean ;
So many years ere I shall shear the fleece ;
So minutes, hours, days, months, and years,¹
Pass'd over to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
Ah, what a life were this ! how sweet ! how lovely !
Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
To kings, that fear their subjects' treachery ?
O, yes it doth ; a thousand-fold it doth.
And, to conclude,—the shepherd's homely curds,
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a prince's delicates,

His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
His body couched in a curious bed,
When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him.

*Alarum. Enter a Son that has killed his father,
dragging in the dead body.*

Son. Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.
This man, whom hand to hand I slew in fight,
May be possessed with some store of crowns ;
And I, that haply take them from him now,
May yet ere night yield both my life and them
To some man else, as this dead man doth me.
Who's this ?—O God ! it is my father's face,
Whom in this conflict I unwares have kill'd.
O heavy times, begetting such events !
From London by the king was I press'd forth ;
My father, being the earl of Warwick's man,
Came on the part of York, press'd by his master ;
And I, who at his hands receiv'd my life,
Have by my hands of life bereaved him.
Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did !
And pardon, father, for I knew not thee !
My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks ;
And no more words, till they have flow'd their fill.

K. Hen. O piteous spectacle ! O bloody times !
Whilst lions war, and battle for their dens,
Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity.
Weep, wretched man, I'll aid thee, tear for tear ;
And let our hearts, and eyes, like civil war,
Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharg'd with grief.

*Enter a Father, who has killed his son, with the body in
his arms.*

Fath. Thou that so stoutly hast resisted me,
Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold ;
For I have bought it with an hundred blows.
But let me see :—is this our foeman's face ?
Ah, no, no, no, it is mine only son !
Ah, boy, if any life be left in thee,
Throw up thine eye ; see, see, what showers arise,
Blown with the windy tempest of my heart,
Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and heart !
O, pity, God, this miserable age !
What stratagems,² how fell, how butcherly,
Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,
This deadly quarrel daily doth beget !
O boy, thy father gave thee life too soon,
And hath bereft thee of thy life too late !

K. Hen. Woe above woe ! grief more than common
grief !

O, that my death would stay these ruthless deeds !
O pity, pity, gentle heaven, pity !
The red rose and the white are on his face,
The fatal colours of our striving houses :
The one, his purple blood right well resembles ;
The other, his pale cheeks, methinks, present :
Wither one rose, and let the other flourish !
If you contend, a thousand lives must wither.

Son. How will my mother, for a father's death,
Take on with me, and ne'er be satisfied !

Fath. How will my wife, for slaughter of my son,
Shed seas of tears, and ne'er be satisfied !

K. Hen. How will the country, for these woeful chances,
Misthink the king, and not be satisfied !

Son. Was ever son so rued a father's death ?

Fath. Was ever father so bemoan'd a son ?

¹ Rowe changed the line thus :—

"So minutes, hours, days, *weeks*, months, and years."

Stratagems. M. Mason has shown that *stratagems* here means *disastrous* events—not merely the events of war, its surprises and snares.

K. Hen. Was ever king so griev'd for subjects' woe?
Much is your sorrow; mine, ten times so much.

Son. I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill.

[*Exit, with the body.*]

Fath. These arms of mine shall be thy winding-sheet;
My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre;
For from my heart thine image ne'er shall go.
My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell;
And so obsequious¹ will thy father be,
Sad² for the loss of thee, having no more,
As Priam was for all his valiant sons.
I'll bear thee hence; and let them fight that will,
For I have murder'd where I should not kill.

[*Exit, with the body.*]

K. Hen. Sad-hearted men, much overgone with care,
Here sits a king more woeful than you are.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter QUEEN MARGARET, PRINCE OF WALES, and EXETER.

Prince. Fly, father, fly! for all your friends are fled,
And Warwick rages like a chafed bull:
Away! for death doth hold us in pursuit.

Q. Mar. Mount you, my lord; towards Berwick post
again:

Edward and Richard, like a brace of greyhounds
Having the fearful flying hare in sight,
With fiery eyes, sparkling for very wrath,
And bloody steel grasp'd in their ireful hands,
Are at our backs; and therefore hence again.

Exe. Away; for vengeance comes along with them:
Nay, stay not to expostulate, make speed;
Or else come after, I'll away before.

K. Hen. Nay, take me with thee, good sweet Exeter;
Not that I fear to stay, but love to go
Whither the queen intends. Forward; away! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*The same.*

A loud Alarum. Enter CLIFFORD, wounded.

Clif. Here burns my candle out, ay, here it dies,
Which, whiles it lasted, gave king Henry light.
O, Lancaster! I fear thy overthrow,
More than my body's parting with my soul.
My love and fear glued many friends to thee:
And, now I fall, thy tough commixtures melt.
Impairing Henry, strength'ning mis-proud York,
[The common people swarm like summer flies:³]
And whither fly the gnats but to the sun?
And who shines now but Henry's enemies?
O Phœbus! hadst thou never given consent
That Phaëton should check thy fiery steeds,
Thy burning car never had scorched the earth:
And Henry, hadst thou sway'd as kings should do,
Or as thy father, and his father, did,
Giving no ground unto the house of York,
They never then had sprung like summer flies;
I, and ten thousand in this luckless realm,
Had left no mourning widows for our death,
And thou this day hadst kept thy chair in peace.
For what doth cherish weeds, but gentle air?
And what makes robbers bold, but too much lenity?
Bootless are complaints, and cureless are my wounds:
No way to fly, nor strength to hold out flight;
The foe is merciless, and will not pity;
For at their hands I have deserv'd no pity.
The air hath got into my deadly wounds,

And much effuse of blood doth make me faint:
Come, York, and Richard, Warwick, and the rest;
I stabb'd your fathers' bosoms, split my breast. [*He faints.*]

Alarum and Retreat. Enter EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD, MONTAGUE, WARWICK, and Soldiers.

Edw. Now breathe we, lords; good fortune bids us
pause,

And smooth the frowns of war with peaceful looks.
Some troops pursue the bloody-minded queen,
That led calm Henry, though he were a king,
As doth a sail, fill'd with a fretting gust,
Command an argosy to stem the waves.
But think you, lords, that Clifford fled with them?

War. No, 'tis impossible he should escape:
For, though before his face I speak the words,
Your brother Richard mark'd him for the grave:
And, wheresoe'er he is, he's surely dead.

[*CLIFFORD groans, and dies.*]

Edw. Whose soul is that which takes her heavy leave?

Rich. A deadly groan, like life and death's departing.

Edw. See who it is: and, now the battle's ended,
If friend, or foe, let him be gently used.

Rich. Revoke that doom of mercy, for 'tis Clifford;
Who, not contented that he lopp'd the branch
In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth,
But set his murdering knife unto the root
From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring,—
I mean, our princely father, duke of York.

War. From off the gates of York fetch down the head,
Your father's head, which Clifford placed there:
Instead whereof let this supply the room;
Measure for measure must be answered.

Edw. Bring forth that fatal screech-owl to our house,
That nothing sung but death to us and ours:
Now death shall stop his dismal threatening sound,
And his ill-boding tongue no more shall speak.

[*Attendants bring the body forward.*]

War. I think his understanding is bereft:—
Speak, Clifford, dost thou know who speaks to thee?—
Dark cloudy death o'ershades his beams of life,
And he nor sees, nor hears us what we say.

Rich. O, would he did! and so, perhaps, he doth;
'Tis but his policy to counterfeit,
Because he would avoid such bitter taunts
Which in the time of death he gave our father.

Geo. If so thou think'st, vex him with eager⁴ words.

Rich. Clifford, ask mercy, and obtain no grace.

Edw. Clifford, repent in bootless penitence.

War. Clifford, devise excuses for thy faults.

Geo. While we devise fell tortures for thy faults.

Rich. Thou didst love York, and I am son to York.

Edw. Thou pitied'st Rutland, I will pity thee.

Geo. Where's captain Margaret, to fence you now?

War. They mock thee, Clifford! swear as thou wast
wont.

Rich. What, not an oath? nay, then the world goes
hard

When Clifford cannot spare his friends an oath:
I know by that he's dead: And, by my soul,
If this right hand would buy two hours' life,
That I in all despite might rail at him,
This hand should chop it off; and with the issuing blood
Stifle the villain, whose unstanched thirst
York and young Rutland could not satisfy.

War. Ay, but he's dead: Off with the traitor's head,
And rear it in the place your father's stands.
And now to London with triumphant march,

¹ *Obsequious*—performing obsequies.

² *Sad*. This word was given by Rowe instead of *Men* in the folio.

³ This line is not in the folio, but has been introduced from the quartos.

⁴ *Eager*—sour, sharp.

There to be crowned England's royal king.
From whence shall Warwick cut the sea to France
And ask the lady Bona for thy queen :
So shalt thou sinew both these lands together ;
And, having France thy friend, thou shalt not dread
The scatter'd foe, that hopes to rise again ;
For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,
Yet look to have them buzz, to offend thine ears.
First, will I see the coronation ;
And then to Brittany I'll cross the sea,
To effect this marriage, so it please my lord.

Edw. Even as thou wilt, sweet Warwick, let it be :
For in thy shoulder do I build my seat ;
And never will I undertake the thing
Wherein thy counsel and consent is wanting.
Richard, I will create thee duke of Gloster ;
And George, of Clarence ; Warwick, as ourself,
Shall do, and undo, as him pleaseth best.

Rich. Let me be duke of Clarence ; George, of Gloster ;
For Gloster's dukedom is too ominous.

War. Tut, that's a foolish observation ;
Richard, be duke of Gloster. Now to London,
To see these honours in possession. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Chase in the North of England.*

Enter Two Keepers, with cross-bows in their hands.

1 Keep. Under this thick-grown brake we'll shroud ourselves ;

For through this laund¹ anon the deer will come ;
And in this covert will we make our stand,
Culling the principal of all the deer.

2 Keep. I'll stay above the hill, so both may shoot.

1 Keep. That cannot be ; the noise of thy cross-bow
Will scare the herd, and so my shoot is lost.
Here stand we both, and aim we at the best :
And, for the time shall not seem tedious,
I'll tell thee what befell me on a day,
In this self-place where now we mean to stand.

2 Keep. Here comes a man, let's stay till he be past.

Enter KING HENRY, disguised, with a prayer-book.

K. Hen. From Scotland am I stol'n, even of pure love,
To greet mine own land with my wishful sight.
No, Harry, Harry, 'tis no land of thine ;
Thy place is fill'd, thy sceptre wrung from thee,
Thy balm wash'd off, wherewith thou wast anointed :
No bending knee will call thee Cæsar now,
No humble suitors press to speak for right,
No, not a man comes for redress of thee ;
For how can I help them, and not myself ?

1 Keep. Ay, here's a deer whose skin's a keeper's fee :
This is the *quondam* king ; let's seize upon him.

K. Hen. Let me embrace these sour adversities :²
For wise men say it is the wisest course.

2 Keep. Why linger we ? let us lay hands upon him.

1 Keep. Forbear awhile ; we'll hear a little more.

K. Hen. My queen and son are gone to France for aid ;
And, as I hear, the great commanding Warwick
Is thither gone, to crave the French king's sister
To wife for Edward : If this news be true,
Poor queen and son, your labour is but lost ;
For Warwick is a subtle orator,

And Lewis a prince soon won with moving words.
By this account, then, Margaret may win him ;
For she's a woman to be pitied much :
Her sighs will make a battery in his breast ;
Her tears will pierce into a marble heart ;
The tiger will be mild while she doth mourn ;
And Nero will be tainted with remorse,
To hear, and see, her plaints, her brinish tears.
Ay, but she's come to beg ; Warwick, to give :
She, on his left side, craving aid for Henry ;
He, on his right, asking a wife for Edward.
She weeps, and says—her Henry is depos'd ;
He smiles, and says—his Edward is install'd ;
That she, poor wretch, for grief can speak no more :
Whiles Warwick tells his title, smooths the wrong,
Inferreth arguments of mighty strength ;
And, in conclusion, wins the king from her,
With promise of his sister, and what else,
To strengthen and support king Edward's place.
O Margaret, thus 'twill be ; and thou, poor soul,
Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorn.

2 Keep. Say, what art thou that talk'st of kings and queens ?

K. Hen. More than I seem, and less than I was born to :
A man at least, for less I should not be ;
And men may talk of kings, and why not I ?

2 Keep. Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou wert a king.

K. Hen. Why, so I am, in mind ; and that's enough.

1 Keep. But if thou be a king, where is thy crown ?

K. Hen. My crown is in my heart, not on my head ;
Not deck'd with diamonds and Indian stones,
Nor to be seen ; my crown is call'd content ;
A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy.

2 Keep. Well, if you be a king crown'd with content,
Your crown content and you must be contented
To go along with us : for, as we think,
You are the king king Edward hath depos'd ;
And we his subjects, sworn in all allegiance,
Will apprehend you as his enemy.

K. Hen. But did you never swear and break an oath

2 Keep. No, never such an oath ; nor will not now.

K. Hen. Where did you dwell when I was king of England ?

2 Keep. Here in this country where we now remain.

K. Hen. I was anointed king at nine months old ;
My father, and my grandfather, were kings ;
And you were sworn true subjects unto me :
And, tell me then, have you not broke your oaths ?

1 Keep. No ;

For we were subjects but while you were king.

K. Hen. Why, am I dead ? do I not breathe a man ?
Ah, simple men, you know not what you swear.
Look, as I blow this feather from my face,
And as the air blows it to me again,
Obeying with my wind when I do blow,
And yielding to another when it blows,
Commanded always by the greater gust ;
Such is the lightness of you common men.
But do not break your oaths ; for, of that sin
My mild entreaty shall not make you guilty.
Go where you will, the king shall be commanded ;
And be you kings ; command, and I'll obey.

1 Keep. We are true subjects to the king, king Edward.

K. Hen. So would you be again to Henry,
If he were seated as king Edward is.

1 Keep. We charge you, in God's name, and in the king's,

To go with us unto the officers.

K. Hen. In God's name, lead ; your king's name be obey'd :

¹ *Laund* (the same as *lawn*) is, according to Camden, "a plain among trees."
736

² Pope's reading. The folio has "the sower adversaries."

And what God will that¹ let your king perform ;
And what he will I humbly yield unto. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING EDWARD, GLOSTER, CLARENCE, and LADY GREY.

K. Edw. Brother of Gloster, at Saint Alban's field
This lady's husband, sir John Grey, was slain,
His lands then seiz'd on by the conqueror :
Her suit is now, to repossess those lands ;
Which we in justice cannot well deny,
Because in quarrel of the house of York
The worthy gentleman did lose his life.

Glo. Your highness shall do well to grant her suit ;
It were dishonour to deny it her.

K. Edw. It were no less ; but yet I'll make a pause.

Glo. Yea ! is it so ?

I see the lady hath a thing to grant,
Before the king will grant her humble suit.

Clar. He knows the game : How true he keeps the
wind ! [Aside.]

Glo. Silence ! [Aside.]

K. Edw. Widow, we will consider of your suit ;
And come some other time, to know our mind.

L. Grey. Right gracious lord, I cannot brook delay :
May it please your highness to resolve me now ;
And what your pleasure is shall satisfy me.

Glo. [Aside.] Ay, widow ? then I'll warrant you all your
lands,

An if what pleases him shall pleasure you.

Fight closer, or, good faith, you'll catch a blow.

Clar. I fear her not unless she chance to fall. [Aside.]

Glo. God forbid that ! for he'll take vantages. [Aside.]

K. Edw. How many children hast thou, widow ? tell me.

Clar. I think, he means to beg a child of her. [Aside.]

Glo. Nay, whip me then ; he'll rather give her two. [Aside.]

L. Grey. Three, my most gracious lord.

Glo. You shall have four, if you'll be rul'd by him. [Aside.]

K. Edw. 'Twere pity they should lose their father's
lands.

L. Grey. Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it then.

K. Edw. Lords, give us leave : I'll try this widow's wit.

Glo. Ay, good leave have you ; for you will have leave
Till youth take leave, and leave you to the crutch.

[GLOSTER and CLARENCE retire to the other side.]

K. Edw. Now tell me, madam, do you love your
children ?

L. Grey. Ay, full as dearly as I love myself.

K. Edw. And would you not do much to do them good ?

L. Grey. To do them good I would sustain some harm.

K. Edw. Then get your husband's lands, to do them
good.

L. Grey. Therefore I came unto your majesty.

K. Edw. I'll tell you how these lands are to be got.

L. Grey. So shall you bind me to your highness' service.

K. Edw. What service wilt thou do me, if I give them ?

L. Grey. What you command that rests in me to do.

K. Edw. But you will take exceptions to my boon.

L. Grey. No, gracious lord, except I cannot do it.

K. Edw. Ay, but thou canst do what I mean to ask.

L. Grey. Why, then I will do what your grace com-
mands.

Glo. He plies her hard ; and much rain wears the
marble. [Aside.]

Clar. As red as fire ! nay, then her wax must melt.

[Aside.]

L. Grey. Why stops my lord ? shall I not hear my task ?

K. Edw. An easy task ; 'tis but to love a king.

L. Grey. That's soon perform'd, because I am a subject.

K. Edw. Why then, thy husband's lands I freely give
thee.

L. Grey. I take my leave with many thousand thanks.

Glo. The match is made ; she seals it with a curtsy.

K. Edw. But stay thee, 'tis the fruits of love I mean.

L. Grey. The fruits of love I mean, my loving liege.

K. Edw. Ay, but I fear me, in another sense.

What love think'st thou I sue so much to get ?

L. Grey. My love till death, my humble thanks, my
prayers ;

That love which virtue begs and virtue grants.

K. Edw. No, by my troth, I did not mean such love.

L. Grey. Why, then you mean not as I thought you did.

K. Edw. But now you partly may perceive my mind.

L. Grey. My mind will never grant what I perceive
Your highness aims at, if I aim aright.

K. Edw. To tell thee plain, I aim to lie with thee.

L. Grey. To tell you plain, I had rather lie in prison.

K. Edw. Why, then thou shalt not have thy husband's
lands.

L. Grey. Why, then mine honesty shall be my dower ;
For by that loss I will not purchase them.

K. Edw. Therein thou wrong'st thy children mightily.

L. Grey. Herein your highness wrongs both them and
me.

But, mighty lord, this merry inclination
Accords not with the sadness² of my suit ;

Please you dismiss me, either with ay or no.

K. Edw. Ay, if thou wilt say ay to my request :

No, if thou dost say no to my demand.

L. Grey. Then, no, my lord. My suit is at an end.

Glo. The widow likes him not, she knits her brows. [Aside.]

Clar. He is the bluntest wooer in Christendom. [Aside.]

K. Edw. [Aside.] Her looks do argue her replete with
modesty ;

Her words do show her wit incomparable.

All her perfections challenge sovereignty :

One way, or other, she is for a king ;

And she shall be my love, or else my queen.

Say, that king Edward take thee for his queen

L. Grey. 'Tis better said than done, my gracious lord :

I am a subject fit to jest withal,

But far unfit to be a sovereign.

K. Edw. Sweet widow, by my state I swear to thee,
I speak no more than what my soul intends ;
And that is, to enjoy thee for my love.

L. Grey. And that is more than I will yield unto :
I know I am too mean to be your queen :

And yet too good to be your concubine.

K. Edw. You cavil, widow ; I did mean my queen.

L. Grey. 'Twill grieve your grace my son should call
you father.

K. Edw. No more than when my³ daughters call thee
mother.

Thou art a widow, and thou hast some children :

And, by God's mother, I, being but a bachelor,

Have other some : why, 'tis a happy thing

To be the father unto many sons.

Answer no more, for thou shalt be my queen.

Glo. The ghostly father now hath done his shrift. [Aside.]

Clar. When he was made a shriver, 'twas for shift. [Aside.]

¹ That. So the original ; but by some continued error all the early modern editions had "then let your king perform."

² Sadness—seriousness.

³ My in the original, but in some modern editions erroneously thy.

K. Edw. Brothers, you muse what chat we two have had.

Glo. The widow likes it not, for she looks very sad.

K. Edw. You'd think it strange if I should marry her.

Clar. To whom, my lord?

K. Edw. Why, Clarence, to myself.

Glo. That would be ten days' wonder, at the least.

Clar. That's a day longer than a wonder lasts.

Glo. By so much is the wonder in extremes.

K. Edw. Well, jest on, brothers: I can tell you both
Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.

Enter a Nobleman.

Nob. My gracious lord, Henry your foe is taken,
And brought your prisoner to your palace gate.

K. Edw. See that he be convey'd unto the Tower:
And go we, brothers, to the man that took him,
To question of his apprehension.

Widow, go you along;—Lords, use her honourably.

[*Excunt* KING EDWARD, LADY GREY, CLARENCE,
and Lord.]

Glo. Ay, Edward will use women honourably,
'Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all,
That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring,
To cross me from the golden time I look for!

And yet, between my soul's desire and me,
(The lustful Edward's title buried,)

Is Clarence, Henry, and his son young Edward,
And all the unlook'd-for issue of their bodies,
To take their rooms, ere I can place myself:

A cold premeditation for my purpose!

Why, then I do but dream on sovereignty;

Like one that stands upon a promontory,

And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,

Wishing his foot were equal with his eye;

And chides the sea that sunders him from thence,

Saying, he'll lade it dry to have his way:

So do I wish the crown, being so far off;

And so I chide the means that keep me from it:

And so I say, I'll cut the causes off,

Flattering me with impossibilities.

My eye's too quick, my heart o'erweens too much,

Unless my hand and strength could equal them.

Well, say there is no kingdom then for Richard;

What other pleasure can the world afford?

I'll make my heaven in a lady's lap,

And deck my body in gay ornaments,

And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks.

O miserable thought! and more unlikely

Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns!

Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb:

And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,

She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe

To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub;

To make an envious mountain on my back,

Where sits deformity to mock my body;

To shape my legs of an unequal size;

To disproportion me in every part,

Like to a chaos, or an unlick'd bear-whelp,

That carries no impression like the dam.

And am I then a man to be belov'd?

O, monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought!

Then, since this earth affords no joy to me

But to command, to check, to o'erbear such

As are of better person than myself,

I'll make my heaven to dream upon the crown;

And, whiles I live, to account this world but hell,

Until my mis-shaped trunk, that bears this head,

Be round impaled with a glorious crown.

And yet I know not how to get the crown,

For many lives stand between me and home;

And I,—like one lost in a thorny wood,

That rents the thorns, and is rent with the thorns,

Seeking a way, and straying from the way;

Not knowing how to find the open air,

But toiling desperately to find it out,—

Torment myself to catch the English crown:

And from that torment I will free myself,

Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.

Why, I can smile, and murder whiles I smile:

And cry, content, to that which grieves my heart;

And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,

And frame my face to all occasions.

I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall;

I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk;

I'll play the orator as well as Nestor;

Deceive more slyly than Ulysses could;

And, like a Sinon, take another Troy:

I can add colours to the chameleon;

Change shapes with Proteus, for advantages,

And set the murderous Machiavel to school.

Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?

Tut! were it further off, I'll pluck it down.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—France. *A Room in the Palace.*

Flourish. *Enter* LEWIS the French King, and LADY BONA,
attended; the KING takes his state. *Then enter* QUEEN
MARGARET, PRINCE EDWARD her son, and the EARL
OF OXFORD.

K. Lew. Fair queen of England, worthy Margaret,

[*Rising.*]

Sit down with us; it ill befits thy state

And birth that thou shouldst stand, while Lewis doth sit.

Q. Mar. No, mighty king of France; now Margaret

Must strike her sail, and learn awhile to serve,

Where kings command. I was, I must confess,

Great Albion's queen in former golden days:

But now mischance hath trod my title down,

And with dishonour laid me on the ground;

Where I must take like seat unto my fortune,

And to my humble seat conform myself.

K. Lew. Why, say, fair queen, whence springs this deep
despair?

Q. Mar. From such a cause as fills mine eyes with tears,
And stops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in cares.

K. Lew. Whate'er it be, be thou still like thyself,

And sit thee by our side: yield not thy neck

[*Seats her by him.*]

To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind

Still ride in triumph over all mischance.

Be plain, queen Margaret, and tell thy grief;

It shall be eas'd if France can yield relief.

Q. Mar. Those gracious words revive my drooping
thoughts,

And give my tongue-tied sorrows leave to speak.

Now, therefore, be it known to noble Lewis,

That Henry, sole possessor of my love,

Is, of a king, become a banish'd man,

And forc'd to live in Scotland a forlorn;

While proud ambitious Edward, duke of York,

Usurps the regal title, and the seat

Of England's true-anointed lawful king.

This is the cause, that I, poor Margaret,

With this my son, prince Edward, Henry's heir,

Am come to crave thy just and lawful aid;

And if thou fail us all our hope is done:

Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help;

Our people and our peers are both misled,

Our treasure seiz'd, our soldiers put to flight,

And, as thou seest, ourselves in heavy plight.

K. Lew. Renowned queen, with patience calm the storm,
While we bethink a means to break it off.

Q. Mar. The more we stay the stronger grows our foe.

K. Lew. The more I stay the more I'll succour thee.

Q. Mar. O, but impatience waiteth on true sorrow:
And see, where comes the breeder of my sorrow.

Enter WARWICK, attended.

K. Lew. What's he approacheth boldly to our presence?

Q. Mar. Our earl of Warwick, Edward's greatest friend.

K. Lew. Welcome, brave Warwick! What brings thee to France?

[Descending from his state. QUEEN MARGARET rises.]

Q. Mar. Ay, now begins a second storm to rise;
For this is he that moves both wind and tide.

War. From worthy Edward, king of Albion,
My lord and sovereign, and thy vowed friend,
I come, in kindness and unfeigned love,
First, to do greetings to thy royal person;
And then to crave a league of amity:
And, lastly, to confirm that amity
With nuptial knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant
That virtuous lady Bona, thy fair sister,
To England's king in lawful marriage.

Q. Mar. If that go forward Henry's hope is done.

War. And, gracious madam, *[to BONA]* in our king's behalf,

I am commanded, with your leave and favour,
Humbly to kiss your hand, and with my tongue
To tell the passion of my sovereign's heart;
Where fame, late entering at his heedful ears,
Hath plac'd thy beauty's image, and thy virtue.

Q. Mar. King Lewis, and lady Bona, hear me speak,
Before you answer Warwick. His demand
Springs not from Edward's well-meant honest love,
But from deceit, bred by necessity;
For how can tyrants safely govern home,
Unless abroad they purchase great alliance?
To prove him tyrant, this reason may suffice,
That Henry liveth still: but were he dead,
Yet here prince Edward stands, king Henry's son.
Look therefore, Lewis, that by this league and marriage
Thou draw not on thy danger and dishonour:
For though usurpers sway the rule awhile,
Yet heavens are just, and time suppresseth wrongs.

War. Injurious Margaret!

Prince. And why not queen?

War. Because thy father Henry did usurp;
And thou no more art prince than she is queen.

Oxf. Then Warwick disannuls great John of Gaunt,
Which did subdue the greatest part of Spain;
And, after John of Gaunt, Henry the Fourth,
Whose wisdom was a mirror to the wisest;
And, after that wise prince, Henry the Fifth,
Who by his prowess conquered all France:
From these our Henry lineally descends.

War. Oxford, how haps it in this smooth discourse
You told not, how Henry the Sixth hath lost
All that which Henry the Fifth had gotten?
Methinks, these peers of France should smile at that.
But for the rest, you tell a pedigree
Of threescore and two years; a silly time
To make prescription for a kingdom's worth.

Oxf. Why, Warwick, canst thou speak against thy liege,
Whom thou obey'dst thirty and six years,
And not bewray thy treason with a blush?

War. Can Oxford, that did ever fence the right,

Now buckler falsehood with a pedigree?
For shame! leave Henry and call Edward king.

Oxf. Call him my king, by whose injurious doom
My elder brother, the lord Aubrey Vere,
Was done to death and more than so, my father,
Even in the downfall of his mellow'd years,
When nature brought him to the door of death?
No, Warwick, no; while life upholds this arm,
This arm upholds the house of Lancaster.

War. And I the house of York.

K. Lew. Queen Margaret, prince Edward, and Oxford,
Vouchsafe at our request to stand aside,
While I use further conference with Warwick.

Q. Mar. Heaven grant that Warwick's words bewitch him not!

[Retiring with the PRINCE and OXFORD.]

K. Lew. Now, Warwick, tell me, even upon thy conscience,

Is Edward your true king? for I were loath
To link with him that were not lawful chosen.

War. Thereon I pawn my credit and mine honour.

K. Lew. But is he gracious in the people's eye?

War. The more, that Henry was unfortunate.

K. Lew. Then further, all dissembling set aside,
Tell me for truth the measure of his love
Unto our sister Bona.

War. Such it seems
As may beseem a monarch like himself.
Myself have often heard him say, and swear,
That this his love was an eternal plant,
Whereof the root was fix'd in virtue's ground,
The leaves and fruit maintain'd with beauty's sun;
Exempt from envy, but not from disdain,
Unless the lady Bona quit his pain.

K. Lew. Now, sister, let us hear your firm resolve.

Bona. Your grant, or your denial, shall be mine:—
Yet I confess, *[to WAR.]* that often ere this day,
When I have heard your king's desert recounted,
Mine ear hath tempted judgment to desire.

K. Lew. Then, Warwick, thus,—Our sister shall be Edward's;

And now forthwith shall articles be drawn
Touching the jointure that your king must make,
Which with her dowry shall be counterpois'd:
Draw near, queen Margaret, and be a witness
That Bona shall be wife to the English king.

Prince. To Edward, but not to the English king.

Q. Mar. Deceitful Warwick! it was thy device
By this alliance to make void my suit;
Before thy coming Lewis was Henry's friend.

K. Lew. And still is friend to him and Margaret:
But if your title to the crown be weak,
As may appear by Edward's good success,
Then 'tis but reason that I be releas'd
From giving aid, which late I promised.
Yet shall you have all kindness at my hand
That your estate requires, and mine can yield.

War. Henry now lives in Scotland, at his ease;
Where, having nothing, nothing he can lose.
And as for you yourself, our *quondam* queen,
You have a father able to maintain you;
And better 'twere you troubled him than France.

Q. Mar. Peace, impudent and shameless Warwick, peace;
Proud setter-up and puller-down of kings!
I will not hence till with my talk and tears,
Both full of truth, I make king Lewis behold
Thy sly conveyance,¹ and thy lord's false love;
For both of you are birds of self-same feather.

[A horn sounded within.]

K. Lew. Warwick, this is some post to us, or thee.

¹ Conveyance—juggling, artifice.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord ambassador, these letters are for you ;
Sent from your brother, marquis Montague ;—
These from our king unto your majesty ;—
And, madam, these for you ; from whom—I know not.

[*To MARGARET. They all read their letters.*

Oxf. I like it well, that our fair queen and mistress
Smiles at her news, while Warwick frowns at his.

Prince. Nay, mark, how Lewis stamps as he were
nettled :

I hope all's for the best.

K. Lew. Warwick, what are thy news ? and yours, fair
queen ?

Q. Mar. Mine such as fill my heart with unhop'd joys.

War. Mine full of sorrow and heart's discontent.

K. Lew. What ! has your king married the lady Grey ?
And now, to soothe your forgery and his,
Sends me a paper to persuade me patience ?
Is this the alliance that he seeks with France ?
Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner ?

Q. Mar. I told your majesty as much before :
This proveth Edward's love and Warwick's honesty.

War. King Lewis, I here protest, in sight of heaven,
And by the hope I have of heavenly bliss,
That I am clear from this misdeed of Edward's ;
No more my king, for he dishonours me ;
But most himself, if he could see his shame.
Did I forget, that by the house of York
My father came untimely to his death ?
Did I let pass the abuse done to my niece ?
Did I impale him with the regal crown ?
Did I put Henry from his native right ;
And am I guerdon'd at the last with shame ?
Shame on himself : for my desert is honour.
And to repair my honour lost for him,
I here renounce him, and return to Henry :
My noble queen, let former grudges pass,
And henceforth I am thy true servitor ;
I will revenge his wrong to lady Bona,
And replant Henry in his former state.

Q. Mar. Warwick, these words have turn'd my hate to
love ;
And I forgive and quite forget old faults,
And joy that thou becom'st king Henry's friend.

War. So much his friend, ay, his unfeigned friend,
That if king Lewis vouchsafe to furnish us
With some few bands of chosen soldiers,
I'll undertake to land them on our coast,
And force the tyrant from his seat by war.
'Tis not his new-made bride shall succour him :
And as for Clarence, as my letters tell me,
He's very likely now to fall from him ;
For matching more for wanton lust than honour,
Or than for strength and safety of our country.

Bona. Dear brother, how shall Bona be reveng'd,
But by thy help to this distressed queen ?

Q. Mar. Renowned prince, how shall poor Henry live,
Unless thou rescue him from foul despair ?

Bona. My quarrel and this English queen's are one.

War. And mine, fair lady Bona, joins with yours.

K. Lew. And mine with hers, and thine, and Margaret's.
Therefore, at last, I firmly am resolv'd,
You shall have aid.

Q. Mar. Let me give humble thanks for all at once.

K. Lew. Then England's messenger, return in post ;
And tell false Edward, thy supposed king,
That Lewis of France is sending over maskers,
To revel it with him and his new bride :
Thou seest what's past, go fear¹ thy king withal.

Bona. Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,
I'll wear the willow garland for his sake.

Q. Mar. Tell him, my mourning weeds are laid aside,
And I am ready to put armour on.

War. Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong ;
And therefore I'll uncrown him, ere 't be long.
There's thy reward ; be gone. [*Exit Mess.*

K. Lew. But, Warwick, thou,
And Oxford, with five thousand men,
Shall cross the seas, and bid false Edward battle :
And, as occasion serves, this noble queen
And prince shall follow with a fresh supply.
Yet, ere thou go, but answer me one doubt ;
What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty ?

War. This shall assure my constant loyalty :
That if our queen and this young prince agree,
I'll join mine eldest daughter and my joy
To him forthwith in holy wedlock bands.

Q. Mar. Yes, I agree, and thank you for your motion :
Son Edward, she is fair and virtuous,
Therefore delay not, give thy hand to Warwick ;
And, with thy hand, thy faith irrevocable,
That only Warwick's daughter shall be thine.

Prince. Yes, I accept her, for she well deserves it ;
And here, to pledge my vow, I give my hand.

[*He gives his hand to WARWICK.*

K. Lew. Why stay we now ? These soldiers shall be
levied,

And thou, lord Bourbon, our high admiral,
Shall waft them over with our royal fleet.
I long till Edward fall by war's mischance,
For mocking marriage with a dame of France.

[*Excunt all but WARWICK.*

War. I came from Edward as ambassador,
But I return his sworn and mortal foe :
Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me,
But dreadful war shall answer his demand.
Had he none else to make a stale² but me ?
Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow.
I was the chief that rais'd him to the crown,
And I'll be chief to bring him down again :
Not that I pity Henry's misery,
But seek revenge on Edward's mockery. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—London. A Room in the Palace.

*Enter GLOSTER, CLARENCE, SOMERSET, MONTAGUE, and
others.*

Glo. Now tell me, brother Clarence, what think you
Of this new marriage with the lady Grey ?
Hath not our brother made a worthy choice ?

Clar. Alas, you know, 'tis far from hence to France ;
How could he stay till Warwick made return ?

Som. My lords, forbear this talk ; here comes the king.

Flourish. *Enter KING EDWARD, attended ; LADY GREY, as
Queen ; PEMBROKE, STAFFORD, HASTINGS, and others.*

Glo. And his well-chosen bride.

Clar. I mind to tell him plainly what I think.

K. Edw. Now, brother of Clarence, how like you our
choice,
That you stand pensive, as half malcontent ?

² *Stale*—stalking-horse, as in *The Comedy of Errors*—

"Poor I am but his *stale*."

Clar. As well as Lewis of France, or the earl of Warwick;

Which are so weak of courage and in judgment,
That they'll take no offence at our abuse.

K. Edw. Suppose they take offence without a cause,
They are but Lewis and Warwick; I am Edward,
Your king and Warwick's, and must have my will.

Glo. And you¹ shall have your will, because our king;
Yet hasty marriage seldom proveth well.

K. Edw. Yea, brother Richard, are you offended too?

Glo. Not I:

No; God forbid that I should wish them sever'd
Whom God hath join'd together: ay, and 'twere pity
To sunder them that yoke so well together.

K. Edw. Setting your scorns and your mislike aside,
Tell me some reason, why the lady Grey
Should not become my wife, and England's queen:
And you too, Somerset and Montague,
Speak freely what you think.

Clar. Then this is mine opinion, that king Lewis
Becomes your enemy, for mocking him
About the marriage of the lady Bona.

Glo. And Warwick, doing what you gave in charge,
Is now dishonoured by this new marriage.

K. Edw. What, if both Lewis and Warwick be appeas'd
By such invention as I can devise?

Mont. Yet, to have join'd with France in such alliance,
Would more have strengthen'd this our commonwealth
'Gainst foreign storms, than any home-bred marriage.

Hast. Why, knows not Montague that of itself
England is safe, if true within itself?

Mont. Yes, but the safer when it is back'd with France.

Hast. 'Tis better using France than trusting France:
Let us be back'd with God, and with the seas,
Which he hath given for fence impregnable,
And with their helps only defend ourselves;
In them, and in ourselves, our safety lies.

Clar. For this one speech, lord Hastings well deserves
To have the heir of the lord Hungerford.

K. Edw. Ay, what of that? it was my will and grant;
And, for this once, my will shall stand for law.

Glo. And yet, methinks your grace hath not done well
To give the heir and daughter of lord Scales
Unto the brother of your loving bride;
She better would have fitted me, or Clarence:
But in your bride you bury brotherhood.

Clar. Or else you would not have bestow'd the heir
Of the lord Bonville on your new wife's son,
And leave your brothers to go speed elsewhere.

K. Edw. Alas, poor Clarence! is it for a wife
That thou art malcontent? I will provide thee.

Clar. In choosing for yourself you show'd your judgment;

Which being shallow, you shall give me leave
To play the broker in mine own behalf;
And, to that end, I shortly mind to leave you.

K. Edw. Leave me, or tarry, Edward will be king,
And not be tied unto his brother's will.

Q. Eliz. My lords, before it pleas'd his majesty
To raise my state to title of a queen,
Do me but right, and you must all confess
That I was not ignoble of descent,
And meaner than myself have had like fortune.
But as this title honours me and mine,
So your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing,
Do cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow.

K. Edw. My love, forbear to fawn upon their frowns:
What danger or what sorrow can befall thee,
So long as Edward is thy constant friend,
And their true sovereign, whom they must obey?

Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too,
Unless they seek for hatred at my hands:
Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe,
And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.

Glo. I hear, yet say not much, but think the more.

[*Aside.*]

Enter a Messenger.

K. Edw. Now, messenger, what letters or what news
From France?

Mess. My sovereign liege, no letters; and few words,
But such as I, without your special pardon,
Dare not relate.

K. Edw. Go to, we pardon thee: therefore, in brief,
Tell me their words as near as thou canst guess them.
What answer makes king Lewis unto our letters?

Mess. At my depart, these were his very words
"Go tell false Edward, the supposed king,
That Lewis of France is sending over maskers
To revel it with him and his new bride."

K. Edw. Is Lewis so brave? belike, he thinks me Henry.
But what said lady Bona to my marriage?

Mess. These were her words, utter'd with mild disdain:
"Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,
I'll wear the willow garland for his sake."

K. Edw. I blame not her, she could say little less;
She had the wrong. But what said Henry's queen?
For I have heard that she was there in place.²

Mess. "Tell him," quoth she, "my mourning weeds are
done,

And I am ready to put armour on."

K. Edw. Belike, she minds to play the Amazon.
But what said Warwick to these injuries?

Mess. He, more incens'd against your majesty
Than all the rest, discharg'd me with these words:
"Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore I'll uncrown him, ere 't be long."

K. Edw. Ha! durst the traitor breathe out so proud
words?

Well, I will arm me, being thus forewarn'd:
They shall have wars, and pay for their presumption.
But say, is Warwick friends with Margaret?

Mess. Ay, gracious sovereign; they are so link'd in
friendship

That young prince Edward marries Warwick's daughter.

Clar. Belike, the elder; Clarence will have the younger.
Now, brother king, farewell, and sit you fast,
For I will hence to Warwick's other daughter;
That, though I want a kingdom, yet in marriage
I may not prove inferior to yourself.
You that love me and Warwick follow me.

[*Exit CLARENCE, and SOMERSET follows.*]

Glo. Not I.

My thoughts aim at a further matter; I
Stay not for love of Edward, but the crown. [*Aside.*]

K. Edw. Clarence and Somerset both gone to Warwick!
Yet am I arm'd against the worst can happen;
And haste is needful in this desperate case.
Pembroke, and Stafford, you in our behalf
Go levy men, and make prepare for war.
They are already, or quickly will be landed:
Myself in person will straight follow you.

[*Exeunt PEMBROKE and STAFFORD.*]

But, ere I go, Hastings, and Montague,
Resolve my doubt. You twain, of all the rest,
Are near to Warwick by blood, and by alliance:
Tell me if you love Warwick more than me?

² *In place*—there present, a common form of expression amongst our old writers.
The same expression occurs in the sixth scene of this act:—

"Yet in this one thing let me blame your grace.
For choosing me when Clarence is in place."

¹ *You* is not in the original; added by Rowe.

If it be so, then both depart to him;
I rather wish you foes than hollow friends;
But if you mind to hold your true obedience,
Give me assurance with some friendly vow,
That I may never have you in suspect.

Mont. So God help Montague, as he proves true!

Hast. And Hastings, as he favours Edward's cause!

K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, will you stand by us?

Glo. Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand you.

K. Edw. Why so; then am I sure of victory.

Now therefore let us hence; and lose no hour,
Till we meet Warwick with his foreign power. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—A Plain in Warwickshire.

Enter WARWICK and OXFORD, with French and other Forces.

War. Trust me, my lord, all hitherto goes well;
The common people by numbers swarm to us.

Enter CLARENCE and SOMERSET.

But, see, where Somerset and Clarence come;
Speak suddenly, my lords, are we all friends?

Clar. Fear not that, my lord.

War. Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwick;
And welcome, Somerset: I hold it cowardice
To rest mistrustful where a noble heart
Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love;
Else might I think that Clarence, Edward's brother,
Were but a feigned friend to our proceedings:
But welcome, sweet Clarence; my daughter shall be thine.
And now what rests, but, in night's coverture,
Thy brother being carelessly encamp'd,
His soldiers lurking in the towns about,
And but attended by a simple guard,
We may surprise and take him at our pleasure?
Our scouts have found the adventure very easy:
That as Ulysses, and stout Diomedes,
With slight and manhood stole to Rhesus' tents,
And brought from thence the Thracian fatal steeds;
So we, well cover'd with the night's black mantle,
At unawares may beat down Edward's guard,
And seize himself: I say not, slaughter him,
For I intend but only to surprise him.
You that will follow me to this attempt
Applaud the name of Henry, with your leader.

[They all cry Henry.]

Why, then, let's on our way in silent sort:
For Warwick and his friends, God and Saint George!
[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—Edward's Camp near Warwick.

Enter certain Watchmen, to guard the KING's tent.

1 Watch. Come on, my masters, each man take his stand;

The king, by this, is set him down to sleep.

Watch. What, will he not to bed?

1 Watch. Why, no: for he hath made a solemn vow
Never to lie and take his natural rest
Till Warwick, or himself, be quite suppress'd.

2 Watch. To-morrow then, belike, shall be the day,
If Warwick be so near as men report.

3 Watch. But say, I pray, what nobleman is that
That with the king here resteth in his tent?

1 Watch. 'Tis the lord Hastings, the king's chiefest friend.

3 Watch. O, is it so? But why commands the king
That his chief followers lodge in towns about him,
While he himself keeps in the cold field?

Watch. 'Tis the more honour, because more dangerous.

3 Watch. Ay; but give me worship, and quietness,
I like it better than a dangerous honour.

If Warwick knew in what estate he stands,
'Tis to be doubted he would waken him.

1 Watch. Unless our halberds did shut up his passage.

2 Watch. Ay; wherefore else guard we his royal tent,
But to defend his person from night-foes?

Enter WARWICK, CLARENCE, OXFORD, SOMERSET, and Forces.

War. This is his tent; and see, where stands his guard.
Courage, my masters: honour now, or never!
But follow me, and Edward shall be ours.

1 Watch. Who goes there?

2 Watch. Stay, or thou diest.

[WARWICK, and the rest, cry all—"Warwick! Warwick!" and set upon the Guard; who fly, crying—"Arm! Arm!" WARWICK, and the rest, following them.]

The drum beating, and trumpets sounding, re-enter WARWICK, and the rest, bringing the KING out in a gown, sitting in a chair: GLOSTER and HASTINGS fly.

Som.

What are they that fly there?

War. Richard and Hastings: let them go, here's the duke.

K. Edw. The duke! why, Warwick, when we parted last,
Thou call'dst me king.

War.

Ay, but the case is altered:

When you disgrac'd me in my ambassade,
Then I degraded you from being king,
And come now to create you duke of York.
Alas! how should you govern any kingdom,
That know not how to use ambassadors;
Nor how to be contented with one wife;
Nor how to use your brothers brotherly;
Nor how to study for the people's welfare;
Nor how to shroud yourself from enemies?

K. Edw. Yea, brother of Clarence, art thou here too?
Nay, then I see that Edward needs must down.
Yet, Warwick, in despite of all mischance,
Of thee thyself, and all thy complices,
Edward will always bear himself as king:
Though fortune's malice overthrow my state,
My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.

War. Then, for his mind, be Edward England's king:

[Takes off his crown.]

But Henry now shall wear the English crown,
And be true king indeed; thou but the shadow.
My lord of Somerset, at my request,
See that forthwith duke Edward be convey'd
Unto my brother, archbishop of York.
When I have fought with Pembroke and his fellows,
I'll follow you, and tell what answer
Lewis, and the lady Bona, send to him:
Now, for awhile, farewell, good duke of York.

K. Edw. What fates impose that men must needs abide;
It boots not to resist both wind and tide.

[Exit KING EDWARD, led out; SOMERSET with him.]

Oxf. What now remains, my lords, for us to do,
But march to London with our soldiers?

War. Ay, that's the first thing that we have to do;
To free king Henry from imprisonment,
And see him seated in the regal throne. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV.—London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH and RIVERS.

Riv. Madam, what makes you in this sudden change?

Q. Eliz. Why, brother Rivers, are you yet to learn
What late misfortune is befall'n king Edward?
Riv. What, loss of some pitch'd battle against Warwick?
Q. Eliz. No, but the loss of his own royal person.
Riv. Then is my sovereign slain?
Q. Eliz. Ay, almost slain, for he is taken prisoner;
Either betray'd by falsehood of his guard,
Or by his foe surpris'd at unawares:
And, as I further have to understand,
Is new committed to the bishop of York,
Fell Warwick's brother, and by that our foe.
Riv. These news, I must confess, are full of grief:
Yet, gracious madam, bear it as you may;
Warwick may lose, that now hath won the day.
Q. Eliz. Till then, fair hope must hinder life's decay
And I the rather wean me from despair,
For love of Edward's offspring in my womb:
This is it that makes me bridle passion,
And bear with mildness my misfortune's cross;
Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear,
And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighs,
Lest with my sighs or tears I blast or drown
King Edward's fruit, true heir to the English crown.
Riv. But, madam, where is Warwick then become?
Q. Eliz. I am informed that he comes towards London,
To set the crown once more on Henry's head:
Guess thou the rest; king Edward's friends must down,
But, to prevent the tyrant's violence,
(For trust not him that hath once broken faith),
I'll hence forthwith unto the sanctuary,
To save at least the heir of Edward's right;
There shall I rest secure from force and fraud.
Come therefore, let us fly, while we may fly;
If Warwick take us we are sure to die. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A Park near Middleham Castle in Yorkshire.*

Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS, SIR WILLIAM STANLEY,
and others.

Glo. Now, my lord Hastings, and sir William Stanley,
Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,
Into this chiefest thicket of the park.
Thus stands the case: You know our king, my brother,
Is prisoner to the bishop here, at whose hands
He hath good usage and great liberty;
And often, but attended with weak guard,
Comes hunting this way to disport himself.
I have advertis'd him by secret means,
That if, about this hour, he make this way,
Under the colour of his usual game,
He shall here find his friends, with horse and men,
To set him free from his captivity.

Enter KING EDWARD, and a Huntsman.

Hunt. This way, my lord; for this way lies the game.

K. Edw. Nay, this way, man; see where the huntsmen stand.

Now, brother of Gloster, lord Hastings, and the rest,
Stand you thus close to steal the bishop's deer?

Glo. Brother, the time and case requireth haste;
Your horse stands ready at the park corner.

K. Edw. But whither shall we then?

Hast. To Lynn, my lord; and ship from thence to Flanders.

Glo. Well guess'd, believe me; for that was my meaning.

K. Edw. Stanley, I will requite thy forwardness.

Glo. But wherefore stay we? 'tis no time to talk.

K. Edw. Huntsman, what say'st thou? wilt thou go along?

Hunt. Better do so than tarry and be hang'd.

Glo. Come then, away; let's have no more ado.

K. Edw. Bishop, farewell: shield thee from Warwick's frown;
And pray that I may repossess the crown. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*A Room in the Tower.*

Enter KING HENRY, CLARENCE, WARWICK, SOMERSET,
young RICHMOND, OXFORD, MONTAGUE, Lieutenant of
the Tower, and Attendants.

K. Hen. Master lieutenant, now that God and friends
Have shaken Edward from the regal seat,
And turn'd my captive state to liberty,
My fear to hope, my sorrows unto joys,
At our enlargement what are thy due fees?

Lieu. Subjects may challenge nothing of their sovereigns;

But, if an humble prayer may prevail,
I then crave pardon of your majesty.

K. Hen. For what, lieutenant? for well using me?

Nay, be thou sure, I'll well requite thy kindness,

For that it made my imprisonment a pleasure:

Ay, such a pleasure as incaged birds

Conceive, when, after many moody thoughts,

At last, by notes of household harmony,

They quite forget their loss of liberty.

But, Warwick, after God, thou sett'st me free,

And chiefly therefore I thank God and thee;

He was the author, thou the instrument.

Therefore, that I may conquer fortune's spite,

By living low where fortune cannot hurt me;

And that the people of this blessed land

May not be punish'd with my thwarting stars;

Warwick, although my head still wear the crown,

I here resign my government to thee,

For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.

War. Your grace hath still been fam'd for virtuous;

And now may seem as wise as virtuous,

By spying and avoiding fortune's malice,

For few men rightly temper with the stars:

Yet in this one thing let me blame your grace,

For choosing me, when Clarence is in place.

Clar. No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the sway,

To whom the heavens, in thy nativity,

Adjudg'd an olive-branch, and laurel crown,

As likely to be blest in peace, and war;

And therefore I yield thee my free consent.

War. And I choose Clarence only for protector.

K. Hen. Warwick and Clarence, give me both your hands;

Now join your hands, and with your hands your hearts,

That no dissension hinder government:

I make you both protectors of this land;

While I myself will lead a private life,

And in devotion spend my latter days,

To sin's rebuke, and my Creator's praise.

War. What answers Clarence to his sovereign's will?

Clar. That he consents, if Warwick yield consent;

For on thy fortune I repose myself.

War. Why then, though loath, yet must I be content:

We'll yoke together, like a double shadow

To Henry's body, and supply his place;

I mean, in bearing weight of government,

While he enjoys the honour, and his ease.

And, Clarence, now then it is more than needful,

Forthwith that Edward be pronounc'd a traitor,

And all his lands and goods be confiscate.

Clar. What else? and that succession be determin'd.

War. Ay, therein Clarence shall not want his part.

K. Hen. But, with the first of all your chief affairs,

Let me entreat, (for I command no more,) That Margaret your queen, and my son Edward, Be sent for, to return from France with speed : For, till I see them here, by doubtful fear My joy of liberty is half eclips'd.

Clar. It shall be done, my sovereign, with all speed.

K. Hen. My lord of Somerset, what youth is that, Of whom you seem to have so tender care ?

Som. My liege, it is young Henry, earl of Richmond.

K. Hen. Come hither, England's hope : If secret powers
[Lays his hand on his head.]

Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,
This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss.
His looks are full of peaceful majesty,
His head by nature fram'd to wear a crown,
His hand to wield a sceptre ; and himself
Likely, in time, to bless a regal throne.
Make much of him, my lords ; for this is he
Must help you more than you are hurt by me.

Enter a Messenger.

War. What news, my friend ?

Mess. That Edward is escaped from your brother,
And fled, as he hears since, to Burgundy.

War. Unsavoury news : But how made he escape ?

Mess. He was convey'd by Richard duke of Gloster,
And the lord Hastings, who attended him¹
In secret ambush on the forest side,
And from the bishop's huntsmen rescued him ;
For hunting was his daily exercise.

War. My brother was too careless of his charge.
But let us hence, my sovereign, to provide
A salve for any sore that may betide.

[*Exeunt* KING HENRY, WAR., CLAR., Lieut.,
and Attendants.]

Som. My lord, I like not of this flight of Edward's :
For doubtless Burgundy will yield him help ;
And we shall have more wars before 't be long.
As Henry's late presaging prophecy
Did glad my heart, with hope of this young Richmond ;
So doth my heart misgive me, in these conflicts
What may befall him, to his harm and ours :
Therefore, lord Oxford, to prevent the worst,
Forthwith we'll send him hence to Brittany,
Till storms be past of civil enmity.

Oxf. Ay ; for if Edward repossess the crown,
'Tis like that Richmond with the rest shall down.

Som. It shall be so ; he shall to Brittany.
Come, therefore, let's about it speedily. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—Before York.

Enter KING EDWARD, GLOSTER, HASTINGS, and Forces.

K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, lord Hastings, and the rest,
Yet thus far fortune maketh us amends,
And says, that once more I shall interchange
My waned state for Henry's regal crown.
Well have we pass'd, and now repass'd the seas,
And brought desired help from Burgundy :
What then remains, we being thus arriv'd
From Ravenspurgh haven before the gates of York,
But that we enter as into our dukedom ?

Glo. The gates made fast !—Brother, I like not this ;

For many men that stumble at the threshold
Are well foretold that danger lurks within.

K. Edw. Tush, man ! abodements must not now affright
us :

By fair or foul means we must enter in,
For hither will our friends repair to us.

Hast. My liege, I'll knock once more to summon them.

Enter on the walls the Mayor of York, and his brethren.

May. My lords, we were forewarned of your coming,
And shut the gates for safety of ourselves ;
For now we owe allegiance unto Henry.

K. Edw. But, master mayor, if Henry be your king,
Yet Edward, at the least, is duke of York.

May. True, my good lord ; I know you for no less.

K. Edw. Why, and I challenge nothing but my dukedom,
As being well content with that alone.

Glo. But when the fox hath once got in his nose,
He'll soon find means to make the body follow. [*Aside.*]

Hast. Why, master mayor, why stand you in a doubt ?
Open the gates, we are king Henry's friends.

May. Ay, say you so ? the gates shall then be open'd.
[*Exeunt from above.*]

Glo. A wise stout captain, and soon persuaded !²

Hast. The good old man would fain that all were well,
So 'twere not 'long of him : but, being enter'd,
I doubt not, I, but we shall soon persuade
Both him and all his brothers unto reason.

Re-enter the Mayor, and Two Aldermen, below.

K. Edw. So, master mayor : these gates must not be shut,
But in the night, or in the time of war.
What ! fear not, man, but yield me up the keys ;
[*Takes his keys.*]
For Edward will defend the town, and thee,
And all those friends that deign to follow me.

Drum. *Enter* MONTGOMERY, and Forces, marching.

Glo. Brother, this is sir John Montgomery,
Our trusty friend, unless I be deceiv'd.

K. Edw. Welcome, sir John ! But why come you in arms ?

Mont. To help king Edward in his time of storm,
As every loyal subject ought to do.

K. Edw. Thanks, good Montgomery : But we now forget
Our title to the crown ; and only claim
Our dukedom, till God please to send the rest.

Mont. Then fare you well, for I will hence again :
I came to serve a king, and not a duke.
Drummer, strike up, and let us march away.

[*A march begun.*]

K. Edw. Nay, stay, sir John, awhile ; and we'll debate
By what safe means the crown may be recover'd.

Mont. What talk you of debating ? in few words,
If you'll not here proclaim yourself our king,
I'll leave you to your fortune ; and be gone,
To keep them back that come to succour you :
Why should we fight if you pretend no title ?

Glo. Why, brother, wherefore stand you on nice points ?

K. Edw. When we grow stronger, then we'll make our claim :

Till then, 'tis wisdom to conceal our meaning.

Hast. Away with scrupulous wit ! now arms must rule.

Glo. And fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns.

¹ *Attended him*—waited for him.
The line stands in some modern editions—

"A wise stout captain, and persuaded soon."

Hammer made the transposition, which Steevens says "requires no apology." It

is scarcely necessary to point out that the ruggedness of the original line has a peculiar propriety when uttered with the solemn irony of Richard. Shakspeare, as well as every real dramatic poet, varies his metre not only with the expression of passion, but according to the character of the speaker.

Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand;
The bruit¹ thereof will bring you many friends.

K. Edw. Then be it as you will: For 'tis my right,
And Henry but usurps the diadem.

Mont. Ay, now my sovereign speaketh like himself;
And now will I be Edward's champion.

Hast. Sound trumpet; Edward shall be here proclaim'd:
Come, fellow-soldier, make thou proclamation.

[*Gives him a paper. Flourish.*]

Sol. [*Reads.*] "Edward the Fourth, by the grace of God,
king of England and France, and lord of Ireland," &c.

Mont. And whosoe'er gainsays king Edward's right,
By this I challenge him to single fight.

[*Throws down his gauntlet.*]

All. Long live Edward the Fourth!

K. Edw. Thanks, brave Montgomery;—and thanks unto
you all.

If fortune serve me I'll requite this kindness.
Now, for this night, let's harbour here in York:
And, when the morning sun shall raise his car
Above the border of this horizon,
We'll forward towards Warwick, and his mates;
For, well I wot that Henry is no soldier.
Ah, froward Clarence!—how evil it beseems thee
To flatter Henry, and forsake thy brother!
Yet, as we may, we'll meet both thee and Warwick.
Come on, brave soldiers; doubt not of the day;
And that once gotten doubt not of large pay. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.—London. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter KING HENRY, WARWICK, CLARENCE, MONTAGUE,
EXETER, and OXFORD.*

War. What counsel, lords? Edward from Belgia,
With hasty Germans, and blunt Hollanders,
Hath pass'd in safety through the narrow seas,
And with his troops doth march amain to London;
And many giddy people flock to him.

Oxf. Let's levy men, and beat him back again.

Clar. A little fire is quickly trodden out;
Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.

War. In Warwickshire I have true-hearted friends,
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war;
Those will I muster up: and thou, son Clarence,
Shalt stir up² in Suffolk, Norfolk, and in Kent,
The knights and gentlemen to come with thee:
Thou, brother Montague, in Buckingham,
Northampton, and in Leicestershire, shalt find
Men well inclin'd to hear what thou command'st:
And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well belov'd,
In Oxfordshire shalt muster up thy friends.
My sovereign, with the loving citizens,
Like to his island girt in with the ocean,
Or modest Dian circled with her nymphs,
Shall rest in London, till we come to him.
Fair lords, take leave, and stand not to reply.
Farewell, my sovereign.

K. Hen. Farewell, my Hector, and my Troy's true hope.

Clar. In sign of truth I kiss your highness' hand.

K. Hen. Well-minded Clarence, be thou fortunate.

Mont. Comfort, my lord;—and so I take my leave.

Oxf. And thus [*kissing HENRY'S hand*] I seal my truth,
and bid adieu.

K. Hen. Sweet Oxford, and my loving Montague,
And all at once, once more a happy farewell.

War. Farewell, sweet lords; let's meet at Coventry.

[*Exeunt WAR., CLAR., OXF., and MONT.*]

K. Hen. Here at the palace will I rest awhile.
Cousin of Exeter, what thinks your lordship?
Methinks the power that Edward hath in field
Should not be able to encounter mine.

Exc. The doubt is that he will seduce the rest.

K. Hen. That's not my fear, my meed hath got me fame.
I have not stopp'd mine ears to their demands,
Nor posted off their suits with slow delays;
My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,
My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs,
My mercy dried their water-flowing tears:
I have not been desirous of their wealth,
Nor much oppress'd them with great subsidies,
Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd;
Then why should they love Edward more than me?
No, Exeter, these graces challenge grace:
And when the lion fawns upon the lamb
The lamb will never cease to follow him.

[*Shout within, "A Lancaster! a Lancaster!"*]

Exc. Hark, hark, my lord! what shouts are these?

Enter KING EDWARD, GLOSTER, and Soldiers.

K. Edw. Seize on the shame-fac'd Henry, bear him
hence,

And once again proclaim us king of England.
You are the fount that makes small brooks to flow;
Now stops thy spring; my sea shall suck them dry,
And swell so much the higher by their ebb.
Hence with him to the Tower; let him not speak.

[*Exeunt some with KING HENRY.*]

And, lords, towards Coventry bend we our course,
Where peremptory Warwick now remains:
The sun shines hot, and if we use delay,
Cold-biting winter mars our hop'd-for hay.

Glo. Away betimes, before his forces join,
And take the great-grown traitor unawares:
Brave warriors, march amain towards Coventry. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Coventry.

*Enter, upon the walls, WARWICK, the Mayor of Coventry,
two Messengers, and others.*

War. Where is the post that came from valiant Oxford?
How far hence is thy lord, mine honest fellow?

¹ *Mess.* By this at Dunsmore, marching hitherward.

War. How far off is our brother Montague?
Where is the post that came from Montague?

² *Mess.* By this at Daintry, with a puissant troop.

Enter SIR JOHN SOMERVILLE.

War. Say, Somerville, what says my loving son?
And by thy guess, how nigh is Clarence now?

Som. At Southam I did leave him with his forces,
And do expect him here some two hours hence.

[*Drum heard.*]

War. Then Clarence is at hand, I hear his drum.

Som. It is not his, my lord; here Southam lies;
The drum your honour hears marcheth from Warwick.

War. Who should that be? belike, unlook'd-for friends.

Som. They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.

*Drums. Enter KING EDWARD, GLOSTER, and Forces,
marching.*

K. Edw. Go, trumpet, to the walls, and sound a parle.

¹ *Bruit*—report. Thus, in the authorised translation of the Bible (Jeremiah x. 22):—

"Behold the noise of the bruit is come."

² *Stir up* Steevens omits *up* as unmetrical.
9 D

Glo. See, how the surly Warwick mans the wall.

War. O, unbid spite! is sportful Edward come?
Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduc'd,
That we could hear no news of his repair?

K. Edw. Now, Warwick, wilt thou ope the city gates,—
Speak gentle words, and humbly bend thy knee,—
Call Edward king, and at his hands beg mercy,—
And he shall pardon thee these outrages?

War. Nay, rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,—
Confess who set thee up and pluck'd thee down,—
Call Warwick patron, and be penitent,—
And thou shalt still remain the duke of York?

Glo. I thought, at least, he would have said the king;
Or did he make the jest against his will?

War. Is not a dukedom, sir, a goodly gift?

Glo. Ay, by my faith, for a poor earl to give;
I'll do thee service for so good a gift.

War. 'Twas I that gave the kingdom to thy brother.

K. Edw. Why then 'tis mine, if but by Warwick's gift.

War. Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight:
And, weakling, Warwick takes his gift again;
And Henry is my king, Warwick his subject.

K. Edw. But Warwick's king is Edward's prisoner:
And, gallant Warwick, do but answer this,
What is the body when the head is off?

Glo. Alas, that Warwick had no more forecast,
But whiles he thought to steal the single ten,
The king was slyly finger'd from the deck!¹
You left poor Henry at the bishop's palace,
And, ten to one, you'll meet him in the Tower.

K. Edw. 'Tis even so; yet you are Warwick still.

Glo. Come, Warwick, take the time, kneel down, kneel
down:

Nay, when? strike now, or else the iron cools.

War. I had rather chop this hand off at a blow,
And with the other fling it at thy face,
Than bear so low a sail to strike to thee.

K. Edw. Sail how thou canst, have wind and tide thy
friend:

This hand, fast wound about thy coal-black hair,
Shall, whiles thy head is warm, and new cut off,
Write in the dust this sentence with thy blood,
"Wind-changing Warwick now can change no more."

Enter OXFORD, with drum and colours.

War. O cheerful colours! see, where Oxford comes!

Oxf. Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster!

[*OXFORD and his Forces enter the city.*]

Glo. The gates are open, let us enter too.

K. Edw. So other foes may set upon our backs.
Stand we in good array; for they, no doubt,
Will issue out again and bid us battle:
If not, the city, being but of small defence,
We'll quickly rouse the traitors in the same.

War. O, welcome, Oxford! for we want thy help.

Enter MONTAGUE, with drum and colours.

Mont. Montague, Montague, for Lancaster!

[*He and his Forces enter the city.*]

Glo. Thou and thy brother both shall buy this treason
Even with the dearest blood your bodies bear.

K. Edw. The harder match'd, the greater victory:
My mind presageth happy gain, and conquest.

¹ *Deck.* A pack of cards was formerly called a *deck*. There is a similar example in "Selimus" (1594):—

"Well, if I chance but once to get the *deck*,
To deal about and shuffle as I would."

Enter SOMERSET, with drum and colours.

Som. Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster!

[*He and his Forces enter the city.*]

Glo. Two of thy name, both dukes of Somerset,
Have sold their lives unto the house of York;
And thou shalt be the third, if this sword hold.

Enter CLARENCE, with drum and colours.

War. And lo, where George of Clarence sweeps along,
Of force enough to bid his brother battle;
With whom an upright zeal to right prevails,
More than the nature of a brother's love:
Come, Clarence, come; thou wilt if Warwick call.

Clar. Father of Warwick, know you what this means?

[*Taking the red rose out of his cap.*]

Look here, I throw my infamy at thee:
I will not ruinate my father's house,
Who gave his blood to lime the stones together,
And set up Lancaster. Why, trow'st thou, Warwick,
That Clarence is so harsh, so blunt, unnatural,
To bend the fatal instruments of war
Against his brother and his lawful king?
Perhaps, thou wilt object my holy oath:
To keep that oath were more impiety
Than Jephtha's, when he sacrific'd his daughter.
I am so sorry for my trespass made,
That, to deserve well at my brother's hands,
I here proclaim myself thy mortal foe;
With resolution, wheresoe'er I meet thee,
(As I will meet thee if thou stir abroad,)
To plague thee for thy foul misleading me.
And so, proud-hearted Warwick, I defy thee,
And to my brother turn my blushing cheeks.
Pardon me, Edward, I will make amends;
And, Richard, do not frown upon my faults,
For I will henceforth be no more unconstant.

K. Edw. Now welcome more, and ten times more belov'd,
Than if thou never hadst deserv'd our hate.

Glo. Welcome, good Clarence; this is brother-like.

War. O passing² traitor, perjurd, and unjust!

K. Edw. What, Warwick, wilt thou leave the town and
fight?

Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears?

War. Alas, I am not coop'd here for defence:
I will away towards Barnet presently,
And bid thee battle, Edward, if thou dar'st.

K. Edw. Yes, Warwick, Edward dares, and leads the
way:

Lords, to the field; Saint George, and victory.

[*March. Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Field of Battle near Barnet.*

*Alarums and Excursions. Enter KING EDWARD bringing
in WARWICK, wounded.*

K. Edw. So, lie thou there: die thou, and die our fear;
For Warwick was a bug that fear'd us all.
Now, Montague, sit fast; I seek for thee,
That Warwick's bones may keep thine company. [*Exit.*]

War. Ah, who is nigh? come to me friend or foe,
And tell me who is victor, York, or Warwick?
Why ask I that? my mangled body shows,
My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shows,
That I must yield my body to the earth,
And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe.
Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,

² *Passing*—surpassing.



J. A. HOUSTON R.S.A. PINXT.

T. BROWN SCUL.

THE DEATH OF THE EARL OF WARWICK.

(KING . . .)



Under whose shade the ramping lion slept;
Whose top-branch overpeer'd Jove's spreading tree,
And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful wind.
These eyes, that now are dimm'd with death's black veil,
Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun
To search the secret treasons of the world:
The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with blood,
Were liken'd oft to kingly sepulchres;
For who liv'd king but I could dig his grave?
And who durst smile when Warwick bent his brow?
Lo, now my glory smear'd in dust and blood!
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
Even now forsake me; and of all my lands
Is nothing left me, but my body's length!
Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?
And live we how we can, yet die we must.

Enter OXFORD and SOMERSET.

Som. Ah, Warwick, Warwick! wert thou as we are
We might recover all our loss again.
The queen from France hath brought a puissant power;
Even now we heard the news: Ah, couldst thou fly!

War. Why, then I would not fly.—Ah, Montague,
If thou be there, sweet brother, take my hand,
And with thy lips keep in my soul awhile!
Thou lov'st me not; for, brother, if thou didst,
Thy tears would wash this cold congealed blood
That glues my lips, and will not let me speak.
Come quickly, Montague, or I am dead.

Som. Ah, Warwick, Montague hath breath'd his last;
And to the latest gasp cried out for Warwick,
And said, Commend me to my valiant brother.
And more he would have said; and more he spoke,
Which sounded like a cannon in a vault,
That might not be distinguish'd; but, at last,
I well might hear deliver'd with a groan,
O, farewell, Warwick!

War. Sweet rest to his soul!—
Fly, lords, and save yourselves; for Warwick bids
You all farewell, to meet in heaven.¹ [*Dies.*

Oxf. Away, away, to meet the queen's great power.
[*Exeunt, bearing off WARWICK'S body.*

SCENE III.—*Another part of the Field.*

Flourish. *Enter KING EDWARD, in triumph; with
CLARENCE, GLOSTER, and the rest.*

K. Edw. Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course,
And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.
But, in the midst of this bright-shining day,
I spy a black, suspicious, threat'ning cloud,
That will encounter with our glorious sun,
Ere he attain his easeful western bed:
I mean, my lords, those powers that the queen
Hath rais'd in Gallia have arriv'd our coast,
And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.

Clar. A little gale will soon disperse that cloud,
And blow it to the source from whence it came:
Thy very beams will dry those vapours up;
For every cloud engenders not a storm.

Glo. The queen is valued thirty thousand strong,
And Somerset, with Oxford, fled to her;
If she have time to breathe, be well assur'd
Her faction will be full as strong as ours.

K. Edw. We are advertis'd by our loving friends,
That they do hold their course toward Tewkesbury;
We, having now the best at Barnet field,

Will thither straight, for willingness rids way:
And, as we march, our strength will be augmented
In every county as we go along.
Strike up the drum; cry, Courage! and away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Plains near Tewkesbury.*

March. *Enter QUEEN MARGARET, PRINCE EDWARD,
SOMERSET, OXFORD, and Soldiers.*

Q. Mar. Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and wail their
loss,

But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.
What, though the mast be now blown overboard,
The cable broke, the holding anchor lost,
And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood,
Yet lives our pilot still: Is't meet that he
Should leave the helm, and, like a fearful lad,
With tearful eyes add water to the sea,
And give more strength to that which hath too much;
Whiles, in his moan, the ship splits on the rock,
Which industry and courage might have sav'd?
Ah, what a shame! ah, what a fault were this!
Say, Warwick was our anchor; what of that?
And Montague our top-mast; what of him?
Our slaughter'd friends the tackles; what of these?
Why, is not Oxford here another anchor?
And Somerset another goodly mast?
The friends of France our shrouds and tacklings?
And, though unskilful, why not Ned and I
For once allow'd the skilful pilot's charge?
We will not from the helm, to sit and weep;
But keep our course, though the rough wind say no,
From shelves and rocks that threaten us with wrack.
As good to chide the waves as speak them fair.
And what is Edward but a ruthless sea?
What Clarence, but a quicksand of deceit?
And Richard, but a ragged fatal rock?
All these the enemies to our poor bark.
Say, you can swim; alas, 'tis but awhile:
Tread on the sand; why then you quickly sink:
Bestride the rock; the tide will wash you off,
Or else you famish, that's a threefold death.
This speak I, lords, to let you understand,
If case some one of you would fly from us,
That there's no hop'd-for mercy with the brothers,
More than with ruthless waves, with sands and rocks.
Why, courage, then! what cannot be avoided
'Twere childish weakness to lament or fear.

Prince. Methinks, a woman of this valiant spirit
Should, if a coward heard her speak these words,
Infuse his breast with magnanimity,
And make him, naked, foil a man at arms.
I speak not this as doubting any here:
For did I but suspect a fearful man,
He should have leave to go away betimes;
Lest, in our need, he might infect another,
And make him of like spirit to himself.
If any such be here, as God forbid!
Let him depart, before we need his help.

Oxf. Women and children of so high a courage!
And warriors faint! why, 'twere perpetual shame.
O, brave young prince! thy famous grandfather
Doth live again in thee: Long may'st thou live,
To bear his image, and renew his glories!

Som. And he that will not fight for such a hope
Go home to bed, and, like the owl by day,
If he arise, be mock'd and wonder'd at.

Q. Mar. Thanks, gentle Somerset;—sweet Oxford,
thanks.

Prince. And take his thanks that yet hath nothing else.

¹ In this line the word *again* has been interpolated in early modern editions—
"to meet again in heaven."

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, lords, for Edward is at hand,
Ready to fight; therefore be resolute.

Oxf. I thought no less: it is his policy
To haste thus fast, to find us unprovided.

Som. But he's deceived, we are in readiness.

Q. Mar. This cheers my heart, to see your forwardness.

Oxf. Here pitch our battle; hence we will not budge.

*March. Enter, at a distance, KING EDWARD, CLARENCE,
GLOSTER, and Forces.*

K. Edw. Brave followers, yonder stands the thorny wood,
Which, by the heavens' assistance, and your strength,
Must by the roots be hewn up yet ere night.

I need not add more fuel to your fire,
For well I wot ye blaze to burn them out:
Give signal to the fight, and to it, lords.

Q. Mar. Lords, knights, and gentlemen, what I should
say

My tears gainsay; for every word I speak,
Ye see, I drink the water of mine eyes.
Therefore, no more but this: Henry, your sovereign,
Is prisoner to the foe; his state usurp'd,
His realm a slaughter-house, his subjects slain,
His statutes cancell'd, and his treasure spent;
And yonder is the wolf that makes this spoil.
You fight in justice; then, in God's name, lords,
Be valiant, and give signal to the fight.

[*Exeunt both armies.*]

SCENE V.—*Another part of the same.*

*Alarums: Excursions and afterwards a Retreat. Then,
enter KING EDWARD, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, and Forces:
with QUEEN MARGARET, OXFORD, and SOMERSET,
prisoners.*

K. Edw. Now, here a period of tumultuous broils.
Away with Oxford to Hammes' castle straight:
For Somerset, off with his guilty head.

Go, bear them hence; I will not hear them speak.

Oxf. For my part, I'll not trouble thee with words.

Som. Nor I, but stoop with patience to my fortune.

[*Exeunt OXFORD and SOMERSET, guarded.*]

Q. Mar. So part we sadly in this troublous world,
To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem.

K. Edw. Is proclamation made, that who finds Edward
Shall have a high reward, and he his life?

Glo. It is: and lo, where youthful Edward comes.

Enter Soldiers, with PRINCE EDWARD.

K. Edw. Bring forth the gallant, let us hear him speak.
What! can so young a thorn begin to prick?
Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make
For bearing arms, and stirring up my subjects,
And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to?

Prince. Speak like a subject, proud ambitious York!
Suppose that I am now my father's mouth;
Resign thy chair, and, where I stand, kneel thou,
Whilst I propose the self-same words to thee,
Which, traitor, thou wouldst have me answer to.

Q. Mar. Ah, that thy father had been so resolv'd!

Glo. That you might still have worn the petticoat,
And ne'er have stolen the breech from Lancaster.

Prince. Let Æsop fable in a winter's night;
His curried riddles sort not with this place.

Glo. By heaven, brat, I'll plague you for that word.

Q. Mar. Ay, thou wast born to be a plague to men.

Glo. For God's sake, take away this captive scold.

Prince. Nay, take away this scolding crook-back rather.

K. Edw. Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm your
tongue.

Clar. Untutor'd lad, thou art too malapert.

Prince. I know my duty, you are all undutiful:

Lascivious Edward, and thou perjur'd George,

And thou misshapen Dick, I tell ye all,

I am your better, traitors as ye are;

And thou usurp'st my father's right and mine.

K. Edw. Take that, the likeness of this railer here.

[*Stabs him.*]

Glo. Sprawl'st thou? take that, to end thy agony.

[*GLO. stabs him.*]

Clar. And there's for twitting me with perjury.

[*CLAR. stabs him.*]

Q. Mar. O, kill me too!

Glo. Marry, and shall.

[*Offers to kill her.*]

K. Edw. Hold, Richard, hold, for we have done too
much.

Glo. Why should she live to fill the world with words?

K. Edw. What! doth she swoon? use means for her
recovery.

Glo. Clarence, excuse me to the king my brother;
I'll hence to London on a serious matter:

Ere ye come there, be sure to hear some news.

Clar. What? what?

Glo. The Tower! the Tower!

[*Exit.*]

Q. Mar. O, Ned, sweet Ned, speak to thy mother, boy!

Canst thou not speak?—O traitors! murderers!—

They that stabb'd Cæsar shed no blood at all,

Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame,

If this foul deed were by, to equal it.

He was a man: this, in respect, a child;

And men ne'er spend their fury on a child.

What's worse than murderer, that I may name it?

No, no; my heart will burst, an if I speak;

And I will speak, that so my heart may burst.

Butchers and villains, bloody cannibals!

How sweet a plant have you untimely cropp'd!

You have no children, butchers! if you had,

The thought of them would have stirr'd up remorse:

But, if you ever chance to have a child,

Look in his youth to have him so cut off,

As, deathsmen! you have rid this sweet young prince!

K. Edw. Away with her; go, bear her hence perforce.

Q. Mar. Nay, never bear me hence, despatch me here;

Here sheathe thy sword, I'll pardon thee my death:

What! wilt thou not?—then, Clarence, do it thou.

Clar. By heaven, I will not do thee so much ease.

Q. Mar. Good Clarence, do; sweet Clarence, do thou
do it.

Clar. Didst thou not hear me swear I would not do it?

Q. Mar. Ay, but thou usdest to forswear thyself:

'Twas sin before, but now 'tis charity.

What! wilt thou not? where is that devil's butcher,

Hard-favour'd Richard? Richard, where art thou?

Thou art not here: Murder is thy alms-deed;

Petitioners for blood thou ne'er put'st back.

K. Edw. Away, I say; I charge ye, bear her hence.

Q. Mar. So come to you, and yours, as to this prince.

[*Exit, led out forcibly.*]

K. Edw. Where's Richard gone?

Clar. To London, all in post; and, as I guess,
To make a bloody supper in the Tower.

K. Edw. He's sudden, if a thing comes in his head.

Now march we hence: discharge the common sort,

With pay and thanks, and let's away to London,

And see our gentle queen how well she fares:

By this, I hope, she hath a son for me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—London. *A Room in the Tower.*

KING HENRY *is discovered sitting, with a book in his hand, the Lieutenant attending. Enter GLOSTER.*

Glo. Good day, my lord! What, at your book so hard?
K. Hen. Ay, my good lord: My lord, I should say, rather:

'Tis sin to flatter, good was little better:
 Good Gloster and good devil were alike,
 And both preposterous; therefore, not good lord.

Glo. Sirrah, leave us to ourselves: we must confer.

[*Exit Lieutenant.*]

K. Hen. So flies the reckless shepherd from the wolf:
 So first the harmless sheep doth yield his fleece,
 And next his throat unto the butcher's knife.
 What scene of death hath Roscius now to act?

Glo. Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;
 The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

K. Hen. The bird that hath been limed in a bush,
 With trembling wings misdoubteth every bush:
 And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird,
 Have now the fatal object in my eye,
 Where my poor young was lim'd, was caught, and kill'd.

Glo. Why, what a peevish fool was that of Crete,
 That taught his son the office of a fowl;
 And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown'd.

K. Hen. I, Dædalus; my poor boy, Icarus;
 Thy father, Minos, that denied our course;
 The sun, that sear'd the wings of my sweet boy,
 Thy brother Edward; and thyself, the sea,
 Whose envious gulf did swallow up his life.
 Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words!
 My breast can better brook thy dagger's point,
 Than can my ears that tragic history.

But wherefore dost thou come? is't for my life?

Glo. Think'st thou I am an executioner?

K. Hen. A persecutor, I am sure, thou art;
 If murdering innocents be executing,
 Why, then thou art an executioner.

Glo. Thy son I kill'd for his presumption.

K. Hen. Hadst thou been kill'd when first thou didst presume,

Thou hadst not liv'd to kill a son of mine.
 And thus I prophesy,—that many a thousand,
 Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear;
 And many an old man's sigh, and many a widow's,
 And many an orphan's water-standing eye,—
 Men for their sons', wives for their husbands',
 And orphans for their parents' timeless death,¹—
 Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.
 The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign;
 The night-crow cried, aboding luckless time;
 Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempests shook down trees;
 The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top,
 And chattering pies in dismal discords sung.
 Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
 And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope;
 To wit, an indigested and deformed lump,²
 Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.
 Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou wast born,
 To signify thou cam'st to bite the world:
 And, if the rest be true which I have heard,
 Thou cam'st—

Glo. I'll hear no more:—Die, prophet, in thy speech:

[*Stabs him.*]

For this, amongst the rest, was I ordain'd.

K. Hen. Ay, and for much more slaughter after this.
 O God! forgive my sins, and pardon thee! [*Dies.*]

Glo. What, will the aspiring blood of Lancaster
 Sink in the ground? I thought it would have mounted.
 See how my sword weeps for the poor king's death!
 O, may such purple tears be always shed
 From those that wish the downfall of our house!
 If any spark of life be yet remaining,
 Down, down to hell; and say I sent thee thither.

[*Stabs him again.*]

I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.
 Indeed, 'tis true that Henry told me of;
 For I have often heard my mother say
 I came into the world with my legs forward:
 Had I not reason, think ye, to make haste,
 And seek their ruin that usurp'd our right?
 The midwife wonder'd: and the women cried,
 "O, Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth!"
 And so I was; which plainly signified
 That I should snarl, and bite, and play the dog.
 Then, since the heavens have shap'd my body so,
 Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it.
 I have no brother, I am like no brother:
 And this word love, which greybeards call divine,
 Be resident in men like one another,
 And not in me; I am myself alone.
 Clarence, beware; thou keep'st me from the light;
 But I will sort a pitchy day for thee:
 For I will buzz abroad such prophecies,
 That Edward shall be fearful of his life;
 And then, to purge his fear, I'll be thy death.
 King Henry and the prince his son are gone:
 Clarence, thy turn is next, and then the rest,
 Counting myself but bad till I be best.
 I'll throw thy body in another room,
 And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE VII.—*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

KING EDWARD *is discovered sitting on his throne; QUEEN ELIZABETH, with the infant PRINCE, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, HASTINGS, and others, near him.*

K. Edw. Once more we sit in England's royal throne,
 Re-purchas'd with the blood of enemies.
 What valiant foemen, like to autumn's corn,
 Have we mow'd down, in tops of all their pride!
 Three dukes of Somerset, threefold renown'd
 For hardy and undoubted champions:
 Two Cliffords, as the father and the son;
 And two Northumberlands: two braver men
 Ne'er spur'd their coursers at the trumpet's sound:
 With them, the two brave bears, Warwick and Montague,
 That in their chains fetter'd the kingly lion,
 And made the forest tremble when they roar'd.
 Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat,
 And made our footstool of security.
 Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my boy:
 Young Ned, for thee, thine uncles and myself
 Have in our armours watch'd the winter's night;
 Went all afoot in summer's scalding heat,
 That thou might'st repossess the crown in peace;
 And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain.

Glo. I'll blast his harvest, if your head were laid;
 For yet I am not look'd on in the world.

This shoulder was ordain'd so thick to heave;
 And heave it shall some weight, or break my back:

Work thou the way, and that shall execute. [*Aside.*]

K. Edw. Clarence, and Gloster, love my lovely queen,
 And kiss your princely nephew, brothers both.

¹ We point this passage in the belief that "timeless death" is connected not only with *parents'*, but with *husbands'* and *sons'*.

This line stands thus in the folio. Malone printed—
 "To wit, an indigest deformed lump."

Clar. The duty that I owe unto your majesty
I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe.

Queen. Thanks, noble Clarence : worthy brother, thanks.¹

Glo. And, that I love the tree from whence thou
sprang'st,

Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit :

To say the truth, so Judas kiss'd his master ;

And cried—all hail ! when as he meant—all harm. [*Aside.*]

K. Edw. Now am I seated as my soul delights,
Having my country's peace, and brothers' loves.

Clar. What will your grace have done with Margaret ?
Reignier, her father, to the king of France
Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Jerusalem,
And hither have they sent it for her ransom.

K. Edw. Away with her, and waft her hence to France.
And now what rests, but that we spend the time
With stately triumphs, mirthful comic shows,
Such as befit the pleasure of the court ?
Sound, drums and trumpets !—farewell, sour annoy !
For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy. [*Exeunt.*]

HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATIONS TO KING HENRY VI.—PART III.

ACT I.

THE battle of St. Alban's concluded the Second Part of the drama of Henry VI. ; in the first scene of this Third Part the conquerors are assembled in the Parliament House, boasting of their exploits, and resolved to carry out their victory to its utmost consequences. Yet five years had elapsed between this first great triumph of the Yorkists and the compromise between the rival houses which we find in the scene before us. That compromise followed the battle of Northampton, in the thirty-eighth year of Henry VI. ; the battle of St. Alban's was fought in the thirty-third year of that reign. We transcribe the passages from the chroniclers upon which Shakspeare has constructed his plot. Hall says :—

"During this trouble was a parliament summoned to begin at Westminster in the month of October next following. Before which time Richard Duke of York, being in Ireland, by swift couriers and flying posts, was advertised of the great victory gained by his party at the field of Northampton, and also knew that the king was now in case to be kept and ordered at his pleasure and will ; wherefore, losing no time, nor slugging one hour, he sailed from Develine to Chester with no small company, and by long journeys came to the city of London, which he entered the Friday next before the feast of Saint Edward the Confessor, with a sword borne naked before him, and took his lodging in the king's own palace, whereupon the common people babbled that he should be king, and that King Henry should no longer reign. During the time of this parliament, the Duke of York, with a bold countenance, entered into the chamber of the peers and sat down in the throne royal under the cloth of estate (which is the king's peculiar seat), and in the presence as well of the nobility as of the spirituality (after a pause made) said these words in effect." . . .

Hall then gives a long oration, which Holinshed copies, with the following remarks :—"Master Edward Hall, in his Chronicle, maketh mention of an oration which the Duke of York uttered, sitting in the regal seat there in the chamber of the peers, either at this his first coming in amongst them, or else at some one time after, the which we have thought good also to set down ; though John Whethamsted, the Abbot of St. Alban's, who lived in those days, and by all likelihood was there present at the parliament, maketh no further recital of any words which the duke should utter at that time in that his book of records, where he entreateth of this matter." Hall thus proceeds :—"When the duke had thus ended his oration, the lords sat still like images graven in the wall, or dumb gods, neither whispering nor speaking, as though their mouths had been sewed up. The duke, perceiving none answer to be made to his declared purpose, not well content with their sober silence and taciturnity, advised them well to digest and ponder the effect of his oration and saying, and so, neither fully displeased nor all pleased, departed to his lodging in the king's palace."

The compromise upon which the parliament resolved is thus noticed by Hall :—"After long arguments made, and deliberate con-

sultation had among the peers, prelates, and commons of the realm, upon the vigil of All Saints it was condescended and agreed by the three estates, for so much as King Henry had been taken as king by the space of xxxviii. years and more, that he should enjoy the name and title of king, and have possession of the realm, during his life natural : And if he either died or resigned, or forfeited the same for infringing any point of this concord, then the said crown and authority royal should immediately be divoluted to the Duke of York, if he then lived, or else to the next heir of his line and lineage, and that the duke from thenceforth should be protector and regent of the land. Provided alway, that if the king did closely or apertly study or go about to break or alter this agreement, or to compass or imagine the death or destruction of the said duke or his blood, then he to forfeit the crown, and the Duke of York to take it. These articles, with many other, were not only written, sealed, and sworn by the two parties, but also were enacted in the high court of parliament. For joy whereof, the king, having in his company the said duke, rode to the cathedral church of St. Paul within the city of London ; and there, on the day of All Saints, went solemnly, with the diadem on his head, in procession, and was lodged a good space after in the bishop's palace, near to the said church. And upon the Saturday next ensuing Richard Duke of York was, by the sound of a trumpet, solemnly proclaimed heir apparent to the crown of England, and protector of the realm."

The battle of Wakefield soon followed this hollow compromise. The main incidents of the third and fourth scenes are built upon the chroniclers. Hall writes thus :—"The Duke of York with his people descended down in good order and array, and was suffered to pass forward toward the main battle : but when he was in the plain ground between his castle and the town of Wakefield he was environed on every side, like a fish in a net, or a deer in a buckstall : so that he, manfully fighting, was within half an hour slain and dead, and his whole army discomfited ; and with him died of his trusty friends, his two bastard uncles, Sir John and Sir Hugh Mortimers, Sir Davy Halle his chief counsellor, Sir Hugh Hastings, Sir Thomas Nevel, William and Thomas Aparre, both brethren, and two thousand and eight hundred other, whereof many were young gentlemen and heirs of great parentage in the south part, whose lineages revenged their deaths within four months next and immediately ensuing.

Whilst this battle was in fighting, a priest called Sir Robert Aspoll, chaplain and schoolmaster to the young Earl of Rutland, ii son to the above named Duke of York, scarce of the age of xii years, a fair gentleman, and a maidenlike person, perceiving that flight was more safeguard than tarrying, both for him and his master, secretly conveyed the earl out of the field, by the Lord Clifford's band, toward the town ; but ere he could enter into a house he was by the said Lord Clifford espied, followed, and taken, and by reason of his apparel demanded what he was. The young gentleman, dismayed, had not a word to speak, but kneeled on his knees imploring mercy, and desiring grace, both with holding up his hands and making dolorous countenance, for his speech was gone for fear. Save him, said his chaplain, for he is a prince's son, and peradventure may do you good hereafter. With that word the Lord Clifford marked him, and said, By God's blood, thy father slew mine, and so will I

¹ In the "True Tragedy" this line is assigned to the *Queen* ; in the folio the character speaking is indicated by *Clara*, an evident misprint.

do thee and all thy kin ; and with that word stuck the earl to the heart with his dagger, and bade his chaplain bear the earl's mother and brother word what he had done and said."

This ferocious revenge of Clifford is commented upon with just indignation by Hall :—"In this act the Lord Clifford was accounted a tyrant, and no gentleman." He then proceeds to describe the death of the Duke of York :—"This cruel Clifford and deadly bloodsupper, not content with this homicide, or childkilling, came to the place where the dead corpse of the Duke of York lay, and caused his head to be stricken off, and set on it a crown of paper, and so fixed it on a pole, and presented it to the queen, not lying far from the field, in great despite and much derision, saying, Madam, your war is done, here is your king's ransom : at which present was much joy and great rejoicing : but many laughed then that sore lamented after, as the queen herself, and her son : and many were glad then of other men's deaths, not knowing that their own were near at hand, as the Lord Clifford, and other. But, surely, man's nature is so frail, that things passed be soon forgotten, and mischiefs to come be not foreseen. After this victory by the queen and her party obtained, she caused the Earl of Salisbury, with all the other prisoners, to be sent to Pomfret, and there to be beheaded, and sent all their heads, and the Duke's head of York, to be set upon poles over the gate of the city of York, in despite of them and their lineage."

The circumstances attending the death of York are, however, differently told. Holinshed says :—"Some write that the duke was taken alive, and in derision caused to stand upon a molehill, on whose head they put a garland instead of a crown, which they had fashioned and made of segges or bulrushes, and having so crowned him with that garland they kneeled down afore him as the Jews did to Christ in scorn, saying to him, Hail, king without rule ; hail, king without heritage ; hail, duke and prince without people or possessions. And at length, having thus scorned him with these and divers other the like despiteful words, they stroke off his head, which (as ye have heard) they presented to the queen." The poet has taken the most picturesque parts of the two narratives.

ACT II.

The events which followed the death of the Duke of York are thus described by Hall :—"The Earl of March, so commonly called, but after the death of his father in deed and in right very Duke of York, lying at Gloucester, hearing of the death of his noble father, and loving brother, and trusty friends, was wonderfully amazed ; but after comfort given to him by his faithful lovers and assured allies, he removed to Shrewsbury and other towns upon the river of Severn, declaring to them the murder of his father, the jeopardy of himself, and the unstable state and ruin of the realm. The people on the Marches of Wales, which above measure favoured the lineage of the lord Mortimer, more gladly offered him their aid and assistance than he it either instantly required or heartily desired, so that he had a puissant army, to the number of twenty-three thousand, ready to go against the queen and the murderers of his father. But when he was setting forward news were brought to him that Jasper Earl of Pembroke, half brother to King Henry, and James Butler Earl of Ormond and Wiltshire, had assembled together a great number, both of Welsh and Irish people, suddenly to surprise and take him and his friends, and as a captive to convey him to the queen. The Duke of York, called Earl of March, somewhat spurred and quickened with these novelties, retired back, and met with his enemies in a fair plain near to Mortimer's Cross, not far from Hereford east, on Candlemas-day in the morning, at which time the sun (as some write) appeared to the Earl of March like three suns, and suddenly joined altogether in one, and that upon the sight thereof he took such courage that he fiercely set on his enemies, and them shortly discomfited : for which cause men imagined that he gave the sun in his full brightness for his cognizance or badge."

The poet passes over the battle of Mortimer's Cross, but gives us the incident of the three suns. He also, not crowding the scene with an undramatic succession of events nearly similar, omits all mention of the second battle of St. Alban's, in which the queen was victorious. This battle was fruitless to the cause of Lancaster, for Edward was almost immediately after recognised as king by the Parliament

assembled in London. The poet postpones this event, and, after the imaginary interview of the second scene, brings us to the great battle of Towton, which is thus described by Hall :—"This battle was sore fought, for hope of life was set on side on every part, and taking of prisoners was proclaimed as a great offence ; by reason whereof every man determined either to conquer or to die in the field. This deadly battle and bloody conflict continued ten hours in doubtful victory, the one part sometime flowing and sometime ebbing ; but, in conclusion, King Edward so courageously comforted his men, refreshing the weary and helping the wounded, that the other part was discomfited and overcome, and, like men amazed, fled toward Tadcaster bridge to save themselves. This conflict was in manner unnatural, for in it the son fought against the father, the brother against the brother, the nephew against the uncle, and the tenant against his lord."

ACT III.

The first scene exhibits the capture of Henry VI. upon his abandonment of his secure asylum in Scotland. Between that period (1464) and the accession of Edward three years had elapsed—years of unavailing struggle on the part of the Lancastrians. The capture of Henry is thus described by Hall :—"Whatsoever jeopardy or peril might be construed or deemed to have ensued by the means of King Henry, all such doubts were now shortly resolved and determined, and all fear of his doings were clearly put under and extinct. For he himself, whether he were past all fear, or was not well established in his perfect mind, or could not long keep himself secret, in a disguised apparel boldly entered into England. He was no sooner entered but he was known and taken of one Cantlowe, and brought toward the king, whom the Earl of Warwick met on the way, by the king's commandment, and brought him through London to the Tower, and there he was laid in sure hold. Queen Margaret his wife, hearing of the captivity of her husband, mistrusting the chance of her son, all disconsolate and comfortless, departed out of Scotland and sailed into France, where she remained with Duke Reynier her father till she took her unfortunate journey into England again, where she lost both husband and son, and also all her wealth, honour, and worldly felicity."

In the second scene the poet, with great dramatic skill, exhibits the course of that wooing which ended in the marriage of Edward with Elizabeth Woodville—an event altogether unpropitious and finally destructive to his house. Hall (whom we still follow, for Holinshed is almost his literal copyist) tells the story with great quaintness, and Shakspeare clearly follows him :—"But now consider the old proverb to be true that sayeth that marriage is destiny. For during the time that the Earl of Warwick was thus in France concluding a marriage for king Edward, the king, being on hunting in the forest of Wichwood beside Stoney Stratford, came for his recreation to the manor of Grafton, where the duchess of Bedford sojourned, then wife to Sir Richard Woodville, Lord Rivers, on whom then was attending a daughter of hers, called Dame Elizabeth Grey, widow of Sir John Grey, knight, slain at the last battle of Saint Alban's by the power of King Edward. This widow, having a suit to the king, either to be restored by him to something taken from her, or requiring him of pity to have some augmentation to her living, found such grace in the king's eyes that he not only favoured her suit, but much more phantasied her person ; for she was a woman more of formal countenance than of excellent beauty, but yet of such beauty and favour that with her sober demeanour, lovely looking, and feminine smiling (neither too wanton nor too humble), beside her tongue so eloquent, and her wit so pregnant, she was able to ravish the mind of a mean person, when she allured and made subject to her the heart of so great a king. After that King Edward had well considered all the lineaments of her body, and the wise and womanly demeanour that he saw in her, he determined first to attempt if he might provoke her to be his sovereign lady, promising her many gifts and fair rewards ; affirming farther, that, if she would thereunto condescend, she might so fortune of his paramour and concubine to be changed to his wife and lawful bedfellow ; which demand she so wisely and with so covert speech answered and repugned, affirming that, as she was for his honour far unable to be his spouse and bed-

fellow, so for her own poor honesty she was too good to be either his concubine or sovereign lady; that, where he was a little before heated with the dart of Cupid, he was now set all on a hot burning fire, what for the confidence that he had in her perfect constancy, and the trust that he had in her constant chastity; and without any farther deliberation he determined with himself clearly to marry with her, after that asking counsel of them which he knew neither would nor once durst impugn his concluded purpose. But the Duchess of York, his mother, letted it as much as in her lay, alleging a precontract made by him with the Lady Lucy and divers other lettes; all which doubts were resolved, and all things made clear, and all cavillations avoided. And so, privily in a morning, he married her at Grafton, where he first phantasied her visage."

The contemporary historians, with one exception, make no mention of the suit of Edward, through Warwick, for the hand of the sister of the crafty Lewis XI. But the poet had ample authority for the third scene of this act in the relation of Hall, which Holinshed also adopts:—"The French king and his queen were not a little discontent (as I cannot blame them) to have their sister first demanded and then granted, and in conclusion rejected and apparently mocked, without any cause reasonable. But when the Earl of Warwick had perfect knowledge by the letters of his trusty friends that King Edward had gotten him a new wife, and that all that he had done with King Lewis in his ambassade for the conjoining of this new affinity was both frustrate and vain, he was earnestly moved and sore chafed with the chance, and thought it necessary that King Edward should be deposed from his crown and royal dignity, as an inconstant prince, not worthy of such a kingly office. All men for the most part agree that this marriage was the only cause why the Earl of Warwick bare grudge and made war on King Edward. Other affirm that there were other causes, which, added to this, made the fire to flame which before was but a little smoke."

ACT IV.

The defection of Clarence from the cause of his brother has been worked up by the poet into a sudden resolve;—it was probably the result of much contrivance slowly operating upon a feeble mind, coupled with his own passion for the daughter of Warwick. What is rapid and distinct in the play is slow and obscure in the Chronicles. Warwick and Clarence in the play are quickly transformed into enemies to the brother and the ally; in the Chronicles we have to trace them through long courses of intrigue and deception. When Warwick possessed himself of the person of Edward, it is difficult, from the contemporary historians, to understand his real intentions. Hall, however, who compiles with a picturesque eye, tells the story of his capture and release in a manner which was not unfitted to be expanded into dramatic effect:—"All the king's doings were by espials declared to the Earl of Warwick, which, like a wise and politic captain, intending not to lose so great an advantage to him given, but trusting to bring all his purposes to a final end and determination by only obtaining this enterprise, in the dead of the night, with an elect company of men of war, as secretly as was possible, set on the king's field, killing them that kept the watch, and or the king were ware (for he thought of nothing less than of that chance that happened), at a place called Wolney, four miles from Warwick, he was taken prisoner, and brought to the castle of Warwick. And to the intent that the king's friends might not know where he was, nor what was chanced of him, he caused him by secret journeys in the night to be conveyed to Middleham Castle in Yorkshire, and there to be kept under the custody of the Archbishop of York his brother, and other his trusty friends, which entertained the king like his estate, and served him like a prince. But there was no place so far off but that the taking of the king was shortly known there with the wind, which news made many men to fear and greatly to dread, and many to wonder and lament the chance. King Edward, being thus in captivity, spake ever fair to the archbishop and to the other keepers; but, whether he corrupted them with money or fair promises, he had liberty divers days to go on hunting; and one day on a plain there met with him Sir William Stanley, Sir Thomas of Borogh, and divers other of his friends, with such a great band of men, that neither his keepers would nor once durst move him to return to prison again."

In the beginning of 1471 Edward was a fugitive, almost without a home. The great Earl of Warwick had placed Henry again in the nominal seat of authority; a counter-revolution had been effected. By one of those bold movements which set aside all calculation of consequences Edward leaped once more into the throne of England. In an age when perjury and murder were equally resorted to, Edward, on landing, did not hesitate to disguise his real objects, and to maintain that he was in arms only to enforce his claims as Duke of York. The scene before the walls of York is quite borne out by the contemporary historians, and especially in that most curious "Historie of the arrival of Edward IV. in England," published by the Camden Society. Shakspeare evidently went to Hall as his authority:—"King Edward, without any words spoken to him, came peaceably near to York, of whose coming when the citizens were certified, without delay they armed themselves and came to defend the gates, sending to him two of the chiefest aldermen of the city, which earnestly admonished him on their behalf to come not one foot nearer, nor temerarily to enter into so great a jeopardy, considering that they were fully determined and bent to compel him to retract with dint of sword. King Edward, marking well their message, was not a little troubled and unquieted in his mind, and driven to seek the farthest point of his wit; for he had both two mischievous and perilous chances even before his eyes, which were hard to be evaded or repelled:—one was, if he should go back again he feared lest the rural and common people, for covetousness of prey and spoil, would fall on him, as one that fled away for fear and dread; the other was, if he should proceed any farther in his journey, then might the citizens of York issue out with all their power, and suddenly circumvent him and take him. Wherefore he determined to set forward, neither with army nor with weapon, but with lowly words and gentle entreatings, requiring most heartily the messengers that were sent to declare to the citizens that he came neither to demand the realm of England nor the superiority of the same, but only the duchy of York, his old inheritance; the which duchy if he might by their means readopt and recover, he would never pass out of his memory so great a benefit and so friendly a gratuity to him exhibited. And so, with fair words and flattering speech, he dismissed the messengers; and with good speed he and his followed so quickly after, that they were almost at the gates as soon as the ambassadors. The citizens, hearing his good answer, that he meant nor intended nothing prejudicial to King Henry nor his royal authority, were much mitigated and cooled, and began to commune with him from their walls, willing him to convey himself into some other place without delay, which if he did, they assured him that he should have neither hurt nor damage. But he, gently speaking to all men, and especially to such as were aldermen, whom he called worshipful, and by their proper names them saluted, after many fair promises to them made, exhorted and desired them that, by their favourable friendship and friendly permission, he might enter into his own town, of the which he had both his name and title. All the whole day was consumed in doubtful communication and earnest interlocution. The citizens, partly won by his fair words, and partly by hope of his large promises, fell to this pact and convention, that if King Edward would swear to entertain his citizens of York after a gentle sort and fashion, and hereafter to be obedient and faithful to all King Henry's commandments and precepts, that then they would receive him into their city, and aid and comfort him with money. King Edward (whom the citizens called only Duke of York), being glad of this fortunate chance, in the next morning, at the gate where he should enter, a priest being ready to say mass, in the mass time, receiving the body of our blessed Saviour, solemnly swearing to keep and observe the two articles above mentioned and agreed upon, when it was far unlike that he either intended or purposed to observe any of them, which afterwards was to all men manifest."

ACT V.

Of the battle of Barnet the following is Hall's description:—

"When the day began to spring the trumpets blew courageously, and the battle fiercely began. Archers first shot, and bill-men them followed. King Edward, having the greater number of men, valiantly set on his enemies. The earl on the other side, remembering his

ancient fame and renown, manfully withstood him. This battle on both sides was sore fought, and many slain, in whose rooms succeeded ever fresh and fresh men. In the mean season, while all men were together by the ears, ever looking to which way fortune would incline, the Earl of Warwick, after long fight, wisely did perceive his men to be over pressed with the multitude of his adversaries; wherefore he caused new men to relieve them that fought in the forward, by reason of which succours King Edward's part gave a little back (which was the cause that some lookers-on, and no fighters, galloped to London, saying that the earl had won the field), which thing when Edward did perceive, he with all diligence sent fresh men to their succours.

"If the battle were fierce and deadly before, now it was crueller, more bloody, more fervent and fiery, and yet they had fought from morning almost to noon without any part getting advantage of other. King Edward, being weary of so long a conflict and willing to see an end, caused a great crew of fresh men (which he had for this only policy kept all day in store) to set on their enemies, in manner being weary and fatigate: but although the earl saw these new succours of fresh and new men to enter the battle, being nothing afraid, but hoping of the victory (knowing perfectly that there was all King Edward's power), comforted his men, being weary, sharply quickening and earnestly desiring them with hardy stomachs to bear out this last and final brunt of the battle, and that the field was even at an end. But when his soldiers, being sore wounded, wearied with so long a conflict, did give little regard to his words, he, being a man of a mind invincible, rushed into the midst of his enemies, where as he (adventured so far from his own company to kill and slay his adversaries that he could not be rescued) was in the middle of his enemies stricken down and slain. The Marquis Montacute, thinking to succour his brother, which he saw was in great jeopardy, and yet in hope to obtain the victory, was likewise overthrown and slain. After the earl was dead his party fled, and many were taken, but not one man of name nor of nobility."

The most curious accounts, both of the battles of Barnet and Tewkesbury, and indeed of all this rapid counter-revolution, which has scarcely a parallel in our English annals, are to be found in a contemporary narrative published by the Camden Society. Neither that narrative, nor the Ghent MS., which is an abridgment of it, was probably accessible to Shakspeare. We must therefore still be content to trace him in Hall and Holinshed. The following graphic account of the battle of Tewkesbury is from Hall:—

"After the field ended King Edward made a proclamation that whosoever could bring Prince Edward to him, alive or dead, should have an annuity of an c l. during his life, and the prince's life to be

saved. Sir Richard Croftes, a wise and valiant knight, nothing mistrusting the king's former promise, brought forth his prisoner Prince Edward, being a goodly feminine and a well-featured young gentleman, whom when King Edward had well advised, he demanded of him how he durst so presumptuously into his realm with banner displayed. The prince, being bold of stomach and of a good courage, answered, saying, To recover my father's kingdom and inheritance from his father and grandfather to him, and from him, after him, to me lineally devoluted. At which words, King Edward said nothing, but with his hand thrust him from him (or, as some say, stroke him with his gauntlet), whom incontinent they that strode about, which were George Duke of Clarence, Richard Duke of Gloucester, Thomas Marquis Dorset, and William Lord Hastings, suddenly murdered and piteously mangled. The bitterness of which murder some of the actors after in their latter days tasted and essayed by the very rod of justice and punishment of God. His body was homely interred with the other simple corpses in the church of the monastery of Black Monks in Tewkesbury. This was the last civil battle that was fought in King Edward's days, which was gotten the iii day of May, in the x year of his reign, and in the year of our Lord mcccclxxi then being Saturday. And on the Monday next ensuing was Edmund Duke of Somerset, John Longstrother, Prior of Saint John's, Sir Garveys Clifton, Sir Thomas Tresham, and xii other knights and gentlemen beheaded in the market-place at Tewkesbury."

It is unnecessary for us here to enter upon the disputed question as to whether Richard Duke of Gloster were the actual murderer of Henry VI. The following is Holinshed's account of this event:—

"Poor King Henry VI., a little before deprived (as we have heard) of his realm and imperial crown, was now in the Tower spoiled of his life by Richard Duke of Gloster (as the constant fame ran), who, to the intent that his brother King Edward might reign in more surety, murdered the said King Henry with a dagger, although some writers of that time, favouring altogether the house of York, have recorded that, after he understood what losses had chanced to his friends, and how not only his son but also all other his chief partakers were dead and despatched, he took it so to heart, that of pure displeasure, indignation, and melancholy, he died the three-and-twentieth of May. The dead corpse, on the Ascension even (the 29th), was conveyed with bills and glaives pompously (if you will call that a funeral pomp) from the Tower to the church of St. Paul, and there laid on a bier, where it rested the space of one whole day, and, on the next day after, it was conveyed, without priest or clerk, torch or taper, singing or saying, unto the monastery of Chertsey, distant from London fifteen miles, and there was it first buried; but after, it was removed to Windsor, and there in a new vault newly inhumulate."

THE SECOND PART OF THE CONTENTION

OF THE TWO FAMOUS HOUSES OF

YORK AND LANCASTER,

CONTAINING THE

TRAGEDY OF RICHARD DUKE OF YORK, AND THE GOOD KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

(ACT I.)

(SCENE I.)

Enter RICHARD Duke of York, the EARL OF WARWICK, the DUKE OF NORFOLK, MARQUIS MONTAGUE, EDWARD Earl of March, Crook-back RICHARD, and the young EARL OF RUTLAND, with drum and Soldiers, with white roses in their hats.

War. I wonder how the king escap'd our hands.

York. Whilst we pursued the horsemen of the north,
He slyly stole away, and left his men :
Whereat the great lord of Northumberland,
Whose warlike ears could never brook retreat,
Charg'd our main battle's front, and there with¹ him
Lord Stafford and lord Clifford, all abreast,
Brake in, and were by the hands of common soldiers slain.

Edw. Lord Stafford's father, duke of Buckingham,
Is either slain or wounded dangerously :
I cleft his beaver with a downright blow :
Father, that this is true, behold his blood.
Mont. And, brother, here's the earl of Wiltshire's blood,
Whom I encounter'd as the battles join'd.

Rich. Speak thou for me, and tell them what I did.²

York. What, is your grace dead, my lord of Somerset ?

Norfolk. Such hope have all the line of John of Gaunt !

Rich. Thus do I hope to shape king Henry's head.

War. And so do I. Victorious prince of York,
Before I see thee seated in that throne,
Which now the house of Lancaster usurps,
I vow by heaven these eyes shall never close :
This is the palace of that fearful king,
And that the regal chair : possess it, York,
For this is thine, and not king Henry's heirs'.

York. Assist me then, sweet Warwick, and I will :
For hither are we broken in by force.

Norfolk. We'll all assist thee, and he that flies shall die.

York. Thanks, gentle Norfolk. Stay by me, my lords ;
And, soldiers, stay you here, and lodge this night.

War. And when the king comes, offer him no violence,
Unless he seek to put us out by force.

Rich. Arm'd as we be, let's stay within this house.

War. The bloody parliament shall this be call'd,
Unless Plantagenet, duke of York, be king,
And bashful Henry be depos'd, whose cowardice
Hath made us by-words to our enemies.

York. Then leave me not, my lords : for now I mean
To take possession of my right.

War. Neither the king, nor him that loves him best,
The proudest bird that holds up Lancaster,
Dares stir a wing, if Warwick shake his bells.
I'll plant Plantagenet, and root him out who dares !
Resolve thee, Richard ; claim the English crown.

Enter KING HENRY THE SIXTH, with the DUKE OF EXETER, the EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND, the EARL OF WESTMORELAND, and CLIFFORD, the Earl of Cumberland, with red roses in their hats.

King. Look, lordlings, where the sturdy rebel sits,
Even in the chair of state ! belike, he means
(Back'd by the power of Warwick, that false peer)
To aspire unto the crown, and reign as king.

Earl of Northumberland, he slew thy father,
And thine ; Clifford : and you both have vow'd revenge,
On him, his sons, his favourites, and his friends.

North. And if I be not, heavens be reveng'd on me.

Cliff. The hope thereof makes Clifford mourn in steel.

West. What, shall we suffer this ? Let's pull him down.
My heart for anger breaks, I cannot speak.

King. Be patient, gentle earl of Westmoreland.

Cliff. Patience is for poltroons, such as he ;
He durst not sit there had your father liv'd.
My gracious lord, here in the parliament
Let us assail the family of York.

North. Well hast thou spoken, cousin ; be it so.

King. O, know you not the city favours them,
And they have troops of soldiers at their beck ?

Exet. But when the duke is slain they'll quickly fly.

King. Far be it from the thoughts of Henry's heart
To make a shambles of the parliament-house :
Cousin of Exeter, words, frowns, and threats,
Shall be the wars that Henry means to use.
Thou factious duke of York, descend my throne ;
I am thy sovereign.

York. Thou art deceiv'd, I am thine.

Exet. For shame come down ; he made thee duke of York.

York. 'Twas mine inheritance, as the kingdom is.

Exet. Thy father was a traitor to the crown.

War. Exeter, thou art a traitor to the crown,
In following this usurping Henry.

Cliff. Whom should he follow but his natural king ?

War. True, Clifford, and that is Richard, duke of York.

King. And shall I stand while thou sittest in my throne ?

York. Content thyself ; it must and shall be so.

War. Be duke of Lancaster, let him be king.

West. Why, he is both king and duke of Lancaster ;
And that the earl of Westmoreland shall maintain.

War. And Warwick shall disprove it. You forget
That we are those that chas'd you from the field,
And slew your father, and with colours spread
March'd through the city to the palace gates.

North. No, Warwick, I remember it to my grief :
And, by his soul, thou and thy house shall rue it.

West. Plantagenet, of thee, and of thy sons,
Thy kinsmen, and thy friends, I'll have more lives,
Than drops of blood were in my father's veins.

Cliff. Urge it no more, lest, in revenge thereof,
I send thee, Warwick, such a messenger
As shall revenge his death before I stir.

War. Poor Clifford, how I scorn thy worthless threats !

York. Will ye we show our title to the crown,
Or else our swords shall plead it in the field ?

King. What title hast thou, traitor, to the crown ?
Thy father was, as thou art, duke of York ;
Thy grandfather, Roger Mortimer, earl of March :
I am the son of Henry the Fifth, who tam'd the French,
And made the dauphin stoop, and seiz'd upon
Their towns and provinces.

War. Talk not of France, since thou hast lost it all.

King. The lord protector lost it, and not I ;
When I was crown'd I was but nine months old.

Rich. You're old enough now, and yet methinks you lose :
Father, tear the crown from the usurper's head.

¹ *There with.* In the unique edition of 1595, *therewith.*

² It is evident that Richard here either points to the body of Somerset or throws down his head.

Edw. Do so, sweet father ; set it on your head.

Mont. Good brother, as thou lov'st and honour'st arms,
Let's fight it out, and not stand cavilling thus.

Rich. Sound drums and trumpets, and the king will fly.

York. Peace, sons.

North. Peace thou, and give king Henry leave to speak.

King. Ah, Plantagenet, why seekest thou to depose me ?

Are we not both Plantagenets by birth,
And from two brothers lineally descent ?
Suppose by right and equity thou be king ;
Think'st thou that I will leave my kingly seat,
Wherein my father and my grandsire sate ?
No, first shall war unpeople this my realm ;
Ay, and our colours, often borne in France,
And now in England (to our heart's great sorrow),
Shall be my winding-sheet. Why faint you, lords ?
My title's better far than his.

War. Prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be king.

King. Why, Henry the Fourth by conquest got the crown.

York. 'Twas by rebellion 'gainst his sovereign.

King. I know not what to say ; my title's weak.
Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir ?

War. What then ?

King. Then am I lawful king. For Richard
The Second, in the view of many lords,
Resign'd the crown to Henry the Fourth ;
Whose heir my father was, and I am his.

York. I tell thee, he rose against him, being his sovereign,
And made him to resign the crown perforce.

War. Suppose, my lord, he did it unconstrain'd,

Think you that were prejudicial to the crown ?

Exet. No ; for he could not so resign the crown

But that the next heir must succeed and reign.

King. Art thou against us, duke of Exeter ?

Exet. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.

King. All will revolt from me, and turn to him.

North. Plantagenet, for all the claim thou lay'st,
Think not king Henry shall be thus depos'd.

War. Depos'd he shall be, in spite of thee.

North. Tush, Warwick, thou art deceiv'd :

'Tis not thy southern powers of Essex, Suffolk, Norfolk,
And of Kent, that makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,
Can set the duke up in despite of me.

Clif. King Henry, be thy title right or wrong,
Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence.

May that ground gape and swallow me alive,
Where I do kneel to him that slew my father.

King. O, Clifford, how thy words revive my soul !

York. Henry of Lancaster, resign thy crown.

What mutter you, or what conspire you, lords ?

War. Do right unto this princely duke of York,
Or I will fill the house with armed men,

Enter Soldiers.

And over the chair of state, where now he sits,
Write up his title with thy usurping blood.

King. O, Warwick, hear me speak
Let me but reign in quiet while I live.

York. Confirm the crown to me, and to mine heirs,
And thou shalt reign in quiet whilst thou liv'st.

King. Convey the soldiers hence, and then I will.

War. Captain, conduct them into Tuthill fields.

Clif. What wrong is this unto the prince your son !

War. What good is this for England and himself !

North. Base, fearful, and despairing Henry !

Clif. How hast thou wronged both thyself and us !

West. I cannot stay to hear these articles.

Clif. Nor I. Come, cousin, let's go tell the queen.

North. Be thou a prey unto the house of York,
And die in bands for this unkingly deed.¹

Clif. In dreadful war may'st thou be overcome,
Or live in peace, abandon'd and despis'd.

Exet. They seek revenge, and therefore will not yield, my lord.

King. Ah, Exeter !

War. Why should you sigh, my lord ?

King. Not for myself, lord Warwick, but my son,
Whom I unnaturally shall disinherit.

But be it as it may. I here entail the crown

To thee and to thine heirs, conditionally,

That here thou take thine oath,

To cease these civil broils, and whilst I live

To honour me as thy king and sovereign.

York. That oath I willingly take, and will perform.

War. Long live king Henry ! Plantagenet, embrace him.

King. And long live thou, and all thy forward sons.

York. Now York and Lancaster are reconcil'd.

Exet. Accurs'd be he that seeks to make them foes.

[*Sound trumpets.*]

York. My lord, I'll take my leave, for I'll to Wakefield,
To my castle.

[*Exeunt YORK and his Sons.*]

War. And I'll keep London, with my soldiers.

[*Exit.*]

Norf. And I'll to Norfolk, with my followers.

[*Exit.*]

Mont. And I to the sea, from whence I came.

[*Exit.*]

Enter the QUEEN and the PRINCE.

Exet. My lord, here comes the queen : I'll steal away.

King. And so will I.

Queen. Nay, stay, or else I'll follow thee.

King. Be patient, gentle queen, and then I'll stay.

Queen. What patience can there be ? ah, timorous man,

Thou hast undone thyself, thy son, and me,
And given our rights unto the house of York.

Art thou a king, and wilt be forc'd to yield ?

Had I been there, the soldiers should have toss'd

Me on their lances' points before I would have

Granted to their wills. The duke is made

Protector of the land : stern Faulconbridge

Commands the narrow seas : and think'st thou then

To sleep secure ? I here divorce me, Henry,

From thy bed, until that act of parliament

Be recall'd, wherein thou yielddest to the house of York.

The northern lords that have forsworn thy colours

Will follow mine, if once they see them spread ;

And spread they shall unto thy deep disgrace ;

Come, son, let's away, and leave him here alone.

King. Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me speak.

Queen. Thou hast spoke too much already, therefore be still.

King. Gentle son Edward, wilt thou stay with me ?

Queen. Ay, to be murder'd by his enemies.

[*Exit.*]

Prince. When I return with victory from the field,

I'll see your grace : till then I'll follow her.

[*Exit.*]

King. Poor queen, her love to me and to the prince her son

Makes her in fury thus forget herself.

Revenged may she be on that accursed duke.

Come, cousin of Exeter, stay thou here,

For Clifford and those northern lords be gone,

I fear towards Wakefield, to disturb the duke.

(SCENE II.)

Enter EDWARD, and RICHARD, and MONTAGUE.

Edw. Brother, and cousin Montague, give me leave to speak.

Rich. Nay, I can better play the orator.

Mont. But I have reasons strong and forcible.

Enter the DUKE OF YORK.

York. How now, sons ! what, at a jar amongst yourselves ?

Rich. No, father, but a sweet contention, about that which concerns yourself
and us : the crown of England, father.²

York. The crown, boy ! Why, Henry's yet alive ;

And I have sworn that he shall reign in quiet

Till his death.

Edw. But I would break an hundred oaths to reign one year.

Rich. An if it please your grace to give me leave,

I'll show your grace the way to save your oath,

And dispossess king Henry from the crown.

York. I prithee, Dick, let me hear thy device.

Rich. Then thus, my lord. An oath is of no moment,

Being not sworn before a lawful magistrate.

Henry is none, but doth usurp your right,

And yet your grace stands bound to him by oath.

Then, noble father, resolve yourself,

And once more claim the crown.

York. Ay, say'st thou so, boy ? Why, then it shall be so.

I am resolv'd to win the crown, or die.

Edward, thou shalt to Edmund Brooke, lord Cobham,

With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise.

Thou, cousin Montague, shalt to Norfolk straight,

And bid the duke to muster up his soldiers,

And come to me to Wakefield presently.

And Richard, thou to London straight shalt post,

And bid Richard Nevill, earl of Warwick,

To leave the city, and with his men of war

To meet me at Saint Alban's ten days hence.

Myself here, in Sandal castle, will provide

Both men and money to further our attempts.

Now, what news ?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, the queen with thirty thousand men, accompanied with the
earls of Cumberland, Northumberland, and Westmoreland, and others of the
house of Lancaster, are marching towards Wakefield, to besiege you in your
castle here.

¹ *Unkingly* in the quarto of 1595 ; afterwards changed to *unkindly*.

² Printed as prose in the edition of 1595.

Enter SIR JOHN and SIR HUGH MORTIMER.

York. A God's name let them come. Cousin Montague, post you hence.
And, boys, stay you with me.
Sir John and sir Hugh Mortimer, mine uncles,
You're welcome to Sandal in a happy hour.
The army of the queen means to besiege us.
Sir John. She shall not need, my lord; we'll meet her in the field.
York. What! with five thousand soldiers, uncle?
Rich. Ay, father, with five hundred for a need.
A woman's general! what should you fear?
York. Indeed, many brave battles have I won in Normandy,
When as the enemy hath been ten to one;
And why should I now doubt of the like success?
I am resolv'd. Come, let's go.
Edw. Let's march away; I hear their drums. [*Exeunt.*]

(SCENE III.)

Alarms, and then enter the young EARL OF RUTLAND *and his Tutor.*

Tutor. Oh, fly, my lord! let's leave the castle,
And fly to Wakefield straight.

Enter CLIFFORD.

Rut. O, tutor, look where bloody Clifford comes.
Clif. Chaplain, away! thy priesthood saves thy life.
As for the brat of that accursed duke,
Whose father slew my father, he shall die.
Tutor. O, Clifford, spare this tender lord, lest heaven
Revenge it on thy head: O, save his life!
Clif. Soldiers, away, and drag him hence perforce:
Away with the villain! [*Exit* Chaplain.]
How now? what, dead already? or is it fear
That makes him close his eyes? I'll open them.
Rut. So looks the pent-up lion on the lamb,
And so he walks insulting o'er his prey,
And so he turns again to rend his limbs in sunder:
O, Clifford, kill me with thy sword,
And not with such a cruel threat'ning look.
I am too mean a subject for thy wrath;
Be thou reveng'd on men, and let me live.
Clif. In vain thou speakest, poor boy: my father's blood
Hath stopp'd the passage where thy words should enter.
Rut. Then let my father's blood ope it again;
He is a man, and, Clifford, cope with him.
Clif. Had I thy brethren here, their lives and thine
Were not revenge sufficient for me;
Or should I dig up thy forefathers' graves,
And hang their rotten coffins up in chains,
It could not slake mine ire, nor ease my heart.
The sight of any of the house of York
Is as a fury to torment my soul.
Therefore till I root out that cursed line,
And leave not one on earth, I live in hell;
Therefore—
Rut. O, let me pray before I take my death.
To thee I pray: sweet Clifford, pity me.
Clif. Ay, such pity as my rapier's point affords.
Rut. I never did thee hurt; wherefore wilt thou kill me?
Clif. Thy father hath.
Rut. But 'twas ere I was born.
Thou hast one son, for his sake pity me;
Lest in revenge thereof, sith God is just,
He be as miserably slain as I.
O, let me live in prison all my days,
And when I give occasion of offence,
Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.
Clif. No cause?
Thy father slew my father, therefore die.¹
Plantagenet, I come, Plantagenet,
And this thy son's blood, cleaving to my blade,
Shall rust upon my weapon, till thy blood,
Congeal'd with his, do make me wipe off both. [*Exit.*]

(SCENE IV.)

Alarms: enter the DUKE OF YORK, *solus.*

York. Ah, York, post to thy castle, save thy life!
The goal is lost! Thou house of Lancaster,
Thrice happy chance is it for thee and thine,
That heaven abridg'd my days, and calls me hence.
But God knows what chance hath betide my sons:
But this I know, they have demean'd themselves
Like men born to renown, by life, or death.
Three times this day came Richard to my sight,
And cried "Courage, father: victory or death!"
And twice so oft came Edward to my view,

With purple faulchion, painted to the hilts
In blood of those whom he had slaughtered.
O, hark, I hear the drums. No way to fly;
No way to save my life; and here I stay:
And here my life must end.

Enter the QUEEN, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, *and the Soldiers.*

Come, bloody Clifford, rough Northumberland,
I dare your quenchless fury to more blood:
This is the butt, and this abides your shot.

North. Yield to our mercies, proud Plantagenet.

Clif. Ay, to such mercy as his ruthless arm
With downright payment lent unto my father.
Now Phaëton hath tumbled from his car,
And made an evening at the noontide prick.

York. My ashes, like the phoenix, may bring forth
A bird that will revenge it on you all:
And in that hope I cast mine eyes to heaven,
Scorning whate'er you can afflict me with.

Why stay you, lords? What! multitudes, and fear?

Clif. So cowards fight when they can fly no longer;
So doves do peck the raven's piercing talons;
So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,
Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.

York. O, Clifford, yet bethink thee once again,
And in thy mind o'errun my former time;
And bite thy tongue, that slander'st him with cowardice,
Whose very look hath made thee quake ere this.

Clif. I will not bandy with thee word for word,
But buckle with thee blows, twice two for one.

Queen. Hold, valiant Clifford! for a thousand causes
I would prolong the traitor's life awhile:—
Wrath makes him deaf;² speak thou, Northumberland.

North. Hold, Clifford; do not honour him so much
To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart:
What valour were it when a cur doth grin
For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,
When he might spurn him with his foot away?
'Tis war's prize to take all advantages,
And ten to one is no impeachment in wars. [*Fight, and take him.*]

Clif. Ay, ay, so strives the woodcock with the gin.

North. So doth the coney struggle with the net.

York. So triumph thieves upon their conquer'd booty;
So true men yield, by robbers overmatch'd.

North. What will your grace have done with him?

Queen. Brave warriors, Clifford and Northumberland,
Come, make him stand upon this mole-hill here,
That aim'd at mountains with outstretched arm,
And parted but the shadow with his hand.
Was it you that revell'd in our parliament,
And made a preachment of your high descent?
Where are your mess of sons to back you now?
The wanton Edward, and the lusty George?
Or where is that valiant crook-back'd prodigy,
Dicky, your boy, that, with his grumbling voice,
Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies?
Or, amongst the rest, where is your darling Rutland?
Look, York, I dipp'd this napkin in the blood
That valiant Clifford, with his rapier's point,
Made issue from the bosom of thy boy:
And, if thine eyes can water for his death,
I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.
Alas! poor York: but that I hate thee much,
I should lament thy miserable state.

I prithee grieve to make me merry, York:
Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance.
What, hath thy fiery heart so parch'd thine entrails
That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death?
Thou wouldst be fee'd, I see, to make me sport;
York cannot speak unless he wear a crown.—
A crown for York! and, lords, bow low to him.
So, hold you his hands whilst I do set it on.
Ay, now looks he like a king!

This is he that took king Henry's chair,
And this is he was his adopted heir.
But how is it that great Plantagenet
Is crown'd so soon, and broke his holy oath?
As I bethink me, you should not be king
Till our Henry had shook hands with death.
And will you impale your head with Henry's glory,
And rob his temples of the diadem,
Now in his life, against your holy oath?
Oh, 'tis a fault too, too unpardonable.
Off with the crown; and with the crown his head;
And whilst we breathe take time to do him dead.

Clif. That's my office for my father's death.

Queen. Yet stay, and let's hear the orisons he makes.

York. She-wolf of France, but worse than wolves of France,
Whose tongue's more poison'd than the adder's tooth!

¹ The murder is here committed.

² Deaf. The quarto of 1595 has *death*.

How ill beseeming is it in thy sex
To triumph like an Amazonian trull,
Upon his woes whom fortune captivates !
But that thy face is vizard-like, unchanging,
Made impudent by use of evil deeds,
I would assay, proud queen, to make thee blush :
To tell thee of whence thou art, from whom deriv'd,
'Twere shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not shameless.
Thy father bears the type of king of Naples,
Of both the Sicils and Jerusalem,
Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman.
Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult ?
It needs not, or it boots thee not, proud queen,
Unless the adage must be verified,
That beggars mounted run their horse to death.
'Tis beauty that oft makes women proud ;
But, God he wots, thy share thereof is small :
'Tis government that makes them most admir'd ;
The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at :
'Tis virtue that makes them seem divine ;
The want thereof makes thee abominable.
Thou art as opposite to every good,
As the Antipodes are unto us,
Or as the south to the septentrion.
O, tiger's heart wrapp'd in a woman's hide !
How couldst thou drain the life-blood of the child,
To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,
And yet be seen to bear a woman's face ?
Women are mild, pitiful, and flexible,
Thou indurate, stern, rough, remorseless.
Bid'st thou me rage ? why, now thou hast thy will.
Wouldst have me weep ? why so, thou hast thy wish.
For raging winds blow up a storm of tears,
And when the rage allays the rain begins.
These tears are my sweet Rutland's obsequies ;
And every drop begs vengeance as it falls,
On thee, fell Clifford, and thee,¹ false Frenchwoman.

North. Beshrew me, but his passions move me so
As hardly I can check mine eyes from tears.

York. That face of his the hungry cannibals
Could not have touch'd, would not have stain'd with blood ;
But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,
O ten times more, than tigers of Arcadia.
See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears.
This cloth thou dipp'dst in blood of my sweet boy,
And lo, with tears I wash the blood away.
Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of that ;
And if thou tell the heavy² story well,
Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears ;
Ay, even my foes will shed fast-falling tears,
And say, Alas ! it was a piteous deed.
Here, take the crown, and with the crown my curse ;
And in thy need such comfort come to thee,
As now I reap at thy too cruel hands.
Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the world ;
My soul to heaven, my blood upon your heads.

North. Had he been slaughterman of all my kin,
I could not choose but weep with him, to see
How inward anger grips his heart.

Queen. What, weeping ripe, my lord Northumberland ?
Think but upon the wrong he did us all,
And that will quickly dry your melting tears.

Clif. There's for my oath, there's for my father's death.

[Stabs him.]

Queen. And there's to right our gentle-hearted king.

[Stabs him.]

York. Open thy gates of mercy, gracious God !

My soul flies forth to meet with thee.

[Dies.]

Queen. Off with his head, and set it on York gates ;
So York may overlook the town of York.

[Exeunt omnes.]

(ACT II.)

(SCENE I.)

Enter EDWARD and RICHARD, with drum and Soldiers.

Edw. After this dangerous fight and hapless war,
How doth my noble brother Richard fare ?

Rich. I cannot joy until I be resolv'd
Where our right valiant father is become.

How often did I see him bear himself
As doth a lion midst a herd of neat ;

So fled the enemies from our valiant father ;³

Methinks 'tis pride enough to be his son.

[Three suns appear in the air.]

Edw. Lo, how the morning opes her golden gates,

And takes her farewell of the glorious sun !

Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three suns ?

Rich. Three glorious suns,
Not separated by a racking cloud,
But sever'd in a pale clear-shining sky.
See, see, they join, embrace, and seem to kiss,
As if they vow'd some league inviolate.
Now are they but one lamp, one light, one sun.
In this the heaven doth figure some event.

Edw. I think it cites us, brother, to the field ;
That we, the sons of brave Plantagenet,
Already each one shining by his meed,
May join in one, and overpeer the world
As this the earth ; and, therefore, henceforward,
I'll bear upon my target three fair shining suns.
But what art thou that look'st so heavily ?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. O, one that was a woeful looker-on
When as the noble duke of York was slain.

Edw. O, speak no more, for I can hear no more.

Rich. Tell on thy tale, for I will hear it all.

Mess. When as the noble duke was put to flight,
And then pursued by Clifford and the queen,
And many soldiers more, who all at once
Let drive at him, and forc'd the duke to yield ;
And then they set him on a mole-hill there,
And crown'd the gracious duke in high despite,
Who then with tears began to wail his fall.
The ruthless queen, perceiving he did weep,
Gave him a handkerchief to wipe his eyes,
Dipp'd in the blood of sweet young Rutland,
By rough Clifford slain : who weeping took it up.
Then through his breast they thrust their bloody swords,
Who like a lamb fell at the butchers' feet.
Then on the gates of York they set his head,
And there it doth remain the piteous spectacle
That e'er mine eyes beheld.

Edw. Sweet duke of York, our prop to lean upon,
Now thou art gone there is no hope for us :
Now my soul's palace is become a prison.
O, would she break from compass of my breast,
For never shall I have more joy.

Rich. I cannot weep, for all my breast's moisture
Scarce serves to quench my furnace burning hate.
I cannot joy till this white rose be dyed
Even in the heart-blood of the house of Lancaster.
Richard, I bear thy name, and I'll revenge thy death,
Or die myself in seeking of revenge.

Edw. His name that valiant duke hath left with thee ;
His chair and dukedom, that remains for me.

Rich. Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's biró,
Show thy descent by gazing 'gainst the sun :
For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom say ;
For either that is thine, or else thou wert not his.

Enter the EARL OF WARWICK, MONTAGUE, with drum, Ancient, and Soldiers.

War. How now, fair lords : what fare ? What news abroad ?

Rich. Ah, Warwick, should we report
The baleful news, and, at each word's deliverance,
Stab poniards in our flesh till all were told,
The words would add more anguish than the wounds.⁴
Ah, valiant lord, the duke of York is slain.

Edw. Ah, Warwick ! Warwick ! that Plantagenet
Which held thee dear, ay, even as his soul's redemption,
Is by the stern lord Clifford done to death.

War. Ten days ago I drown'd those news in tears :
And now, to add more measure to your woes,
I come to tell you things⁵ since then befallen.
After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,
Where your brave father breath'd his latest gasp,
Tidings, as swiftly as the post could run,
Were brought me of your loss, and his departure.
I then in London, keeper of the king,
Muster'd my soldiers, gather'd flocks of friends,
And very well appointed, as I thought,
March'd to Saint Alban's to intercept the queen,
Bearing the king in my behalf along :
For by my scouts I was advertised
That she was coming, with a full intent
To dash your late decree in parliament
Touching king Henry's heirs, and your succession.
Short tale to make—we at Saint Alban's met,
Our battles join'd, and both sides fiercely fought :
But, whether 'twas the coldness of the king
(He look'd full gently on his warlike queen)
That robb'd my soldiers of their heated spleen ;
Or whether 'twas report of his success,

¹ *Thee.* The quarto, *the*.

² *Heavy.* So in the quarto of 1595. Subsequent quartos omit *heavy*.

³ In the quarto of 1595—"So fled his enemies our valiant father."

⁴ We have here altered the metrical arrangement, which is confused and varying in the original copies.

⁵ *Things.* So the edition of 1595 ; in that of 1619, *news*.

Or more than common fear of Clifford's rigour,
Who thunders to his captains—blood and death,
I cannot tell: but, to conclude with truth,
Their weapons like to lightnings went and came;
Our soldiers—like the night owl's lazy flight,
Or like an idle thresher with the flail—
Fell gently down, as if they smote their friends.
I cheer'd them up with justice of the cause,
With promise of high pay, and great rewards:
But all in vain; they had no hearts to fight,
Nor we in them no hope to win the day:
So that we fled; the king unto the queen;
Lord George your brother, Norfolk, and myself,
In haste, post haste, are come to join with you;
For in the marches here we heard you were
Making another head to fight again.

Edw. Thanks, gentle Warwick.

How far hence is the duke with his power?
And when came George from Burgundy to England?

War. Some five miles off the duke is with his power.

But as for your brother, he was lately sent
From your kind aunt, duchess of Burgundy,
With aid of soldiers 'gainst this needful war.

Rich. 'Twas odds, belike, when valiant Warwick fled.
Oft have I heard thy praises in pursuit,
But ne'er, till now, thy scandal of retire.

War. Nor now my scandal, Richard, dost thou hear:
For thou shalt know that this right hand of mine
Can pluck the diadem from faint Henry's head,
And wring the awful sceptre from his fist,
Were he as famous and as bold in war
As he is fam'd for mildness, peace, and prayer.

Rich. I know it well, lord Warwick: blame me not;
'Twas love I bear thy glories made me speak.
But in this troublous time, what's to be done?
Shall we go throw away our coats of steel,
And clad our bodies in black mourning gowns,
Numbering our Ave-Maries with our beads?
Or shall we on the helmets of our foes
Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?
If for the last, say Ay, and to it, lords.

War. Why therefore Warwick came to find you out;
And therefore comes my brother Montague.
Attend me, lords. The proud, insulting queen,
With Clifford, and the haught Northumberland,
And of their feather many mo proud birds,
Have wrought the easy melting king like wax.
He sware consent to your succession,
His oath enrolled in the parliament;
But now to London all the crew are gone,
To frustrate his oath, or what besides
May make against the house of Lancaster.
Their power I guess them fifty thousand strong.
Now if the help of Norfolk and myself
Can but amount to eight-and-forty¹ thousand
With all the friends that thou, brave earl of March,
Among the loving Welshmen canst procure,
Why, *via*, to London will we march amain,
And once again bestride our foaming steeds,
And once again cry charge upon the foe,
But never once again turn back and fly.

Rich. Ay, now, methinks, I hear great Warwick speak;
Ne'er may he live to see a sunshine day,
That cries retire, when Warwick bids him stay!

Edw. Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I lean,
And when thou faint'st,
Must Edward fall, which peril heaven forefend!

War. No longer earl of March, but duke of York;
The next degree is England's royal king;
And king of England shalt thou be proclaim'd
In every borough as we pass along:
And he that casts not up his cap for joy
Shall for the offence make forfeit of his head.
King Edward, valiant Richard, Montague,
Stay we no longer dreaming of renown,
But forward to effect these resolutions.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The duke of Norfolk sends you word by me,
The queen is coming with a puissant power,
And craves your company for speedy counse.

War. Why, then it sorts, brave lords; let's march away. *[Exeunt omnes.]*

(SCENE II.)

*Enter the KING and QUEEN, PRINCE EDWARD, and the northern Earls,
with drum and Soldiers.*

Queen. Welcome, my lord, to this brave town of York.

Yonder's the head of that ambitious enemy
That sought to be impaled with your crown.
Doth not the object please your eye, my lord?

King. Even as the rocks please them that fear their wrack.
Withhold revenge, dear God! 'tis not my fault,
Nor wittingly have I infring'd my vow.

Clif. My gracious iord, this too much lenity
And harmful pity must be laid aside.
To whom do lions cast their gentle looks?
Not to the beasts that would usurp his (their) den,
Whose hand is that the savage bear doth lick?
Not his that spoils his young before his face.
Who 'scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting?
Not he that sets his foot upon her back.
The smallest worm will turn being trodden on,
And doves will peck in rescue of their brood.
Ambitious York did level at thy crown,
Thou smiling, while he knit his angry brows:
He, but a duke, would have his son a king,
And raise his issue like a loving sire.
Thou, being a king, bless'd with a goodly son,
Didst give consent to disinherit him,
Which argued thee a most unnatural father.
Unreasonable creatures feed their young;
And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,
Yet, in protection of their tender ones,
Who hath not seen them (even with those same wings)
Which they have sometimes used in fearful flight?
Make war with him that climbs unto their nest,
Offering their own lives in their young's defence?
For shame, my lord! make them your precedent!
Were it not pity that this goodly boy
Should lose his birthright through his father's fault;
And long hereafter say unto his child,
"What my great-grandfather and grandsire got,
My careless father fondly gave away?"
Look on the boy, and let his manly face,
Which promiseth successful fortune to us all,
Steel thy melting thoughts,
To keep thine own, and leave thine own with him.

King. Full well hath Clifford play'd the orator,
Inferring arguments of mighty force.

But tell me, didst thou never yet hear tell
That things evil² got had ever bad success?
And happy ever was it for that son,
Whose father for his hoarding went to hell?
I leave my son my virtuous deeds behind;
And would my father had left me no more;
For all the rest is held at such a rate
As asks a thousand times more care to keep
Than may the present profit countervail.
Ah, cousin York, would thy best friends did know
How it doth grieve me that thy head stands there.

Queen. My lord, this harmful pity makes your followers faint.
You promis'd knighthood to your princely son;
Unsheathe your sword, and straightway³ dub him knight.
Kneel down, Edward.

King. Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight:
And learn this lesson, boy,⁴—draw thy sword in right.

Prince. My gracious father, by your kingly leave,
I'll draw it as apparent to the crown,
And in that quarrel use it to the death.

North. Why, that is spoken like a toward prince.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Royal commanders, be in readiness;
For, with a band of fifty thousand men,
Comes Warwick backing of the duke of York;
And in the towns whereas they pass along,
Proclaims him king, and many fly to him:
Prepare your battles, for they be at hand.

Clif. I would your highness would depart the field;
The queen hath best success when you are absent.

Queen. Do, good my lord, and leave us to our fortunes.

King. Why, that's my fortune, therefore I'll stay still.

Clif. Be it with resolution then to fight.

Prince. Good father, cheer these noble lords;
Unsheathe your sword, sweet father; cry Saint George.

Clif. Pitch we our battle here, for hence we will not move.

Enter the House of YORK.

Edw. Now, perjurd Henry, wilt thou yield thy crown,
And kneel for mercy at thy sovereign's feet?

Queen. Go rate thy minions, proud insulting boy!
Becomes it thee to be thus malapert
Before thy king and lawful sovereign?

¹ *Eight-and-forty.* So the edition of 1619; that of 1595 has "48."

² *Evil* in the quarto of 1595; *ill* in that of 1619.

Straightway. So in the quarto of 1619; in that of 1595, *straight do.*

⁴ *Boy.* So the quarto of 1595; that of 1619 omits *boy.*

Edw. I am his king, and he should bend his knee ;
I was adopted heir by his consent.

George. Since when he hath broke his oath ; for, as we hear,
You that are king, though he do wear the crown,
Have caus'd him by new act of parliament
To blot our brother out, and put his own son in.

Clif. And reason, George :
Who should succeed the father but the son ?

Rich. Are you there, butcher ?

Clif. Ay, crook-back, here I stand to answer thee,
Or any of your sort.

Rich. 'Twas you that kill'd young Rutland, was it not ?

Clif. Yes, and old York too, and yet not satisfied.

Rich. For God's sake, lords, give signal to the fight.

War. What say'st thou, Henry, wilt thou yield thy crown ?

Queen. What, long-tongued Warwick, dare you speak ?
When you and I met at Saint Alban's last,
Your legs did better service than your hands.

War. Ay, then 'twas my turn to flee,¹ but now 'tis thine.

Clif. You said so² much before, and yet you fled.

War. 'Twas not your valour, Clifford, that³ drove me thence.

North. No, nor your manhood, Warwick, that could make you stay.

Rich. Northumberland, Northumberland, we hold
Thee reverently.

Break off the parley, for scarce I can refrain

The execution of my big swollen heart,

Against that Clifford there, that cruel child-killer.⁴

Clif. Why, I kill'd thy father ; call'st thou him a child ?

Rich. Ay, like a villain, and a treacherous coward,
As thou didst kill our tender brother Rutland ;
But ere sunset I'll make thee curse the deed.

King. Have done with words, great lords, and hear me speak.

Queen. Defy them then, or else hold close thy lips.

King. I prithee give no limits to my tongue ;
I am a king, and privileg'd to speak.⁵

Clif. My lord, the wound that bred this meeting here
Cannot be cur'd with words ; therefore be still.

Rich. Then, executioner, unsheathe thy sword :

By Him that made us all, I am resolv'd

That Clifford's manhood hangs upon his tongue.

Edw. What say'st thou, Henry, shall I have my right or no ?

A thousand men have broke their fast to-day,

That ne'er shall dine unless thou yield the crown.

War. If thou deny, their bloods be on thy head ;

For York in justice puts his armour on.

Prince. If all be right that Warwick says is right,
There is no wrong, but all things must be right.

Rich. Whosoever got thee, there thy mother stands ;

For well I wot thou hast thy mother's tongue.

Queen. But thou art neither like thy sire nor dam,

But like a foul misshapen stigmatic,

Mark'd by the destinies to be avoided,

As venom toads, or lizards' fainting looks.

Rich. Iron of Naples, hid with English gilt,

Thy father bears the title of a king,

As if a channel should be call'd the sea :

Sham'st thou not, knowing from whence thou art deriv'd,

To parley thus with England's lawful heirs ?

Edw. A wisp of straw were worth a thousand crowns,

To make that shameless callet know herself.

Thy husband's father revell'd in the heart of France,

And tam'd the French, and made the Dauphin stoop :

And had he match'd according to his state,

He might have kept that glory till this day.

But when he took a beggar to his bed,

And grac'd thy poor sire with his bridal day,

Then that sunshine bred a shower for him,

Which wash'd his father's fortunes out of France,

And heap'd seditions on his crown at home.

For what hath mov'd these tumults but thy pride ?

Hadst thou been meek, our title yet had slept ;

And we, in pity of the gentle king,

Had slipp'd our claim until another age.

Geo. But when we saw our summer brought thee gain,

And that the harvest brought us no increase,

We set the axe to thy usurping root :

And though the edge have something hit ourselves,

Yet know thou we will never cease to strike

Till we have hewn thee down,

Or bath'd thy growing with our heated bloods.

Edw. And, in this resolution, I defy thee ;

Nor willing any longer conference,

Since thou deniest the gentle king to speak.

Sound trumpets ! let our bloody colours wave !

And either victory, or else a grave.

Queen. Stay, Edward, stay :

Edw. Hence, wrangling woman ; I'll no longer stay :

Thy words will cost ten thousand lives to-day.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

(SCENE III.)

Alarms. Enter WARWICK.

War. Sore spent with toil, as runners with the race,
I lay me down a little while to breathe :
For strokes receiv'd, and many blows repaid,
Hath robb'd my strong-knit sinews of their strength,
And, force perforce, needs must I rest myself.

Enter EDWARD.

Edw. Smile, gentle heavens ! or strike, ungentle death !
That we may die unless we gain the day :
What fatal star malignant frowns from heaven,
Upon the harmless line of York's true house ?

Enter GEORGE.

Geo. Come, brother, come ; let's to the field again,
For yet there's hope enough to win the day :
Then let us back to cheer our fainting troops,
Lest they retire now we have left the field.

War. How now, my lords, what hap ? what hope of good ?

Enter RICHARD, running.

Rich. Ah, Warwick, why hast thou withdrawn thyself ?
Thy noble father in the thickest throngs
Cried still for Warwick, his thrice valiant son,
Until with thousand swords he was beset,
And many wounds made in his aged breast ;
And as he tottering sate upon his steed,
He wail'd his hand to me, and cried aloud,
" Richard, commend me to my valiant son ;"
And still he cried, " Warwick, revenge my death ;"
And with those words he tumbled off his horse,
And so the noble Salisbury gave up the ghost.

War. Then let the earth be drunken with his blood :
I'll kill my horse, because I will not fly :
And here to God of heaven I make a vow,
Never to pass from forth this bloody field
Till I am full revenged for his death.

Edw. Lord Warwick, I do bend my knees with thine,
And in that vow now join my soul to thee.
Thou setter up and puller down of kings,
Vouchsafe a gentle victory to us,
Or let us die before we lose the day !

Geo. Then let us haste to cheer the soldiers' hearts,
And call them pillars that will stand to us,
And highly promise to remunerate
Their trusty service in these dangerous wars.

Rich. Come, come away, and stand not to debate,
For yet is hope of fortune good enough.
Brothers, give me your hands, and let us part
And take our leaves, until we meet again,
Where'er it be, in heaven or in earth.
Now I, that never wept, now melt in woe,
To see these dire mishaps continue so.

Warwick, farewell.

War. Away, away ! once more, sweet lords, farewell.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

(SCENE IV.)

Alarms, and then enter RICHARD at one door, and CLIFFORD at the other.

Rich. A Clifford, a Clifford !

Clif. A Richard, a Richard !

Rich. Now, Clifford, for York and young Rutland's death,
This thirsty sword, that longs to drink thy blood,
Shall lop thy limbs, and slice thy cursed heart,
For to revenge the murders thou hast made.

Clif. Now, Richard, I am with thee here alone :
This is the hand that stabb'd thy father York ;
And this the hand that slew thy brother Rutland ;
And here's the heart that triumphs in their deaths,
And cheers these hands that slew thy sire and brother,
To execute the like upon thyself :
And so, have at thee.

Alarms. They fight, and then enters WARWICK and rescues RICHARD, and then *exeunt omnes.*

¹ *Flee* in quarto of 1595 ; *fly* in that of 1619.

² *So* in quarto of 1559 ; *as* in that of 1619.

That, in quarto of 1595, is omitted in that of 1619.

⁴ This metrical arrangement, which is that of the quarto of 1619, is confused in that of 1595.

⁵ *So* the quarto of 1595. In that of 1619 it is—

" I being a king am privileged to speak."

(SCENE V.)

Alarms still, and then enter HENRY solus.

Hen. O gracious God of heaven, look down on us,
And set some ends to these incessant griefs!
How like a mastless ship upon the seas
This woeful battle doth continue still!
Now leaning this way, now to that side driven,
And none doth know to whom the day will fall.
Oh, would my death might stay these civil jars!
Would I had never reign'd, nor ne'er been king!
Margaret and Clifford chide me from the field,
Swearing they had best success when I was thence.
Would God that I were dead, so all were well:
Or would my crown suffice, I were content
To yield it them, and live a private life.

Enter a Soldier with a dead man in his arms.

Sol. Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.
This man, that I have slain in fight to-day,
May be possessed of some store of crowns;
And I will search to find them if I can.
But stay; methinks it is my father's face:
Oh, I! 'tis he whom I have slain in fight.
From London was I press'd out by the king;
My father he came on the part of York;
And in this conflict I have slain my father.
Oh pardon, God! I knew not what I did!
And pardon, father, for I knew thee not!

Enter another Soldier with a dead man.

2 Sol. Lie there, thou that fought'st with me so stoutly;
Now let me see what store of gold thou hast.
But stay, methinks this is no famous face:
Oh no, it is my son that I have slain in fight!
Oh, monstrous times, begetting such events;
How cruel, bloody, and ironous,¹
This deadly quarrel daily doth beget!
Poor boy, thy father gave thee life too late,
And hath bereav'd thee of thy life too soon!
King. Woe above woe! grief more than common grief!
Whilst lions war and battle for their dens,
Poor lambs do feel the rigour of their wraths:
The red rose and the white are on his face,
The fatal colours of our striving houses.
Wither one rose, and let the other flourish,
For if you strive, ten thousand lives must perish.
1 Sol. How will my mother, for my father's death,
Take on with me, and ne'er be satisfied!
2 Sol. How will my wife, for slaughter of my son,
Take on with me, and ne'er be satisfied!
King. How will the people now misdeem their king!
Oh, would my death their minds could satisfy!
1 Sol. Was ever son so rude his father's blood to spill?
2 Sol. Was ever father so unnatural his son to kill?
King. Was ever king thus griev'd and vexed still?
1 Sol. I'll bear thee hence from this accursed place,
For woe is me to see my father's face. [Exit with his Father.
2 Sol. I'll bear thee hence, and let them fight that will,
For I have murder'd where I should not kill. [Exit with his Son.
King. Weep, wretched man, I'll lay thee tear for tear:
Here sits a king, as woebegone as thee.

Alarms, and enter the QUEEN.

Queen. Away, my lord, to Berwick presently!
The day is lost, our friends are murdered;
No help is left for us, therefore away.

Enter PRINCE EDWARD.

Prince. Oh father, fly; our men have left the field;
Take horse, sweet father, let us save ourselves.

Enter EXETER.

Exet. Away, my lord, for vengeance comes along with him:
Nay, stand not to expostulate; make haste,
Or else come after: I'll away before.
King. Nay, stay, good Exeter, for I'll along with thee.

(SCENE VI.)

Enter CLIFFORD, wounded, with an arrow in his neck.

Clif. Here burns my candle out,
That, whilst it lasted, gave king Henry light.
Ah, Lancaster, I fear thine overthrow,

More than my body's parting from my soul.
My love, and fear, glued many friends to thee;
And now I die, that tough commixture melts.
Impairing Henry strengthen'd misproud Yorke:
The common people swarm like summer flies,
And whither fly the gnats but to the sun?
And who shines now but Henry's enemy?
Oh, Phœbus! hadst thou never given consent
That Phaëton should check thy fiery steeds,
Thy burning car had never scorch'd the earth.
And, Henry, hadst thou liv'd as kings should do,
And as thy father and his father did,
Giving no foot unto the house of York,
I and ten thousand in this woeful land
Had left no mourning widows for our deaths,
And thou this day hadst kept thy throne in peace.
For what doth cherish weeds but gentle air?
And what makes robbers bold but lenity?
Bootless are plaints, and cureless are my wounds:
No way to fly, no strengtn to hold out flight;
The foe is merciless and will not pity me,
And at their hands I have deserv'd no pity.
The air is got into my bleeding wounds,
And much effuse of blood doth make me faint.
Come, York and Richard, Warwick and the rest;
I stabb'd your fathers, now come, split my breast.

Enter EDWARD, RICHARD, WARWICK, and Soldiers.

Edw. Thus far our fortunes keep an upward course,
And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.
Some troops pursue the bloody-minded queen,
That now towards Berwick doth post amain.
But think you that Clifford is fled away with them?

War. No, 'tis impossible he should escape;
For though before his face I speak the words,
Your brother Richard mark'd him for the grave,
And, wheresoe'er he be, I warrant him dead. [CLIFFORD groans, and then dies.

Edw. Hark! what soul is this that takes his heavy leave?

Rich. A deadly groan, like life and death's departure.

Edw. See who it is: and now the battle's ended,
Friend, or foe, let him be friendly used.

Rich. Reverse that doom of mercy, for 'tis Clifford,
Who kill'd our tender brother Rutland,
And stabb'd our princely father, duke of York.

War. From off the gates of York fetch down the head,
Your father's head, which Clifford placed there:
Instead of that, let his supply the room.
Measure for measure must be answered.

Edw. Bring forth that fatal screech-owl to our house,
That nothing sung to us but blood and death;
Now his evil-boding tongue no more shall speak.

War. I think his understanding is bereft.
Say, Clifford, dost thou know who speaks to thee?
Dark cloudy death o'ershades his beams of life,
And he nor sees, nor hears us what we say.

Rich. Oh, would he did! and so, perhaps, he doth;
And 'tis his policy, that in the time of death
He might avoid such bitter storms as he
In his hour of death did give unto our father.

Geo. Richard, if thou think'st so, vex him with eager words.

Rich. Clifford, ask mercy and obtain no grace.

Edw. Clifford, repent in bootless penitence.

War. Clifford, devise excuses for thy fault.

Geo. Whilst we devise fell tortures for thy fault.

Rich. Thou pitied'st York, and I am son to York.

Edw. Thou pitied'st Rutland, and I will pity thee.

Geo. Where's Captain Margaret to fence you now?

War. They mock thee, Clifford; swear as thou wast wont.

Rich. What, not an oath? Nay, then I know he's dead:

'Tis hard when Clifford cannot 'ford his friend an oath:

By this I know he's dead: And by my soul,

Would this right hand buy but an hour's life,

(That I in all contempt might rail at him,) I'd cut it off, and with the issuing blood

Stifle the villain, whose instanced thirst

York and young Rutland could not satisfy.

War. Ay, but he's dead: Off with the traitor's head,

And rear it in the place your father's stands.

And now to London with triumphant march,

There to be crowned England's lawful king.

From thence shall Warwick cross the seas to France,

And ask the lady Bona for thy queen.

So shalt thou sinew both these lands together,

And having France thy friend, thou need'st not dread

The scattered foe that hopes to rise again.

And though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,

Yet look to have them busy to offend thine ears.

First, I'll see the coronation done,

And afterward I'll cross the seas to France,

To effect this marriage, if it please my lord.

Edw. Even as thou wilt, good Warwick, let it be.

¹Ironous in the quarto of 1619; ironious in that of 1595.

But first before we go, George, kneel down.
We here create thee duke of Clarence,
And girt thee with the sword;
Our younger brother, Richard, duke of Gloster.
Warwick as myself shall do and undo as himself pleaseth best.
Rich. Let me be duke of Clarence, George of Gloster,
For Gloster's dukedom is too ominous.
War. Tush! that's a childish observation.
Richard, be duke of Gloster: Now to London,
To see these honours in possession.

[Exeunt omnes.]

(ACT III.)

(SCENE I.)

Enter Two Keepers with bow and arrows.

Keep. Come, let's take our stands upon this hill;
And by and by the deer will come this way.
But stay, here comes a man, let's listen him awhile.

Enter KING HENRY disguised.

King. From Scotland am I stolen, even of pure love,
And thus disguis'd, to greet my native land.
No, Henry, no, it is no land of thine;
No bending knee will call thee Cæsar now,
No humble suitors sue to thee for right;
For how canst thou help them, and not thyself?
Keep. Ay, marry, sir, here's a deer, his skin is a keeper's fee. Sirrah, stand close, for, as I think, this is the king King Edward hath deposed.
King. My queen and son, poor souls, are gone to France;
And, as I hear, the great commanding Warwick,
To entreat a marriage with the lady Bona.
If this be true, poor queen and son,
Your labour is but spent in vain;
For Lewis is a prince soon won with words,
And Warwick is a subtle orator.
He laughs, and says his Edward is install'd;
She weeps, and says her Henry is depos'd:
He, on his right hand, asking a wife for Edward;
She, on his left side, craving aid for Henry.
Keep. What art thou that talk'st of kings and queens?
King. More than I seem, for less I should not be:
A man at least, and more I cannot be:
And men may talk of kings, and why not I?
Keep. Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou wert a king thyself.
King. Why, so I am in mind, though not in show.
Keep. And if thou be a king, where is thy crown?
King. My crown is in my heart, not on my head;
My crown is call'd content,
A crown that kings do seldom times enjoy.
Keep. And if thou be a king crown'd with content,
Your crown content and you must be content
To go with us unto the officer,
For, as we think, you are our quondam king,
King Edward hath depos'd;
And therefore we charge you, in God's name and the king's,
To go along with us unto the officers.
King. God's name be fulfill'd, your king's name be obey'd;
And be you kings; command, and I'll obey.

[Exeunt omnes.]

(SCENE II.)

Enter KING EDWARD, CLARENCE, and GLOSTER, MONTAGUE, HASTINGS, and the LADY GREY.

K. Edw. Brothers of Clarence and of Gloucester,
This lady's husband here, sir Richard Grey,
At the battle of Saint Alban's did lose his life:
His lands then were seiz'd on by the conqueror.
Her suit is now to repossess those lands:
And sith in quarrel of the house of York
The noble gentleman did lose his life,
In honour we cannot deny her suit.
Glo. Your highness shall do well to grant it then.
K. Edw. Ay, so I will; but yet I'll make a pause.
Glo. Ay? is the wind in that door?
Cla. I see the lady hath some thing to grant
Before the king will grant her humble suit.
Glo. He knows the game: how well he keeps the wind!
K. Edw. Widow, come some other time to know our mind.
Lady G. May it please your grace, I cannot brook delays;
I beseech your highness to despatch me now.
K. Edw. Lords, give us leave; we mean to try this widow's wit.

Cla. Ay, good leave have you.
Glo. For you will have leave,
Till youth take leave, and leave you to your crutch.
K. Edw. Come hither, widow; how many children hast thou?
Cla. I think he means to beg a child on her.
Glo. Nay, whip me then, he'll rather give her two.
Lady G. Three, my most gracious lord.
Glo. You shall have four an' you will be rul'd by him.
K. Edw. Were't not pity they should lose their father's lands?
Lady G. Be pitiful then, dread lord, and grant it them.
K. Edw. I'll tell thee how these lands are to be got.
Lady G. So shall you bind me to your highness' service.
K. Edw. What service wilt thou do me, if I grant it them?
Lady G. Even what your highness shall command.
Glo. Nay, then, widow, I'll warrant you all your husband's lands,
If you grant to do what he commands.
Fight close, or in good faith you catch a clap.
Cla. Nay, I fear her not unless she fall.
Glo. Marry, gods forbot, man, for he'll take 'vantage then.
Lady G. Why stops my lord? shall I not know my task?
K. Edw. An easy task, 'tis but to love a king.
Lady G. That's soon perform'd, because I am a subject.
K. Edw. Why, then thy husband's lands I freely give thee.
Lady G. I take my leave with many thousand thanks.
Cla. The match is made; she seals it with a curtsy.
K. Edw. Stay, widow, stay; what love dost thou think
I sue so much to get?
Lady G. My humble service,
Such as subjects owe, and the laws command.
K. Edw. No, by my troth, I meant no such love,
But to tell thee the truth, I aim to lie with thee.
Lady G. To tell you plain, my lord, I had rather lie in prison.
K. Edw. Why, then thou canst not get thy husband's lands.
Lady G. Then mine honesty shall be my dower,
For by that loss I will not purchase them.
K. Edw. Herein thou wrong'st thy children mightily.
Lady G. Herein your highness wrongs both them and me.
But, mighty lord, this merry inclination
Agrees not with the sadness of my suit.
Please it your highness to dismiss me, either with ay or no.
K. Edw. Ay, if thou say ay to my request;
No, if thou say no to my demand.
Lady G. Then no, my lord; my suit is at an end.
Glo. The widow likes him not; she bends the brow.
Cla. Why, he is the bluntest wooer in Christendom.
K. Edw. Her looks are all replete with majesty:
One way, or other, she is for a king;
And she shall be my love, or else my queen.
Say, that king Edward took thee for his queen.
Lady G. 'Tis better said than done, my gracious lord;
I am a subject fit to jest withal,
But far unfit to be a sovereign.
K. Edw. Sweet widow, by my state I swear,
I speak no more than what my heart intends,
And that is, to enjoy thee for my love.
Lady G. And that is more than I will yield unto;
I know I am too bad to be your queen,
And yet too good to be your concubine.
K. Edw. You cavil, widow; I did mean my queen.
Lady G. Your grace would be loath my sons should call you father.
K. Edw. No more than when my daughters call thee mother.
Thou art a widow, and thou hast some children,
And, by God's mother, I, being but a bachelor,
Have other some: Why, 'tis a happy thing
To be the father of many children.
Argue no more, for thou shalt be my queen.
Glo. The ghostly father now hath done his shrift.
Cla. When he was made a shriver, 'twas for shift.
K. Edw. Brothers, you muse what talk the widow and I have had.
You would think it strange if I should marry her.
Cla. Marry her, my lord! to whom?
K. Edw. Why, Clarence, to myself.
Glo. That would be ten days' wonder at the least.
Cla. Why, that's a day longer than a wonder lasts.
Glo. And so much more are the wonders in extremes.
K. Edw. Well, jest on, brothers; I can tell you
Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. An it please your grace, Henry your foe is taken,
And brought as prisoner to your palace gates.
K. Edw. Away with him, and send him to the Tower;
And let's go question with the man about
His apprehension. Lords, along, and use
This lady honourably.

[Exeunt omnes.]

Manet GLOSTER, and speaks.

Glo. Ay, Edward will use women honourably.
Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all,

¹ An in the quarto of 1595; if in that of 1619.

That from his loins no issue might succeed,
To hinder me from the golden time I look for!
For I am not yet look'd on in the world:
First is there Edward, Clarence, and Henry,
And his son, and all they look for issue
Of their loins, ere I can plant myself:
A cold premeditation for my purpose!
What other pleasure is there in the world beside?
I will go clad my body in gay ornaments,
And lull myself within a lady's lap,
And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks.
Oh monstrous man, to harbour such a thought!
Why, love did scorn me in my mother's womb;
And, for I should not deal in her affairs,
She did corrupt frail nature in the flesh,
And plac'd an envious mountain on my back,
Where sits deformity to mock my body;
To dry mine arm up like a wither'd shrimp;
To make my legs of an unequal size.
And am I then a man to be belov'd;
Easier for me to compass twenty crowns.
Tut! I can smile, and murder when I smile;
I cry content to that which grieves me most;
I can add colours to the chameleon;
And for a need change shapes with Proteus,
And set the aspiring Catiline to school.
Can I do this, and cannot get the crown?
Tush! were it ten times higher, I'll pull it down.

[Exit.]

(SCENE III.)

Enter KING LEWIS, and the LADY BONA, QUEEN MARGARET, PRINCE EDWARD, and OXFORD, with others.

Lew. Welcome, queen Margaret, to the court of France.
It fits not Lewis to sit while thou dost stand;
Sit by my side, and here I vow to thee,
Thou shalt have aid to repossess thy right,
And beat proud Edward from his usurped seat,
And place king Henry in his former rule.

Queen. I humbly thank your royal majesty;
And pray the God of heaven to bless thy state,
Great king of France, that thus regards our wrongs.

Enter WARWICK.

Lew. How now! who is this?

Queen. Our earl of Warwick, Edward's chiefest friend.

Lew. Welcome, brave Warwick; what brings thee to France

War. From worthy Edward, king of England,
My lord and sovereign, and thy vowed friend,
I come in kindness and unfeigned love;
First to do greetings to thy royal person,
And then to claim a league of amity,
And lastly to confirm that amity
With nuptial knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant
That virtuous lady Bona, thy fair sister,
To England's king in lawful marriage.

Queen. And if this go forward all our hope is done.

War. And, gracious madam, in our king's behalf,
I am commanded, with your love and favour,
Humbly to kiss your hand, and with my tongue
To tell the passions of my sovereign's heart,
Where fame, late entering at his heedful ears,
Hath plac'd thy glorious image and thy virtues.

Queen. King Lewis and lady Bona, hear me speak,
Before you answer Warwick or his words,
For he it is hath done us all these wrongs.

War. Injurious Margaret!

Prince. And why not queen?

War. Because thy father Henry did usurp,
And thou no more art prince than she is queen.

Oxf. Then Warwick disannuls great John of Gaunt,
That did subdue the greatest part of Spain;
And after John of Gaunt, wise Henry the Fourth,
Whose wisdom was a mirror to the world;
And after this wise prince Henry the¹ Fifth,
Who with his prowess conquered all France:—
From these our Henry's lineally descent.

War. Oxford, how haps that in this smooth discourse
You told not how Henry the Sixth had lost
All that Henry the Fifth had gotten?
Methinks these peers of France should smile at that!
But for the rest, you tell a pedigree
Of threescore and two years, a silly time
To make prescription for a kingdom's worth.

Oxf. Why, Warwick, canst thou deny thy king,

Whom thou obeyedst thirty and eight years,
And (not) bewray thy treasons with a blush?

War. Can Oxford, that did ever fence the right,
Now buckler falsehood with a pedigree?
For shame! leave Henry, and call Edward king.

Oxf. Call him my king, by whom mine elder brother,
The lord Aubrey Vere, was done to death;
And more than so, my father
Even in the downfall of his mellow'd years,
When age did call him to the door of death?
No, Warwick, no; whilst life upholds this arm,
This arm upholds the house of Lancaster.

War. And I the house of York.

Lew. Queen Margaret, prince Edward, and Oxford,
Vouchsafe to forbear awhile, till I do talk
A word with Warwick.

Now, Warwick, even upon thy honour tell me true;
Is Edward lawful king or no? for I were loath
To link with him that is not lawful heir.

War. Thereon I pawn mine honour and my credit.

Lew. What, is he gracious in the people's eyes?

War. The more that Henry is unfortunate.

Lew. What is his love to our sister Bona?

War. Such it seems

As may beseech a monarch like himself.

Myself have often heard him say and swear,
That this his love was an eternal plant,
The root whereof was fix'd in virtue's ground,
The leaves and fruit maintain'd with beauty's sun;
Exempt from envy, but not from disdain,
Unless the lady Bona quite his pain.

Lew. Then, sister, let us hear your firm resolve.

Bona. Your grant or your² denial shall be mine.
But ere this day I must confess,
When I have heard your king's deserts recounted,
Mine ears have tempted judgment to desire.

Lew. Then draw near, queen Margaret, and be a witness
That Bona shall be wife to the English king.

Prince. To Edward, but not the English king.

War. Henry now lives in Scotland, at his ease;
Where, having nothing, nothing can he lose.
And as for you yourself, our quondam queen,
You have a father able to maintain your state,
And better 'twere to trouble him than France.

Sound for a Post within.

Lew. Here comes some post, Warwick, to thee or us.

Post. My lord ambassador, this letter is for you,
Sent from your brother, marquess Montague.
This from our king, unto your majesty.

And these to you, madam, from whom I know not.

Oxf. I like it well that our fair queen and mistress
Smiles at her news, when Warwick frets at his.

Prince. And mark how Lewis stamps as he were nettled.

Lew. Now, Margaret and Warwick, what are your news?

Queen. Mine is such as fills my heart with joy.

War. Mine full of sorrow and heart's discontent.

Lew. What, hath your king married the lady Grey,
And now, to excuse himself, sends us a post of papers?
How dares he presume to use us thus?

Queen. This proveth Edward's love, and Warwick's honesty.

War. King Lewis, I here protest, in sight of heaven,
And by the hope I have of heavenly bliss,
That I am clear from this misdeed of Edward's.
No more my king, for he dishonours me;
And most himself, if he could see his shame.
Did I forget, that by the house of York
My father came untimely to his death?³
Did I let pass the abuse done to my niece?
Did I impale him with the regal crown,
And thrust king Henry from his native home?
And (most ungrateful) doth he use me thus?
My gracious queen, pardon what is past,
And henceforth I am thy true servitor:
I will revenge the wrongs done to lady Bona,
And replant Henry in his former state.

Queen. Yes, Warwick, I'll⁴ quite forget thy former faults,
If now thou wilt become king Henry's friend.

War. So much his friend, ay, his unfeigned friend,
That if king Lewis vouchsafe to furnish us
With some few bands of chosen soldiers,
I'll undertake to land them on our coast,
And force the tyrant from his seat by war.
'Tis not his new-made bride shall succour him.

Lew. Then at the last I firmly am resolv'd,
You shall have aid:
And, English messenger, return in post,
And tell false Edward, thy supposed king,

¹ The. So the quarto of 1595; omitted in that of 1619.

² Your. So the quarto of 1595; omitted in the quarto of 1619.

³ So the quarto of 1595; that of 1619, "to an untimely death."

⁴ I'll in the quarto of 1619; that of 1595, I do.

That Lewis of France is sending over maskers
To revel it with him and his new bride.

Bona. Tell him, in hope he'll be a widower shortly,
I'll wear the willow garland for his sake.

Queen. Tell him, my mourning weeds be laid aside,
And I am ready to put armour on.

War. Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong;
And therefore I'll uncrown him ere 't be long.
There's thy reward; be gone.

[Exit Messenger.

Lew. But now tell me, Warwick, what assurance
I shall have of thy true loyalty?

War. This shall assure my constant loyalty:
If that our queen and this young prince agree,
I'll join mine eldest daughter and my joy
To him forthwith in holy wedlock bands.

Queen. With all my heart; that match I like full well:
Love her, son Edward, she is fair and young;
And give thy hand to Warwick for thy love.

Lew. It is enough; and now we will prepare
To levy soldiers for to go with you.
And you, lord Bourbon, our high admiral,
Shall waft them safely to the English coast;
And chase proud Edward from his slum'ring trance,
For mocking marriage with the name of France.

War. I came from Edward as ambassador,
But I return his sworn and mortal foe:
Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me,
But dreadful war shall answer his demand.
Had he none else to make a stale but me?
Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow.
I was the chief that rais'd him to the crown,
And I'll be chief to bring him down again:
Not that I pity Henry's misery,
But seek revenge on Edward's mockery.

[Exeunt.

(ACT IV.)

(SCENE I.)

Enter KING EDWARD, the QUEEN, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, MONTAGUE,
HASTINGS, and PEMBROKE, with Soldiers.

K. Edw. Brothers of Clarence and of Gloster, what think you of our marriage
with the lady Grey?

Cla. My lord, we think as Warwick and Lewis, that are so slack in judgment
that they will take no offence at this sudden marriage.

K. Edw. Suppose they do, they are but Lewis and Warwick; and I am both
your king and Warwick's, and will be obeyed.

Glo. And shall, because our king; but yet such sudden marriages seldom prove
well.

K. Edw. Yea, brother Richard, are you against us, too?

Glo. Not I, my lord; no, God forefend that I
Should once gainsay your highness' pleasure;
Ay, an 'twere pity
To sunder them that yoke so well together.

K. Edw. Setting your scorns and your dislikes aside,
Show me some reasons why the lady Grey
May not be my love, and England's queen?
Speak freely, Clarence, Gloster, Montague, and Hastings.

Cla. My lord, then this is mine opinion,—that Warwick,
Being dishonour'd in his embassy,
Doth seek revenge to quite his injuries.

Glo. And Lewis, in regard of his sister's wrongs,
Doth join with Warwick to supplant your state.

K. Edw. Suppose that Lewis and Warwick be appeas'd
By such means as I can best devise.

Mont. But yet to have join'd with France in this alliance
Would more have strengthen'd this our commonwealth,
'Gainst foreign storms, than any home-bred marriage.

Hast. Let England be true within itself,
We need not France, nor any alliance with them.

Cla. For this one speech, the lord Hastings well deserves
To have the daughter and heir of the lord Hungerford.

K. Edw. And what then? It was our will it should be so.

Cla. Ay, and for such a thing, too, the lord Scales
Did well deserve at your hands

To have the daughter of the lord Bonfield,
And left your brothers to go seek elsewhere;
But in your madness you bury brotherhood.

K. Edw. Alas, poor Clarence! is it for a wife
That thou art malcontent?

Why, man, be of good cheer, I'll provide thee one.

Cla. Nay, you play'd the broker so ill for yourself,
That you shall give me leave to make my choice

As I think good: and to that intent
I shortly mean to leave you.

K. Edw. Leave me, or tarry, I am full resolv'd
Edward will not be tied to his brothers' wills.

Queen. My lords, do me but right,
And you must confess, before it pleas'd his highness
To advance my state to title of a queen,
That I was not ignoble from my birth.

K. Edw. Forbear, my love, to fawn upon their frowns;
For thee they must obey, nay, shall obey,
An if they look for favour at my hands.

Mont. My lord, here is the messenger return'd from France.

Enter Messenger.

K. Edw. Now, sirrah, what letters? or what news?

Mess. No letters, my lord, and such news as without your highness' special
pardon I dare not relate.

K. Edw. We pardon thee, and (as near as thou canst) tell me,
What said Lewis to our letters?

Mess. At my departure these were his very words:

"Go, tell false Edward, thy supposed king,
That Lewis of France is sending over maskers
To revel it with him and his new bride."

K. Edw. Is Lewis so brave? Belike he thinks me Henry.
But what said lady Bona to these wrongs?

Mess. "Tell him," quoth she, "in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,
I'll wear the willow garland for his sake."

K. Edw. She had the wrong;
Indeed she could say little less. But what said Henry's queen?
For, as I hear, she was then in place.

Mess. "Tell him," quoth she, "my mourning weeds be done,
And I am ready to put armour on."

K. Edw. Then belike she means to play the Amazon.
But what said Warwick to these injuries?

Mess. He, more incensed than the rest, my lord,
"Tell him," quoth he, "that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore I'll uncrown him ere 't be long."

K. Edw. Ha! durst the traitor breathe out such proud words!
But I will arm me to prevent the worst.

But what, is Warwick friends with Margaret?

Mess. Ay, my good lord, they are so link'd in friendship,
That young prince Edward marries Warwick's daughter.

Cla. The elder, belike; Clarence shall have the younger.
All you that love me and Warwick follow me.

[Exeunt CLA. and SOM.

K. Edw. Clarence and Somerset fled to Warwick?

What say you, brother Richard, will you stand to us?

Glo. Ay, my lord, in despite of all that shall withstand you.
For why hath nature made me halt downright,
But that I should be valiant and stand to it?
For if I would I cannot run away.

K. Edw. Pembroke, go raise an army presently.

Pitch up my tent; for in the field this night

I mean to rest, and on the morrow morn

I'll march to meet proud Warwick, ere he land

Those straggling troops which he hath got in France.

But ere I go, Montague and Hastings,

You above all the rest are near allied³

In blood to Warwick; therefore tell me

If you favour him more than me, or not. Speak truly,

For I had rather have you open enemies

Than hollow friends.

Mont. So God help Montague, as he proves true.

Hast. And Hastings, as he favours Edward's cause.

K. Edw. It shall suffice; come then, let's march away.

[Exeunt omnes.

(SCENE II.)

Enter WARWICK and OXFORD, with Soldiers.

War. Trust me, my lords, all hitherto goes well;

The common people by numbers swarm to us.

But see, where Somerset and Clarence come;

Speak suddenly, my lords; are we all friends?

Cla. Fear not that, my lord.

War. Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwick,

And welcome, Somerset: I hold it cowardice

To rest mistrustful, where a noble heart

Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love;

Else might I think that Clarence, Edward's brother,

Were but a feigned friend to our proceedings;

But welcome, sweet Clarence, my daughter shall be thine.

And now what rests, but in night's coverture,

Thy brother being carelessly encamp'd,

His soldiers lurking in the town about,

And but attended by a simple guard,

We may surprise and take him at our pleasure?

Our scouts have found the adventure very easy.

³ Both is omitted in the quarto of 1595.

² Special in the quarto of 1595; omitted in that of 1619.

³ So in the quarto of 1619; in that of 1595—

"You, of all the rest, are near allied."

Then cry king Henry with resolved minds,
And break we presently into his tent.

Cla. Why, then let's on our way in silent sort:
For Warwick and his friends, God, and Saint George!

War. This is his tent, and see where his guard doth stand:
Courage, my soldiers, now or never;

But follow me now, and Edward shall be ours.

All. A Warwick, a Warwick!

(SCENE III.)

Alarms, and GLOSTER and HASTINGS fly.

Oxf. Who goes there?

War. Richard and Hastings: let them go, here's the duke.

K. Edw. The duke! why, Warwick, when we parted last
Thou call'dst me king.

War. Ay, but the case is alter'd now.
When you disgrac'd me in my embassy,
Then I disgrac'd you from being king,
And now am come to create you duke of York.
Alas! how should you govern any kingdom,
That know not how to use ambassadors;
Nor how to use your brothers brotherly;
Nor how to shroud yourself from enemies?

K. Edw. Well, Warwick, let fortune do her worst,
Edward in mind will bear himself a king.

War. Then, for his mind, be Edward England's king;
But Henry now shall wear the English crown.
Go, convey him to our brother, archbishop of York;
And when I have fought with Pembroke and his followers,
I'll come and tell thee what the lady Bona says;
And so for awhile farewell, good duke of York.

[*Exeunt some with KING EDWARD.*]

Cla. What follows now? all hitherto goes well:
But we must despatch some letters into France,
To tell the queen of our happy fortune,
And bid her come with speed to join with us.

War. Ay, that's the first thing that we have to do;
And free king Henry from imprisonment,
And see him seated in his regal throne.
Come, let us haste away, and having pass'd these cares,
I'll post to York, and see how Edward fares.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

(SCENE IV.¹)

Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS, and SIR WILLIAM STANLEY.

Glo. Lord Hastings, and sir William Stanley,
Know that the cause I sent for you is this:
I look my brother, with a slender train,
Should come a hunting in this forest here.
The bishop of York befriends him much,
And lets him use his pleasure in the chase.
Now I have privily sent him word,
How I am come with you to rescue him:
And see where the huntsman and he doth come.

Enter EDWARD and a Huntsman.

Hunt. This way, my lord, the deer is gone.

K. Edw. No, this way, huntsman;
See where the keepers stand. Now, brother, and the rest,
What, are you provided to depart?

Glo. Ay, ay, the horse stands at the park corner;
Come, to Lynn, and so take shipping into Flanders.

K. Edw. Come, then.
Hastings and Stanley, I will requite your loves.
Bishop, farewell: shield thee from Warwick's frown,
And pray that I may repossess the crown.
Now, huntsman, what will you do?

Hunt. Marry, my lord, I think I had as good go with you as tarry here to be hanged.

K. Edw. Come then, let's away with speed.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

(SCENE V.²)

Enter the QUEEN and the LORD RIVERS.

Riv. Tell me, good madam,
Why is your grace so passionate of late?

Queen. Why, brother Rivers, hear ye not the news
Of that success king Edward had of late?

Riv. What! loss of some pitch'd battle against Warwick?

Tush! fear not, fair queen, but cast those cares aside.
King Edward's noble mind his honours doth display;
And Warwick may lose, though then he got the day.

Queen. If that were all, my griefs were at an end;
But greater troubles will I fear befall.

Riv. What, is he taken prisoner by the foe,
To the danger of his royal person, then?

Queen. Ay, there's my grief; king Edward is surpris'd,
And led away as prisoner unto York.

Riv. The news is passing strange, I must confess;
Yet comfort yourself, for Edward hath more friends:
Then Lancaster at this time must perceive
That some will set him in his throne again.

Queen. God grant they may; but, gentle brother, come,
And let me lean upon thine arm awhile,
Until I come unto the sanctuary,
There to preserve the fruit within my womb,
King Edward's seed, true heir to England's crown.

[*Exeunt.*]

(SCENE VI.³)

Enter EDWARD, and RICHARD, and HASTINGS, with a troop of Hollanders.

K. Edw. Thus far from Belgia have we pass'd the seas,
And march'd from Raunspur haven unto York:

But soft, the gates are shut; I like not this.

Rich. Sound up the drum, and call them to the walls.

Enter the Lord Mayor of York, upon the walls.

Mayor. My lords, we had notice of your coming,
And that's the cause we stand upon our guard,
And shut the gates for to preserve the town.
Henry now is king, and we are sworn to him.

K. Edw. Why, my lord mayor, if Henry be your king,
Edward I am sure at least is duke of York.

Mayor. Truth, my lord, we know you for no less.

K. Edw. I crave nothing but my dukedom.

Rich. But when the fox hath gotten in his head,
He'll quickly make the body follow after.

Hast. Why, my lord mayor, what stand you upon points?
Open the gates, we are king Henry's friends.

Mayor. Say you so? then I'll open them presently.

[*Exit Mayor.*]

Rich. By my faith, a wise stout captain, and soon persuaded.

The Mayor opens the door, and brings the keys in his hand.

K. Edw. So, my lord mayor, these gates must not be shut,
But in the time of war; give me the keys:
What, fear not, man, for Edward will defend
The town and you, despite of all your foes.

Enter SIR JOHN MONTGOMERY, with drum and Soldiers.

How now, Richard, who is this?

Rich. Brother, this is sir John Montgomery,
A trusty friend, unless I be deceiv'd.

K. Edw. Welcome, sir John. Wherefore come you in arms?
Sir John. To help king Edward in this time of storms,
As every loyal subject ought to do.

K. Edw. Thanks, brave Montgomery; but I only claim
My dukedom, till it please God to send the rest.

Sir John. Then fare you well. Drum, strike up, and let us march away;
I came to serve a king, and not a duke.

K. Edw. Nay, stay, sir John, and let us first debate
With what security we may do this thing.

Sir John. What stand you on debating! To be brief,
Except you presently proclaim yourself
Our king, I'll hence again, and keep them back
That come to succour you; why should we fight,
When you pretend no title?

Rich. Fie, brother, fie! stand you upon terms?
Resolve yourself, and let us claim the crown.

K. Edw. I am resolv'd once more to claim the crown,
And win it too, or else to lose my life.

Sir John. Ay, now my sovereign speaketh like⁴ himself,
And now will I be Edward's champion.
Sound trumpets, for Edward shall be proclaim'd.

Edward the Fourth, by the grace of God, king of
England and France, and lord of Ireland:
And whosoe'er gainsays king Edward's right,
By this I challenge him to single fight.
Long live Edward the Fourth!

All. Long live Edward the Fourth!

K. Edw. We thank you all. Lord mayor, lead on the way.

¹ This and the next scene are transposed in the amended play. This scene corresponds with Scene V. of Henry VI., Part III.

² This scene corresponds with Scene IV. of Henry VI., Part III.

³ This scene corresponds with Scene VII. of Henry VI., Part III.

⁴ The quarto of 1595 repeats *fie*.

⁵ *Like* is omitted in the quarto of 1619.

For this night we'll harbour here in York,
And then as early as the morning sun
Lifts up his beams above this horizon,
We'll march to London, to meet with Warwick,
And pull false Henry from the regal throne.

[Exeunt omnes.]

(SCENE VII.¹)

Enter WARWICK and CLARENCE with the crown, and then KING HENRY,
OXFORD, SOMERSET, and the young EARL OF RICHMOND.

King. Thus from the prison to this princely seat,
By God's great mercies am I brought again.
Clarence and Warwick, do you keep the crown,
And govern and protect my realm in peace,
And I will spend the remnant of my days
To sin's rebuke, and my Creator's praise.

War. What answers Clarence to his sovereign's will?

Clare. Clarence agrees to what king Henry likes.

King. My lord of Somerset, what pretty boy
Is that you seem to be so careful of?

Som. If it please your grace, it is young Henry,
Earl of Richmond.

King. Henry of Richmond,
Come hither, pretty lad. If heav'nly powers
Do aim aright to my divining thoughts,
Thou, pretty boy, shalt prove this country's bliss.
Thy head is made to wear a princely crown;
Thy looks are all replete with majesty;
Make much of him, my lords, for this is he
Shall help you more than you are hurt by me.

Enter One with a letter to WARWICK.

War. What counsel, lords? Edward from Belgia,
With hasty Germans, and blunt Hollanders,
Is pass'd in safety through the narrow seas,
And with his troops doth march amain towards London,
And many giddy-headed² people follow him.

Oxf. 'Tis best to look to this betimes,
For if this fire do kindle any further,
It will be hard for us to quench it out.

War. In Warwickshire I have true-hearted friends,
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war;
Them will I muster up; and thou, son Clarence,
Shalt in Essex, Suffolk, Norfolk, and in Kent,
Stir up the knights and gentlemen to come with thee.
And thou, brother Montague, in Leicestershire,
Buckingham, and Northamptonshire, shalt find
Men well inclin'd to do what thou command'st;
And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well belov'd,
Shalt in thy countries muster up thy friends.
My sovereign, with his loving citizens,
Shall rest in London till we come to him.
Fair lords, take leave, and stand not to reply.
Farewell, my sovereign.

King. Farewell, my Hector, my Troy's true hope.

War. Farewell, sweet lords; let's meet at Coventry.

All. Agreed.

[Exeunt omnes.]

Enter EDWARD and his Train.

K. Edw. Seize on the shame-fac'd Henry,
And once again convey him to the Tower.
Away with him, I will not hear him speak.
And now towards Coventry let us bend our course,
To meet with Warwick and his confederates.

[Exeunt omnes.]

(ACT V.)

(SCENE I.)

Enter WARWICK, on the walls.

War. Where is the post that came from valiant Oxford?
How far hence is thy lord, my honest fellow?

Oxf. Post. By this at Daintry, marching hitherward.

War. Where is our brother Montague?

Where is the post that came from Montague?

Post. I left him at Dunsmore with his troops.

War. Say, Somerville,³ where is my loving son?

And by thy guess, how far is Clarence hence?

Som. At Southam, my lord, I left him with his force,

And do expect him two hours hence.

War. Then Oxford is at hand; I hear his drum.

Enter EDWARD and his power.

Glo. See, brother, where the surly Warwick mans the wall.

War. O, unbid spite! is sportful Edward come?

Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduc'd,
That we could have no news of their repair?

K. Edw. Now, Warwick, wilt thou be sorry for thy faults,
And call Edward king? and he will pardon thee.

War. Nay, rather wilt thou draw thy forces back,
Confess who set thee up and pull'd thee down,
Call Warwick patron, and be penitent?

And thou shalt still remain the duke of York.

Glo. I had thought at least he would have said the king.
Or did he make the jest against his will?

War. 'Twas Warwick gave the kingdom to thy brother.

K. Edw. Why, then 'tis mine, if but by Warwick's gift.

War. Ay, but thou art no Atlas for so great a weight,

And, weakling, Warwick takes his gift again;

Henry is my king, Warwick his subject.

K. Edw. I prithee, gallant Warwick, tell me this,—

What is the body when the head is off?

Glo. Alas! that Warwick had no more foresight,

But whilst he sought to steal the single ten,

The king was finely finger'd from the deck.

You left poor Henry in the bishop's palace,

And ten to one you'll meet him in the Tower.

K. Edw. 'Tis even so, and yet you are old Warwick still.

War. O, cheerful colours! see where Oxford comes.

Enter OXFORD, with drum and Soldiers, and all cry,—

Oxf. Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster!

[Exit.]

K. Edw. The gates are open; see, they enter in.

Let us follow them, and bid them battle in the streets.

Glo. No, so some other might set upon our backs;
We'll stay till all be enter'd, and then follow them.

Enter SOMERSET, with drum and Soldiers.

Som. Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster!

[Exit.]

Glo. Two of thy name, both dukes of Somerset,
Have sold their lives unto the house of York,
And thou shalt be the third, if my sword hold.

Enter MONTAGUE, with drum and Soldiers.

Mont. Montague, Montague, for Lancaster!

[Exit.]

K. Edw. Traitorous Montague, thou and thy brother
Shall dearly aby this rebellious act.

Enter CLARENCE, with drum and Soldiers.

War. And lo where George of Clarence sweeps along,
Of power enough to bid his brother battle.

Clare. Clarence, Clarence, for Lancaster!

K. Edw. Et tu, Brute! wilt thou stab Cæsar too?
A parley, sirrah, to George of Clarence.

Sound a parley, and RICHARD and CLARENCE whisper together, and then
CLARENCE takes his red rose out of his hat, and throws it at WARWICK.

War. Come, Clarence, come, thou wilt if Warwick call.

Clare. Father of Warwick, know you what this means?

I throw mine infamy at thee;
I will not ruin my father's house,
Who gave his blood to lime the stones together,
And set up Lancaster. Thinkest thou
That Clarence is so harsh, unnatural,
To lift his sword against his brother's life?
And so, proud-hearted Warwick, I defy thee;
And to my brothers turn my blushing cheeks.
Pardon me, Edward, for I have done amiss;
And, Richard, do not frown upon me;
For henceforth I will prove no more unconstant.

K. Edw. Welcome, Clarence, and ten times more welcome,
Than if thou never hadst deserv'd our hate.

Glo. Welcome, good Clarence, this is brotherly.

War. O, passing traitor, perjurd and unjust!

K. Edw. Now, Warwick, wilt thou leave the town and fight?
Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears?

War. Why, I am not coop'd up here for defence;
I will away to Barnet presently,

And bid thee battle, Edward, if thou dar'st.

K. Edw. Yes, Warwick, he dares, and leads the way:
Lords, to the field; Saint George and victory.

[Exeunt omnes.]

The first part of this scene, till the Messenger enters, corresponds with Scene VI. of Henry VI., Part III. The second part corresponds with Scene VIII. of that amended play.

² Giddy-headed in the quarto of 1619; in the edition of 1595, giddy.

³ Somerville. In the original copies *Summerfield*.

(SCENE II.)

Alarms, and then enter WARWICK wounded.

War. Ah, who is nigh? Come to me, friend or foe,
And tell me who is victor, York or Warwick?
Why ask I that? my mangled body shows
That I must yield my body to the earth,
And by my fall the conquest of my foes.
Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,
Under whose shade the ramping¹ lion slept,
Whose top branch overpeer'd Jove's spreading tree.
The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with blood,
Were liken'd oft to kingly sepulchres;
For who liv'd king but I could dig his grave;
And who durst smile when Warwick bent his brow?
Lo, now my glory smear'd in dust and blood;
My parks, my² walks, my manors that I had,
Even now forsake me, and of all my lands
Is nothing left me but my body's length.

Enter OXFORD and SOMERSET.

Oxf. Ah, Warwick, Warwick! cheer up thyself and live,
For yet there's hope enough to win the day.
Our warlike queen with troops is come from France,
And at Southampton landed all her train,
And might'st thou live, then would we never fly.

War. Why, then I would not fly; nor have I now,
But Hercules himself must yield to odds;
For many wounds receiv'd, and many more repaid,
Have robb'd my strong-knit sinews of their strength,
And, spite of spite, needs must I yield to death.

Som. Thy brother Montague hath breath'd his last,
And at the pangs of death I heard him cry
And say, "Commend me to my valiant brother;"
And more he would have spoke, and more he said
Which sounded like a clamour in a vault,
That could not be distinguish'd for the sound;
And so the valiant Montague gave up the ghost.

War. What is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?
And live we how we can, yet die we must.
Sweet rest his soul! fly, lords, and save yourselves,
For Warwick bids you all farewell to meet in heaven.

[*He dies.*]

Oxf. Come, noble Somerset, let's take our horse,
And cause retreat be sounded through the camp,
That all our friends that yet remain alive
May be forewarn'd, and save themselves by flight.
That done, with them we'll post unto the queen,
And once more try our fortune in the field.

[*Exeunt.*]

(SCENE III.)

Enter EDWARD, CLARENCE, and GLOSTER, with Soldiers.

K. Edw. Thus still our fortune gives us victory,
And girts our temples with triumphant joys.
The big-bon'd traitor, Warwick, hath breath'd his last,
And heaven this day hath smil'd upon us all.
But in this clear and brightsome day,
I see a black, suspicious cloud appear,
That will encounter with our glorious sun,
Before he gain his easeful western beams;
I mean, those powers which the queen hath got in France
Are landed, and mean once more to menace us.

Glo. Oxford and Somerset have fled to her;
And 'tis likely, if she have time to breathe,
Her faction will be full as strong as ours.

K. Edw. We are advertis'd by our loving friends,
That they do hold their course towards Tewkesbury.
Thither will we, for willingness rides way:
And in every county as we pass along
Our strengths shall be augmented.
Come, let's go, for if we slack this fair bright summer's day,
Sharp winter's showers will mar our hope for hay.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

(SCENE IV.)

Enter the QUEEN, PRINCE EDWARD, OXFORD, and SOMERSET, with drum and Soldiers.

Queen. Welcome to England, my loving friends of France;
And welcome Somerset and Oxford too.
Once more have we spread our sails abroad,
And though our tackling be almost consum'd,
And Warwick as our mainmast overthrown,
Yet, warlike lords, raise you that sturdy post
That bears the sails to bring us unto rest,
And Ned and I, as willing pilots should,
For once, with careful minds guide on the stern,
To bear us through that dangerous gulf
That heretofore hath swallow'd up our friends.

Prince. And if there be (as God forbid there should)
Amongst us a timorous or fearful man,
Let him depart before the battles join,
Lest he in time of need entice another,
And so withdraw the soldiers' hearts from us.
I will not stand aloof and bid you fight,
But with my sword press in the thickest throngs,
And single Edward from his strongest guard,
And hand to hand enforce him for to yield,
Or leave my body as witness of my thoughts.

Oxf. Women and children of so high resolve,
And warriors faint! why, 'twere perpetual shame.
Oh, brave young prince, thy noble grandfather
Doth live again in thee; long may'st thou live
To bear his image, and to renew his glories!

Som. And he that turns and flies when such do fight,
Let him to bed, and like the owl by day
Be hiss'd and wonder'd at if he arise.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lords, duke Edward with a mighty power
Is marching hitherwards to fight with you.

Oxf. I thought it was his policy to take us unprovided;
But here will we stand, and fight it to the death.

Enter KING EDWARD, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, HASTINGS, and Soldiers.

K. Edw. See, brothers, yonder stands the thorny wood,
Which, by God's assistance and your prowess,
Shall with our swords ere night be clean cut down.

Queen. Lords, knights, and gentlemen, what I should say
My tears gainsay. For, as you see, I drink
The water of mine eyes. Then no more but this;
Henry your king is prisoner in the Tower;
His land, and all our friends, are quite distress'd;
And yonder stands the wolf that makes all this;
Then on God's name, lords, together cry, Saint George!

All. Saint George for Lancaster!

(SCENE V.)

Alarms to the battle: YORK flies; then the chamber be discharged. Then enter the KING, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, and the rest, making a great shout, and cry, "For York! For York!" and then the QUEEN, PRINCE, OXFORD, and SOMERSET are taken; and then sound and enter all again.

K. Edw. Lo! here a period of tumultuous broils.

Away with Oxford to Hammes castle straight:

For Somerset, off with his guilty head.

Away! I will not hear them speak.

Oxf. For my part, I'll not trouble thee with words.

[*Exit OXFORD.*]

Som. Nor I, but stoop with patience to my death.

[*Exit SOMERSET.*]

K. Edw. Now, Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make
For stirring up my subjects to rebellion?

Prince. Speak like a subject, proud ambitious York;
Suppose that I am now my father's mouth;
Resign thy chair, and, where I stand, kneel thou,
Whilst I propose the self-same words to thee,
Which, traitor, thou wouldst have me answer to.

Queen. Oh, that thy father had been so resolv'd!

Glo. That you might still have kept your petticoat,
And ne'er have stol'n the breech from Lancaster.

Prince. Let Æsop fable in a winter's night;
His currish riddles sort not with this place.

Glo. By heaven, brat, I'll plague you for that word!

Queen. Ay, thou wast born to be a plague to men.

Glo. For God's sake, take away this captive scold.

Prince. Nay, take away this scolding crook-back rather.

K. Edw. Peace, wilful boy, or I will tame your tongue.

Cla. Untutor'd lad, thou art too malapert.

Prince. I know my duty, you are all undutiful.

Lascivious Edward, and thou perjurd George,
And thou misshapen Dick, I tell you all

I am your better, traitors as you be.

K. Edw. Take that, thou likeness of this railer here.

[*Strikes him*]

Queen. Oh, kill me too!

Glo. Marry, and shall.

K. Edw. Hold, Richard, hold, for we have done too much already.

Glo. Why should she live to fill the world with words?

K. Edw. What, doth she swoon? Make means for her recovery.

Glo. Clarence, excuse me to the king my brother;

I must to London on a serious matter;

Ere you come there you shall hear more news.

Cla. About what, prithee tell me?

Glo. The Tower, man, the Tower: I'll root them out.

[*Exit.*]

Queen. Ah, Ned, speak to thy mother, boy:
Ah, thou canst not speak.

Traitors, tyrants, bloody homicides,
They that stabb'd Cæsar shed no blood at all,
For he was a man; this, in respect, a child;
And men ne'er spend their fury on a child.

¹ *Ramping* in the edition of 1595; *rampant* in that of 1619.² *My* in the edition of 1595; *and* in that of 1619.

What's worse than tyrant that I may not name?
 You have no children, devils; if you had,
 The thought of them would then have stopp'd your rage:
 But if you ever hope to have a son,
 Look in his youth to have him so cut off,
 As, traitors, you have done this sweet young prince.

K. Edw. Away, and bear her hence.

Queen. Nay, never bear me hence, despatch me here;
 Here sheathe thy sword; I'll pardon thee my death.
 Wilt thou not? Then, Clarence, do thou do it.

Cla. By heaven, I would not do thee so much ease.

Queen. Good Clarence, do; sweet Clarence, kill me too.

Cla. Didst thou not hear me swear I would not do it?

Queen. Ay, but thou usest to forswear thyself.

'Twas sin before, but now 'tis charity.

Where's the devil's butcher, hard-favour'd Richard?

Richard, where art thou?

He is not here: Murther is his alms-deed;

Petitioners for blood he'll ne'er put back.

K. Edw. Away, I say, and take her hence perforce.

Queen. So come to you and yours, as to this prince.

K. Edw. Clarence, whither is Gloster gone?

Cla. Marry, my lord, to London; and, as I guess,
 To make a bloody supper in the Tower.

K. Edw. He is sudden, if a thing come in his head.

Well, discharge the common soldiers with pay and thanks;

And now let's toward London,

To see our gentle queen how she doth fare;

For by this I hope she hath a son for us.

[Exit.

[Exeunt omnes.

(SCENE VI.)

Enter GLOSTER to KING HENRY in the Tower.

Glo. Good day, my lord. What, at your book so hard?

King. Ay, my good lord. Lord, I should say rather;

'Tis sin to flatter, good was little better;

Good Gloster, and good devil, were all alike.

What scene of death hath Roscius now to act?

Glo. Suspicion always haunts a guilty mind.

King. The bird once lim'd doth fear the fatal bush;

And I, the hapless male to one poor bird,

Have now the fatal object in mine eye,

Where my poor young was lim'd, was caught, and kill'd.

Glo. Why, what a fool was that of Crete,

That taught his son the office of a bird!

And yet, for all that, the poor fowl was drown'd.

King. I, Dædalus; my poor son, Icarus;

Thy father, Minos, that denied our course;

Thy brother Edward the sun that sear'd his wings;

And thou the envious gulf that swallow'd him.

Oh, better can my breast abide thy dagger's point,

Than can mine ears that tragic history.

Glo. Why, dost thou think I am an executioner?

King. A persecutor, I am sure thou art;

And if murdering innocents be executions,

Then I know thou art an executioner.

Glo. Thy son I kill'd for his presumption.

King. Hadst thou been kill'd when first thou didst presume,

Thou hadst not liv'd to kill a son of mine.

And thus I prophesy of thee:

That many a widow for her husband's death,

And many an infant's water-standing eye,

Widows for their husbands, children for their fathers,

Shall curse the time that ever thou wert born.

The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign;

The night-crow cried, a boding luckless tune;

Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempests shook down trees;

The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top,

And chattering pies in dismal discord sung;

Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,

And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope;

To wit, an undigest created lump,

Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.

Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou wast born,

To signify thou cam'st to bite the world

And if the rest be true that I have heard,

Thou cam'st into the world—

Glo. Die, prophet, in thy speech; I'll hear no more:

For this amongst the rest was I ordain'd.

King. Ay, and for much more slaughter after this.

O, God! forgive my sins, and pardon thee.

Glo. What! will the aspiring blood of Lancaster

Sink into the ground? I had thought it would have mounted.

[Stabs him.

[He dies.

See how my sword weeps for the poor king's death.

Now may such purple tears be always shed

For such as seek the downfall of our house.

If any spark of life remain in thee,¹

[Stabs him again.

Down, down to hell, and say I sent thee thither:

I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.

Indeed, 'twas true that Henry told me of,

For I have often heard my mother say

I came into the world with my legs forward:

And had I not reason, think you, to make haste,

And seek their ruins that usurp'd our rights?

The women wept, and the midwife cried,²

"O, Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth!"

And so I was, indeed; which plainly signified

That I should snarl, and bite, and play the dog.

Then, since heaven hath made my body so,

Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it.

I had no father, I am like no father;

I have no brothers, I am like no brothers;

And this word *love*, which greybeards term divine,

Be resident in men like one another,

And not in me; I am myself alone.

Clarence, beware; thou keep'st me from the light,

But I will sort a pitchy day for thee:

For I will buzz abroad such prophecies,

Under pretence of outward seeming ill,³

As Edward shall be fearful of his life,

And then, to purge his fear, I'll be thy death.

King Henry, and the prince his son, are gone;

And, Clarence, thou art next must follow them:

So by one and one despatching all the rest,⁴

Counting myself but bad, till I be best.

I'll drag thy body in another room,

And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom.

[Exit.

(SCENE VII.)

Enter KING EDWARD, QUEEN ELIZABETH, and a Nurse with the young Prince, and CLARENCE, GLOSTER, HASTINGS, and others.

K. Edw. Once more we sit in England's royal⁵ throne,
 Repurchas'd with the blood of enemies.

What valiant foemen, like to autumn's corn,

Have we mow'd down in tops of all their pride!

Three dukes of Somerset, threefold renown'd

For hardy and undoubted champions;

Two Cliffords, as the father and the son;

And two Northumberlands; two braver men

Ne'er spur'd their coursers at the trumpet's sound.

With them the two rough bears, Warwick and Montague,

That in their chains fetter'd the kingly lion,

And made the forest tremble when they roar'd.

Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat,

And made our footstool of security.

Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my boy:

Young Ned, for thee, thine uncles and myself

Have in our armours watch'd the winter's night;

March'd all afoot in summer's scalding heat,

That thou might'st repossess the crown in peace;

And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain.

Glo. I'll blast his harvest, if your head were laid;

For yet I am not look'd on in the world.

This shoulder was ordain'd so thick, to heave;

And heave it shall some weight, or break my back.

Work thou the way, and thou shalt execute.

K. Edw. Clarence and Gloster, love my lovely queen,

And kiss your princely nephew, brothers, both.⁶

Cla. The duty that I owe unto your majesty,

I seal upon the roseate lips of this sweet babe.

Queen. Thanks, noble Clarence; worthy brother, thanks.

Glo. And that I love the fruit from whence thou sprang'st,

Witness the loving kiss I give the child.

To say the truth, so Judas kiss'd his master,

And so he cried All hail, and meant all harm.

K. Edw. Now am I seated as my soul delights,

Having my country's peace and brothers' loves.⁷

Cla. What will your grace have done with Margaret?

Reignier, her father, to the king of France

Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Jerusalem,

And hither have they sent it for her ransom.

K. Edw. Away with her, and waft her hence to France.

And now what rests, but that we spend the time

With stately triumphs and mirthful comic shows,

Such as befits the pleasures of the court?

Sound drums and trumpets! farewell to sour annoy!

For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy.

[Exeunt omnes.

¹ This line is not in the edition of 1619, but is found in the earlier quartos of 1595 and 1600.

² So the edition of 1595; that of 1619—

"The women weeping, and the midwife crying."

³ This line is not found in the edition of 1595.

⁴ The lines stand thus in the edition of 1595:—

"Henry and his son are gone, thou Clarence next,

And by one and one I will despatch the rest."

⁵ *Royal* in the edition of 1595; in that of 1619 *royal* is omitted.

⁶ So the edition of 1595; that of 1619 has—

"Brothers of Clarence and of Gloster,
 Pray love my lovely queen,
 And kiss your princely nephew, both."

⁷ This line, of the edition of 1595, is not found in that of 1619.

KING RICHARD III.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

THIS history was originally published in 1597, under the following title:—"The Tragedy of King Richard the Third. Containing his treacherous Plots against his brother Clarence: the pittieful Murther of his innocent Nephewes: his tyrannical Usurpation: with the whole Course of his detested Life and most deserved Death. As it hath been lately acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his servants. Printed by Valentine Sims, for William Wise, 1597." It is thus entered in the Stationers' Register:—"Oct. 20, 1597. Andrew Wise. The Tragedie of Kinge Richard the Third, with the Death of the Duke of Clarence." The same Andrew Wise enters the Richard II. on the previous 29th of August. This play was reprinted four times in quarto previous to its appearance in the folio of 1623, in which edition it bears the following title:—"The Tragedy of Richard the Third: with the Landing of Earle Richmond, and the Battell at Bosworth Field." The running head of the play in the folio is "The Life and Death of Richard the Third."

The question of the date when the Richard III. was written will be discussed in our "Essay on the Three Parts of King Henry VI. and King Richard III.;" and the very curious elder play, "The True Tragedie of Richard the Third," reprinted by Boswell in 1821, is there noticed. We shall at present confine ourselves to some observations on the state of the text.

The mode in which the *modern* text of the Richard III. has been constructed is thus stated by Malone:—"In this play the variations between the original copy in quarto, and the folio, are more numerous than, I believe, in any other of our author's pieces. The alterations, it is highly probable, were made, not by Shakspeare, but by the players, many of them being very injudicious." This would appear a sufficient reason for the modern editors rejecting the text of the folio altogether. But they have not followed this course, which would at least have the merit of consistency. They have adopted these alterations made "by the players" in by far the greater number of cases. For example: there are about one hundred and twenty new lines introduced in the folio—"by the players," of course; in one case there is a single passage amounting to fifty-five lines. These new lines are *all* adopted; and they are most important lines. In a great number of minute instances the text of the folio is preferred by them; and Steevens says unhesitatingly that it is the best text. On the other hand, there is a remarkable passage, most thoroughly Shaksperian (Act IV. Sc. II.), which is not found in the folio; and the modern text very properly adopts it. This is the only instance in which, to our minds, any advantage has resulted from the collation of the quartos; and this passage was restored by Pope. We will give one or two examples of the mode in which the text of the folio has been preferred by the modern editors to that of the quartos, in addition to their adoption of all the new lines:—

FOLIO OF 1623.

And the queen's sons and brothers, haught and proud.
A dream of what thou wast; a garish flag,
To be the aim of every dangerous shot;
A sign of dignity, a breath, a bubble.
Thy school-days, frightful, desperate, wild, and furious;
Thy prime of manhood, daring, bold, and venturous;
Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, sly, and bloody.

QUARTO OF 1597.

And the queen's kindred, haughty and proud.
A dream of what thou wert, a breath, a bubble,
A sign of dignity, a garish flag,
To be the aim of every dangerous skot.
Thy school-days, frightful, desperate, wild, and furious;
Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, bloody, treacherous.

Taking, then, the authority of the folio in part, and rejecting it in part, the modern editors have proceeded to manufacture a text upon the principle which has been thus stated by Malone:—"The text has been formed out of the two copies, the folio and the early quarto; from which the preceding editors have in every scene selected such readings as appeared to them fit to be adopted. To enumerate every variation between the copies would encumber the page, with little use." Nothing, we think, can be more unsatisfactory than this mode of proceeding; and Malone gets out of the difficulty by depreciating the folio at every turn, whilst he in reality adopts all its more important readings. He says, "Several alterations were made in this play, evidently unauthorised by Shakspeare." These are the alterations which, no doubt, he passes over *sub silentio*. We adopt, once for all, the text of the folio, with the exception of three or four passages, where we follow the quarto, and state our reasons for this course. In our foot-notes we have not, adopting the text of the folio, indicated all the variations in the quartos; but we have indicated every passage in which our text is a variation from the received text, and this for the purpose that, when the critical student encounters a reading different from that to which he is accustomed, he may compare and judge for himself.

COSTUME.

The Monk of Croyland informs us that "the new fashion" Edward IV. "chose for his last state dresses was to have very full hanging sleeves like a monk's, lined with most sumptuous furs, and so rolled over his shoulders as to give his tall person an air of peculiar grandeur." This fashion was continued during the remainder of the century, and was not altogether abandoned in the reign of Henry VIII. By a sumptuary law enacted in the last year of Edward's reign we find also that purple cloth of gold and silk of a purple colour were confined to the use of the royal family, while none under the degree of a duke might wear cloth of gold of tissue. Inferior noblemen were restricted to plain cloth of gold, knights to velvet, esquires to satin, &c. Short gowns and upper-dresses of various descriptions were worn at this time, with long sleeves, having an opening in front, through which the arm came, leaving the outer sleeve to hang as an ornament from the shoulder. Feathers became more frequent towards the close of this reign, one or more being worn in the cap behind, and jewelled up the stem. The hair was worn in large square masses on each side of the head, and low on the forehead.

There are two portraits of Richard III., painted on a board, in the meeting-room of the Society of Antiquaries at Somerset House. Both were bequeathed to the Society by the late Mr. Kerrich. The first has been lithographed for the fifth volume of the Paston Letters. It represents the king attired in a robe of cloth of gold over a close

dress of scarlet, and a black cap with a pearl ornament. His hair brown and long. His right hand is engaged in placing a ring upon, or drawing it off, the third finger of the left hand. This portrait is evidently by the same painter as that of Edward IV., described at page 72. In the other Richard is portrayed with a short sword or dagger in his hand, dressed in a black robe, with sleeves of black and crimson, an under-dress of cloth of gold, and a small black cap. In the absence of any well-authenticated portrait or effigy of Richard these paintings are certainly very interesting, as there can be little doubt that they were executed during or immediately subsequent to his reign, and may therefore be presumed to convey a general idea of the style of person and dress, if not an absolute likeness. In both he is represented as a hard-featured man, with rather a forbidding countenance, and certainly not bearing out the flattering description of the old Countess of Desmond, who had danced with him when Duke of Gloster, and is stated to have declared that he was the handsomest man in the room except his brother, King Edward IV.* Sir Thomas More, however, says "his face was hard-favoured or warly," which latter word Grafton renders "warlike;" and unless these pictures were painted purposely with the view of creating or confirming a popular prejudice, they may be considered as fully warranting the historian's description.†

Richard and the Duke of Buckingham were both remarkable for their love of finery. A list of the king's dresses exists amongst the Harleian MSS. (No. 433, p. 126), which was sent by Richard himself from York to the keeper of his wardrobe in London, August 31st, 1483; and in the "Antiquarian Repertory" is published a wardrobe account of the first year of his reign, in which there is a detailed description of the magnificent dresses worn by the king, queen, and court, at the coronation. On the day preceding that gorgeous ceremony the Duke of Buckingham, in the royal progress through the city, rode a courser caparisoned with blue velvet, embroidered with axles or wheels in gold (a badge

of the Stafford family), the trappings being held out by pages for the better display of them.‡

In the Warwick Roll is a figure of Richard in armour, and surrounded by the crests of France, England, Ireland, Gascony, and Wales; the latter being a greyhound in a cradle—a curious allusion to the well-known legend of "Beth-Gellert." In the same most interesting document is a drawing of Richard's queen, Anne, which presents us with the peculiar head-dress characterizing this period, namely, a cap or caul of gold embroidery, covered by a veil of some very transparent material, stiffened out in the form of wings.

Of Henry Earl of Richmond we know no representation previous to his ascending the throne.

Two portraits of John, the first Howard Duke of Norfolk, and one of his son the Earl of Surrey, are given in the privately printed work, "Memorials of the Howard Family," a copy of which is in the library of the Society of Antiquaries.

Sir Thos. Vaughan lies buried in Westminster Abbey, and the brass plate on his tomb presents us with a good specimen of the armour of this period, with its large pauldrons, elbow-plates, and genouillères. A portrait of Lord Stanley (as Earl of Derby) is to be found in Lodge's "Series of Illustrious Personages."

The livery colours of the Tudor family were white and green. One of the standards of Henry Earl of Richmond at Bosworth field was a red dragon upon white and green sarcenet. Another was a dun cow upon "yellow tarterne." Richard's armorial supporters were white boars. A white boar was also his favourite badge. In his letter from York he orders "four standards of sarcenet and thirteen gonfanons of fustian, with boars." Richard's favourite badge of cognizance was worn by the higher order of his partisans appendant to a collar of roses and suns. Such a collar decorates the monumental figure of Ralph, second Earl of Westmoreland, in the church of Brancepeth, in the county of Durham. This is probably the only contemporary representation of Richard's collar and device now remaining.

* Walpole's Hist. Doubts, p. 102.

† It is said by Polydore Virgil that Richard had a trick of fidgiting with his dagger, continually half drawing and sheathing it again, while in conversation. One might imagine the painter of the second picture had intended to represent this peculiarity. The opinion of Mr. Sharon Turner also, that this habit was but

"the mark of a restless impatience of spirit which would not let even the fingers be quiet," is singularly supported by the first portrait, in which Richard appears to be playing in the same manner with his ring by drawing it off and on his finger.

‡ Grafton's Chronicle.

KING RICHARD III.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING EDWARD IV.
EDWARD, *Prince of Wales, afterwards*
King Edward V. } *sons to the King.*
RICHARD, *Duke of York.*
GEORGE, *Duke of Clarence,*
RICHARD, *Duke of Gloster, afterwards* } *brothers to the King.*
King Richard III.
A young Son of Clarence.
HENRY, *Earl of Richmond, afterwards King Henry VII.*
CARDINAL BOURCHIER, *Archbishop of Canterbury.*
THOMAS ROTHERHAM, *Archbishop of York.*
JOHN MORTON, *Bishop of Ely.*
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM,
DUKE OF NORFOLK.
EARL OF SURREY, *his son.*
EARL RIVERS, *brother to King Edward's Queen.*
MARQUIS OF DORSET and LORD GREY, *her sons.*
EARL OF OXFORD.
LORD HASTINGS.
LORD STANLEY.
LORD LOVEL.
SIR THOMAS VAUGHAN.

SIR RICHARD RATCLIFF.
SIR WILLIAM CATESBY.
SIR JAMES TYRREL.
SIR JAMES BLUNT.
SIR WALTER HERBERT.
SIR ROBERT BRAKENBURY, *Lieutenant of the Tower.*
CHRISTOPHER URSWICK, *a Priest.*
Another Priest.
Lord Mayor of London.
Sheriff of Wiltshire.

ELIZABETH, *Queen of King Edward IV.*
MARGARET, *widow of King Henry VI.*
DUCHESS OF YORK, *mother to King Edward IV., Clarence,*
and Gloster.
LADY ANNE, *widow of Edward, Prince of Wales, son to King*
Henry VI.; afterwards married to the Duke of Gloster.
A young Daughter of Clarence.

Lords, and other Attendants; two Gentlemen, a Pursuivant, Scrivener, Citizens,
Murderers, Messengers, Ghosts, Soldiers, &c.

SCENE,—ENGLAND.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. *A Street.*

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York;¹
And all the clouds that low'r'd upon our house
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;
Our stern alarums chang'd to merry meetings;
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visag'd war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front;
And now, instead of mounting barbed² steeds,
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
But I, that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;—
I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;—
I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable
That dogs bark at me as I halt by them;—
Why I, in this weak piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time,
Unless to see³ my shadow in the sun,
And descant on mine own deformity.
And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover
To entertain these fair well-spoken days,⁴
I am determin'd to prove a villain,
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.

¹ An allusion to the cognizance of Edward IV., which was adopted after the battle of Mortimer's Cross:—

“Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three suns?”

Barbed. *Barbed* and *barbed* appear to have been indifferently applied to a caparisoned horse. In Hall we have, “About the time of prime came to the barriers of the lists the duke of Hereford, mounted on a white courser *barbed* with

Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,
By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams,
To set my brother Clarence and the king
In deadly hate the one against the other:
And, if king Edward be as true and just
As I am subtle, false, and treacherous,
This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up,
About a prophecy, which says, that G
Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be.
Dive, thoughts, down to my soul! here Clarence comes.

Enter CLARENCE, guarded, and BRAKENBURY.

Brother, good day: What means this armed guard
That waits upon your grace?

Clar. His majesty,
Tendering my person's safety, hath appointed
This conduct to convey me to the Tower.

Glo. Upon what cause?

Clar. Because my name is George.

Glo. Alack, my lord, that fault is none of yours;
He should, for that, commit your godfathers:—
O, belike, his majesty hath some intent
That you should⁵ be new christen'd in the Tower.
But what's the matter, Clarence? may I know?

Clar. Yea, Richard, when I know; for I protest
As yet I do not: But, as I can learn,
He hearkens after prophecies and dreams;
And from the cross-row plucks the letter G,
And says, a wizard told him, that by G
His issue disinherited should be;
And, for my name of George begins with G,
It follows in his thought that I am he:
These, as I learn, and such like toys as these,
Have mov'd his highness to commit me now.

Glo. Why, this it is when men are rul'd by women:

blue and green velvet.” In Lord Berners' Froissart we read, “It was a great beauty to behold the banners and standards waving in the wind, and horses *barbed*, and knights and squires richly armed.”

³ See in the folio; the quartos, *spy*.

⁴ Malone would read, “fair well-spoken *dames*.” In Ben Jonson's “Every Man out of his Humour” we have the same epithet of *well-spoken* applied to days: “Ignorant well-spoken days.”

⁵ Should in the folio; the quartos, *shall*.

'Tis not the king that sends you to the Tower;
My lady Grey his wife, Clarence, 'tis she
That tempers¹ him to this extremity.
Was it not she and that good man of worship
Antony Woodville, her brother there,
That made him send lord Hastings to the Tower,
From whence this present day he is deliver'd?
We are not safe, Clarence, we are not safe.

Cl. By heaven, I think there is no man secure
But the queen's kindred, and night-walking heralds
That trudge betwixt the king and mistress Shore.
Heard you not what an humble suppliant
Lord Hastings was to her for his delivery?²

Glo. Humbly complaining to her deity
Got my lord chamberlain his liberty.
I'll tell you what,—I think it is our way,
If we will keep in favour with the king,
To be her men and wear her livery:
The jealous o'er-worn widow, and herself,
Since that our brother dubb'd them gentlewomen,
Are mighty gossips in our³ monarchy.

Brak. I beseech your graces both to pardon me;
His majesty hath straitly given in charge
That no man shall have private conference,
Of what degree soever, with his brother.

Glo. Even so; an please your worship, Brakenbury,
You may partake of anything we say:
We speak no treason, man:—we say, the king
Is wise and virtuous; and his noble queen
Well struck in years, fair, and not jealous:—
We say, that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,
A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue:
And the queen's kindred are made gentlefolks:
How say you, sir? can you deny all this?

Brak. With this, my lord, myself have naught to do.

Glo. Naught to do with mistress Shore? I tell thee,
fellow,

He that doth naught with her, excepting one,
Were best to do it secretly, alone.

Brak. What one, my lord?

Glo. Her husband, knave:—Wouldst thou betray me?

Brak. I do beseech your grace to pardon me; and,
withal,

Forbear your conference with the noble duke.

Clar. We know thy charge, Brakenbury, and will obey.

Glo. We are the queen's abjects, and must obey.

Brother, farewell: I will unto the king;
And whatsoever you will employ me in,—
Were it to call king Edward's widow sister,—
I will perform it, to enfranchise you.

Meantime, this deep disgrace in brotherhood
Touches me deeper than you can imagine.

Clar. I know it pleaseth neither of us well.

Glo. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long;
I will deliver you or else lie⁴ for you:
Meantime, have patience.

Clar. I must perforce; farewell.

[*Exeunt CLARENCE, BRAKENBURY, and Guard.*]

Glo. Go, tread the path that thou shalt ne'er return,
Simple, plain Clarence! I do love thee so,
That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven,
If heaven will take the present at our hands.
But who comes here? the new-deliver'd Hastings.

Enter HASTINGS.

Hast. Good time of day unto my gracious lord!

Glo. As much unto my good lord chamberlain!
Well are you welcome to this open air.

How hath your lordship brook'd imprisonment?

Hast. With patience, noble lord, as prisoners must:
But I shall live, my lord, to give them thanks
That were the cause of my imprisonment.

Glo. No doubt, no doubt, and so shall Clarence too;
For they that were your enemies are his,
And have prevail'd as much on him as you.

Hast. More pity that the eagle should be mew'd,
While kites and buzzards prey at liberty.

Glo. What news abroad?

Hast. No news so bad abroad as this at home;
The king is sickly, weak, and melancholy,
And his physicians fear him mightily.

Glo. Now, by Saint Paul,⁵ this news is bad indeed.
O, he hath kept an evil diet long,
And over-much consum'd his royal person;
'Tis very grievous to be thought upon.
Where is he? in his bed?⁶

Hast. He is.

Glo. Go you before, and I will follow you.

[*Exit HASTINGS.*]

He cannot live, I hope; and must not die
Till George be pack'd with posthorse up to heaven.
I'll in, to urge his hatred more to Clarence,
With lies well steel'd with weighty arguments:
And, if I fail not in my deep intent,
Clarence hath not another day to live:
Which done, God take king Edward to his mercy,
And leave the world for me to bustle in!
For then I'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter.
What though I kill'd her husband and her father,
The readiest way to make the wench amends
Is to become her husband and her father:
The which will I: not all so much for love
As for another secret close intent,
By marrying her, which I must reach unto.
But yet I run before my horse to market:
Clarence still breathes; Edward still lives and reigns;
When they are gone then must I count my gains.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. Another Street.*

*Enter the corpse of KING HENRY VI., borne in an open coffin,
Gentlemen bearing halberds, to guard it; and LADY
ANNE as mourner.*

Anne. Set down, set down, your honourable load,—
If honour may be shrouded in a hearse,—
Whilst I awhile obsequiously⁷ lament
The untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster.
Poor key-cold⁸ figure of a holy king!
Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster!
Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood!
Be it lawful that I invoke thy ghost,
To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,
Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughter'd son,
Stabb'd by the self-same hand that made these wounds!
Lo, in these windows that let forth thy life,

⁷ *Obsequiously*—performing obsequies.

⁸ *Key-cold*. This epithet is common in the old writers. Shakspeare himself has it in the *Lucrece*:—

“And then in *key-cold* Lucrece' bleeding stream
He falls.”

But surely Steevens's explanation that the epithet is derived from the application of a cold key to stop bleeding is very forced. In Gurnall's “*Christian in Complete Armour*”—a popular work of the seventeenth century—we have, “But for Christ, and obtaining an interest in him, O how *key-cold* are they.”

¹ *Tempers*. We print this line as in the quarto of 1597. In the folio we read—

“That *tempts* him to this *harsh* extremity.”

² This line is the reading of the quartos. The folio has—

“Lord Hastings was, for her delivery.”

³ *Our* in the folio; the quartos, *this*.

⁴ *Lie for you*—be imprisoned in your stead.

⁵ So the quartos; the folio, *Saint John*.

⁶ So the folio; the quartos—

“What, is he in his bed?”

I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes :
 O, cursed be the hand that made these holes !
 Cursed the heart that had the heart to do it !
 Cursed the blood that let this blood from hence !
 More direful hap betide that hated wretch,
 That makes us wretched by the death of thee,
 Than I can wish to adders, spiders, toads,¹
 Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives !
 If ever he have child, abortive be it,
 Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,
 Whose ugly and unnatural aspect
 May fright the hopeful mother at the view ;
 And that be heir to his unhappiness !
 If ever he have wife, let her be made
 More miserable by the death of him,
 Than I am made by my young lord, and thee !
 Come now, toward Chertsey with your holy load,²
 Taken from Paul's to be interred there :
 And, still as you are weary of the weight,
 Rest you, whiles I lament king Henry's corse.

[*The Bearers take up the corpse, and advance.*]

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Stay, you that bear the corse, and set it down.

Anne. What black magician conjures up this fiend,
 To stop devoted charitable deeds ?

Glo. Villains, set down the corse ; or, by Saint Paul,
 I'll make a corse of him that disobey.

¹ *Gent.* My lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass.

Glo. Unmanner'd dog ! stand thou when I command :
 Advance thy halberd higher than my breast,
 Or, by Saint Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot,
 And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.

[*The Bearers set down the coffin.*]

Anne. What, do you tremble ? are you all afraid ?
 Alas, I blame you not ; for you are mortal,
 And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.
 Avaunt, thou dreadful minister of hell !
 Thou hadst but power over his mortal body,
 His soul thou canst not have ; therefore be gone.

Glo. Sweet saint, for charity, be not so curst.

Anne. Foul devil, for God's sake, hence, and trouble us
 not ;

For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell,
 Fill'd it with cursing cries, and deep exclams.
 If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,
 Behold this pattern of thy butcheries.
 O, gentlemen, see, see ! dead Henry's wounds
 Open their congeal'd mouths and bleed afresh !^b
 Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity ;
 For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood
 From cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells ;
 Thy deed, inhuman and unnatural,
 Provokes this deluge most unnatural.
 O God, which this blood mad'st, revenge his death !
 O earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge his death !
 Either, heaven, with lightning strike the murtherer dead,
 Or, earth, gape open wide and eat him quick,
 As thou dost swallow up this good king's blood,
 Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butchered !

Glo. Lady, you know no rules of charity,
 Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.

Anne. Villain, thou know'st no law of God nor man ;
 No beast so fierce but knows some touch of pity.

Glo. But I know none, and therefore am no beast.

Anne. O wonderful, when devils tell the truth !

Glo. More wonderful, when angels are so angry !
 Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,
 Of these supposed crimes² to give me leave,
 By circumstance, but to acquit myself.

Anne. Vouchsafe, diffus'd infection of a man,
 For these known evils but to give me leave,
 By circumstance, to curse thy cursed self.

Glo. Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me have
 Some patient leisure to excuse myself.

Anne. Fouler than heart can think thee, thou canst make
 No excuse current, but to hang thyself.

Glo. By such despair I should accuse myself.

Anne. And by despairing shalt thou stand excus'd,
 For doing worthy vengeance on thyself,
 That didst unworthy slaughter upon others.

Glo. Say, that I slew them not.

Anne. Then say, they were not slain.³
 But dead they are, and, devilish slave, by thee.

Glo. I did not kill your husband.

Anne.

Why, then he is alive.

Glo. Nay, he is dead ; and slain by Edward's hand.

Anne. In thy foul⁴ throat thou liest ; queen Margaret
 saw

Thy murderous faulchion smoking in his blood ;
 The which thou once didst bend against her breast,
 But that thy brothers beat aside the point.

Glo. I was provoked by her slanderous tongue,
 That laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders.

Anne. Thou wast provoked by thy bloody mind,
 That never dream'st on aught but butcheries :
 Didst thou not kill this king ?

Glo.

I grant ye.

Anne. Dost grant me, hedgehog ? then God grant me
 too,

Thou may'st be damned for that wicked deed !
 O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous.

Glo. The fitter for the King of heaven that hath him.

Anne. He is in heaven, where thou shalt never come.

Glo. Let him thank me that help to send him thither ;
 For he was fitter for that place than earth.

Anne. And thou unfit for any place but hell.

Glo. Yes, one place else, if you will hear me name it.

Anne. Some dungeon.

Glo.

Your bed-chamber.

Anne. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest !

Glo. So will it, madam, till I lie with you.

Anne. I hope so.

Glo. I know so.—But, gentle lady Anne,
 To leave this keen encounter of our wits,
 And fall somewhat into a slower method,
 Is not the causer of the timeless deaths
 Of these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,
 As blameful as the executioner ?

Anne. Thou wast the cause, and most accurs'd effect.

Glo. Your beauty was the cause of that effect ;
 Your beauty that did haunt me in my sleep,
 To undertake the death of all the world,
 So I might live one hour in your sweet bosom.

Anne. If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,
 These nails should rend that beauty from my cheeks.

Glo. These eyes could not endure that beauty's wrack ;
 You should not blemish it if I stood by :
 As all the world is cheered by the sun,
 So I by that ; it is my day, my life.

Anne. Black night o'ershade thy day, and death thy
 life !

Glo. Curse not thyself, fair creature ; thou art both.

Anne. I would I were, to be reveng'd on thee.

Glo. It is a quarrel most unnatural,
 To be reveng'd on him that loveth thee.

¹ So the quartos ; the folio, "to wolves, to spiders, toads."

² Crimes in the folio ; the quartos, evils.

³ So the folio ; the quartos—

"Why, then, they are not dead."

⁴ Foul throat. So the folio and quartos. It has been printed "soul's throat."

Anne. It is a quarrel just and reasonable,
To be reveng'd on him that kill'd my husband.

Glo. He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband,
Did it to help thee to a better husband.

Anne. His better doth not breathe upon the earth.

Glo. He lives that loves thee better than he could.

Anne. Name him.

Glo. Plantagenet.

Anne. Why, that was he.

Glo. The self-same name, but one of better nature.

Anne. Where is he?

Glo. Here: [*She spits at him.*] Why
dost thou spit at me?

Anne. 'Would it were mortal poison, for thy sake

Glo. Never came poison from so sweet a place.

Anne. Never hung poison on a fouler toad.

Out of my sight! thou dost infect mine eyes.

Glo. Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine.

Anne. 'Would they were basilisks, to strike thee dead!

Glo. I would they were, that I might die at once;
For now they kill me with a living death.

Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears;

Sham'd their aspects with store of childish drops:

These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear,

No, when my father York and Edward wept

To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made,

When black-fac'd Clifford shook his sword at him:

Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,

Told the sad story of my father's death,

And twenty times made pause, to sob and weep,

That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,

Like trees bedash'd with rain: in that sad time

My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear;

And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,

Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.¹

I never sued to friend, nor enemy;

My tongue could never learn sweet smoothing² word;

But now thy beauty is propos'd my fee,

My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speak.

[*She looks scornfully at him.*]

Teach not thy lip such scorn; for it was made

For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.

If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,

Lo! here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword;

Which if thou please to hide in this true breast,

And let the soul forth that adareth thee,

I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,

And humbly beg the death upon my knee.

[*He lays his breast open; she offers at it with his sword.*]

Nay, do not pause; for I did kill king Henry:—

But 'twas thy beauty that provoked me.

Nay, now despatch; 'twas I that stabb'd young Edward:—

[*She again offers at his breast.*]

But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on.

[*She lets fall the sword.*]

Take up the sword again, or take up me.

Anne. Arise, dissembler: though I wish thy death,

I will not be thy executioner.

Glo. Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.

Anne. I have already.

Glo. That was in thy rage:

Speak it again, and even with the word,

This hand, which for thy love did kill thy love,

Shall for thy love kill a far truer love;

To both their deaths shalt thou be accessary.

Anne. I would I knew thy heart.

Glo. 'Tis figur'd in my tongue.

Anne. I fear me, both are false.

Glo. Then never man was true.

Anne. Well, well, put up your sword.

Glo. Say then, my peace is made.

Anne. That shalt thou know hereafter.

Glo. But shall I live in hope?

Anne. All men, I hope, live so.

Glo. Vouchsafe to wear this ring.

Anne. To take is not to give.³

[*She puts on the ring.*]

Glo. Look, how my ring⁴ encompasseth thy finger,

Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart;

Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.

And if thy poor devoted servant may

But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,

Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.

Anne. What is it?

Glo. That it may please you leave these sad designs

To him that hath most⁵ cause to be a mourner,

And presently repair to Crosby-house:⁶

Where, after I have solemnly interr'd,

At Chertsey monastery, this noble king,

And wet his grave with my repentant tears,

I will with all expedient⁷ duty see you:

For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you

Grant me this boon.

Anne. With all my heart; and much it joys me too

To see you are become so penitent.

Tressel, and Berkley, go along with me.

Glo. Bid me farewell.

Anne. 'Tis more than you deserve:

But, since you teach me how to flatter you,

Imagine I have said farewell already.

[*Exeunt LADY ANNE, TRESSEL, and BERKLEY.*]

Glo. Take up the corse, sirs.⁸

Gent. Towards Chertsey, noble lord?

Glo. No, to White-Friars; there attend my coming.

[*Exeunt the rest, with the corse.*]

Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?

Was ever woman in this humour won?

I'll have her, but I will not keep her long.

What! I, that kill'd her husband and his father,

To take her in her heart's extremest hate;

With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,

The bleeding witness of her hatred by;

Having⁹ God, her conscience, and these bars against
me,

And I no friends to back my suit withal,

But the plain devil, and dissembling looks,

And yet to win her, all the world to nothing!

Ha!

Hath she forgot already that brave prince,

Edward, her lord, whom I, some three months since,

Stabb'd in my angry mood at Tewkesbury?

A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,

Fram'd in the prodigality of nature,

Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right royal,

The spacious world cannot again afford:

And will she yet abase her eyes on me,

That cropp'd the golden prime of this sweet prince,

And made her widow to a woeful bed?

On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety?

On me, that halt, and am mis-shapen thus?

¹ The twelve preceding lines are not found in the quarto copies.

² *Smoothing.* So the folio; the quartos, *soothing*.

³ This rapid interchange of speech is wonderfully helped in its effect by the short lines of six syllables; but Steevens, by the aid of some transpositions, has contrived to manufacture these ten lines into six of the vilest resemblances to the eye of blank verse that his botching ever achieved. In the quartos Lady Anne concludes with the line which the folio omits—

"To take is not to give."

⁴ *My* in the folio; the quartos, *this*.

⁵ *Most* in the folio; the quartos, *more*.

⁶ *Crosby-house* in the folio; the quartos, *Crosby-place*.

⁷ *Expedient*—expeditions.

⁸ The folio omits this line.

⁹ *Having* in all the old editions. The metre-regulators have substituted *with*.
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My dukedom to a beggarly denier,
I do mistake my person all this while :
Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,
Myself to be a marvellous proper man.
I'll be at charges for a looking-glass ;
And entertain a score or two of tailors
To study fashions to adorn my body :
Since I am crept in favour with myself,
I will maintain it with some little cost.
But, first, I'll turn yon' fellow in¹ his grave ;
And then return lamenting to my love.
Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,
That I may see my shadow as I pass. [Exit.

SCENE III.—*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH, LORD RIVERS, and LORD GREY.

Riv. Have patience, madam ; there's no doubt his majesty
Will soon recover his accustom'd health.

Grey. In that you brook it ill it makes him worse :
Therefore, for God's sake, entertain good comfort,
And cheer his grace with quick and merry eyes.²

Q. Eliz. If he were dead, what would betide on me ?

Grey. No other harm but loss of such a lord.

Q. Eliz. The loss of such a lord includes all harms.

Grey. The heavens have bless'd you with a goodly son,
To be your comforter when he is gone.

Q. Eliz. Ah, he is young ; and his minority
Is put unto the trust of Richard Gloster,
A man that loves not me, nor none of you.

Riv. Is it concluded he shall be protector ?

Q. Eliz. It is determin'd, not concluded yet :
But so it must be if the king miscarry.

Enter BUCKINGHAM and STANLEY.

Grey. Here come the lords of Buckingham and Stanley.³

Buck. Good time of day unto your royal grace !

Stan. God make your majesty joyful as you have been !

Q. Eliz. The countess Richmond, good my lord of Stanley,
To your good prayer will scarcely say amen.
Yet, Stanley, notwithstanding she's your wife,
And loves not me, be you, good lord, assur'd
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.

Stan. I do beseech you, either not believe
The envious slanders of her false accusers ;
Or, if she be accus'd on true report,
Bear with her weakness, which, I think, proceeds
From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.

Q. Eliz. Saw you the king to-day, my lord of Stanley ?

Stan. But now, the Duke of Buckingham and I
Are come from visiting his majesty.

Q. Eliz. What likelihood of his amendment, lords ?

Buck. Madam, good hope ; his grace speaks cheerfully.

Q. Eliz. God grant him health ! did you confer with him ?

Buck. Ay, madam : he desires to make atonement
Between the duke of Gloster and your brothers,
And between them and my lord chamberlain ;
And sent to warn⁴ them to his royal presence.

Q. Eliz. 'Would all were well !—but that will never be !
I fear our happiness is at the height.

Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS, and DORSET.

Glo. They do me wrong, and I will not endure it :
Who are they that complain unto the king,
That I, forsooth, am stern and love them not ?
By holy Paul, they love his grace but lightly
That fill his ears with such dissensious rumours.
Because I cannot flatter, and look⁵ fair,
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and cog,
Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,
I must be held a rancorous enemy.

Cannot a plain man live, and think no harm,
But thus his simple truth must be abus'd
By silken, sly, insinuating Jacks ?

Grey. To whom in all this presence speaks your grace ?

Glo. To thee, that hast nor honesty nor grace.
When have I injur'd thee ? when done thee wrong ?—
Or thee ?—or thee ?—or any of your faction ?
A plague upon you all ! His royal grace,
Whom God preserve better than you would wish !—
Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing-while,
But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.

Q. Eliz. Brother of Gloster, you mistake the matter :
The king, of his own royal disposition,
And not provok'd by any suitor else ;
Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred,
That in your outward action shows itself
Against my children, brothers, and myself,
Makes him to send ; that thereby he may gather
The ground of your ill-will, and so remove it.⁶

Glo. I cannot tell :—The world is grown so bad
That wrens make prey⁷ where eagles dare not perch :
Since every Jack became a gentleman,
There's many a gentle person made a Jack.

Q. Eliz. Come, come, we know your meaning, brother
Gloster ;

You envy my advancement, and my friends'
God grant we never may have need of you !

Glo. Meantime, God grants that we have need of you :
Our brother is imprison'd by your means,
Myself disgrac'd, and the nobility
Held in contempt ; while great promotions
Are daily given, to ennoble those
That scarce, some two days since, were worth a noble.

Q. Eliz. By Him that rais'd me to this careful height
From that contented hap which I enjoy'd,
I never did incense his majesty
Against the duke of Clarence, but have been
An earnest advocate to plead for him.
My lord, you do me shameful injury
Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.

Glo. You may deny that you were not the mean⁸
Of my lord Hastings' late imprisonment.

Riv. She may, my lord ; for—

Glo. She may, lord Rivers ?—why, who knows not so ?
She may do more, sir, than denying that :
She may help you to many fair preferments ;
And then deny her aiding hand therein,
And lay those honours on your high desert.

What may she not ? She may,—ay, marry, may she,—

Riv. What, marry, may she ?

Glo. What, marry, may she ? marry with a king,

¹ In—into.

² Eyes in the folio ; words in the quartos.

³ Stanley. In the early part of this play, Lord Stanley, who is named such in the fourth and fifth acts, is called Derby. He was not created Earl of Derby till after the accession of Henry VII. The necessary correction throughout was made by Theobald.

⁴ Warn—summon.

⁵ Look in the folio ; the quartos, speak.

⁶ We print the passage as in the quartos. The folio has only one line, instead of the amplified reading of the quartos ; it is—

“ Makes him to send, that he may learn the ground.”

⁷ Make prey. So in the folio and the two first quartos. The reading of many modern reprints was may prey.

⁸ Mean in the folio ; the quartos, cause.

A bachelor, and a handsome stripling too :
I wis your grandam had a worser match.

Q. Eliz. My lord of Gloster, I have too long borne
Your blunt upbraidings and your bitter scoffs :
By heaven, I will acquaint his majesty
Of those gross taunts that oft I have endur'd.
I had rather be a country servant-maid
Than a great queen, with this condition,
To be so baited, scorn'd, and stormed at :
Small joy have I in being England's queen.

Enter QUEEN MARGARET, behind.

Q. Mar. And lessen'd be that small, God, I beseech him !
Thy honour, state, and seat, is due to me.

Glo. What ? threat you me with telling of the king ?
Tell him, and spare not : look, what I have said²
I will avouch, in presence of the king :
I dare adventure to be sent to the Tower.
'Tis time to speak, my pains are quite forgot.

Q. Mar. Out, devil ! I do remember them too well :
Thou kill'dst my husband Henry in the Tower,
And Edward, my poor son, at Tewkesbury.

Glo. Ere you were queen, ay, or your husband king,
I was a pack-horse in his great affairs ;
A weeder out of his proud adversaries,
A liberal rewarder of his friends ;
To royalize his blood I spilt mine own.

Q. Mar. Ay, and much better blood than his, or thine.

Glo. In all which time, you, and your husband Grey,
Were factious for the house of Lancaster ;—
And, Rivers, so were you :—Was not your husband
In Margaret's battle at Saint Alban's slain ?
Let me put in your minds, if you forget,
What you have been ere this,³ and what you are ;
Withal, what I have been, and what I am.

Q. Mar. A murtherous villain, and so still thou art.

Glo. Poor Clarence did forsake his father Warwick,
Ay, and forswore himself,—which Jesu pardon !—

Q. Mar. Which God revenge !

Glo. To fight on Edward's party, for the crown ;
And, for his meed, poor lord, he is mew'd up :
I would to God my heart were flint like Edward's,
Or Edward's soft and pitiful like mine ;
I am too childish-foolish for this world.

Q. Mar. Hie thee to hell for shame, and leave this world,
Thou cacodæmon ! there thy kingdom is.

Riv. My lord of Gloster, in those busy days,
Which here you urge to prove us enemies,
We follow'd then our lord, our sovereign⁴ king ;
So should we you, if you should be our king.

Glo. If I should be ?—I had rather be a pedlar :
Far be it from my heart, the thought thereof !

Q. Eliz. As little joy, my lord, as you suppose
You should enjoy, were you this country's king ;
As little joy you may suppose in me
That I enjoy, being the queen thereof.

Q. Mar. A little joy enjoys the queen thereof !
For I am she, and altogether joyless.

I can no longer hold me patient.—
Hear me, you wrangling pirates, that fall out
In sharing that which you have pill'd from me :
Which of you trembles not that looks on me ?
If not, that I being queen you bow like subjects,
Yet that by you depos'd you quake like rebels ?—
Ah, gentle villain, do not turn away !

[*Advancing.*

Glo. Foul wrinkled witch, what mak'st thou in my sight ?

Q. Mar. But repetition of what thou hast marr'd ;
That will I make, before I let thee go.⁵

Glo. Wert thou not banished on pain of death ?

Q. Mar. I was ; but I do find more pain in banishment
Than death can yield me here by my abode.
A husband, and a son, thou ow'st to me,—
And thou, a kingdom ;—all of you, allegiance.
This sorrow that I have by right is yours ;
And all the pleasures you usurp are mine.

Glo. The curse my noble father laid on thee,
When thou didst crown his warlike brows with paper,
And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes,
And then, to dry them, gav'st the duke a clout,
Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland ;—
His curses, then from bitterness of soul
Denounc'd against thee, are all fallen upon thee ;
And God, not we, hath plagued thy bloody deed.

Q. Eliz. So just is God, to right the innocent.

Hast. O, 'twas the foulest deed, to slay that babe,
And the most merciless, that e'er was heard of.

Riv. Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported.

Dor. No man but prophesied revenge for it.

Buck. Northumberland, then present, wept to see it.

Q. Mar. What ! were you snarling all, before I came,
Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turn you all your hatred now on me ?
Did York's dread curse prevail so much with heaven
That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death,
Their kingdom's loss, my woful banishment,
Should all but answer for that peevish brat ?

Can curses pierce the clouds, and enter heaven ?—
Why, then give way, dull clouds, to my quick curses !
Though not by war, by surfeit die your king,
As ours by murther, to make him a king !

Edward, thy son, that now is prince of Wales,
For Edward, our son, that was prince of Wales,
Die in his youth by like untimely violence !
Thyself a queen, for me that was a queen,
Outlive thy glory, like my wretched self !
Long may'st thou live, to wail thy children's death,⁶

And see another, as I see thee now,
Deck'd in thy rights, as thou art stall'd in mine !
Long die thy happy days before thy death ;
And, after many lengthen'd hours of grief,
Die neither mother, wife, nor England's queen !
Rivers, and Dorset, you were standers by,—
And so wast thou, lord Hastings,—when my son
Was stabb'd with bloody daggers : God, I pray him,
That none of you may live your natural age,
But by some unlook'd accident cut off !

Glo. Have done thy charm, thou hateful wither'd hag.

Q. Mar. And leave out thee ? stay, dog, for thou shalt
hear me.

If heaven have any grievous plague in store,
Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,
O, let them keep it, till thy sins be ripe,
And then hurl down their indignation
On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace !
The worm of conscience still be-gnaw thy soul !
Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou liv'st,
And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends !
No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,
Unless it be while some tormenting dream
Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils !
Thou elvish-mark'd, abortive, rooting hog !

¹ Him in the folio ; the quartos, *thee*.

² This line is not found in the folio. The omission is evidently a typographical error.

³ This in the folio ; the quartos, *now*.

⁴ *Sovereign* in the folio ; the quartos, *lawful*. The correction of the folio was certainly necessary ; for Rivers would scarcely have ventured to use the epithet *lawful* (legitimate) in the presence of Gloster.

⁵ The double acceptance of the verb *make* is also exemplified in *As You Like It* :—

"Now, sir, what *make* you here ?
Nothing : I am not taught to *make* anything."

⁶ *Death* in the folio ; the quartos, *loss*.

Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity
The slave of nature, and the son of hell!
Thou slander of thy heavy mother's womb!¹
Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins!
Thou rag of honour! thou detested—

Glo. Margaret.

Q. Mar. Richard!

Glo. Ha?

Q. Mar. I call thee not.

Glo. I cry thee mercy then; for I did think
That thou hadst call'd me all these bitter names.

Q. Mar. Why, so I did; but look'd for no reply.

O, let me make the period to my curse.

Glo. 'Tis done by me; and ends in—Margaret.

Q. Eliz. Thus have you breath'd your curse against
yourself.

Q. Mar. Poor painted queen, vain flourish of my fortune!
Why strew'st thou sugar on that bottled spider,
Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about?
Fool, fool! thou whet'st a knife to kill thyself.
The day will come that thou shalt wish for me
To help thee curse this pois'nous bunch-back'd toad.

Hast. False-boding woman, end thy frantic curse,
Lest to thy harm thou move our patience.

Q. Mar. Foul shame upon you! you have all mov'd mine.

Riv. Were you well serv'd, you would be taught your duty.

Q. Mar. To serve me well, you all should do me duty,
Teach me to be your queen, and you my subjects:
O, serve me well, and teach yourselves that duty.

Dor. Dispute not with her, she is lunatic.

Q. Mar. Peace, master marquis, you are malapert
Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce current:
O, that your young nobility could judge
What 'twere to lose it, and be miserable!

They that stand high have many blasts to shake them;
And if they fall they dash themselves to pieces.

Glo. Good counsel, marry; learn it, learn it, marquis.

Dor. It touches you, my lord, as much as me.

Glo. Ay, and much more: But I was born so high,
Our aiery buildeth in the cedar's top,
And dallies with the wind, and scorns the sun.

Q. Mar. And turns the sun to shade;—alas! alas!
Witness my son, now in the shade of death;
Whose bright out-shining beams thy cloudy wrath
Hath in eternal darkness folded up.
Your aiery buildeth in our aiery's nest:
O God, that seest it, do not suffer it;
As it was won with blood, lost be it so!

Buck. Peace, peace, for shame, if not for charity.

Q. Mar. Urge neither charity nor shame to me;
Uncharitably with me have you dealt,
And shamefully my hopes by you² are butcher'd.
My charity is outrage, life my shame,—
And in that shame still live my sorrow's rage!

Buck. Have done, have done.

Q. Mar. O princely Buckingham, I'll kiss thy hand,
In sign of league and amity with thee:
Now fair befall thee and thy noble house!
Thy garments are not spotted with our blood,
Nor thou within the compass of my curse.

Buck. Nor no one here; for curses never pass
The lips of those that breathe them in the air.

Q. Mar. I will not think³ but they ascend the sky,
And there awake God's gentle-sleeping peace.
O Buckingham, take heed⁴ of yonder dog;
Look, when he fawns, he bites; and, when he bites,

His venom tooth will rankle to the death:
Have not to do with him, beware of him;
Sin, death, and hell, have set their marks on him;
And all their ministers attend on him.

Glo. What doth she say, my lord of Buckingham?

Buck. Nothing that I respect, my gracious lord.

Q. Mar. What, dost thou scorn me for my gentle counsel,
And soothe the devil that I warn thee from?

O, but remember this another day,
When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow;
And say, poor Margaret was a prophetess.

Live each of you the subjects to his hate,
And he to yours, and all of you to God's! [Exit.]

Hast. My hair doth stand on end to hear her curses.

Riv. And so doth mine; I muse why she's at liberty.

Glo. I cannot blame her, by God's holy mother;
She hath had too much wrong, and I repent
My part thereof, that I have done to her.

Q. Eliz. I never did her any, to my knowledge.

Glo. Yet you have all the vantage of her wrong.
I was too hot to do somebody good,
That is too cold in thinking of it now.

Marry,—as for Clarence, he is well repaid;
He is frank'd up to fattening for his pains;
God pardon them that are the cause thereof!

Riv. A virtuous and a Christian-like conclusion,
To pray for them that hath done scath to us.

Glo. So do I ever, being well advis'd:—
For had I curs'd now, I had curs'd myself. [Aside.]

Enter CATESBY.

Cates. Madam, his majesty doth call for you,—
And for your grace,—and you, my noble lord.

Q. Eliz. Catesby, I come:—Lords, will you go with me?

Riv. We wait⁵ upon your grace.

[Exeunt all but GLOSTER.]

Glo. I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.
The secret mischiefs that I set abroad
I lay unto the grievous charge of others.
Clarence,—whom I, indeed, have cast⁶ in darkness,—
I do beweepe to many simple gulls;
Namely, to Stanley, Hastings, Buckingham;
And tell them, 'tis the queen and her allies
That stir the king against the duke my brother.
Now they believe it; and withal whet me
To be reveng'd on Rivers, Dorset,⁷ Grey:
But then I sigh, and, with a piece of scripture,
Tell them, that God bids us do good for evil:
And thus I clothe my naked villainy
With odd old ends, stolen forth of holy writ;
And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.

Enter Two Murderers.

But soft, here come my executioners.
How now, my hardy, stout resolved mates?
Are you now going to despatch this thing?
¹ *Murd.* We are, my lord; and come to have the warrant,
That we may be admitted where he is.

Glo. Well thought upon, I have it here about me:

[Gives the warrant.]

When you have done, repair to Crosby-place.
But, sirs, be sudden in the execution,
Withal obdurate, do not hear him plead;

¹ So the folio; the quartos, "mother's heavy womb."

² We print the passage as in the folio; in the quartos we read—

"And shamefully by you my hopes are butcher'd."

³ So the folio; the quartos, "I'll not believe."

⁴ Take heed in the folio; the quartos, *beware*. The correction was evidently made to avoid the repetition of the word three lines below.

⁵ *We wait*. So the folio. The passage in the quarto is—

"Madam, we will attend upon your grace."

⁶ *Cast* in the folio; the quartos, *laid*.

⁷ *Dorset* in the folio; the quartos, *Vaughan*.

For Clarence is well spoken, and, perhaps,
May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him.

¹ *Murd.* Tut, tut, my lord, we will not stand to prate;
Talkers are no good doers; be assur'd
We go to use our hands, and not our tongues.

Glo. Your eyes drop millstones, when fools' eyes fall
tears:

I like you, lads;—about your business straight;
Go, go, despatch.

² *Murd.* We will, my noble lord. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The same. A Room in the Tower.*

Enter CLARENCE and BRAKENBURY.

Brak. Why looks your grace so heavily to-day?

Clar. O, I have pass'd a miserable night,
So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,
That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days;
So full of dismal terror was the time.

Brak. What was your dream, my lord? I pray you, tell me.

Clar. Methought that I had broken from the Tower,
And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy;
And in my company my brother Gloster:
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches; there we look'd toward England,
And cited up a thousand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster
That had befall'n us. As we pac'd along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought that Gloster stumbled; and, in falling,
Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard,
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
O Lord! methought what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wracks:
A thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea.
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit there were crept,
As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,
That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of death,
To gaze upon these secrets of the deep?

Clar. Methought I had; and often did I strive
To yield the ghost: but still the envious flood
Stopt² in my soul, and would not let it forth
To find³ the empty, vast, and wand'ring air;
But smother'd it within my panting bulk,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brak. Awak'd you not in⁴ this sore agony?

Clar. No,⁵ no, my dream was lengthen'd after life;
O, then began the tempest to my soul!

I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood
With that sour⁶ ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger soul
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick;
Who spake⁷ aloud,—“What scourge for perjury
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?”
And so he vanish'd: Then came wandering by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood; and he shriek'd out aloud,—
“Clarence is come,—false, fleeting, perjur'd Clarence,—
That stabb'd me in the field by Tewkesbury;—
Seize on him, furies, take him unto torment!”⁸
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Environ'd me, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise,
I trembling wak'd, and, for a season after,
Could not believe but that I was in hell;
Such terrible impression made my dream.

Brak. No marvel, lord, though it affrighted you;
I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

Clar. O, Brakenbury,⁹ I have done these things,—
That now give evidence against my soul,—
For Edward's sake; and see how he requites me!
O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
But thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath on me alone:
O, spare my guiltless wife and my poor children!¹⁰
I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay by me;¹¹
My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

Brak. I will, my lord: God give your grace good rest!—
[CLARENCE retires.]

Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,—
Makes the night morning, and the noontide night.
Princes have but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toil;
And, for unfelt imaginations,
They often feel a world of restless cares:
So that, between their titles, and low name,
There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

Enter the Two Murderers.

¹ *Murd.* Ho! who's here?

Brak. What wouldst thou, fellow? and how cam'st thou hither?

¹ *Murd.* I would speak with Clarence, and I came hither on my legs.

Brak. What, so brief?

² *Murd.* 'Tis better, sir, than to be tedious:—let him see our commission, and talk no more.¹²

[*A paper is delivered to BRAKENBURY, who reads it.*]

Brak. I am in this, commanded to deliver
The noble duke of Clarence to your hands:
I will not reason what is meant hereby,
Because I will be guiltless of the meaning.
There lies the duke asleep,—and there, the keys.¹³
I'll to the king; and signify to him
That thus I have resign'd to you my charge.

¹ *Murd.* You may, sir; 'tis a point of wisdom:
Fare you well. [*Exit BRAKENBURY.*]

¹ Fall in the folio; the quartos, *drop*.

² Stopt in the folio; the quartos, *kept*.

³ Find in the folio; one of the early quartos reads *seek*—another, *keep*.

⁴ In in the folio; the quartos, *with*.

⁵ No in the folio; the quartos, *O*.

⁶ Sour in the folio; the quartos, *grim*.

⁷ Spake in the folio; the quartos, *cried*.

⁸ Unto torment in the folio; the quartos, *to your torments*.

⁹ In the quarto this scene commences with Clarence addressing the description of his dream to Brakenbury; but in the folio the stage direction is, “Enter Clarence and Keeper.” This change was probably designed, for in the passage before us the reading of the quartos, “O, Brakenbury,” is altered to “O, keeper, keeper.” Brakenbury subsequently enters, in the folio, when Clarence is sleeping. There does not appear any reason for deviating from the arrangement of the quartos.

¹⁰ The four preceding lines are not found in the quartos.

¹¹ So the quartos. In the folio we read—

“Keeper, I prithee sit by me awhile.”

¹² We give the passage as in the plain prose of the folio. In the quartos the speech has a metrical appearance, which has been generally polished, most unnecessarily, into very smooth verse.

¹³ In some modern editions, when Clarence says, “I fain would sleep,” we had a stage direction, “Clarence reposes himself in a chair.” This direction is founded upon the line of the quartos, which stands in the place of the line before us,—

“Here are the keys, there sits the duke asleep.”

We have no doubt that it was intended that Clarence should retire to the secondary stage, and there lie upon a couch.

2 *Murd.* What, shall we stab him as he sleeps?

1 *Murd.* No; he'll say 'twas done cowardly, when he wakes.

2 *Murd.* Why, he shall never wake until the great judgment day.

1 *Murd.* Why, then he'll say we stabb'd him sleeping.

2 *Murd.* The urging of that word, judgment, hath bred a kind of remorse in me.

1 *Murd.* What! art thou afraid?

2 *Murd.* Not to kill him, having a warrant; but to be damned for killing him, from the which no warrant can defend me.

1 *Murd.* I thought thou hadst been resolute.

2 *Murd.* So I am, to let him live.

1 *Murd.* I'll back to the duke of Gloster, and tell him so.

2 *Murd.* Nay, I prithee, stay a little: I hope this passionate humour of mine will change: it was wont to hold me but while one tells twenty.

1 *Murd.* How dost thou feel thyself now?

2 *Murd.* Some certain dregs of conscience are yet within me.

1 *Murd.* Remember our reward, when the deed's done.

2 *Murd.* Come, he dies; I had forgot the reward.

1 *Murd.* Where's thy conscience now?

2 *Murd.* Oh, in the duke of Gloster's purse.

1 *Murd.* When he opens his purse to give us our reward, thy conscience flies out.

2 *Murd.* 'Tis no matter; let it go; there's few, or none, will entertain it.

1 *Murd.* What, if it come to thee again?

2 *Murd.* I'll not meddle with it, [it is a dangerous thing,] it makes a man a coward; a man cannot steal but it accuseth him; a man cannot swear but it checks him; a man cannot lie with his neighbour's wife but it detects him: 'Tis a blushing shame-faced spirit that mutinies in a man's bosom; it fills one full of obstacles: it made me once restore a purse of gold that by chance I found; it beggars any man that keeps it: it is turned out of towns and cities for a dangerous thing; and every man that means to live well endeavours to trust to himself, and live without it.

1 *Murd.* It is now even at my elbow, persuading me not to kill the duke.

2 *Murd.* Take the devil in thy mind, and believe him not: he would insinuate with thee, but to make thee sigh.

1 *Murd.* I am strong framed, he cannot prevail with me.

2 *Murd.* Spoken like a tall fellow that respects his reputation. Come, shall we fall to work?

1 *Murd.* Take him on the costard with the hilts of thy sword, and then throw him into the malmsey-butt, in the next room.

2 *Murd.* O excellent device! and make a sop of him.

1 *Murd.* Soft! he wakes.

2 *Murd.* Strike.

1 *Murd.* No, we'll reason with him.¹

Clar. Where art thou, keeper? give me a cup of wine.

1 *Murd.* You shall have wine enough, my lord, anon.

Clar. In God's name, what art thou?

1 *Murd.* A man, as you are.

Clar. But not, as I am, royal.

1 *Murd.* Nor you, as we are, loyal.

Clar. Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.

1 *Murd.* My voice is now the king's, my looks mine own.

Clar. How darkly and how deadly dost thou speak!

Your eyes do menace me: Why look you pale?

Who sent you hither? Wherefore do you come?

2 *Murd.* To, to, to——

Clar. To murder me?

Both Murd. Ay, ay.

Clar. You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so, And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.

Wherein, my friends, have I offended you?

1 *Murd.* Offended us you have not, but the king.

Clar. I shall be reconcil'd to him again.

2 *Murd.* Never, my lord; therefore, prepare to die.

Clar. Are you drawn forth among a world of men,² To slay the innocent? What is my offence?

Where is the evidence that doth accuse me?

What lawful quest have given their verdict up

Unto the frowning judge? or who pronounce'd

The bitter sentence of poor Clarence's death?

Before I be convict by course of law,

To threaten me with death is most unlawful.

I charge you, as you hope for any goodness,³

That you depart, and lay no hands on me;

The deed you undertake is damnable.

1 *Murd.* What we will do we do upon command.

2 *Murd.* And he that hath commanded is our king

Clar. Erroneous vassal! the great King of kings

Hath in the table of his law commanded,

That thou shalt do no murder: Will you then

Spurn at his edict, and fulfil a man's?

Take heed; for he holds vengeance in his hand,

To hurl upon their heads that break his law.

2 *Murd.* And that same vengeance doth he hurl on thee,

For false forswearing, and for murder too:

Thou didst receive the sacrament to fight

In quarrel of the house of Lancaster.

1 *Murd.* And, like a traitor to the name of God,

Didst break that vow; and with thy treacherous blade Unripp'dst the bowels of thy sovereign's son.

2 *Murd.* Whom thou wast sworn to cherish and defend.

1 *Murd.* How canst thou urge God's dreadful law to us, When thou hast broke it in such dear degree?

Clar. Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deed?

For Edward, for my brother, for his sake:

He sends you not to murder me for this;

For in that sin he is as deep as I.

If God will be avenged for the deed,

O, know you, yet he doth it publicly;

Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm;

He needs no indirect or lawless course,

To cut off those that have offended him.

1 *Murd.* Who made thee then a bloody minister,

When gallant-springing, brave Plantagenet,

That princely novice, was struck dead by thee?

Clar. My brother's love, the devil, and my rage.

1 *Murd.* Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy faults,

Provoke us hither now to slaughter thee.

Clar. If you do love my brother, hate not me;

I am his brother, and I love him well.

If you are hir'd for meed, go back again,

And I will send you to my brother Gloster;

Who shall reward you better for my life

Than Edward will for tidings of my death.

2 *Murd.* You are deceiv'd, your brother Gloster hates you.

Clar. O, no; he loves me, and he holds me dear; Go you to him from me.

Both Murd. Ay, so we will.

Clar. Tell him, when that our princely father York Bless'd his three sons with his victorious arm, And charg'd us from his soul to love each other,⁴

¹ In the previous dialogue between the two murderers we have adhered to the text of the folio. There are several minute differences between this text and that of the quartos, which it is scarcely necessary to point out.

² We print this line as in the folio. The first quarto reads—

"Are you call'd forth from out a world of men."

Johnson proposed to read *cull'd*.

³ A line is here omitted in the folio, which it is unnecessary to retain in a modern text. It was properly omitted under the statute of James, as introducing the most sacred things unnecessarily into a work of imagination. The quartos read—

"I charge you, as you hope to have redemption By Christ's dear blood shed for our grievous sins."

⁴ This line is not in the folio.

He little thought of this divided friendship :
Bid Gloster think on this, and he will weep.

¹ *Murd.* Ay, millstones ; as he lesson'd us to weep.

Clar. O, do not slander him, for he is kind.

¹ *Murd.* Right, as snow in harvest.—Come, you deceive yourself :

'Tis he that sends us to destroy you here.

Clar. It cannot be, for he bewept my fortune,
And hugg'd me in his arms, and swore, with sobs,
That he would labour my delivery.

¹ *Murd.* Why, so he doth, when he delivers you
From this earth's thralldom to the joys of heaven.

² *Murd.* Make peace with God, for you must die, my lord.

Clar. Have you that holy feeling in your souls,
To counsel me to make my peace with God,
And are you yet to your own souls so blind,
That you will war with God, by murdering me ?
Oh, sirs, consider, they that set you on
To do this deed will hate you for the deed.

² *Murd.* What shall we do ?

Clar. Relent, and save your souls.
Which of you, if you were a prince's son,
Being pent from liberty, as I am now,
If two such murderers as yourselves came to you,
Would not entreat for life ?

¹ *Murd.* Relent ! No. 'Tis cowardly and womanish.

Clar. Not to relent, is beastly, savage, devilish.—
My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks ;
O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my side, and entreat for me,
As you would beg, were you in my distress :¹
A begging prince, what beggar pities not ?

² *Murd.* Look behind you, my lord.

¹ *Murd.* Take that, and that ; if all this will not do,
[Stabs him.]

I'll drown you in the malmsey-butt within.

[Exit, with the body.]

² *Murd.* A bloody deed, and desperately despatch'd !
How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands
Of this most grievous murder !

Re-enter First Murderer.

¹ *Murd.* How now ? what mean'st thou, that thou help'st
me not ?

By heaven, the duke shall know how slack you have been.

² *Murd.* I would he knew that I had sav'd his brother !
Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say ;
For I repent me that the duke is slain. [Exit.]

¹ *Murd.* So do not I ; go, coward as thou art.
Well, I'll go hide the body in some hole,
Till that the duke give order for his burial ;
And when I have my meed, I will away ;
For this will out, and then I must not stay. [Exit.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter KING EDWARD, (led in sick,) QUEEN ELIZABETH,
DORSET, RIVERS, HASTINGS, BUCKINGHAM, GREY,
and others.*

K. Edw. Why, so :—now have I done a good day's
work ;—

¹ In the folio these words, "As you would beg, were you in my distress," occur at the end of Clarence's former speech. Tyrwhitt first suggested that the five lines added to the text of the quartos properly belong to the duke's last speech. This suggestion has been adopted by most modern editors. We, however, prefer, wherever possible, to adhere to the folio. The text of the quartos is as follows :—

You peers, continue this united league :

I every day expect an embassy

From my Redeemer to redeem me hence ;

And now in peace² my soul shall part to heaven,

Since I have made my friends at peace on earth.

Rivers and Hastings, take each other's hand ;

Dissemble not your hatred, swear your love.

Riv. By heaven, my soul is purg'd from grudging hate ;
And with my hand I seal my true heart's love.

Hast. So thrive I, as I truly swear the like !

K. Edw. Take heed you dally not before your king ;

Lest He that is the supreme King of kings

Confound your hidden falsehood, and award

Either of you to be the other's end.

Hast. So prosper I, as I swear perfect love !

Riv. And I, as I love Hastings with my heart !

K. Edw. Madam, yourself are not exempt in this,—

Nor you, son Dorset,—Buckingham, nor you ;—

You have been factious one against the other.

Wife, love lord Hastings, let him kiss your hand ;

And what you do, do it unfeignedly.

Q. Eliz. There, Hastings ;—I will never more remember
Our former hatred, so thrive I and mine !

K. Edw. Dorset, embrace him,—Hastings, love lord
marquis.

Dor. This interchange of love, I here protest,
Upon my part shall be inviolable.

Hast. And so swear I. [Embraces DORSET.]

K. Edw. Now, princely Buckingham, seal thou this
league,

With thy embracements to my wife's allies,

And make me happy in your unity.

Buck. Whenever Buckingham doth turn his hate
Upon your grace, [to the QUEEN] but with all duteous love

Doth cherish you, and yours, God punish me

With hate in those where I expect most love !

When I have most need to employ a friend,

And most assured that he is a friend,

Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,

Be he unto me ! this do I beg of heaven,

When I am cold in love to you or yours.

[Embracing RIVERS, &c.]

K. Edw. A pleasing cordial, princely Buckingham,

Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.

There wanteth now our brother Gloster here,

To make the blessed period of this peace.

Buck. And, in good time, here comes the noble duke.³

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Good morrow to my sovereign king and queen ;
And, princely peers, a happy time of day !

K. Edw. Happy, indeed, as we have spent the day :

Gloster,⁴ we have done deeds of charity ;

Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate,

Between these swelling wrong-incensed peers.

Glo. A blessed labour, my most sovereign lord.⁵—

Among this princely heap, if any here,

By false intelligence or wrong surmise,

Hold me a foe ;

"Clar. Relent, and save your souls.

¹ *M.* Relent ! 'tis cowardly and womanish.

Clar. Not to relent, is beastly, savage, and devilish.

My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks ;

O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,

Come thou on my side and entreat for me :

A begging prince what beggar pities not ?"

² So the quarto ; the folio has, *more to peace.*

³ So the quartos ; the folio—

"And, in good time,
Here comes Sir Richard Ratcliffe and the duke."

⁴ *Gloster* in the folio ; the quartos, *brother.*

⁵ *Lord* in the folio ; the quartos, *liege.*

If I unwittingly, or in my rage,
Have aught committed that is hardly borne
By any in this presence, I desire
To reconcile me to his friendly peace;
'Tis death to me to be at enmity;
I hate it, and desire all good men's love.
First, madam, I entreat true peace of you,
Which I will purchase with my duteous service;
Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham,
If ever any grudge were lodg'd between us;
Of you, and you, lord Rivers, and of Dorset—
That all without desert have frown'd on me;—
Of you, lord Woodville, and lord Scales, of you,¹—
Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen; indeed, of all,
I do not know that Englishman alive
With whom my soul is any jot at odds,
More than the infant that is born to-night;
I thank my God for my humility.

Q. Eliz. A holy-day shall this be kept hereafter:
I would to God all strifes were well compounded.
My sovereign lord, I do beseech your highness
To take our brother Clarence to your grace.

Glo. Why, madam, have I offer'd love for this,
To be so flouted in this royal presence?
Who knows not that the gentle duke is dead?

[*They all start.*]

You do him injury to scorn his corse.

K. Edw. Who knows not he is dead! who knows he is?

Q. Eliz. All-seeing heaven, what a world is this!

Buck. Look I so pale, lord Dorset, as the rest?

Dor. Ay, my good lord; and no man in the presence,
But his red colour hath forsook his cheeks.

K. Edw. Is Clarence dead? the order was revers'd.

Glo. But he, poor man, by your first order died,
And that a winged Mercury did bear;
Some tardy cripple bore the countermand,
That came too lag to see him buried:
God grant that some, less noble and less loyal,
Nearer in bloody thoughts, and not in blood,
Deserve not worse than wretched Clarence did,
And yet go current from suspicion!

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. A boon, my sovereign, for my service done!

K. Edw. I prithee, peace; my soul is full of sorrow.

Stan. I will not rise unless your highness hear me.

K. Edw. Then say at once, what is it thou request'st.

Stan. The forfeit, sovereign, of my servant's life:
Who slew to-day a riotous gentleman,
Lately attendant on the duke of Norfolk.

K. Edw. Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death,
And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave?
My brother kill'd no man, his fault was thought,
And yet his punishment was bitter death.
Who sued to me for him? who, in my wrath,
Kneel'd at my feet, and bade me be advis'd?
Who spoke of brotherhood? who spoke of love?
Who told me how the poor soul did forsake
The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me?
Who told me in the field at Tewkesbury,
When Oxford had me down, he rescu'd me,
And said, "Dear brother, live, and be a king?"
Who told me, when we both lay in the field,
Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me
Even in his garments; and did give himself,
All thin and naked, to the numb-cold night?
All this from my remembrance brutish wrath
Sinfully pluck'd, and not a man of you

Had so much grace to put it in my mind.
But, when your carters, or your waiting-vassals,
Have done a drunken slaughter, and defac'd
The precious image of our dear Redeemer,
You straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon;
And I unjustly, too, must grant it you:—
But for my brother not a man would speak,
Nor I (ungracious) speak unto myself
For him, poor soul. The proudest of you all
Have been beholden to him in his life;
Yet none of you would once plead for his life.
O God! I fear thy justice will take hold
On me, and you, and mine, and yours, for this.
Come, Hastings, help me to my closet.
Ah! poor Clarence!

[*Exeunt* KING, QUEEN, HASTINGS, RIVERS, DORSET,
and GREY.

Glo. This is the fruit of rashness! Mark'd you not
How that the guilty kindred of the queen
Look'd pale, when they did hear of Clarence' death?
O! they did urge it still unto the king:
God will revenge it. Come, lords; will you go,
To comfort Edward with our company?

Buck. We wait upon your grace.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same.*

Enter the DUCHESS OF YORK, with a Son and Daughter of CLARENCE.

Son. Good grandam, tell us, is our father dead?

Duch. No, boy.

Daugh. Why do you weep so oft? and beat your breast;
And cry—"O Clarence, my unhappy son!"

Son. Why do you look on us, and shake your head,
And call us orphans, wretches, cast-aways,
If that our noble father were alive?

Duch. My pretty cousins,² you mistake me both:
I do lament the sickness of the king,
As loath to lose him, not your father's death;
It were lost sorrow to wail one that's lost.

Son. Then you conclude, my grandam, he is dead.
The king my uncle is to blame for this:
God will revenge it; whom I will importune
With earnest prayers all to that effect.

Daugh. And so will I.

Duch. Peace, children, peace! the king doth love you
well:

Incapable and shallow innocents,
You cannot guess who caus'd your father's death.

Son. Grandam, we can: for my good uncle Gloster
Told me, the king, provok'd to't by the queen,
Devis'd impeachments to imprison him
And when my uncle told me so, he wept,
And pitied me, and kindly kiss'd my cheek;
Bade me rely on him as on my father,
And he would love me dearly as his child.

Duch. Ah, that deceit should steal such gentle shapes,
And with a virtuous visor hide deep vice!
He is my son, ay, and therein my shame,
Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.

Son. Think you my uncle did dissemble, grandam?

Duch. Ay, boy.

Son. I cannot think it. Hark! what noise is this?

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH, *distractedly*; RIVERS and DORSET
following her.

Q. Eliz. Ah! who shall hinder me to wail and weep?

¹ We print this passage as in the folio. The line in which Lord Woodville and Lord Scales are named is not in the quartos.

To chide my fortune, and torment myself?
I'll join with black despair against my soul,
And to myself become an enemy.

Duch. What means this scene of rude impatience?

Q. Eliz. To make an act of tragic violence.
Edward, my lord, thy son, our king, is dead.
Why grow the branches when the root is gone?
Why wither not the leaves that want their sap?
If you will live, lament; if die, be brief;
That our swift-winged souls may catch the king's;
Or, like obedient subjects, follow him
To his new kingdom of ne'er-changing night.¹

Duch. Ah, so much interest have I in thy sorrow,
As I had title in thy noble husband!
I have bewept a worthy husband's death,
And liv'd by looking on his images:
But now, two mirrors of his princely semblance
Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death;
And I for comfort have but one false glass,
That grieves me when I see my shame in him.
Thou art a widow; yet thou art a mother,
And hast the comfort of thy children left;²
But death hath snatch'd my husband from mine arms,
And pluck'd two crutches from my feeble hands,
Clarence and Edward. O, what cause have I
(Thine being but a moiety of my moan,³)
To over-go thy woes,⁴ and drown thy cries?

Son. Ah, aunt! you wept not for our father's death;
How can we aid you with our kindred tears?

Daugh. Our fatherless distress was left unmoan'd;
Your widow-dolour likewise be unwept!

Q. Eliz. Give me no help in lamentation;
I am not barren to bring forth complaints:⁵
All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I, being govern'd by the watery moon,
May send forth plenteous tears to drown the world!
Ah, for my husband, for my dear lord Edward!

Chil. Ah, for our father, for our dear lord Clarence!

Duch. Alas, for both, both mine, Edward and Clarence!

Q. Eliz. What stay had I but Edward? and he's
gone.

Chil. What stay had we but Clarence? and he's gone.

Duch. What stays had I but they? and they are gone.

Q. Eliz. Was never widow had so dear a loss.

Chil. Were never orphans had so dear a loss.

Duch. Was never mother had so dear a loss.

Alas! I am the mother of these griefs;
Their woes are parcell'd, mine are general.
She for an Edward weeps, and so do I;
I for a Clarence weep, so doth not she;
These babes for Clarence weep, and so do I;
I for an Edward weep, so do not they:⁶
Alas! you three on me, threefold distress'd,
Pour all your tears, I am your sorrow's nurse,
And I will pamper it with lamentations.

Dor. Comfort, dear mother: God is much displeas'd
That you take with unthankfulness his doing;
In common worldly things 'tis called ungrateful,
With dull unwillingness to repay a debt,
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent;
Much more to be thus opposite with heaven,
For it requires the royal debt it lent you.

Riv. Madam, bethink you, like a careful mother,
Of the young prince your son: send straight for him,

Let him be crown'd; in him your comfort lives:
Drown desperate sorrow in dead Edward's grave,
And plant your joys in living Edward's throne.⁷

Enter GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS,
RATCLIFF, and others.

Glo. Sister, have comfort: all of us have cause
To wail the dimming of our shining star;
But none can help our⁸ harms by wailing them.
Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy,
I did not see your grace:—Humbly on my knee
I crave your blessing.

Duch. God bless thee, and put meekness in thy breast,
Love, charity, obedience, and true duty!

Glo. Amen; and make me die a good old man!
That is the butt-end of a mother's blessing;
I marvel that her grace did leave it out. *[Aside.]*

Buck. You cloudy princes, and heart-sorrowing peers,
That bear this heavy mutual⁹ load of moan,
Now cheer each other in each other's love:
Though we have spent our harvest of this king,
We are to reap the harvest of his son.
The broken rancour of your high swoln hearts,¹⁰
But lately splinter'd, knit, and join'd together,
Must gently be preserv'd, cherish'd, and kept:
Me seemeth good, that, with some little train,
Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be fet^a
Hither to London, to be crown'd our king.

Riv. Why with some little train, my lord of Bucking-
ham?

Buck. Marry, my lord, lest by a multitude,
The new-heal'd wound of malice should break out;
Which would be so much the more dangerous,
By how much the estate is green and yet ungovern'd:
Where every horse bears his commanding rein,
And may direct his course as please himself,
As well the fear of harm, as harm apparent,
In my opinion, ought to be prevented.

Glo. I hope the king made peace with all of us;
And the compact is firm, and true, in me.

Riv. And so in me; and so, I think, in all:
Yet, since it is but green, it should be put
To no apparent likelihood of breach,
Which, haply, by much company might be urg'd:
Therefore I say, with noble Buckingham,
That it is meet so few should fetch the prince.

Hast. And so say I.¹¹

Glo. Then be it so; and go we to determine
Who they shall be that straight shall post to Ludlow.
Madam, and you my sister,¹² will you go
To give your censures¹³ in this weighty business?

[Exeunt all but BUCKINGHAM and GLOSTER.]

Buck. My lord, whoever journeys to the prince,
For God's sake, let not us two stay at home:
For, by the way, I'll sort occasion,
As index to the story we late talk'd of,
To part the queen's proud kindred from the prince.

Glo. My other self, my counsel's consistory,
My oracle, my prophet!—My dear cousin,
I, as a child, will go by thy direction.
Towards Ludlow then, for we'll not stay behind.

[Exeunt.]

¹ So the folio; the quartos, *perpetual rest*.

² The quartos read *left thee*. The folio omits *thee*.

³ *Moan* in the folio; one of the quartos, *grief*.

⁴ *Woes* in the folio; the quarto, *plaints*.

⁵ *Complaints* in the folio; the quartos, *laments*.

⁶ This is the reading of the quarto of 1597. The folio has—

"These babes for Clarence weep, so do not they."

The portion of the text omitted evidently requires to be restored.

⁷ The preceding twelve lines are not found in the quartos.

⁸ *Help our* in the folio; the quartos, *cure their*.

⁹ *Heavy mutual* in the folio; the quartos have the words transposed.

¹⁰ *Hearts* in the quartos; the folio, *hates*. Monck Mason objects that the poet, by "inadvertency," exhorts them to preserve the rancour of their hearts. It is surely the *broken* rancour—the breaking up of the rancour—that must be preserved and cherished.

¹¹ The preceding eighteen lines are not found in the quartos.

¹² *Sister* in the folio; in the quartos, *mother*.

¹³ *Censures*—opinions.

SCENE III.—*The same. A Street.**Enter Two Citizens, meeting.*

1 *Cit.* Good morrow, neighbour: Whither away so fast?

2 *Cit.* I promise you, I scarcely know myself
Hear you the news abroad?

1 *Cit.* Yes; that the king is dead.

2 *Cit.* Ill news, by'r lady; seldom comes the better:
I fear, I fear, 'twill prove a giddy world.

Enter another Citizen.

3 *Cit.* Neighbours, God speed!

1 *Cit.* Give you good morrow, sir.

3 *Cit.* Doth the news hold of good king Edward's death?

2 *Cit.* Ay, sir, it is too true; God help, the while!

3 *Cit.* Then, masters, look to see a troublous world.

1 *Cit.* No, no; by God's good grace his son shall reign.

3 *Cit.* Woe to that land that's govern'd by a child!

2 *Cit.* In him there is a hope of government;

That in his nonage council under him,
And in his full and ripen'd years himself,
No doubt, shall then, and till then, govern well.

1 *Cit.* So stood the state when Henry the Sixth
Was crown'd in Paris but at nine months old.

3 *Cit.* Stood the state so? no, no, good friends, God wot;
For then this land was famously enrich'd
With politic grave counsel; then the king
Had virtuous uncles to protect his grace.

1 *Cit.* Why, so hath this, both by his father and mother.

3 *Cit.* Better it were they all came by his father;
Or, by his father, there were none at all:
For emulation who shall now be nearest,
Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.
O, full of danger is the duke of Gloster;
And the queen's sons and brothers haught and proud:
And were they to be rul'd, and not to rule,
This sickly land might solace as before.

1 *Cit.* Come, come, we fear the worst; all will be well.

3 *Cit.* When clouds are seen wise men put on their cloaks;
When great leaves fall then winter is at hand;
When the sun sets who doth not look for night?
Untimely storms make men expect a dearth:
All may be well; but, if God sort it so,
'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect.

2 *Cit.* Truly, the hearts of men are full of fear:
You cannot reason¹ almost with a man
That looks not heavily and full of dread.

3 *Cit.* Before the days of change, still is it so:
By a divine instinct, men's minds mistrust
Ensuing danger; as, by proof, we see
The waters swell before a boist'rous storm.
But leave it all to God. Whither away?

2 *Cit.* Marry, we were sent for to the justices.

3 *Cit.* And so was I; I'll bear you company. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, the young DUKE OF YORK,
QUEEN ELIZABETH, and the DUCHESS OF YORK.*

Arch. Last night, I hear, they lay at Northampton;

¹ Reason—converse.

² This is the reading of the quarto. The folio has—

“Last night, I heard, they lay at Stony-Stratford;
And at Northampton they do rest to-night.”

The Cambridge editors agree with Malone that the correction in the folio, made probably for the sake of the metre, is inconsistent with the archbishop's ignorance of the fact that the young king had been taken back to Northampton. (See Historical Illustration.)

At Stony-Stratford will they be to-night:²
To-morrow, or next day, they will be here.

Duch. I long with all my heart to see the prince.
I hope he is much grown since last I saw him.

Q. Eliz. But I hear, no; they say, my son of York
Hath almost overta'en him in his growth.

York. Ay, mother, but I would not have it so.

Duch. Why, my good cousin? it is good to grow.

York. Grandam, one night, as we did sit at supper,
My uncle Rivers talk'd how I did grow
More than my brother; “Ay,” quoth my uncle Gloster,
“Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace:”
And since, methinks, I would not grow so fast,
Because sweet flowers are slow, and weeds make haste.

Duch. 'Good faith, 'good faith, the saying did not hold
In him that did object the same to thee:

He was the wretched'st thing, when he was young,
So long a growing, and so leisurely,
That, if his rule were true, he should be gracious.

Arch. And so, no doubt, he is, my gracious madam.

Duch. I hope he is; but yet let mothers doubt.

York. Now, by my troth, if I had been remember'd,
I could have given my uncle's grace a flout,
To touch his growth nearer than he touch'd mine.

Duch. How, my young York? I prithee let me hear it.

York. Marry, they say, my uncle grew so fast,
That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old;
'Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth.
Grandam, this would have been a biting jest.

Duch. I prithee, pretty York, who told thee this?

York. Grandam, his nurse.

Duch. His nurse! why, she was dead ere thou wast born.

York. If 'twere not she I cannot tell who told me.

Q. Eliz. A parlous boy: Go to, you are too shrewd.

Arch. Good madam, be not angry with the child.

Q. Eliz. Pitchers have ears.

Enter a Messenger.

Arch. Here comes a messenger:
What news?

Mess. Such news, my lord,
As grieves me to report.³

Q. Eliz. How doth the prince?

Mess. Well, madam, and in health.

Duch. What is thy news?

Mess. Lord Rivers, and lord Grey, are sent to Pomfret,
And with them sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.

Duch. Who hath committed them?

Mess. The mighty dukes,
Gloster and Buckingham.

Arch. For what offence?

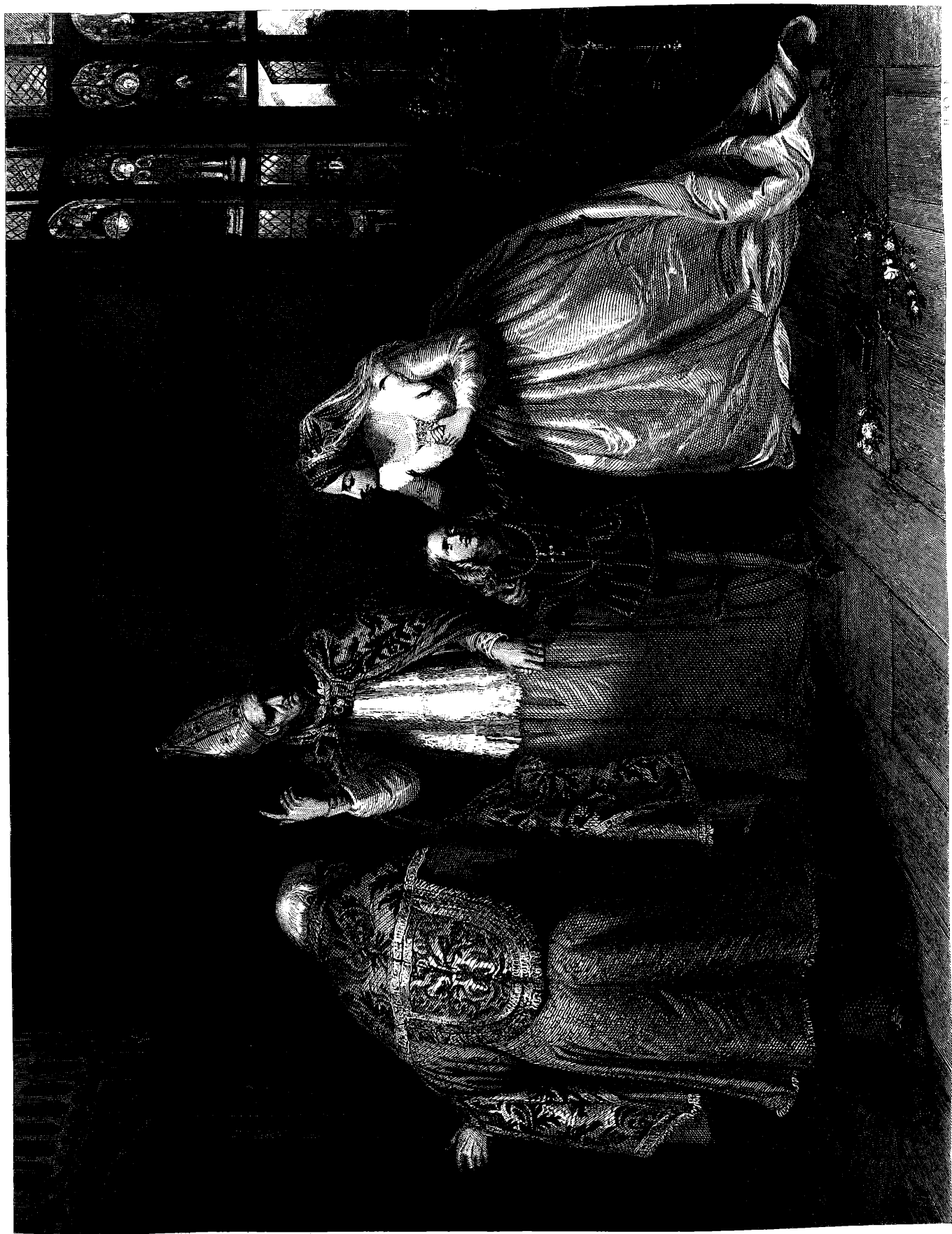
Mess. The sum of all I can I have disclos'd;
Why, or for what, the nobles were committed,
Is all unknown to me, my gracious lord.⁴

Q. Eliz. Ah me, I see the ruin of my house!
The tiger now hath seiz'd the gentle hind;
Insulting tyranny begins to jut
Upon the innocent and awless throne:
Welcome, destruction, blood, and massacre!
I see, as in a map, the end of all.

Duch. Accursed and unquiet wrangling days,
How many of you have mine eyes beheld!
My husband lost his life to get the crown;
And often up and down my sons were toss'd,
For me to joy, and weep, their gain and loss:
And being seated, and domestic broils
Clean over-blown, themselves, the conquerors,

³ Report in the folio; the quartos, *unfold*.

⁴ Lord in the folio; the quartos, *lady*. The correction is necessary, for in all the old copies the archbishop asks the question to which this is an answer.



QUEEN ELIZABETH I AND TWO
(KING AR)
OF YORK.



Make war upon themselves; brother to brother,
Blood to blood, self against self: O, preposterous
And frantic outrage,¹ end thy damned spleen:
Or let me die, to look on death² no more!

Q. Eliz. Come, come, my boy, we will to sanctuary.
Madam, farewell.

Duch. Stay, I will go with you.

Q. Eliz. You have no cause.

Arch. My gracious lady, go,
[To the QUEEN.]

And thither bear your treasure and your goods.
For my part, I'll resign unto your grace
The seal I keep: And so betide to me,
As well I tender you, and all of yours!
Go,³ I'll conduct you to the sanctuary. [Exeunt.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—London. A Street.

The trumpets sound. Enter the PRINCE OF WALES, GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, CARDINAL BOURCHIER, and others.

Buck. Welcome, sweet prince, to London, to your chamber.⁴

Glo. Welcome, dear cousin, my thoughts' sovereign:
The weary way hath made you melancholy.

Prince. No, uncle; but our crosses on the way
Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy:
I want more uncles here to welcome me.

Glo. Sweet prince, the untainted virtue of your years
Hath not yet div'd into the world's deceit:
No more can you distinguish of a man
Than of his outward show; which, God he knows,
Seldom or never jumpeth with the heart.
Those uncles which you want were dangerous;
Your grace attended to their sugar'd words,
But look'd not on the poison of their hearts:
God keep you from them, and from such false friends!

Prince. God keep me from false friends! but they were none.

Glo. My lord, the mayor of London comes to greet you.

Enter the Lord Mayor, and his Train.

May. God bless your grace with health and happy days!

Prince. I thank you, good my lord;—and thank you all.—
[Exeunt Mayor, &c.]

I thought my mother and my brother York
Would long ere this have met us on the way:
Fie, what a slug is Hastings! that he comes not
To tell us whether they will come, or no.

Enter HASTINGS.

Buck. And in good time, here comes the sweating lord.

Prince. Welcome, my lord: What, will our mother come?

Hast. On what occasion, God he knows, not I,
The queen, your mother, and your brother York,
Have taken sanctuary: The tender prince

Would fain have come with me to meet your grace,
But by his mother was perforce withheld.

Buck. Fie! what an indirect and peevish course
Is this of hers!—Lord cardinal, will your grace
Persuade the queen to send the duke of York
Unto his princely brother presently?
If she deny, lord Hastings, go with him,
And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.

Card. My lord of Buckingham, if my weak oratory
Can from his mother win the duke of York,
Anon expect him here: But if she be obdurate
To mild entreaties, God in heaven⁴ forbid
We should infringe the holy privilege
Of blessed sanctuary! not for all this land
Would I be guilty of so great⁵ a sin.

Buck. You are too senseless-obstinate, my lord,
Too ceremonious and traditional:
Weigh it but with the grossness of this age,
You break not sanctuary in seizing him.

The benefit thereof is always granted
To those whose dealings have deserv'd the place,
And those who have the wit to claim the place:
This prince hath neither claim'd it, nor deserv'd it;
And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it:
Then, taking him from thence, that is not there,
You break no privilege nor charter there.

Oft have I heard of sanctuary men;
But sanctuary children ne'er till now.

Card. My lord, you shall o'errule my mind for once.
Come on, lord Hastings, will you go with me?

Hast. I go, my lord.

Prince. Good lords, make all the speedy haste you may.
[Exeunt CARDINAL and HASTINGS.]

Say, uncle Gloster, if our brother come,
Where shall we sojourn till our coronation?

Glo. Where it seems⁶ best unto your royal self.
If I may counsel you, some day or two
Your highness shall repose you at the Tower:
Then where you please, and⁷ shall be thought most fit
For your best health and recreation.

Prince. I do not like the Tower, of any place:—
Did Julius Cæsar build that place, my lord?

Glo. He did, my gracious lord, begin that place;
Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edified.

Prince. Is it upon record? or else reported
Successively from age to age, he built it?

Buck. Upon record, my gracious lord.

Prince. But say, my lord, it were not register'd;
Methinks, the truth⁸ could live from age to age,
As 'twere retail'd⁸ to all posterity,
Even to the general all-ending day.

Glo. So wise, so young, they say, do never live long.
[Aside.]

Prince. What say you, uncle?

Glo. I say, without characters,⁹ fame lives long.
Thus like the formal Vice Iniquity,^b }
I moralise two meanings in one word.¹⁰ } [Aside.]

Prince. That Julius Cæsar was a famous man:
With what his valour did enrich his wit,
His wit set down to make his valour live:

¹ The quarto of 1597 and the folio agree in reading *outrage*; some of the other old editions have *courage*.

² *Death* is the reading of the quarto of 1597; the other quartos and the folio have *earth*.

³ *Go* in the folio; the quartos, *come*.

⁴ *In heaven* is omitted in the folio, and in one of the quartos.

⁵ *Great* in the folio; *deep* in one of the quartos.

⁶ *Seems* in the early quartos; *think'st* in the folio.

⁷ *Where* is understood here; if it were repeated there would be no difficulty in the construction of the sentence.

⁸ *Retail'd*. In the fourth act this verb is again used with the same meaning:—

“To whom I will *retail* my conquest won.”

Retail and *detail*, according to Tooke, are both derived from *tale*, the past parti-

ciple of the Anglo Saxon verb *tell-an*, to tell. The *tale* is something told, as in the well-known passage in Milton's “*L'Allegro* :”—

“And every shepherd tells his *tale*.”

This is not—tells his story—but counts over the number of his sheep as he lets them out of their fold, in the earliest hour of the morning. So to *retail* is to tell over again; and the word became applied to small tradings, because to sell by *tale* is to sell by numeration, and the *retail* was the repetition of the numeration. In Lord Berners' Froissart we find merchandise “taled and retailed.” The truth “*retail'd* to all posterity” is the truth *retold* to all posterity.

⁹ *Without characters*—without the help of letters.

¹⁰ The equivocation which Richard uses consists in the repetition of the words “live long,” which the prince has caught, but with a different “meaning.” He has moralised “two meanings” by retaining the same conclusion of his sentence, or “word.”

Death makes no conquest of this conqueror;
For now he lives in fame, though not in life.—
I'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham.

Buck. What, my gracious lord?

Prince. An if I live until I be a man,
I'll win our ancient right in France again,
Or die a soldier, as I liv'd a king.

Glo. Short summers lightly¹ have a forward spring.

[*Aside.*

Enter YORK, HASTINGS, and the CARDINAL.

Buck. Now, in good time, here comes the duke of York.

Prince. Richard of York! how fares our noble² brother?

York. Well, my dread³ lord; so must I call you now.

Prince. Ay, brother; to our grief, as it is yours:
Too late⁴ he died that might have kept that title,
Which by his death hath lost much majesty.

Glo. How fares our cousin, noble lord of York?

York. I thank you, gentle uncle. O, my lord,
You said, that idle weeds are fast in growth:
The prince my brother hath outgrown me far.

Glo. He hath, my lord.

York. And therefore is he idle?

Glo. O, my fair cousin, I must not say so.

York. Then he is more beholden to you than I.

Glo. He may command me as my sovereign;
But you have power in me, as in a kinsman.

York. I pray you, uncle,⁵ give me this dagger.

Glo. My dagger, little cousin? with all my heart.

Prince. A beggar, brother?

York. Of my kind uncle, that I know will give;
And, being but a toy, which is no grief to give.

Glo. A greater gift than that I'll give my cousin.

York. A greater gift? O, that's the sword to it.

Glo. Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough.

York. O then, I see, you will part but with light gifts;
In weightier things you'll say a beggar, nay.

Glo. It is too weighty for your grace to wear.

York. I weigh it lightly, were it heavier.

Glo. What, would you have my weapon, little lord?

York. I would, that I might thank you as you call me.

Glo. How?

York. Little.

Prince. My lord of York will still be cross in talk;
Uncle, your grace knows how to bear with him.

York. You mean, to bear me, not to bear with me:
Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me;
Because that I am little, like an ape,
He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders.

Buck. With what a sharp-provided wit he reasons!
To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle,
He prettily and aptly taunts himself:
So cunning, and so young, is wonderful.

Glo. My lord,⁶ will't please you pass along?
Myself, and my good cousin Buckingham,
Will to your mother, to entreat of her
To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.

York. What, will you go unto the Tower, my lord?

Prince. My lord protector needs will have it so.

York. I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.

Glo. Why, what should you fear?⁷

York. Marry, my uncle Clarence' angry ghost?
My grandam told me he was murther'd there.

Prince. I fear no uncles dead.

Glo. Nor none that live, I hope.

Prince. An if they live, I hope I need not fear.

But come, my lord, and, with a heavy heart,
Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower.

[*Exeunt* PRINCE, YORK, HASTINGS, CARDINAL,
and Attendants.

Buck. Think you, my lord, this little prating York
Was not incensed⁸ by his subtle mother,
To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?

Glo. No doubt, no doubt: O, 'tis a parlous boy;
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable;
He's all the mother's, from the top to toe.

Buck. Well, let them rest.

Come hither, Catesby; thou art sworn
As deeply to effect what we intend,
As closely to conceal what we impart:
Thou know'st our reasons urg'd upon the way:
What think'st thou? is it not an easy matter
To make William lord Hastings of our mind,
For the instalment of this noble duke
In the seat royal of this famous isle?

Cate. He, for his father's sake, so loves the prince,
That he will not be won to aught against him.

Buck. What think'st thou then of Stanley? will not he?

Cate. He will do all in all as Hastings doth.

Buck. Well then, no more but this: Go, gentle Catesby,
And, as it were far off, sound thou lord Hastings
How he doth stand affected to our purpose;
And summon him to-morrow to the Tower,
To sit about the coronation.⁹

If thou dost find him tractable to us,
Encourage him, and tell him all our reasons:
If he be leaden, icy, cold, unwilling,
Be thou so too; and so break off the talk,
And give us notice of his inclination:
For we to-morrow hold divided councils,
Wherein thyself shalt highly be employ'd.

Glo. Commend me to lord William: tell him, Catesby,
His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries
To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret-castle;
And bid my lord,¹⁰ for joy of this good news,
Give mistress Shore one gentle kiss the more.

Buck. Good Catesby, go, effect this business soundly.

Cate. My good lords both, with all the heed I can.

Glo. Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere we sleep?

Cate. You shall, my lord.

Glo. At Crosby-house there shall you find us both.¹¹

[*Exit* CATESBY.]

Buck. Now, my lord, what shall we do, if we perceive
Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots?

Glo. Chop off his head;—something we will deter-
mine:¹¹—

And, look, when I am king, claim thou of me
The earldom of Hereford, and all the moveables
Whereof the king my brother was possess'd.

Buck. I'll claim that promise at your grace's hand.

Glo. And look to have it yielded with all kindness.
Come, let us sup betimes; that afterwards
We may digest our complots in some form. [*Exeunt.*

¹ *Lightly*—commonly.

Noble in the folio; one of the quartos, *loving*.

³ *Dread* in one of the quartos; in the folio, *dear*. The epithet *dread* requires to be retained, for "*dear* lord" would not mark the new title by which York addresses his brother—*lord* being the title by which York is himself subsequently named. *Dread*, most dread, was a kingly epithet—*Rex metuendissimus*.

⁴ *Late*—lately.

⁵ Here the word *then* has been thrust in "for the sake of metre."

⁶ *Gracious* is sometimes introduced without any authority.

Hanmer reads, "Why, *sir*, what should you fear?" which is found in most editions before that of Malone, who very justly repudiates the notion "that every

word, and every short address of three or four words, are to be considered as parts of metrical verses."

⁸ *Incensed*—incited.

⁹ These two lines are not in the quartos.

¹⁰ *Lord* in the folio; in the quartos, *friend*.

¹¹ This is the reading of the folio. That of the quartos is—

"Chop off his head, man;—somewhat we will do."

It is difficult not to have a leaning to the text of the quartos (the received one), with which we have so long been familiar; but, on the other hand, it is impossible to believe that the correction came from any hand but that of the author.

SCENE II.—*Before Lord Hastings' House.**Enter a Messenger.**Mess.* My lord, my lord.[*Knocking.*]*Hast.* [Within.] Who knocks?*Mess.* One from the lord Stanley.*Hast.* [Within.] What is't o'clock?*Mess.* Upon the stroke of four.*Enter HASTINGS.**Hast.* Cannot my lord Stanley sleep these tedious nights?¹*Mess.* So it appears² by that I have to say.
First, he commends him to your noble self.³*Hast.* What then?*Mess.* Then certifies your lordship, that this night
He dreamt the boar had rased off his helm:⁴
Besides, he says, there are two councils kept;⁵
And that may be determin'd at the one,
Which may make you and him to rue at th' other.
Therefore he sends to know your lordship's pleasure,—
If you will presently⁶ take horse with him,
And with all speed post with him toward the north,
To shun the danger that his soul divines.*Hast.* Go, fellow, go, return unto thy lord:
Bid him not fear the separated councils:
His honour and myself are at the one,
And at the other is my good friend Catesby;
Where nothing can proceed that toucheth us
Whereof I shall not have intelligence.
Tell him, his fears are shallow, without⁷ instance:
And, for his dreams, I wonder he's so simple⁸
To trust the mockery of unquiet slumbers:
To fly the boar, before the boar pursues,
Were to incense the boar to follow us,
And make pursuit where he did mean no chase.
Go, bid thy master rise and come to me;
And we will both together to the Tower,
Where, he shall see, the boar will use us kindly.
Mess. I'll go, my lord, and tell him what you say.[*Exit.*]*Enter CATESBY.**Cate.* Many good morrows to my noble lord!*Hast.* Good morrow, Catesby; you are early stirring:
What news, what news, in this our tottering state?*Cate.* It is a reeling world, indeed, my lord;
And I believe will never stand upright,
Till Richard wear the garland of the realm.*Hast.* How! wear the garland! dost thou mean the crown?*Cate.* Ay, my good lord.*Hast.* I'll have this crown of mine cut from my shoulders
Before I'll see the crown so foul misplac'd.
But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it?*Cate.* Ay, on my life; and hopes to find you forward
Upon his party, for the gain thereof:
And, thereupon, he sends you this good news,—
That, this same very day, your enemies,
The kindred of the queen, must die at Pomfret.*Hast.* Indeed, I am no mourner for that news,Because they have been still my adversaries:
But, that I'll give my voice on Richard's side,
To bar my master's heirs in true descent,
God knows, I will not do it, to the death.*Cate.* God keep your lordship in that gracious mind!*Hast.* But I shall laugh at this a twelvemonth hence,
That they which brought me in my master's hate,
I live to look upon their tragedy.Well, Catesby, ere a fortnight make me older,
I'll send some packing that yet think not on't.*Cate.* 'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious lord,
When men are unprepar'd and look not for it.*Hast.* O monstrous, monstrous! and so falls it out
With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey: and so 'twill do
With some men else, who think themselves as safe
As thou and I; who, as thou know'st, are dear
To princely Richard, and to Buckingham.*Cate.* The princes both make high account of you,—
For they account his head upon the bridge. [Aside.]*Hast.* I know they do; and I have well deserv'd it.*Enter STANLEY.*Come on, come on; where is your boar-spear, man?
Fear you the boar, and go so unprovided?*Stan.* My lord, good morrow; and good morrow,

Catesby:—

You may jest on, but, by the holy rood,
I do not like these several councils, I.*Hast.* My lord, I hold my life as dear as yours;⁹
And never, in my days,¹⁰ I do protest,
Was it so precious to me as 'tis now:¹¹
Think you, but that I know our state secure,
I would be so triumphant as I am?*Stan.* The lords at Pomfret, when they rode from London,
Were jocund, and suppos'd their states were sure,
And they, indeed, had no cause to mistrust;
But yet, you see, how soon the day o'ercast.
This sudden stab of rancour I misdoubt;
Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward!
What, shall we toward the Tower? the day is spent.*Hast.* Come, come, have with you.—Wot you what, my lord?

To-day the lords you talk of are beheaded.

Stan. They, for their truth, might better wear their heads,
Than some that have accus'd them wear their hats.
But come my lord, let's away.*Enter a Pursuivant.**Hast.* Go on before, I'll talk with this good fellow.[*Exeunt STAN. and CATESBY.*]

How now, sirrah? how goes the world with thee?

Purs. The better that your lordship please to ask.*Hast.* I tell thee, man, 'tis better with me now,
Than when thou met'st me last where now we meet:
Then was I going prisoner to the Tower,
By the suggestion of the queen's allies;
But now, I tell thee, (keep it to thyself.)
This day those enemies are put to death,
And I in better state than ere I was.*Purs.* God hold it, to your honour's good content!¹ So the folio; the quartos—

"Cannot thy master sleep these tedious nights?"

² *Appears* in the folio; the quartos, *should seem*.³ *Self* in the folio; the quartos, *lordship*.⁴ This is the reading of the folio. That of the quartos is—"And then he sends you word
He dreamt to-night the boar had rased his helm."⁵ *Kept* in the folio; the quartos, *held*.⁶ So the folio; the quartos, *presently, you will*.⁷ The folio *without*; the quartos, *wanting*. The word *instance* signifies here,as in other passages of Shakspeare, example, fact in proof, corroboration. So in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, "My desires had *instance* and argument to commend themselves."⁸ *Simple* in the folio; the quartos, *fond*.⁹ The quartos have, "My lord, I hold my life as dear as you do yours."¹⁰ *Days* in the folio; in the quartos, *life*. This is one of the very numerous instances of the minute accuracy with which the text of the folio had been revised. *Days* is evidently substituted for *life*, to avoid the repetition of that word, which occurs in the preceding line.¹¹ So the folio; the quartos—"Was it *more* precious to me *than* 'tis now."

Hast. Gramercy, fellow : There, drink that for me.

Purs. I thank your honour. [*Throwing him his purse.*
Exit Pursuivant.]

Enter a Priest.

Pr. Well met, my lord ; I am glad to see your honour.

Hast. I thank thee, good sir John, with all my heart.
I am in your debt for your last exercise ;
Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you.

Pr. I'll wait upon your lordship.¹

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

Buck. What, talking with a priest, lord chamberlain ?
Your friends at Pomfret they do need the priest ;
Your honour hath no shriving work in hand.

Hast. 'Good faith, and when I met this holy man,
The men you talk of came into my mind.
What, go you toward the Tower ?

Buck. I do, my lord ; but long I cannot stay there :
I shall return before your lordship thence.

Hast. Nay, like enough, for I stay dinner there.

Buck. And supper too, although thou know'st it not. [*Aside.*]

Come, will you go ?

Hast. I'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Pomfret. *Before the Castle.*

Enter RATCLIFF, with a Guard, conducting RIVERS, GREY, and VAUGHAN, to execution.

Riv. Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee this,—
To-day shalt thou behold a subject die,
For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.²

Grey. God keep the prince from all the pack of you !
A knot you are of damned blood-suckers.

Vaugh. You live that shall cry woe for this here-
after.

Rat. Despatch ; the limit of your lives is out.

Riv. O Pomfret, Pomfret ! O thou bloody prison,
Fatal and ominous to noble peers !

Within the guilty closure of thy walls
Richard the Second here was hack'd to death :
And, for more slander to thy dismal seat,
We give to thee our guiltless blood to drink.

Grey. Now Margaret's curse is fallen upon our heads
When she exclaim'd on Hastings, you, and I,
For standing by when Richard stabb'd her son.

Riv. Then curs'd she Richard, then curs'd she Bucking-
ham,

Then curs'd she Hastings :—O, remember, God,
To hear her prayer for them, as now for us !
And for my sister, and her princely sons,
Be satisfied, dear God, with our true blood,
Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt !

Rat. Make haste, the hour of death is expiate.³

Riv. Come, Grey,—come, Vaughan,—let us here em-
brace :
Farewell, until we meet again in heaven. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—London. *A Room in the Tower.*

BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS, the BISHOP OF ELY,
RATCLIFF, LOVEL, and others, sitting at a table Officers
of the Council attending.

Hast. Now, noble peers, the cause why we are met
Is, to determine of the coronation :

In God's name, speak, when is the royal day ?

Buck. Are all things ready for that royal time ?

Stan. They are ; and wants but nomination.

Ely. To-morrow then I judge a happy day.

Buck. Who knows the lord protector's mind herein ?
Who is most inward with the noble duke ?

Ely. Your grace, we think, should soonest know his
mind.

Buck. We know each other's faces : for our hearts,
He knows no more of mine than I of yours ;
Nor I of his, my lord, than you of mine :

Hast. I thank his grace, I know he loves me well :
But, for his purpose in the coronation,
I have not sounded him, nor he deliver'd
His gracious pleasure any way therein :
But you, my honourable lords,⁴ may name the time ;
And in the duke's behalf I'll give my voice,
Which, I presume, he'll take in gentle part.

Enter GLOSTER.

Ely. In happy time, here comes the duke himself.

Glo. My noble lords and cousins all, good morrow :
I have been long a sleeper ; but, I trust,
My absence doth neglect no great design,
Which by my presence might have been concluded.

Buck. Had you not come upon your cue, my lord,
William lord Hastings had pronounc'd your part,—
I mean, your voice,—for crowning of the king.

Glo. Than my lord Hastings no man might be bolder ;
His lordship knows me well, and loves me well.
My lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,
I saw good strawberries in your garden there ;
I do beseech you send for some of them.⁴

Ely. Marry and will, my lord, with all my heart.

Glo. Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you. [*Exit ELY.*]

[Takes him aside.]
Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our business ;
And finds the testy gentleman so hot
That he will lose his head, ere give consent
His master's child, as worshipfully he terms it,
Shall lose the royalty of England's throne.

Buck. Withdraw yourself awhile, I'll go with you.

[Exeunt GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM.]
Stan. We have not yet set down this day of triumph.
To-morrow, in my judgment, is too sudden ;
For I myself am not so well provided,
As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.

Re-enter BISHOP OF ELY.

Ely. Where is my lord the duke of Gloster ?⁵
I have sent for these strawberries.

Hast. His grace looks cheerfully and smooth this
morning ;

¹ This line in the folio is not found in the quartos.

² In the quartos this scene opens with Ratcliff exclaiming, "Come, bring forth the prisoners." The stage direction of the folio is, "Enter Sir Richard Ratcliff, with halberds, carrying the nobles to death at Pomfret." The line is therefore clearly unnecessary.

³ *Expiate.* This word does not occur in the quartos. The second folio reads, "the hour of death is now expired." However forced the meaning of *expiate* may be, Shakspeare has used it in his Twenty-second Sonnet in a similar manner:—

"My glass shall not persuade me I am old,
So long as youth and thou are of one date ;
But when in thee time's furrows I behold,
Then look I death my days should *expiate*."

Expiate was the reading of Steevens.

⁴ *Honourable lords* in the folio ; in the quartos, *noble lord*.

⁵ In the quartos we have, "Where is my lord protector ?"

There's some conceit or other likes him well,
When that he bids¹ good morrow with such spirit.
I think there's ne'er a man in Christendom,
Can lesser hide his love or hate than he;
For by his face straight shall you know his heart.

Stan. What of his heart perceive you in his face,
By any livelihood² he show'd to-day?

Hast. Marry, that with no man here he is offended;
For were he, he had shown it in his looks.

Re-enter GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM.

Glo. I pray you all, tell me what they deserve
That do conspire my death with devilish plots
Of damned witchcraft; and that have prevail'd
Upon my body with their hellish charms?

Hast. The tender love I bear your grace, my lord,
Makes me most forward in this princely³ presence
To doom the offenders, whosoe'er they be:
I say, my lord, they have deserved death.

Glo. Then be your eyes the witness of their evil!
Look how I am bewitch'd; behold mine arm
Is, like a blasted sapling, wither'd up:
And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,
Consorted with that harlot-strumpet Shore,
That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.

Hast. If they have done this deed, my noble lord,—

Glo. If? thou protector of this damned strumpet,
Talk'st thou to me of ifs?—Thou art a traitor:—
Off with his head:—now, by Saint Paul I swear,
I will not dine until I see the same.
Lovel and Ratcliff,⁴ look that it be done;
The rest that love me, rise, and follow me.

[*Exeunt Council, with GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM.*

Hast. Woe, woe, for England! not a whit for me;
For I, too fond, might have prevented this:
Stanley did dream the boar did rase his helm;
And I did scorn it, and disdain'd to fly.⁵
Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did stumble,
And started when he look'd upon the Tower,
As loath to bear me to the slaughter-house.
O, now I need⁶ the priest that spake to me:
I now repent I told the pursuivant,
As too triumphing, how mine enemies
To-day at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd,
And I myself secure in grace and favour.
O, Margaret, Margaret, now thy heavy curse
Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head.

Rat. Come, come, despatch,⁷ the duke would be at dinner;
Make a short shrift, he longs to see your head.

Hast. O momentary grace of mortal men,
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!

¹ *That he bids* in the folio; in the quartos, *he doth bid*.

² *Livelihood*. So the folio. The meaning is perfectly clear, the word being used in the same sense as in *All's Well that Ends Well* (Act I. Sc. I.)—"The tyranny of her sorrows takes all *livelihood* from her cheek." Stanley asks how they interpret Gloster's livelihood, liveliness, cheerfulness. And yet some modern editors prefer the tame reading of the quartos, *likelihood*, which they interpret as appearance, and thus perpetuate what was no doubt a typographical error.

³ *Princely* in the folio; the quartos, *noble*.

⁴ Instead of this line of the folio text we have in the quartos, "Some see it done." The stage direction of the quarto is, "*Manet Ca. with Hast.*" and Catesby subsequently speaks the two lines which in the folio are given to Ratcliff. The line which Lovel speaks is not found in the quartos. In modern editions Catesby was substituted for Ratcliff, and we read—

"Lovel and Catesby, look that it be done."

The change was made to avoid the apparent impossibility of Ratcliff, who in the preceding scene is attending the execution at Pomfret, being on the same day in London. But in making this change the editors can only prescribe a half-remedy, for in the next scene they are constrained to keep Ratcliff on the London scene, bringing in Hastings's head. In that scene Gloster says in the folio—which line is retained in the modern text—

"Be patient, they are friends; Ratcliff and Lovel."

We must either, it appears to us, take the text of the quarto altogether, in which

Who builds his hope in air of your good⁸ looks,
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast;
Ready, with every nod, to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

Lov. Come, come, despatch; 'tis bootless to exclaim.

Hast. O, bloody Richard!—miserable England!
I prophesy the fearful'st time to thee
That ever wretched age hath look'd upon.
Come, lead me to the block, bear him my head;
They smile at me who shortly shall be dead. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The same. The Tower Walls.*

*Enter GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM, in rotten armour,
marvellous ill-favoured.*⁹

Glo. Come, cousin, canst thou quake and change thy
colour,

Murder thy breath in middle of a word,
And then again begin, and stop again,
As if thou wert distraught and mad with terror?

Buck. Tut, I can counterfeit the deep tragedian;
Speak, and look back, and pry on every side,
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,
Intending¹⁰ deep suspicion: ghastly looks
Are at my service, like enforced smiles;
And both are ready in their offices,
At any time, to grace my stratagems.

But what, is Catesby gone?

Glo. He is; and, see, he brings the mayor along.

Enter the Lord Mayor and CATESBY.

Buck. Lord mayor,—

Glo. Look to the drawbridge there.

Buck. Hark! a drum.

Glo. Catesby, o'erlook the walls.

Buck. Lord mayor, the reason we have sent—

Glo. Look back, defend thee, here are enemies.

Buck. God and our innocency defend and guard us!¹¹

Enter LOVEL and RATCLIFF, with HASTINGS' head.

Glo. Be patient, they are friends; Ratcliff and Lovel.

Lov. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,
The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings.

Glo. So dear I lov'd the man, that I must weep.
I took him for the plainest harmless creature
That breath'd upon the earth a Christian;
Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded
The history of all her secret thoughts:

neither Ratcliff nor Lovel appears, or adopt the apparent absurdity of the folio. But in truth this is one of those positions in which the poet has trusted to the imagination of his audience rather than to their topographical knowledge; and by a bold anticipation of a rate of travelling which is now a reality, Ratcliff is without offence at Pomfret and London on the same day. In the rapid course of the dramatic action this is easily overlooked. We have little doubt that Ratcliff and Lovel are thus brought upon the scene together, in the folio copy, in association with the history "how Collingbourne was cruelly executed for making a rhyme:"—

"The Cat, the Rat, and Lovel our dog,
Rule all England under a hog."

The audience were familiar with this story; and it was natural that Shakspeare should show Richard (the hog) in association with Catesby (the cat), Ratcliff (the rat), and Lovel, the three most confidential ministers of his usurpation. In the third scene of Act I., Margaret calls Richard "rooting hog."

⁵ So the folio. The verbs are transposed in the quartos.

⁶ *Need* in the folio; the quartos, *want*.

⁷ So in the folio; the quartos, *despatch, my lord*.

⁸ *Good* in the folio; the quartos, *fair*.

⁹ This is the quaint stage direction of the folio. It is generally printed, "in rusty armour."

¹⁰ *Intending*—pretending.

¹¹ This rapid dialogue between Buckingham and Gloster is given by us as in the folio. The ordinary text was made up from the quartos and the folio, seemingly upon the principle that it is desirable not to lose any word that can be found in either edition.

So smooth he daub'd his vice with show of virtue,
That, his apparent open guilt omitted,—
I mean, his conversation with Shore's wife,—
He liv'd from all attainder of suspects.

Buck. Well, well, he was the covert'st shelter'd traitor
That ever liv'd.

Would you imagine, or almost believe,
(Were 't not that, by great preservation
We live to tell it you,) the subtle traitor
This day had plotted, in the council-house,
To murder me, and my good lord of Gloster?

May. Had he done so?

Glo. What! think you we are Turks or infidels?
Or that we would, against the form of law,
Proceed thus rashly in the villain's death,
But that the extreme peril of the case,
The peace of England, and our persons' safety,
Enforc'd us to this execution?

May. Now, fair befall you! he deserv'd his death;
And your good graces both have well proceeded,
To warn false traitors from the like attempts.
I never look'd for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with mistress Shore.

Glo. Yet had we not determin'd he should die,
Until your lordship came to see his end;
Which now the loving haste of these our friends,
Something against our meaning, hath prevented:
Because, my lord, we would have had you heard
The traitor speak, and timorously confess
The manner and the purpose of his treasons;
That you might well have signified the same
Unto the citizens, who, haply, may
Misconster us in him, and wail his death.¹

May. But, my good lord, your grace's word shall serve
As well as I had seen and heard him speak:
And do not doubt, right noble princes both,
But I'll acquaint our duteous citizens
With all your just proceedings in this case.

Glo. And to that end we wish'd your lordship here,
To avoid the censures of the carping world.

Buck. But since you come too late of our intent,
Yet witness what you hear we did intend:
And so, my good lord mayor, we bid farewell.

[*Exit* Lord Mayor.]

Glo. Go after, after, cousin Buckingham.
The mayor towards Guild-hall hies him in all post:
There, at your meetest vantage of the time,
Infer the bastardy of Edward's children:
Tell them, how Edward put to death a citizen,
Only for saying he would make his son
Heir to the crown; meaning, indeed, his house,
Which by the sign thereof was termed so.
Moreover, urge his hateful luxury,
And bestial appetite in change of lust;
Which stretch'd unto their servants, daughters, wives,
Even where his raging eye, or savage heart,
Without control lusted to make a prey.²
Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person:—
Tell them, when that my mother went with child
Of that insatiate Edward, noble York,
My princely father, then had wars in France;
And, by true³ computation of the time,
Found that the issue was not his begot;
Which well appeared in his lineaments,
Being nothing like the noble duke my father:

¹ This speech is given to Buckingham in the folio. This is probably a typographical error.

² So the folio; the quartos read *lustful* instead of *raging*—*lusted* instead of *lusted*—and *his prey* instead of *a prey*.

³ *True* in the folio; the quartos, *just*.

⁴ *Order* in the folio; the quartos, *notice*.

Yet touch this sparingly, as 'twere far off;
Because, my lord, you know my mother lives.

Buck. Doubt not, my lord: I'll play the orator,
As if the golden fee for which I plead
Were for myself: and so, my lord, adieu.

Glo. If you thrive well bring them to Baynard's castle;⁵
Where you shall find me well accompanied
With reverend fathers, and well-learned bishops.

Buck. I go; and, towards three or four o'clock,
Look for the news that the Guild-hall affords.

[*Exit* BUCKINGHAM.]

Glo. Go, Lovel, with all speed to Doctor Shaw.
Go thou [*to* CATE.] to friar Penker;—bid them both
Meet me, within this hour, at Baynard's castle.

[*Exeunt* LOVEL and CATESBY.]

Now will I go, to take some privy order
To draw the brats of Clarence out of sight;
And to give order,⁴ that no manner person⁵
Have, any time, recourse unto the princes. [*Exit*.

SCENE VI.—*A Street.*

Enter a Scrivener.

Scriv. Here is the indictment of the good lord Hastings;
Which in a set hand fairly is engross'd,
That it may be to-day read o'er in Paul's.
And mark how well the sequel hangs together:
Eleven hours I have spent to write it over,
For yesternight by Catesby was it sent me;
The precedent was full as long a doing:
And yet within these five hours Hastings liv'd,
Untainted, unexamin'd, free, at liberty.
Here's a good world the while! Who is so gross
That cannot see this palpable device?
Yet who so bold but says he sees it not?
Bad is the world; and all will come to nought,
When such ill dealing must be seen in thought. [*Exit*.

SCENE VII.—*The same. Court of Baynard's Castle.*

Enter GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM, *meeting.*

Glo. How now, how now? what say the citizens?

Buck. Now by the holy mother of our Lord,
The citizens are mum, say not a word.

Glo. Touch'd you the bastardy of Edward's children?

Buck. I did; with his contract with lady Lucy,
And his contract by deputy in France:
The insatiate greediness of his desire,
And his enforcement of the city wives;
His tyranny for trifles; his own bastardy,
As being got, your father then in France;
And his resemblance being not like the duke.
Withal, I did infer your lineaments,
Being the right idea of your father,
Both in your form and nobleness of mind:
Laid open all your victories in Scotland,
Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,
Your bounty, virtue, fair humility;
Indeed, left nothing fitting for your purpose
Untouch'd, or slightly handled, in discourse.
And, when my oratory grew toward⁶ end,
I bade them that did love their country's good
Cry—"God save Richard, England's royal king!"

⁵ *No manner person*. This is the reading of the folio, and is a common idiom of our old language. The quartos, however, have *no manner of person*. Both forms were indifferently used. In the same chapter (Lev. vii.) of our common translation of the Bible we find *no manner fat*, and *no manner of blood*. *No manner person* is probably the more ancient form, and it appears to us that these minute archaisms should be preserved in Shakspeare wherever we have authority for them.

⁶ *Toward* in the folio; the quartos, *to an*.

Glo. And did they so?

Buck. No, so God help me, they spake not a word;
But, like dumb statues¹ or breathing stones,
Star'd each on other, and look'd deadly pale.
Which when I saw I reprehended them;
And ask'd the mayor, what meant this wilful silence:
His answer was, the people were not used
To be spoke to but by the recorder.
Then he was urg'd to tell my tale again;—
"Thus saith the duke, thus hath the duke inferr'd;
But nothing spoke in warrant from himself.
When he had done, some followers of mine own,
At lower end o' the hall, hurl'd up their caps,
And some ten voices cried, "God save king Richard!"
And thus I took the vantage of those few,—
"Thanks, gentle citizens, and friends," quoth I;
"This general applause, and cheerful shout,
Argues your wisdom, and your love to Richard:"
And even here brake off, and came away.

Glo. What tongueless blocks were they! Would they
not speak?

Will not the mayor then and his brethren come?

Buck. The mayor is here at hand; intend some fear;
Be not you spoke with but by mighty suit:
And look you, get a prayer-book in your hand,
And stand between two churchmen, good my lord;
For on that ground I'll make a holy descant:
And be not easily won to our requests;
Play the maid's part, still answer nay, and take it.

Glo. I go: And if you plead as well for them
As I can say nay to thee for myself,
No doubt we'll bring it to a happy issue.

Buck. Go, go, up to the leads; the lord mayor knocks.
[*Exit GLOSTER.*]

Enter the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Citizens.

Welcome, my lord: I dance attendance here;
I think the duke will not be spoke withal.

Enter from the Castle, CATESBY.

Now, Catesby! what says your lord to my request?

Cate. He doth entreat your grace, my noble lord,
To visit him to-morrow, or next day:
He is within, with two right reverend fathers,
Divinely bent to meditation:
And in no worldly suits would he be mov'd,
To draw him from his holy exercise.

Buck. Return, good Catesby, to the gracious duke;
Tell him, myself, the mayor and aldermen,
In deep designs, in matter of great moment,
No less importing than our general good,
Are come to have some conference with his grace.

Cate. I'll signify so much unto him straight. [*Exit.*]

Buck. Ah, ha, my lord, this prince is not an Edward!
He is not lulling² on a lewd love-bed,³
But on his knees at meditation;
Not dallying with a brace of courtezans,
But meditating with two deep divines;
Not sleeping, to engross⁴ his idle body,
But praying, to enrich his watchful soul:
Happy were England would this virtuous prince

Take on his grace⁵ the sovereignty thereof:
But, sure, I fear we shall not win him to it.

May. Marry, God defend his grace should say us nay!

Buck. I fear he will: Here Catesby comes again;—

Re-enter CATESBY.

Now, Catesby, what says his grace?

Cate. He wonders to what end you have assembled
Such troops of citizens to come to him,
His grace not being warn'd thereof before;
He fears, my lord, you mean no good to him.

Buck. Sorry I am my noble cousin should
Suspect me, that I mean no good to him:
By heaven, we come to him in perfect love;
And so once more return and tell his grace.

[*Exit CATESBY.*]

When holy and devout religious men
Are at their beads, 'tis much⁶ to draw them thence;
So sweet is zealous contemplation.

Enter GLOSTER, in a gallery above, between two Bishops.

CATESBY returns.

May. See, where his grace stands 'tween two clergymen!

Buck. Two props of virtue for a Christian prince,
To stay him from the fall of vanity:
And, see, a book of prayer in his hand;
True ornament to know a holy man.
Famous Plantagenet, most gracious prince,
Lend favourable ear to our requests;
And pardon us the interruption
Of thy devotion and right Christian zeal.

Glo. My lord, there needs no such apology;
I do beseech your grace to pardon me,⁷
Who, earnest in the service of my God,
Deferr'd⁸ the visitation of my friends.
But, leaving this, what is your grace's pleasure?

Buck. Even that, I hope, which pleaseth God above,
And all good men of this ungovern'd isle.

Glo. I do suspect I have done some offence,
That seems disgracious in the city's eye;
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

Buck. You have, my lord: Would it might please your
grace

On our entreaties to amend your fault!

Glo. Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian land?

Buck. Know, then, it is your fault, that you resign
The supreme seat, the throne majestic,
The sceptred office of your ancestors,
Your state of fortune, and your due of birth,
The lineal glory of your royal house,
To the corruption of a blemish'd stock:
Whiles, in the mildness of your sleepy thoughts,
(Which here we waken to our country's good,)
The noble isle doth want her proper limbs;
Her face defac'd with scars of infamy,
Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants,
And almost shoulder'd in the swallowing gulf
Of dark forgetfulness and deep oblivion.
Which to recure we heartily solicit
Your gracious self to take on you the charge
And kingly government of this your land:
Not as protector, steward, substitute,

¹ *Statues.* The word *statue*, which here, as well as in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* (Act IV. Sc. IV.), probably means *picture*, as distinguished from "breathing stones," must be read as a trisyllable; and for this reason it is printed in modern editions *statua*. In *Julius Caesar* (Act II. Sc. II.) we have—

"She dreamt to-night she saw my *statue*."

And again in the same play (Act III. Sc. II.)—

"Even at the base of Pompey's *statue*."

Lulling. So all the ancient copies; the modern editions, *lolling*.

³ *Love-bed* in the folio; the quartos, *day-bed*.

⁴ *Engross*—to make gross.

⁵ *His grace* in the folio; the quartos, *himself*.

⁶ *Much* in the folio; the quartos, *hard*.

⁷ So the folio; the quartos—

"I rather do beseech you pardon me."

⁸ *Deferr'd* in the folio; the quartos, *neglect*.

Or lowly factor for another's gain ;
But as successively, from blood to blood,
Your right of birth, your empery, your own.
For this, consorted with the citizens,
Your very worshipful and loving friends,
And by their vehement instigation,
In this just cause¹ come I to move your grace.

Glo. I cannot tell, if to depart in silence,
Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,
Best fitteth my degree, or your condition :
If not to answer, you might haply think,
Tongue-tied ambition, not replying, yielded
To bear the golden yoke of sovereignty,
Which fondly you would here impose on me ;
If to reprove you for this suit of yours,
So season'd with your faithful love to me,
Then, on the other side, I check'd my friends.
Therefore,—to speak, and to avoid the first ;
And then, in speaking, not to incur the last,—
Definitively thus I answer you.²
Your love deserves my thanks ; but my desert
Unmeritable shuns your high request.
First, if all obstacles were cut away,
And that my path were even to the crown,
As the ripe revenue and due of birth ;
Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,
So mighty, and so many, my defects,
That I would rather hide me from my greatness,
Being a bark to brook no mighty sea,
Than in my greatness covet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my glory smother'd.
But, God be thank'd, there is no need of me ;
(And much I need to help you, were there need ;³)
The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,
Which, mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,
Will well become the seat of majesty,
And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign.
On him I lay that you would lay on me,
The right and fortune of his happy stars,
Which God defend that I should wring from him !

Buck. My lord, this argues conscience in your grace ;
But the respects thereof are nice and trivial,
All circumstances well considered.
You say that Edward is your brother's son ;
So say we too, but not by Edward's wife :
For first was he contract to lady Lucy,—
Your mother lives a witness to his vow ;
And afterwards by substitute betroth'd
To Bona, sister to the king of France.
These both put off,⁴ a poor petitioner,
A care-craz'd mother to a many sons,
A beauty-waning and distressed widow,
Even in the afternoon of her best days,
Made prize and purchase of his wanton eye,
Seduc'd the pitch and height of his degree⁵
To base declension and loath'd bigamy ;
By her, in his unlawful bed, he got
This Edward, whom our manners call the prince.
More bitterly could I expostulate,
Save that, for reverence to some alive,
I give a sparing limit to my tongue.
Then, good my lord, take to your royal self
This proffer'd benefit of dignity :
If not to bless us and the land withal,
Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry

From the corruption of abusing time,
Unto a lineal true-derived course.

May. Do, good my lord ; your citizens entreat you.

Buck. Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffer'd love.

Cate. O make them joyful, grant their lawful suit.

Glo. Alas, why would you heap this care⁶ on me ?

I am unfit for state and majesty :

I do beseech you, take it not amiss ;

I cannot, nor I will not yield to you.

Buck. If you refuse it,—as in love and zeal,
Loath to depose the child, your brother's son,
As well we know your tenderness of heart,
And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse,
Which we have noted in you to your kindred,
And equally, indeed, to all estates,—
Yet know, wher you accept our suit or no,
Your brother's son shall never reign our king ;
But we will plant some other in the⁷ throne,
To the disgrace and downfall of your house.
And in this resolution here we leave you ;—
Come, citizens, we will entreat no more.⁸

[*Exeunt* BUCKINGHAM and Citizens.]

Cate. Call them again, sweet prince, accept their suit ;
If you deny them, all the land will rue it.

Glo. Will you enforce me to a world of cares ?
Call them again ; I am not made of stone,
But penetrable to your kind entreaties, [*Exit* CATESBY.
Albeit against my conscience and my soul.

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM, and the rest.

Cousin of Buckingham, and sage grave men,
Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
To bear her burden, wher I will or no,
I must have patience to endure the load :
But if black scandal, or foul-fac'd reproach,
Attend the sequel of your imposition,
Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and stains thereof ;
For God doth know,⁹ and you may partly see,
How far I am from the desire of this.

May. God bless your grace ! we see it, and will say it.

Glo. In saying so you shall but say the truth.

Buck. Then I salute you with this royal title,—
Long live king Richard, England's worthy king !

All. Amen.

Buck. To-morrow may it please you to be crown'd ?

Glo. Even when you please, for you will have it so.

Buck. To-morrow, then, we will attend your grace ;
And so most joyfully we take our leave.

Glo. Come, let us to our holy work again :—

[*To the Bishops.*
Farewell, my cousin ;—farewell, gentle friends. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Before the Tower.

Enter, on one side, QUEEN ELIZABETH, DUCHESS OF YORK,
and MARQUIS OF DORSET ; *on the other,* ANNE,
DUCHESS OF GLOSTER, *leading* LADY MARGARET
PLANTAGENET, CLARENCE'S young daughter.

Duch. Who meets us here ?—my niece¹⁰ Plantagenet
Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Gloster ?

To which Gloster responds—

“ O do not swear, my lord of Buckingham.”

Mr. G. White thinks “ it is quite probable that this passage was originally written thus, and that the change was made by Shakspeare, because it made Gloster overdo his hypocrisy.”

⁹ *Doth know* in the folio ; the quartos, *he knows*.

¹⁰ *Niece*—grand-daughter. In Othello *nephews* are put for grandchildren.

¹ Cause in the folio ; the quartos, *suit*.

² These ten lines, from “ If not to answer,” are not in the quartos.

³ Were there need in the folio ; the quartos, *if need were*.

⁴ Off in the folio ; the quartos, *by*.

⁵ His degree in the folio ; the quartos, *all his thoughts*.

⁶ This care in the folio ; the quartos, *these cares*.

⁷ The throne in the folio ; the quartos, *your throne*.

⁸ The quarto has a most characteristic passage here. Buckingham says—
“ Come, citizens ; zounds, I'll entreat no more.”

Now, for my life, she's wand'ring to the Tower,
On pure heart's love, to greet the tender prince.
Daughter, well met.

Anne. God give your graces both
A happy and a joyful time of day!

Q. Eliz. As much to you, good sister! Whither away?

Anne. No further than the Tower; and, as I guess,
Upon the like devotion as yourselves,
To gratulate the gentle princes there.

Q. Eliz. Kind sister, thanks; we'll enter all together:

Enter BRAKENBURY.

And, in good time, here the lieutenant comes.
Master lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,
How doth the prince, and my young son of York?

Brak. Right well, dear madam: By your patience,
I may not suffer you to visit them;
The king hath strictly charg'd the contrary.

Q. Eliz. The king! who's that?

Brak. I mean the lord protector.

Q. Eliz. The lord protect him from that kingly title!
Hath he set bounds between their love and me?
I am their mother, who shall bar me from them?

Duch. I am their father's mother, I will see them.

Anne. Their aunt I am in law, in love their mother
Then bring me to their sights; I'll bear thy blame,
And take thy office from thee, on my peril.

Brak. No, madam, no, I may not leave it so;
I am bound by oath, and therefore pardon me.

[Exit BRAKENBURY.]

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. Let me but meet you, ladies, one hour hence,
And I'll salute your grace of York as mother,
And reverend looker-on of two fair queens.
Come, madam, you must straight to Westminster,
[To the DUCHESS OF GLOSTER.]
There to be crowned Richard's royal queen.

Q. Eliz. Ah, cut my lace asunder!
That my pent heart may have some scope to beat,
Or else I swoon with this dead-killing news.

Anne. Despiteful tidings! O unpleasing news!

Dor. Be of good cheer: Mother, how fares your grace?

Q. Eliz. O Dorset, speak not to me, get thee gone,
Death and destruction dog thee at thy heels;
Thy mother's name is ominous to children:
If thou wilt outstrip death, go cross the seas,
And live with Richmond, from the reach of hell.
Go, hie thee, hie thee, from this slaughter-house,
Lest thou increase the number of the dead;
And make me die the thrall of Margaret's curse,—
Nor mother, wife, nor England's counted queen.

Stan. Full of wise care is this your counsel, madam:
Take all the swift advantage of the hours;
You shall have letters from me to my son
In your behalf, to meet you on the way:
Be not ta'en tardy by unwise delay.

Duch. O ill-dispersing wind of misery!
O my accursed womb, the bed of death;

A cockatrice hast thou hatch'd to the world,
Whose unavowed eye is murtherous!

Stan. Come, madam, come; I in all haste was sent.

Anne. And I with all unwillingness will go.
O, would to God that the inclusive verge
Of golden metal that must round my brow
Were red-hot steel to sear me to the brain!^a
Anointed let me be with deadly venom;
And die, ere men can say—God save the queen!

Q. Eliz. Go, go, poor soul, I envy not thy glory,
To feed my humour: wish thyself no harm.

Anne. No! why?—When he that is my husband now
Came to me, as I follow'd Henry's corse;
When scarce the blood was well wash'd from his hands,
Which issued from my other angel husband,
And that dear¹ saint which then I weeping follow'd;
O, when, I say, I look'd on Richard's face,
This was my wish,—“Be thou,” quoth I, “accurs'd,
For making me, so young, so old a widow!
And when thou wedd'st let sorrow haunt thy bed;
And be thy wife (if any be so mad)
More miserable by the life of thee,
Than thou hast made me by my dear lord's death!”
Lo, ere I can repeat this curse again,
Within so small a time,² my woman's heart
Grossly grew captive to his honey words,
And prov'd the subject of mine own soul's curse;
Which hitherto hath held mine eyes from rest:³
For never yet one hour in his bed
Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleep,
But with his timorous dreams was still awak'd.
Besides, he hates me for my father Warwick;
And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.

Q. Eliz. Poor heart, adieu! I pity thy complaining.

Anne. No more than with my soul I mourn for yours.

Dor. Farewell, thou woful welcomer of glory!

Anne. Adieu, poor soul, that tak'st thy leave of it!

Duch. Go thou to Richmond, and good fortune guide
thee! *[To DORSET.]*
Go thou to Richard, and good angels tend thee!

[To ANNE.]
Go thou to sanctuary, and good thoughts possess thee!
[To QUEEN ELIZABETH.]

I to my grave, where peace and rest lie with me!
Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen,
And each hour's joy wrack'd with a week of teen.⁴

Q. Eliz. Stay; yet look back, with me, unto the Tower.
Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes,
Whom envy hath immur'd within your walls!
Rough cradle for such little pretty ones!
Rude ragged nurse! old sullen play-fellow
For tender princes, use my babies well!
So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell.⁵ *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—A Room of State in the Palace.

Flourish of trumpets. RICHARD, as King, upon his throne;
BUCKINGHAM, CATESBY, a Page, and others.

K. Rich. Stand all apart. Cousin of Buckingham,—

Buck. My gracious sovereign.

K. Rich. Give me thy hand. Thus high, by thy advice,

^a Teen—sorrow.

⁵ This speech is not in the quartos. It bears the mark of Shakspeare's later years in its bold imagery.

“Rude ragged nurse! old sullen play-fellow,”

possesses all the highest attributes of poetry—that of suggesting a long train of thought by some short and powerful allusion, far more effective than the most skilful elaboration. And yet Johnson with the most ludicrous solemnity says, “To call the Tower nurse and play-fellow is very harsh: perhaps part of this speech is addressed to the Tower, and part to the Lieutenant.”

¹ Dear in the folio; the quartos, dead.

² So the folio; the quartos, even in so short a space.

³ We print this line as in the folio. In the quartos it stands—

“Which ever since hath kept my eyes from sleep.”

The plain course for the earlier editors to have pursued would have been to take the line as it stands in one or the other edition, according to their belief in its authenticity. But in this, as in many other instances, they made up a text from each copy—

“Which ever since hath held mine eyes from rest.”

Their successors have been more consistent.

And thy assistance, is king Richard seated :
But shall we wear these glories for a day ?
Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them ?

Buck. Still live they, and for ever let them last !

K. Rich. Ah, Buckingham, now do I play the touch,¹
To try if thou be current gold, indeed :
Young Edward lives :—Think now what I would speak.

Buck. Say on, my loving lord.

K. Rich. Why, Buckingham, I say I would be king.

Buck. Why, so you are, my thrice-renowned lord.

K. Rich. Ha ! am I king ? 'Tis so : but Edward lives.

Buck. True, noble prince.

K. Rich. O bitter consequence,
That Edward still should live !—true, noble prince !—
Cousin, thou wast not wont to be so dull :
Shall I be plain ? I wish the bastards dead ;
And I would have it suddenly perform'd.

What say'st thou now ? speak suddenly, be brief.

Buck. Your grace may do your pleasure.

K. Rich. Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindness freezes :
Say, have I thy consent that they shall die ?

Buck. Give me some little breath, some pause, dear lord,²

Before I positively speak in this :

I will resolve you herein presently.³ [*Exit* BUCKINGHAM.

Cate. The king is angry ; see, he gnaws his lip. [*Aside.*

K. Rich. I will converse with iron-witted fools,
[*Descends from his throne.*

And unrespective⁴ boys ; none are for me
That look into me with considerate eyes.
High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect.
Boy !

Page. My lord.

K. Rich. Know'st thou not any whom corrupting gold
Would tempt unto a close exploit of death ?

Page. I know a discontented gentleman,
Whose humble means match not his haughty spirit :⁵
Gold were as good as twenty orators,
And will, no doubt, tempt him to anything.

K. Rich. What is his name ?

Page. His name, my lord, is Tyrrel.

K. Rich. I partly know the man : Go, call him hither,
• boy. [*Exit* Page.

The deep-revolving witty Buckingham
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsels :
Hath he so long held out with me untir'd,
And stops he now for breath ?—well, be it so.—

Enter STANLEY.

How now, lord Stanley ? what's the news ?

Stan. Know, my loving lord,
The marquis Dorset, as I hear, is fled
To Richmond, in the parts where he abides.

K. Rich. Come hither, Catesby : rumour it abroad
That Anne, my wife, is very grievous sick ;
I will take order for her keeping close.
Inquire me out some mean, poor⁶ gentleman,
Whom I will marry straight to Clarence' daughter.—
The boy is foolish, and I fear not him.—

Look, how thou dream'st !—I say again, give out
That Anne my queen is sick, and like to die
About it ; for it stands me much upon,
To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me.

[*Exit* CATESBY.

I must be married to my brother's daughter,

Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass :
Murther her brothers, and then marry her !
Uncertain way of gain ! But I am in
So far in blood, that sin will pluck on sin.
Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.

Re-enter Page, with TYRREL.

Is thy name Tyrrel ?

Tyr. James Tyrrel, and your most obedient subject.

K. Rich. Art thou, indeed ?

Tyr.

Prove me, my gracious lord.

K. Rich. Dar'st thou resolve to kill a friend of mine ?

Tyr. Please you, but I had rather kill two enemies.

K. Rich. Why, then thou hast it ; two deep enemies,
Foes to my rest, and my sweet sleep's disturbers,
Are they that I would have thee deal upon :
Tyrrel, I mean those bastards in the Tower.

Tyr. Let me have open means to come to them,
And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them.

K. Rich. Thou sing'st sweet music. Hark, come hither,
Tyrrel :

Go, by this token :—Rise, and lend thine ear : [*Whispers.*
There is no more but so :—Say, it is done,
And I will love thee, and prefer thee for it.

Tyr. I will despatch it straight. [*Exit.*

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM.

Buck. My lord, I have consider'd in my mind
The late request⁷ that you did sound me in.

K. Rich. Well, let that rest. Dorset is fled to Richmond.

Buck. I hear the news, my lord.

K. Rich. Stanley, he is your wife's son :—Well look
unto it.

Buck. My lord, I claim the gift, my due by promise,
For which your honour and your faith is pawn'd ;
The earldom of Hereford, and the moveables,
Which you have promised I shall possess.

K. Rich. Stanley, look to your wife ; if she convey
Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.

Buck. What says your highness to my just request ?

K. Rich. I do remember me,—Henry the Sixth
Did prophesy that Richmond should be king,
When Richmond was a little peevish boy.
A king !—perhaps—

[*Buck.* My lord,—

K. Rich. How chance the prophet could not at that time
Have told me, I being by, that I should kill him ?

Buck. My lord, your promise for the earldom,—

K. Rich. Richmond !—When last I was at Exeter,
The mayor in courtesy show'd me the castle,
And call'd it Rouge-mont : at which name I started,
Because a bard of Ireland told me once
I should not live long after I saw Richmond.

Buck. My lord,—

K. Rich. Ay, what's o'clock ?

Buck. I am thus bold to put your grace in mind
Of what you promis'd me.

K. Rich. Well, but what's o'clock ?

Buck. Upon the stroke of ten.

K. Rich. Well, let it strike.

Buck. Why, let it strike ?

K. Rich. Because that, like a Jack,⁸ thou keep'st the
stroke

Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.
I am not in the giving vein to-day.

¹ Touch—touchstone.

² So the folio ; one of the quartos—

" Give me some breath, some little pause, dear lord."

³ So the folio ; the quartos, *your grace immediately*.

⁴ *Unrespective*—inconsiderate. In *Romeo and Juliet* we have—

" Away to heaven *respective* lenity."

⁵ *Spirit* in the folio ; the quartos, *mind*.

⁶ *Mean, poor*, in the folio ; the quartos, *mean-born*. According to the notions of Shakspeare's age, a mean-born gentleman was a contradiction in terms.

⁷ *Request* in the folio ; the quartos, *demand*.

⁸ The " Jack of the Clock-house " was an automaton, which struck the hours upon a bell.

Buck. Why, then resolve me whether you will, or no.¹

K. Rich. Thou troublest me; I am not in the vein.

[*Exeunt KING RICHARD and Train.*]

Buck. And is it thus? repays he my deep service

With such contempt? made I him king for this?

O, let me think on Hastings; and be gone

To Brecknock, while my fearful head is on. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*The same.*

Enter TYRREL.

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloody act is done;
The most arch deed of piteous massacre
That ever yet this land was guilty of.
Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn
To do this piece of ruthless butchery,
Albeit they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderness and mild compassion,
Wept like two children,² in their death's sad story.
"O thus," quoth Dighton, "lay the gentle babes,"—
"Thus, thus," quoth Forrest, "girdling one another
Within their alabaster innocent arms:
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
And, in their summer beauty, kiss'd each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay:
Which once," quoth Forrest, "almost chang'd my mind;
But, O, the devil"—there the villain stopp'd;
When Dighton thus told on,—"We smothered
The most replenished sweet work of nature,
That, from the prime creation, e'er she fram'd."—
Hence both are gone with conscience and remorse;
They could not speak: and so I left them both,
To bear this tidings to the bloody king.

Enter KING RICHARD.

And here he comes:—All health, my sovereign lord!

K. Rich. Kind Tyrrel! am I happy in thy news?

Tyr. If to have done the thing you gave in charge
Beget your happiness, be happy then,
For it is done.

K. Rich. But didst thou see them dead

Tyr. I did, my lord.

K. Rich. And buried, gentle Tyrrel?

Tyr. The chaplain of the Tower hath buried them;
But where, to say the truth, I do not know.

K. Rich. Come to me, Tyrrel, soon, at after supper,
When thou shalt tell the process of their death.
Meantime, but think how I may do thee good,
And be inheritor of thy desire.
Farewell till then.

Tyr. I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*]

K. Rich. The son of Clarence have I pent up close;
His daughter meanly have I match'd in marriage;
The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom;
And Anne my wife hath bid this world good night.
Now, for I know the Bretagne Richmond aims
At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter,
And, by that knot, looks proudly on the crown,
To her go I, a jolly thriving wooer.

*Enter RATCLIFF.*³

Rat. My lord!

K. Rich. Good or bad news, that thou com'st in so
bluntly?

Rat. Bad news, my lord: Morton is fled to Richmond;

And Buckingham, back'd with the hardy Welshmen,
Is in the field, and still his power increaseth.

K. Rich. Ely with Richmond troubles me more near
Than Buckingham and his rash-levied strength.

Come,—I have learn'd that fearful commenting

Is leaden servitor to dull delay;

Delay leads impotent and snail-pac'd beggary:

Then fiery expedition be my wing,

Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king!

Go, muster men: my counsel is my shield;

We must be brief when traitors brave the field. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The same. Before the Palace.*

Enter QUEEN MARGARET.

Q. Mar. So, now prosperity begins to mellow,
And drop into the rotten mouth of death.
Here in these confines slyly have I lurk'd,
To watch the waning of mine enemies.
A dire induction am I witness to,
And will to France; hoping the consequence
Will prove as bitter, black, and tragical.
Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret! who comes here?

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH and the DUCHESS OF YORK.

Q. Eliz. Ah, my poor princes! ah, my tender babes!
My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets!
If yet your gentle souls fly in the air,
And be not fix'd in doom perpetual,
Hover about me with your airy wings,
And hear your mother's lamentation!

Q. Mar. Hover about her; say, that right for right
Hath dimm'd your infant morn to aged night.

Duch. So many miseries have craz'd my voice,
That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute.
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?

Q. Mar. Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet,
Edward for Edward pays a dying debt.

Q. Eliz. Wilt thou, O God, fly from such gentle lambs,
And throw them in the entrails of the wolf?
When didst thou sleep when such a deed was done?

Q. Mar. When holy Harry died, and my sweet son.

Duch. Dead life, blind sight, poor mortal-living ghost,
Woe's scene, world's shame, grave's due by life usurp'd,
Brief abstract and record of tedious days,
Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth, [*Sitting down.*]
Unlawfully made drunk with innocent blood!

Q. Eliz. Ah, that thou wouldst as soon afford a grave,
As thou canst yield a melancholy seat;
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here!
Ah, who hath any cause to mourn but we?

[*Sitting down by her.*]

Q. Mar. If ancient sorrow be most reverent,
Give mine the benefit of seniority,⁴
And let my griefs frown on the upper hand.
If sorrow can admit society, [*Sitting down with them.*]
[Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine:—]
I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;
I had a husband,⁵ till a Richard kill'd him;
Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;
Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard kill'd him.

Duch. I had a Richard too, and thou didst kill him;
I had a Rutland too, thou holp'st to kill him.

Q. Mar. Thou hadst a Clarence too, and Richard kill'd
him.
From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept

¹ This most characteristic passage, which we print in brackets, is not found in the folio. We have only one other instance of any omission in that copy as compared with the quartos; while the additional passages not found in the quartos are numerous.

² Like two children in the quartos. The folio has "like to children."

³ Ratcliff, as in a former instance, takes the place in the folio of the *Catesby* of the quartos.

⁴ Seniority—(*signeurie* in the folio)—seniority.

⁵ Husband in the folio; in the quartos we find *Richard*, clearly an error, which Malone corrects to *Henry*.

A hell-hound, that doth hunt us all to death :
That dog, that had his teeth before his eyes
To worry lambs and lap their gentle blood ;
That foul defacer of God's handy-work,
That excellent grand tyrant of the earth,
That reigns in galled eyes of weeping souls ;¹
Thy womb let loose, to chase us to our graves.
O upright, just, and true-disposing God,
How do I thank thee, that this carnal cur
Preys on the issue of his mother's body,
And makes her pew-fellow² with others' moan !

Duch. O, Harry's wife, triumph not in my woes ;
God witness with me, I have wept for thine.

Q. Mar. Bear with me ; I am hungry for revenge,
And now I cloy me with beholding it.
Thy Edward he is dead that kill'd my Edward ;
The other Edward dead to quit my Edward ;
Young York he is but boot,³ because both they
Match not the high perfection of my loss.
Thy Clarence he is dead that stabb'd my Edward ;
And the beholders of this frantic⁴ play,
The adulterate Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey,
Untimely smother'd in their dusky graves.
Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer ;
Only reserv'd their factor, to buy souls,
And send them thither : But at hand, at hand,
Ensues his piteous and unpitied end :
Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray,
To have him suddenly convey'd from hence :
Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,
That I may live to say, the dog is dead !

Q. Eliz. O, thou didst prophesy the time would come
That I should wish for thee to help me curse
That bottled spider, that foul bunch-back'd toad.

Q. Mar. I call'd thee then, vain flourish of my fortune ;
I call'd thee then, poor shadow, painted queen ;
The presentation of but what I was,
The flattering index of a direful pageant,
One heav'd a-high, to be hurl'd down below :
A mother only mock'd with two fair babes ;
A dream of what thou wast ; a garish flag,
To be the aim of every dangerous shot ;
A sign of dignity, a breath, a bubble ;
A queen in jest, only to fill the scene.
Where is thy husband now ? where be thy brothers ?
Where be thy two sons ? wherein dost thou joy ?
Who sues, and kneels, and says—God save the queen
Where be the bending peers that flatter'd thee ?
Where be the thronging troops that follow'd thee ?
Decline all this, and see what now thou art.
For happy wife, a most distressed widow ;
For joyful mother, one that wails the name ;
For one being sued to, one that humbly sues ;
For queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care :
For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me ;
For one being fear'd of all, now fearing one ;
For one⁵ commanding all, obey'd of none.
Thus hath the course of justice whirl'd about,
And left thee but a very prey to time !
Having no more but thought of what thou wast,
To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
Thou didst usurp my place, and dost thou not
Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow ?
Now thy proud neck bears half my burthen'd yoke ;
From which even here I slip my wearied head,

And leave the burthen of it all on thee.
Farewell, York's wife,—and queen of sad mischance,—
These English woes shall make me smile in France.

Q. Eliz. O thou well skill'd in curses, stay awhile,
And teach me how to curse mine enemies.

Q. Mar. Forbear to sleep the night, and fast the day ;
Compare dead happiness with living woe ;
Think that thy babes were fairer⁶ than they were,
And he that slew them fouler than he is :
Bettering thy loss makes the bad-causer worse ;
Revolving this will teach thee how to curse.

Q. Eliz. My words are dull, O quicken them with thine !

Q. Mar. Thy woes will make them sharp, and pierce
like mine. [Exit QUEEN MARGARET.]

Duch. Why should calamity be full of words ?

Q. Eliz. Windy attorneys to their client woes,
Airy succeders of intestate joys,
Poor breathing orators of miseries !
Let them have scope : though what they do impart
Help nothing else, yet do they ease the heart.

Duch. If so, then be not tongue-tied : go with me,
And in the breath of bitter words let's smother
My damned son, that thy two sweet sons smother'd.

[Trumpet within.]

The trumpet sounds,⁷—be copious in exclams.

Enter KING RICHARD and his Train, marching.

K. Rich. Who intercepts me in my expedition ?

Duch. O, she that might have intercepted thee,
By strangling thee in her accursed womb,
From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast done.

Q. Eliz. Hid'st thou that forehead with a golden crown,
Where should be branded, if that right were right,
The slaughter of the prince that ow'd⁸ that crown,
And the dire death of my poor sons and brothers ?
Tell me, thou villain-slave, where are my children ?

Duch. Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother
Clarence ?

And little Ned Plantagenet, his son ?

Q. Eliz. Where is the gentle Rivers, Vaughan, Grey ?

Duch. Where is kind Hastings ?

K. Rich. A flourish, trumpets !—strike alarum, drums !
Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women
Rail on the Lord's anointed : Strike, I say.

[Flourish. Alarums.]

Either be patient, and entreat me fair,
Or with the clamorous report of war
Thus will I drown your exclamations.

Duch. Art thou my son ?

K. Rich. Ay ; I thank God, my father, and yourself.

Duch. Then patiently hear my impatience.

K. Rich. Madam, I have a touch of your condition,
That cannot brook the accent of reproof.

Duch. O, let me speak.

K. Rich. Do, then ; but I'll not hear.

Duch. I will be mild and gentle in my words.

K. Rich. And brief, good mother ; for I am in haste.

Duch. Art thou so hasty ? I have stay'd for thee,
God knows, in torment and in agony.

K. Rich. And came I not at last to comfort you ?

Duch. No, by the holy rood, thou know'st it well,
Thou cam'st on earth to make the earth my hell.
A grievous burthen was thy birth to me ;
Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy ;

¹ These two lines, which are only found in the folio, there stand thus :—

“ That foul defacer of God's handy-work,
That reigns in galled eyes of weeping souls ;
That excellent grand tyrant of the earth.”

Pew-fellow—companion, occupiers of the same seat. The word is used also by Dekker.

³ *Boot*. We retain the phrase *to boot*, something added : into the bargain, as we also still say.

⁴ *Frantic* in the folio ; the quartos, *tragic*.

⁵ The modern editors changed *for she* of the folio, in each of these three lines, into *for one*. The first line only is found in the quartos, and there we have *for one*. We adopt the change in this revised edition.

⁶ The reading of the folio is *sweeter* ; we prefer the *fairer* of the quartos, as antithetical to *fouler*.

⁷ *The trumpet sounds*. So the folio in the quartos, *I hear his drum*.

⁸ *Ow'd*—owned.

Thy school-days frightful, desperate, wild, and furious;
Thy prime of manhood daring, bold, and venturous,
Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, sly, and bloody,
More mild, but yet more harmful-kind in hatred:
What comfortable hour canst thou name,
That ever grac'd me in thy company?

K. Rich. 'Faith, none, but Humphrey Hower,¹ that
call'd your grace

To breakfast once, forth of my company.

If I be so disgracious in your eye,²

Let me march on, and not offend you, madam.—

Strike up the drum.

Duch. I prithee, hear me speak.

K. Rich. You speak too bitterly.

Duch. Hear me a word,
For I shall never speak to thee again.

K. Rich. So.

Duch. Either thou wilt die, by God's just ordinance,
Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror;

Or I with grief and extreme age shall perish,

And never more behold³ thy face again.

Therefore, take with thee my most grievous⁴ curse;

Which, in the day of battle, tire thee more

Than all the complete armour that thou wear'st!

My prayers on the adverse party fight:

And there the little souls of Edward's children

Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,

And promise them success and victory.

Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end;

Shame serves thy life, and doth thy death attend. [*Exit.*]

Q. Eliz. Though far more cause, yet much less spirit to
curse

Abides in me; I say amen to her. [*Going.*]

K. Rich. Stay, madam, I must talk⁵ a word with you.

Q. Eliz. I have no more sons of the royal blood,
For thee to slaughter:⁶ for my daughters, Richard,
They shall be praying nuns, not weeping queens;
And therefore level not to hit their lives.

K. Rich. You have a daughter call'd Elizabeth,
Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.

Q. Eliz. And must she die for this? O, let her live,

And I'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty;

Slander myself, as false to Edward's bed;

Throw over her the veil of infamy:

So she may live unscarr'd of bleeding slaughter,

I will confess she was not Edward's daughter.

K. Rich. Wrong not her birth, she is a royal princess.⁷

Q. Eliz. To save her life, I'll say she is not so.

K. Rich. Her life is safest only in her birth.

Q. Eliz. And only in that safety died her brothers.

K. Rich. Lo, at their births good stars were opposite.

Q. Eliz. No, to their lives ill friends were contrary.

K. Rich. All unavoided is the doom of destiny.

Q. Eliz. True, when avoided grace makes destiny:

My babes were destin'd to a fairer death,

If grace had bless'd thee with a fairer life.

K. Rich. You speak as if that I had slain my cousins.

Q. Eliz. Cousins, indeed; and by their uncle cozen'd

Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life.

Whose hands soever lanc'd their tender hearts,

Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction:

No doubt the murderous knife was dull and blunt,

Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart,

To revel in the entrails of my lambs.

But that still use of grief makes wild grief tame,

My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys
Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes;
And I, in such a desperate bay of death,
Like a poor bark, of sails and tackling reft,
Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.⁸

K. Rich. Madam, so thrive I in my enterprise,
And dangerous success of bloody wars,
As I intend more good to you and yours,
Than ever you and yours by me were harm'd!

Q. Eliz. What good is cover'd with the face of heaven,
To be discover'd, that can do me good?

K. Rich. The advancement of your children, gentle lady.

Q. Eliz. Up to some scaffold, there to lose their heads?

K. Rich. Unto the dignity and height of fortune,
The high imperial type of this earth's glory.

Q. Eliz. Flatter my sorrow with report of it;

Tell me, what state, what dignity, what honour,

Canst thou demise to any child of mine?

K. Rich. Even all I have; ay, and myself and all,

Will I withal endow a child of thine;

So in the Lethe of thy angry soul

Thou drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs

Which thou supposest I have done to thee.

Q. Eliz. Be brief, lest that the process of thy kindness
Last longer telling than thy kindness' date.

K. Rich. Then know, that, from my soul, I love thy
daughter.

Q. Eliz. My daughter's mother thinks it with her soul.

K. Rich. What do you think?

Q. Eliz. That thou dost love my daughter, from thy soul:
So, from thy soul's love, didst thou love her brothers;
And, from my heart's love, I do thank thee for it.

K. Rich. Be not so hasty to confound my meaning;

I mean, that with my soul I love thy daughter,

And do intend to make her queen of England.

Q. Eliz. Well then, who dost thou mean shall be her
king?

K. Rich. Even he that makes her queen: Who else
should be?

Q. Eliz. What thou?

K. Rich. Even so: How think you of it?⁹

Q. Eliz. How canst thou woo her?

K. Rich. That I would learn of you,
As one being best acquainted with her humour.

Q. Eliz. And wilt thou learn of me?

K. Rich. Madam, with all my heart.

Q. Eliz. Send to her, by the man that slew her brothers,
A pair of bleeding hearts; thereon engrave

Edward, and York; then, haply, will she weep:

Therefore present to her,—as sometime Margaret

Did to thy father steep'd in Rutland's blood,—

A handkerchief; which, say to her, did drain

The purple sap from her sweet brothers' bodies,

And bid her wipe her weeping eyes withal.

If this inducement move her not to love,

Send her a letter of thy noble deeds;

Tell her, thou mad'st away her uncle Clarence,

Her uncle Rivers; ay, and, for her sake,

Mad'st quick conveyance with her good aunt Anne.

K. Rich. You mock me, madam; this is not the way
To win your daughter.

Q. Eliz. There is no other way;

Unless thou couldst put on some other shape,

And not be Richard that hath done all this.

K. Rich. Say, that I did all this for love of her?

¹ *Humphrey Hower.* We follow the orthography of the folio, in which we find "what comfortable *houre*" immediately preceding. Malone says, "*Humphrey Hour* is merely used in ludicrous language for *hour*, like *Tom Troth* for *truth*." The different modes in which the two words are printed in the folio do not support this argument. Other commentators believe that the allusion is to the proverbial saying of dining with *Duke Humphrey*. We must be content to leave the matter as we find it.

² *Eye* in the folio; the quartos, *sight*.

³ *More behold* in the folio; the quartos, *look upon*.

⁴ *Grievous* in the folio; the quartos, *heavy*.

⁵ *Talk* in the folio; the quartos, *speak*.

⁶ *Slaughter* in the folio; the quartos, *murther*.

⁷ *A royal princess* in the folio; the quartos, *of royal blood*.

⁸ The preceding fourteen lines are only found in the folio.

⁹ So the folio; the quartos, *What think you of it, madam?*

Q. Eliz. Nay, then indeed, she cannot choose but hate¹ thee,

Having bought love with such a bloody spoil.

K. Rich. Look, what is done cannot be now amended;

Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,

Which after-hours give leisure to repent.

If I did take the kingdom from your sons,

To make amends, I'll give it to your daughter.

If I have kill'd the issue of your womb,

To quicken your increase, I will beget

Mine issue of your blood upon your daughter.

A grandam's name is little less in love

Than is the doting title of a mother;

They are as children but one step below,

Even of your mettle, of your very blood;

Of all one pain,—save for a night of groans

Endur'd of her, for whom you bid like sorrow.

Your children were vexation to your youth,

But mine shall be a comfort to your age.

The loss, you have, is but a son being king,

And, by that loss, your daughter is made queen.

I cannot make you what amends I would,

Therefore accept such kindness as I can.

Dorset, your son, that, with a fearful soul,

Leads discontented steps in foreign soil,

This fair alliance quickly shall call home

To high promotions and great dignity:

The king, that calls your beauteous daughter wife,

Familiarly shall call thy Dorset brother;

Again shall you be mother to a king,

And all the ruins of distressful times

Repair'd with double riches of content.

What! we have many goodly days to see:

The liquid drops of tears that you have shed

Shall come again, transform'd to orient pearl;

Advantaging their loan, with interest

Of ten-times double gain of happiness.

Go then, my mother, to thy daughter go;

Make bold her bashful years with your experience;

Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale;

Put in her tender heart the aspiring flame

Of golden sov'reignty; acquaint the princess

With the sweet silent hours of marriage joys

And when this arm of mine hath chastised

The petty rebel, the dull-brain'd Buckingham,

Bound with triumphant garlands will I come,

And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed;

To whom I will retail my conquest won,

And she shall be sole victress, Cæsar's Cæsar.

Q. Eliz. What were I best to say? her father's brother

Would be her lord? Or shall I say, her uncle?

Or he that slew her brothers and her uncles?

Under what title shall I woo for thee,

That God, the law, my honour, and her love,

Can make seem pleasing to her tender years?²

K. Rich. Infer fair England's peace by this alliance.

Q. Eliz. Which she shall purchase with still lasting war.

K. Rich. Tell her, the king, that may command, entreats.

Q. Eliz. That at her hands which the king's King forbids.

K. Rich. Say, she shall be a high and mighty queen.

Q. Eliz. To wail the title, as her mother doth.

K. Rich. Say, I will love her everlastingly.

Q. Eliz. But how long shall that title, ever, last?

K. Rich. Sweetly in force unto her fair life's end.

Q. Eliz. But how long fairly shall her sweet life last?

K. Rich. As long as heaven, and nature, lengthens it.

Q. Eliz. As long as hell, and Richard, likes of it.

K. Rich. Say, I, her sovereign, am her subject low.

Q. Eliz. But she, your subject, loathes such sov'reignty.

K. Rich. Be eloquent in my behalf to her.

Q. Eliz. An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told.

K. Rich. Then, plainly to her tell my loving tale.³

Q. Eliz. Plain, and not honest, is too harsh a style.

K. Rich. Your reasons are too shallow and too quick.

Q. Eliz. O, no, my reasons are too deep and dead;—
Too deep and dead, poor infants, in their graves.

K. Rich. Harp not on that string, madam; that is past.

Q. Eliz. Harp on it still shall I, till heartstrings break.

K. Rich. Now, by my George, my garter, and my crown,—

Q. Eliz. Profan'd, dishonour'd, and the third usurp'd.

K. Rich. I swear.

Q. Eliz. By nothing: for this is no oath.

Thy George, profan'd, hath lost his lordly⁴ honour;

Thy garter, blemish'd, pawn'd his knightly virtue;

Thy crown, usurp'd, disgrac'd his kingly glory:

If something thou wouldst swear to be believ'd,

Swear then by something that thou hast not wrong'd.

K. Rich. Then, by myself,—

Q. Eliz. Thyself is self-misused.

K. Rich. Now, by the world,—

Q. Eliz. 'Tis full of thy foul wrongs.

K. Rich. My father's death,—

Q. Eliz. Thy life hath it dishonour'd.

K. Rich. Why then, by God,—

Q. Eliz. God's wrong is most of all.

If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by him,

The unity the king my husband⁶ made

Thou hadst not broken, nor my brothers died.⁷

If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by Him,

The imperial metal, circling now thy head,

Had grac'd the tender temples of my child;

And both the princes had been breathing here,

Which now, two tender bed-fellows for dust,

Thy broken faith hath made the prey for worms.

What canst thou swear by now?

K. Rich. The time to come.

Q. Eliz. That thou hast wronged in the time o'er-past;

For I myself have many tears to wash

Hereafter time, for time past, wrong'd by thee.

The children live whose fathers⁸ thou hast slaughter'd,

Ungovern'd youth, to wail it in their age;

The parents live whose children thou hast butcher'd.

Old barren plants, to wail it with their age.

Swear not by time to come; for that thou hast

Misused ere used, by times ill-used o'er-past.

K. Rich. As I intend to prosper, and repent,

So thrive I in my dangerous affairs⁹

Of hostile arms! myself myself confound!

Heaven and fortune bar me happy hours!

Day yield me not thy light, nor night thy rest!

Be opposite all planets of good luck

To my proceeding! if, with dear¹⁰ heart's love,

Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,

I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter!

In her consists my happiness, and thine;

Without her, follows to myself, and thee,

Herself, the land, and many a Christian soul,

Death, desolation, ruin, and decay:

It cannot be avoided but by this;

It will not be avoided but by this.

Therefore, dear mother, (I must call you so,)

¹ *Hate thee.* So the clear reading of the folio. Upon the suggestion of M. Mason this has been corrupted into the low phrase, "she cannot choose but *have* thee."

² The preceding fifty-five lines are only found in the folio.

³ So the folio; the quartos, *Then in plain terms tell her.*

⁴ *Lordly* in the folio; the quartos, *holy.*

⁵ In the folio Richard first proposes to swear by himself; in the quartos the order is changed.

⁶ *My husband* in the folio; in the quartos, *my brother*—an evident mistake of the pronoun. Some modern editors correct the mistake, and keep *brother.*

⁷ So the folio; the quartos—

"Had not been broken, nor my brother slain."

⁸ *Fathers* in the folio; the quartos, *parents.*

⁹ *Affairs* in the folio; the quartos, *attempts.*

¹⁰ *Dear* in the folio; the quartos, *pure.*

Be the attorney of my love to her.
Plead what I will be, not what I have been ;
Not my deserts, but what I will deserve :
Urge the necessity and state of times,
And be not peevish found in great designs.

Q. Eliz. Shall I be tempted of the devil thus ?

K. Rich. Ay, if the devil tempt thee to do good.

Q. Eliz. Shall I forget myself to be myself ?

K. Rich. Ay, if yourself's remembrance wrong yourself.

Q. Eliz. Yet, thou didst kill my children.

K. Rich. But in your daughter's womb I bury them :
Where, in that nest of spicery, they will breed
Selves of themselves to your recomforture.

Q. Eliz. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will ?

K. Rich. And be a happy mother by the deed.

Q. Eliz. I go.—Write to me very shortly,
And you shall understand from me her mind.

K. Rich. Bear her my true love's kiss, and so farewell.

[*Kissing her.* Exit QUEEN ELIZABETH.]

Relenting fool, and shallow changing woman !
How now ? what news ?

Enter RATCLIFF ; CATESBY following.

Rat. Most mighty sovereign, on the western coast
Rideth a puissant navy ; to our¹ shores
Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,
Unarm'd, and unresolv'd to beat them back :
'Tis thought that Richmond is their admiral ;
And there they hull, expecting but the aid
Of Buckingham to welcome them ashore.

K. Rich. Some light-foot friend post to the duke of
Norfolk :—

Ratcliff, thyself,—or Catesby ; where is he ?

Cate. Here, my good lord.

K. Rich. Catesby, fly to the duke.

Cate. I will, my lord, with all convenient haste.

K. Rich. Ratcliff, come hither : Post to Salisbury ;
When thou com'st thither,—Dull unmindful villain,

[*To CATESBY.*]

Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the duke ?

Cate. First, mighty liege, tell me your highness' pleasure,
What from your grace I shall deliver to him.

K. Rich. O, true, good Catesby :—Bid him levy straight
The greatest strength and power that he can make,
And meet me suddenly at Salisbury.

Cate. I go. [*Exit.*]

Rat. What, may it please you, shall I do at Salisbury ?

K. Rich. Why, what wouldst thou do there, before I go ?

Rat. Your highness told me I should post before.

Enter STANLEY.

K. Rich. My mind is chang'd.—Stanley, what news with
you ?

Stan. None good, my liege, to please you with the
hearing ;

Nor none so bad but well may be reported.

K. Rich. Heyday, a riddle ! neither good nor bad !
What need'st thou run so many miles about,
When thou may'st tell thy tale the nearest way ?
Once more, what news ?

Stan. Richmond is on the seas.

K. Rich. There let him sink, and be the seas on him !
White-liver'd runagate, what doth he there ?

Stan. I know not, mighty sovereign, but by guess.

K. Rich. Well, as you guess ?

¹ Our shores in the folio ; the quartos, *the shore*.

My good lord in the folio ; the quartos, *mighty liege*.

³ So the folio ; the quartos, *I will not trust you, sir*.

Stan. Stirr'd up by Dorset, Buckingham, and Morton,
He makes for England, here to claim the crown.

K. Rich. Is the chair empty ? Is the sword unsway'd ?
Is the king dead ? the empire unpossess'd ?
What heir of York is there alive but we ?

And who is England's king but great York's heir ?

Then, tell me, what makes he upon the seas ?

Stan. Unless for that, my liege, I cannot guess.

K. Rich. Unless for that he comes to be your liege,
You cannot guess wherefore the Welshman comes ?
Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear.

Stan. No, my good lord,² therefore mistrust me not.

K. Rich. Where is thy power then, to beat him back ?
Where be thy tenants and thy followers ?

Are they not now upon the western shore,
Safe conducting the rebels from their ships ?

Stan. No, my good lord, my friends are in the north.

K. Rich. Cold friends to me : What do they in the north,
When they should serve their sovereign in the west ?

Stan. They have not been commanded, mighty king :
Pleaseth your majesty to give me leave,
I'll muster up my friends, and meet your grace
Where, and what time, your majesty shall please.

K. Rich. Ay, thou wouldst be gone to join with Rich-
mond :

But I'll not trust thee.³

Stan. Most mighty sovereign,
You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful ;
I never was, nor never will be, false.

K. Rich. Go then, and muster men. But leave behind⁴
Your son, George Stanley ; look your heart be firm,
Or else his head's assurance is but frail.

Stan. So deal with him as I prove true to you.

[*Exit STANLEY.*]

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My gracious sovereign, now in Devonshire,
As I by friends am well advertised,
Sir Edward Courtney, and the haughty prelate
Bishop of Exeter, his elder brother,
With many more confederates, are in arms.

Enter another Messenger.

² *Mess.* In Kent, my liege, the Guilfords are in arms ;
And every hour more competitors⁵
Flock to the rebels, and their power grows strong.

Enter another Messenger.

³ *Mess.* My lord, the army of great Buckingham—

K. Rich. Out on ye, owls ! nothing but songs of death ?
[*He strikes him.*]

There, take thou that, till thou bring better news.

³ *Mess.* The news I have to tell your majesty,
Is,—that, by sudden floods and fall of waters,
Buckingham's army is dispers'd and scatter'd ;
And he himself wander'd away alone,
No man knows whither.

K. Rich. I cry thee mercy :
There is my purse, to cure that blow of thine.
Hath any well-advised friend proclaim'd
Reward to him that brings the traitor in ?

³ *Mess.* Such proclamation hath been made, my liege.

Enter another Messenger.

⁴ *Mess.* Sir Thomas Lovel, and lord marquis Dorset,

⁴ So the folio ; the quartos—

“ Well, go, muster men. But, hear you, leave behind.”

⁵ *Competitors*—associates.

'Tis said, my liege, in Yorkshire are in arms.
But this good comfort bring I to your highness,—
The Bretagne navy is dispers'd by tempest :
Richmond, in Dorsetshire, sent out a boat
Unto the shore, to ask those on the banks
If they were his assistants, yea, or no ;
Who answer'd him, they came from Buckingham
Upon his party : he, mistrusting them,
Hois'd sail, and made his course again for Bretagne.
K. Rich. March on, march on, since we are up in arms ;
If not to fight with foreign enemies,
Yet to beat down these rebels here at home.

Enter CATESBY.

Cate. My liege, the duke of Buckingham is taken,
That is the best news. That the earl of Richmond
Is with a mighty power landed at Milford,
Is colder news, but yet they must be told.
K. Rich. Away towards Salisbury ; while we reason
here
A royal battle might be won and lost :
Some one take order Buckingham be brought
To Salisbury ;—the rest march on with me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*A Room in Lord Stanley's House.*

Enter STANLEY, and SIR CHRISTOPHER URSWICK.

Stan. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me :—
That, in the sty of this most bloody boar,¹
My son George Stanley is frank'd up in hold ;
If I revolt, off goes young George's head ;
The fear of that holds off² my present aid.
So, get thee gone ; commend me to thy lord.
Withal, say, that the queen hath heartily consented
He shall espouse Elizabeth her daughter.
But, tell me, where is princely Richmond now ?
Chris. At Pembroke, or at Ha'rford-west, in Wales.
Stan. What men of name resort to him ?
Chris. Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned soldier ;
Sir Gilbert Talbot, sir William Stanley ;
Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, sir James Blunt,
And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant crew ;
And many other of great name and worth :
And towards London do they bend their power,³
If by the way they be not fought withal.
Stan. Well, hie thee to thy lord ; I kiss his hand.
My letter will resolve him of my mind.
Farewell.⁴ [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Salisbury. *An open Place.*

Enter the Sheriff and Guard, with BUCKINGHAM, led to execution.

Buck. Will not king Richard let me speak with him ?
Sher. No, my good lord : therefore be patient.
Buck. Hastings, and Edward's children, Grey, and Rivers,
Holy king Henry, and thy fair son Edward,
Vaughan, and all that have miscarried

¹ This most bloody boar is the reading of the quartos ; the folio, the most deadly.

Holds off in the folio ; the quartos, withholds.

³ Power in the folio ; the quartos, course.

⁴ This is the literal reading of the folio, and it appears unexceptionable. The quartos read—

By underhand corrupted foul injustice !
If that your moody discontented souls
Do through the clouds behold this present hour,
Even for revenge mock my destruction !
This is All-Souls' day, fellow, is it not ?
Sher. It is, my lord.
Buck. Why, then All-Souls' day is my body's doomsday.
This is the day which, in king Edward's time,
I wish'd might fall on me, when I was found
False to his children, and his wife's allies :
This is the day wherein I wish'd to fall
By the false faith of him whom most I trusted :
This, this All-Souls' day to my fearful soul,
Is the determin'd respite of my wrongs.
That high All-seer which I dallied with,
Hath turn'd my feigned prayer on my head,
And given in earnest what I begg'd in jest.
Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men
To turn their own points on their masters' bosoms :
Thus Margaret's curse falls heavy on my neck,—
“When he,” quoth she, “shall split thy heart with sorrow,
Remember Margaret was a prophetess.”—
Come, lead me, officers,⁵ to the block of shame ;
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.
[*Exeunt* BUCKINGHAM, &c.]

SCENE II.—*Plain near Tamworth.*

Enter, with drum and colours, RICHMOND, OXFORD, SIR JAMES BLUNT, SIR WALTER HERBERT, and others, with Forces, marching.

Richm. Fellows in arms, and my most loving friends,
Bruis'd underneath the yoke of tyranny,
Thus far into the bowels of the land
Have we march'd on without impediment ;
And here receive we from our father Stanley
Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.
The wretched, bloody, and usurping boar,
That spoil'd your summer fields and fruitful vines,
Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes his trough
In your embowell'd bosoms, this foul swine
Lies now even in the centre of this isle,
Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn :
From Tamworth thither is but one day's march.
In God's name, cheerly on, courageous friends,
To reap the harvest of perpetual peace
By this one bloody trial of sharp war.

Oxf. Every man's conscience is a thousand men,⁶
To fight against this bloody homicide.

Herb. I doubt not but his friends will turn to us.

Blunt. He hath no friends but what are friends for fear ;
Which, in his dearest need, will fly from him.

Richm. All for our vantage. Then, in God's name,
march :

True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings,
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Bosworth Field.

Enter KING RICHARD and Forces ; the DUKE OF NORFOLK, EARL OF SURREY, and others.

K. Rich. Here pitch our tent, even here in Bosworth field.
My lord of Surrey, why look you so sad ?

“Return unto my lord, commend me to him.
Tell him the queen hath heartily consented
He shall espouse Elizabeth her daughter.
These letters will resolve him of my mind.
Farewell.”

⁵ Lead me, officers, in the folio ; the quartos, sirs, convey me.

⁶ Men in the folio ; the quartos, swords.

Sur. My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.

K. Rich. My lord of Norfolk!

Nor. Here, most gracious liege.

K. Rich. Norfolk, we must have knocks: Ha! must we not?

Nor. We must both give and take, my loving lord.

K. Rich. Up with my tent: Here will I lie to-night;

[*Soldiers begin to set up the KING'S tent.*]

But where, to-morrow?—Well, all's one for that.—

Who hath descried the number of the traitors?

Nor. Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.

K. Rich. Why, our battalia trebles that account:

Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength,

Which they upon the adverse faction want.

Up with the tent.—Come, noble gentlemen,

Let us survey the vantage of the ground;—

Call for some men of sound direction:

Let's lack¹ no discipline, make no delay;

For, lords, to-morrow is a busy day. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter, on the other side of the field, RICHMOND, SIR WILLIAM BRANDON, OXFORD, and other Lords. Some of the Soldiers pitch RICHMOND'S tent.

Richm. The weary sun hath made a golden set,

And, by the bright track of his fiery car,

Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.

Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard.

Give me some ink and paper in my tent;—

I'll draw the form and model of our battle,

Limit each leader to his several charge,

And part in just proportion our small power.

My lord of Oxford, you, sir William Brandon,

And you, sir Walter Herbert, stay with me:

The earl of Pembroke keeps his regiment;²

Good captain Blunt, bear my good night to him,

And by the second hour in the morning

Desire the earl to see me in my tent:

Yet one thing more, good captain, do for me:

Where is lord Stanley quarter'd, do you know?

Blunt. Unless I have mista'en his colours much,

(Which well I am assur'd I have not done,)

His regiment lies half a mile at least

South from the mighty power of the king.

Richm. If without peril it be possible,

Sweet Blunt, make some good means to speak with him,

And give him from me this most needful note.

Blunt. Upon my life, my lord, I'll undertake it;

And so, God give you quiet rest to-night!

Richm. Good night, good captain Blunt. Come, gentlemen,

Let us consult upon to-morrow's business;

In to my tent, the dew³ is raw and cold.

[*They withdraw into the tent.*]

Enter, to his tent, KING RICHARD, NORFOLK, RATCLIFF, and CATESBY.

K. Rich. What is't o'clock?

Cate. It's supper time, my lord;
It's nine o'clock.

¹ Lack in the folio; the quartos, want.

² Keeps his regiment. The word *regiment* is several times used in this scene in the sense of a body of men under the command (regiment) of a particular captain. For example—

“His regiment lies half a mile at least
South from the mighty power of the king.”

And—

“Good lords, conduct him to his regiment.”

Regiment is here used in the secondary meaning of the word. We have the primary meaning in Antony and Cleopatra:—

“And gives his potent *regiment* to a trull.”

³ Dew in the folio; the quartos, air.

⁴ A watch. The verb *give*—and the subsequent expression “bid my guard

K. Rich. I will not sup to-night.

Give me some ink and paper.

What, is my beaver easier than it was?

And all my armour laid into my tent?

Cate. It is, my liege; and all things are in readiness.

K. Rich. Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge;

Use careful watch, choose trusty sentinels.

Nor. I go, my lord.

K. Rich. Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle Norfolk.

Nor. I warrant you, my lord.

[*Exit.*]

K. Rich. Ratcliff!

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. Send out a pursuivant at arms

To Stanley's regiment: bid him bring his power

Before sun-rising, lest his son George fall

Into the blind cave of eternal night.

Fill me a bowl of wine.—Give me a watch!⁴—

[*To CATESBY.*]

Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow.—

Look that my staves be sound, and not too heavy.

Ratcliff!

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. Saw'st thou the melancholy lord Northumberland?

Rat. Thomas the earl of Surrey, and himself,

Much about cock-shut⁵ time, from troop to troop,

Went through the army cheering up the soldiers.

K. Rich. So, I am satisfied. Give me a bowl of wine:

I have not that alacrity of spirit,

Nor cheer of mind that I was wont to have.

Set it down.—Is ink and paper ready?

Rat. It is, my lord.

K. Rich. Bid my guard watch; leave me.

Ratcliff, about the mid of night come to my tent,

And help to arm me.—Leave me, I say.

[*KING RICHARD retires into his tent. Exeunt*

RATCLIFF and CATESBY.]

RICHMOND'S tent opens, and discovers him and his Officers, &c.

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. Fortune and victory sit on thy helm!

Richm. All comfort that the dark night can afford

Be to thy person, noble father-in-law!

Tell me how fares our noble mother?

Stan. I, by attorney, bless thee from thy mother,

Who prays continually for Richmond's good!

So much for that. The silent hours steal on,

And flaky darkness breaks within the east.

In brief, for so the season bids us be,

Prepare thy battle early in the morning;

And put thy fortune to the arbitrement

Of bloody strokes, and mortal staring war.

I, as I may, (that which I would I cannot,)

With best advantage will deceive the time,

And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms:

But on thy side I may not be too forward,

Lest, being seen, thy brother, tender George,

Be executed in his father's sight.

Farewell: The leisure and the fearful time

watch”—show that Richard is not asking for a sentinel, as some have supposed. The *watch* is the *watch-light*. The night-candle was divided by marks to indicate how long it had burned.

⁵ Cock-shut. In Ben Jonson's “The Satyr” we have—

“Kiss him in the cock-shut light.”

Whalley explains this expression as equivalent with twilight, and says it is derived from the name of a net, a *cockshut*, which is used in the twilight. Gifford adopts the explanation. We incline to think that *cock-shut time* is equivalent to *cock-roost time*—the hour at which the cock goes to rest. As morning is *cock-crow*, evening may by a parallel image be *cock-shut*. We may observe that when, at the opening of this scene, Shakspeare changed the “supper-time” from *six* of the quarto to *nine* in the folio, he had regard to what was the time of twilight on the 21st of August, the eve of the battle, when Northumberland and Surrey were reported to Richard as having gone “through the army” “at cock-shut time.”

Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love,
And ample interchange of sweet discourse,
Which so long sunder'd friends should dwell upon;
God give us leisure for these rites of love!
Once more, adieu:—Be valiant, and speed well!

Richm. Good lords, conduct him to his regiment
I'll strive, with troubled thoughts, to take a nap;
Lest leaden slumber peise me down¹ to-morrow,
When I should mount with wings of victory:
Once more, good night, kind lords and gentlemen.

[*Exeunt* Lords, &c., with STANLEY.]

O Thou! whose captain I account myself,
Look on my forces with a gracious eye;
Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath,
That they may crush down with a heavy fall
The usurping helmets of our adversaries!
Make us thy ministers of chastisement,
That we may praise thee in thy victory!
To thee I do commend my watchful soul,
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes;
Sleeping, and waking, O, defend me still! [Sleeps.]

*The Ghost of PRINCE EDWARD, son to HENRY VI., rises
between the two tents.*

Ghost. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!
[To KING RICHARD.]

Think, how thou stabb'dst me in my prime of youth
At Tewkesbury: Despair therefore, and die!

Be cheerful, Richmond; for the wronged souls
Of butcher'd princes fight in thy behalf:
King Henry's issue, Richmond, comforts thee.

The Ghost of KING HENRY VI. rises.

Ghost. When I was mortal, my anointed body
[To KING RICHARD.]

By thee was punched full of deadly holes:
Think on the Tower and me: Despair, and die;
Harry the Sixth bids thee despair, and die!—

Virtuous and holy, be thou conqueror! [To RICHMOND.]
Harry, that prophesied thou shouldst be king,
Doth comfort thee in thy sleep: Live, and flourish!

The Ghost of CLARENCE rises.

Ghost. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!
[To KING RICHARD.]

I, that was wash'd to death with fulsome wine,
Poor Clarence, by thy guile betray'd to death!
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword: Despair, and die!

Thou offspring of the house of Lancaster,
[To RICHMOND.]

The wronged heirs of York do pray for thee;
Good angels guard thy battle! Live, and flourish!

The Ghosts of RIVERS, GREY, and VAUGHAN rise.

Riv. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow,
[To KING RICHARD.]

Rivers, that died at Pomfret! Despair, and die!

Grey. Think upon Grey, and let thy soul despair!
[To KING RICHARD.]

Vaugh. Think upon Vaughan; and, with guilty fear,
Let fall thy lance! Despair, and die!—
[To KING RICHARD.]

All. Awake! and think, our wrongs in Richard's bosom
[To RICHMOND.]

Will conquer him;—awake, and win the day!

The Ghost of HASTINGS rises.

Ghost. Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake,
[To KING RICHARD.]

And in a bloody battle end thy days!
Think on lord Hastings; and despair, and die!—

Quiet untroubled soul, awake, awake! [To RICHMOND.]
Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England's sake!

The Ghosts of the two young Princes rise.

Ghosts. Dream on thy cousins smother'd in the Tower,
Let us be lead² within thy bosom, Richard,
And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death!
Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair, and die.

Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace, and wake in joy;
Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy!
Live, and beget a happy race of kings!
Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.

The Ghost of QUEEN ANNE rises.

Ghost. Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne thy wife,
That never slept a quiet hour with thee,
Now fills thy sleep with perturbations:
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword: Despair, and die!—

Thou, quiet soul, sleep thou a quiet sleep;
[To RICHMOND.]

Dream of success and happy victory;
Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee.

The Ghost of BUCKINGHAM rises.

Ghost. The first was I that help'd thee to the crown;
[To KING RICHARD.]

The last was I that felt thy tyranny:
O, in the battle think on Buckingham,
And die in terror of thy guiltiness!
Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death!
Fainting, despair; despairing, yield thy breath!

I died for hope, ere I could lend thee aid:
[To RICHMOND.]

But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismay'd:
God and good angels fight on Richmond's side;
And Richard fall³ in height of all his pride.

[*The Ghosts vanish.* KING RICHARD starts out of
his dream.]

K. Rich. Give me another horse,—bind up my wounds,—
Have mercy, Jesu!—Soft; I did but dream.
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!
The lights burn blue.—It is now dead midnight.
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
What, do I fear myself? there's none else by:
Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I.
Is there a murderer here? No;—Yes; I am:
Then fly,—What, from myself? Great reason: Why?
Lest I revenge. What? Myself upon myself?
Alack, I love myself. Wherefore? for any good,
That I myself have done unto myself?
O, no: alas, I rather hate myself,
For hateful deeds committed by myself.
I am a villain: Yet I lie, I am not.
Fool, of thyself speak well:—Fool, do not flatter.
My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.
Perjury, perjury, in the high'st degree;
Murder, stern murder, in the dir'st degree
All several sins, all used in each degree,
Throng to the bar, crying all,—Guilty! guilty!
I shall despair.—There is no creature loves me;

¹ *Peise me down*—weigh me down.

² The quartos, *lead*—heavy as lead; in the folio, *laid*.

³ *Fall* in the folio; the quartos, *falls*.

And if I die, no soul shall pity me ;—
Nay, wherefore should they ? since that I myself
Find in myself no pity to myself.
Methought, the souls of all that I had murther'd
Came to my tent : and every one did threat
To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

Enter RATCLIFF.

Rat. My lord ?

K. Rich. Who's there ?

Rat. Ratcliff, my lord ; 'tis I. The early village cock
Hath twice done salutation to the morn ;
Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.

[*K. Rich.* O, Ratcliff, I have dream'd a fearful dream !—
What thinkest thou, will our friends prove all true ?

Rat. No doubt, my lord.]¹

K. Rich. Ratcliff, I fear, I fear,—

Rat. Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows.

K. Rich. By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard,
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers,
Armed in proof, and led by shallow Richmond.
It is not yet near day. Come, go with me ;
Under our tents I'll play the eaves-dropper,
To hear if any mean to shrink from me.

[*Exeunt KING RICHARD and RATCLIFF.*

RICHMOND wakes. *Enter OXFORD and others.*

Lords. Good morrow, Richmond.

Richm. 'Cry mercy, lords, and watchful gentlemen,
That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here.

Lords. How have you slept, my lord ?

Richm. The sweetest sleep, and fairest-boding dreams,
That ever enter'd in a drowsy head,
Have I since your departure had, my lords.
Methought, their souls whose bodies Richard murther'd,
Came to my tent, and cried on Victory.
I promise you, my heart is very jocund
In the remembrance of so fair a dream.
How far into the morning is it, lords ?

Lords. Upon the stroke of four.

Richm. Why, then 'tis time to arm, and give direction.—
[*He advances to the Troops.*

More than I have said, loving countrymen,
The leisure and enforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell upon : Yet, remember this,—
God, and our good cause, fight upon our side ;
The prayers of holy saints and wronged souls,
Like high-rear'd bulwarks, stand before our faces :
Richard except, those whom we fight against
Had rather have us win, than him they follow.
For what is he they follow ? truly, gentlemen,
A bloody tyrant, and a homicide ;
One rais'd in blood, and one in blood establish'd ;
One that made means to come by what he hath,
And slaughter'd those that were the means to help him ;
A base foul stone, made precious by the foil
Of England's chair, where he is falsely set ;
One that hath ever been God's enemy :
Then if you fight against God's enemy,
God will, in justice, ward you as his soldiers ;
If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,
You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain ;
If you do fight against your country's foes,
Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire ;
If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,
Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors ;
If you do free your children from the sword,

Your children's children quit it in your age.
Then, in the name of God, and all these rights,
Advance your standards, draw your willing swords :
For me, the ransom of my bold attempt
Shall be this cold corpse on the earth's cold face ;
But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt
The least of you shall share his part thereof.
Sound, drums and trumpets, boldly and cheerfully ;
God and Saint George ! Richmond and victory !

[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter KING RICHARD, RATCLIFF, Attendants, and Forces.

K. Rich. What said Northumberland, as touching Richmond ?

Rat. That he was never trained up in arms.

K. Rich. He said the truth : And what said Surrey then ?

Rat. He smil'd and said, the better for our purpose.

K. Rich. He was i' the right ; and so, indeed, it is.

[*Clock strikes.*

Tell the clock there.—Give me a calendar.—
Who saw the sun to-day ?

Rat. Not I, my lord.

K. Rich. Then he disdains to shine ; for, by the book,
He should have braved the east an hour ago :
A black day will it be to somebody.—

Ratcliff,—

Rat. My lord ?

K. Rich. The sun will not be seen to-day ;
The sky doth frown and lour upon our army.
I would these dewy tears were from the ground.
Not shine to-day ! Why, what is that to me,
More than to Richmond ? for the self-same heaven
That frowns on me looks sadly upon him.

Enter NORFOLK.

Nor. Arm, arm, my lord ; the foe vaunts in the field.

K. Rich. Come, bustle, bustle :—Caparison my horse ;—
Call up lord Stanley, bid him bring his power :
I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,
And thus my battle shall be ordered.
My forward shall be drawn out all in length,
Consisting equally of horse and foot ;
Our archers shall be placed in the midst :
John duke of Norfolk, Thomas earl of Surrey,
Shall have the leading of the foot and horse.
They thus directed, we will follow
In the main battle ; whose puissance on either side
Shall be well winged with our chiefest horse.
This, and Saint George to boot !—What think'st thou,
Norfolk ?

Nor. A good direction, warlike sovereign.
This found I on my tent this morning. [*Giving a scroll.*

K. Rich. [*Reads.*] "Jocky of Norfolk, be not so² bold,
For Dickon thy master is bought and sold."

A thing devised by the enemy.—

Go, gentlemen, every man unto his charge :
Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls ;
For conscience is a word that cowards use,
Devis'd at first to keep the strong in awe ;
Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law.
March on, join bravely, let us to 't pell-mell ;
If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.

What shall I say more than I have inferr'd ?
Remember whom you are to cope withal ;—
A sort of vagabonds, rascals, and runaways,
A scum of Breagnes, and base lackey peasants,

¹ The lines in brackets are not found in the folio.

² So in all the old copies. The line in the Chronicle is—

"Jocky of Norfolk, be not too bold."

Whom their o'er-cloy'd country vomits forth
To desperate ventures and assur'd destruction.
You sleeping safe, they bring you to unrest;
You having lands, and bless'd with beauteous wives,
They would restrain the one, distain the other.
And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow,
Long kept in Bretagne at our mother's cost?
A milksop, one that never in his life
Felt so much cold as over shoes in snow?
Let's whip these stragglers o'er the seas again;
Lash hence these overweening rags of France,
These famish'd beggars, weary of their lives;
Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit,
For want of means, poor rats, had hang'd themselves.
If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us,
And not these bastard Bretagnes, whom our fathers
Have in their own land beaten, bobb'd, and thump'd,
And, on record, left them the heirs of shame.
Shall these enjoy our lands? lie with our wives?
Ravish our daughters?—Hark, I hear their drum.

[*Drum afar off.*]

Fight, gentlemen of England! fight, bold¹ yeomen!
Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head!
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood;
Amaze the welkin with your broken staves!

Enter a Messenger.

What says lord Stanley? will he bring his power?

Mess. My lord, he doth deny to come.

K. Rich. Off² with his son George's head!

Nor. My lord, the enemy is pass'd the marsh;
After the battle let George Stanley die.

K. Rich. A thousand hearts are great within my bosom:
Advance our standards, set upon our foes;
Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George,
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!
Upon them! Victory sits on our helms. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Another part of the Field.*

Alarum: Excursions. Enter NORFOLK and Forces; to him
CATESBY.

Cate. Rescue, my lord of Norfolk, rescue, rescue!
The king enacts more wonders than a man,
Daring an opposite to every danger;
His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death:
Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost!

Alarum. Enter KING RICHARD.

K. Rich. A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

Cate. Withdraw, my lord, I'll help you to a horse.

K. Rich. Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die:
I think there be six Richmonds in the field;
Five have I slain to-day, instead of him:
A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse! [*Exeunt.*]

Alarums. Enter KING RICHARD and RICHMOND; they
*fight; RICHARD is slain.*³

Retreat and flourish. Then enter RICHMOND, STANLEY
bearing the crown, with divers other Lords, and Forces.

Richm. God, and your arms, be prais'd, victorious
friends;

The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead.

Stan. Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquit
thee!

Lo, here, these long-usurped royalties,⁴
From the dead temples of this bloody wretch
Have I pluck'd off, to grace thy brows withal;
Wear it, endure it, make much of it.

Richm. Great God of heaven, say, amen, to all!

But, tell me, is young George Stanley living?

Stan. He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town;

Whither, if you please, we may withdraw us.⁵

Richm. What men of name are slain on either side?

Stan. John duke of Norfolk, Walter lord Ferrers,
Sir Robert Brakenbury, and sir William Brandon.

Richm. Inter their bodies as becomes their births.

Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled
That in submission will return to us;
And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament,
We will unite the white rose and the red:
Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction,
That long hath frown'd upon their enmity!

What traitor hears me, and says not amen?
England hath long been mad, and scarr'd herself;
The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,
The father rashly slaughter'd his own son,
The son, compell'd, been butcher to the sire;
All this divided York and Lancaster,
Divided in their dire division.

O, now let Richmond and Elizabeth,
The true succeeders of each royal house,
By God's fair ordinance conjoin together!
And let their heirs, (God, if thy will be so),
Enrich the time to come with smooth-fac'd peace,
With smiling plenty, and fair prosperous days!
Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,
That would reduce⁶ these bloody days again,
And make poor England weep in streams of blood!
Let them not live to taste this land's increase,
That would with treason wound this fair land's peace!
Now civil wounds are stopp'd, peace lives again;
That she may long live here, God say—Amen! [*Exeunt.*]

action. In the modern editions we have, "Enter King Richard and Richmond;
and exeunt fighting."

⁴ So the folio; the quartos, *this long-usurped royalty.*

⁵ So the folio; the quartos, *Whither, if it please you, we may now, &c.*

⁶ *Reduce*—bring back—the Latin form of the word.

¹ *Boldly* in the folio, and in all the quartos except the first, where we find *bold*.
² *Instantly* has been thrust in here, contrary to all authority, "for the sake of
metre."

³ *They fight; Richard is slain.* This is the stage direction of all the old
copies, and it is important to preserve, as showing the course of the dramatic

ILLUSTRATIONS TO KING RICHARD III.

ACT I.

^a SCENE II.—“*Come now, toward Chertsey with your holy load.*”

THE monastery of Chertsey, to which, after resting a day at St. Paul's, the corpse of Henry VI. was carried to be interred, exhibits scarcely any trace of its former state. An old building stands upon its site, and a few mouldering walls indicate that the men of other days have here abided.

^b SCENE II.—“*Dead Henry's wounds
Open their congeal'd mouths and bleed afresh!*”

Drayton has stated the popular superstition to which this passage refers:—

“If the vile actors of the heinous deed
Near the dead body happily be brought,
Oft't hath been prov'd the breathless corpse will bleed.”

In a very interesting collection of “English Causes Célèbres,” edited by Mr. Craik, the belief is shown to have been so universally established in Scotland as late as 1688, that the crown counsel, Sir George Mackenzie, in the remarkable trial of Philip Standsfield, thus alludes to a fact sworn to by several witnesses on that trial:—“God Almighty himself was pleased to bear a share in the testimonies which we produce. That Divine Power which makes the blood circulate during life has oftentimes, in all nations, opened a passage to it after death upon such occasions, but most in this case; for after all the wounds had been sewed up, and the body designedly shaken up and down, and, which is most wonderful, after the body had been buried for several days, which naturally occasions the blood to congeal, upon Philip's touching it the blood darted and sprung out, to the great astonishment of the surgeons themselves, who were desired to watch this event; whereupon Philip, astonished more than they, threw down the body, crying, O God! O God! and, cleansing his hand, grew so faint that they were forced to give him a cordial.”

ACT II.

^a SCENE II.—“*Me seemeth good, that, with some little train,
Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be fet.*”

Ludlow Castle was the ancient palace of the Princes of Wales, attached to the principality. Prince Edward was residing here under the governance of Earl Rivers, his maternal uncle. The castle is stated to have been founded on its rocky ridge in the reign of Henry I. It is now ruinous and deserted; but its associations are of the most enduring nature. “With whatever feats of chivalry it might have been anciently ennobled, the representation of ‘Comus’ in this stately fortress will ever be mentioned as one of the most memorable and honourable circumstances in the course of its history.”

ACT III.

SCENE I.—“*Welcome, sweet prince, to London, to your chamber.*”

An extract from Ben Jonson's “Part of King James's Entertainment in passing to his Coronation” will explain this passage:—“The scene presented itself in a square and flat upright, like to the side of a city: the top thereof, above the vent and crest, adorned with houses, towers, and steeples, set off in perspective. Upon the battlements in a great capital letter was inscribed

LONDINIUM

Beneath that, in a less and different character, was written

CAMERA REGIA,

* J. Warton, Milton's Minor Poems.

which title immediately after the Norman Conquest it began to have; and, by the indulgence of succeeding princes, hath been hitherto continued. In the frieze over the gate it seemeth to speak this verse:—

PAR DOMUS HÆC CÆLO,
SED MINOR EST DOMINO,

taken out of Martial, and implying, that though this city (for the state and magnificence) might by hyperbole be said to touch the stars, and reach up to heaven, yet was it far inferior to the master thereof, who was His Majesty; and in that respect unworthy to receive him. The highest person advanced therein was

MONARCHICA BRITANNICA;

and fitly; applying to the above-mentioned title of the city, *The King's Chamber*, and therefore here placed as in the proper seat of the empire.”

^b SCENE I.—“*Thus like the formal Vice Iniquity.*”

In an illustration of Henry IV., Part II., Act III., we have given a brief notice of the Vice of the old drama. Gifford has thus described him, with his usual good sense; and his description may spare our readers the trouble of wading through the elaborate dissertations which generally accompany the passage before us:—“He appears to have been a perfect counterpart of the Harlequin of the modern stage, and had a twofold office; to instigate the hero of the piece to wickedness, and, at the same time, to protect him from the devil, whom he was permitted to buffet and baffle with his wooden sword, till the process of the story required that both the protector and the protected should be carried off by the fiend; or the latter driven roaring from the stage by some miraculous interposition in favour of the repentant offender.” This note is appended to a passage in the first scene of Ben Jonson's “The Devil is an Ass.” We learn from this scene that there were Vices of various ranks, which had their proper appellations:—

“*Sat.* What Vice?
What kind wouldst thou have it of?
“*Pug.* Why any: Fraud,
Or Covetousness, or Lady Vanity,
Or old Iniquity.”

We have here, then, the very personage to which Richard refers; and Jonson brings him upon the scene to proclaim his own excellences, in a style of which the following is a specimen:—

“What is he calls upon me, and would seem to lack a Vice?
Ere his words be half spoken, I am with him in a trice;
Here, there, and everywhere, as the cat is with the mice:
True Vetus Iniquitas. Lack'st thou cards, friend, or dice?
I will teach thee to cheat, child, to cog, lie, and swagger,
And ever and anon to be drawing forth thy dagger:
To swear by Gogs-nowns, like a lusty Juventus,
In a cloak to thy heel, and a hat like a pent-house.”

Satan, however, will have nothing to do with Iniquity, whom he holds to be obsolete:—

“They are other things
That are received now upon earth, for Vices;
Stranger and newer; and changed every hour.”

In “The Staple of News” there is a sort of Chorus, or “Intermean,” between each act, in which the previous scenes are remarked upon. We learn again from this that the Vice had become obsolete in Jonson's time. The Vices of the play are explained to be the vicious characters; but *Tattle*, one of the performers in the Intermean, objects to this; which *Mirth*, another performer, defends:—

“*Tat.* But here is never a fiend to carry him away. Besides, he has never a wooden dagger! I would not give a rush for a Vice that has not a wooden dagger to snap at everybody he meets.

“*Mirth.* That was the old way, gossip, when Iniquity came in like Hokos Pokos, in a juggler's jerkin, with false skirts, like the Knave of Clubs; but now they are attired like men and women of the time, the Vices male and female.”

Iniquity, then, was no doubt a character whose attributes were

always essentially the same ; who was dressed always according to one fashion ; who constantly went through the same round of action ; who had his own peculiar cant words ;—something, in fact, very similar to that most interesting relic of antiquity, Punch, who, in spite of meddling legislation, still beats his wife and still defies the devil. It is to this fixed character of the “Vice Iniquity” that we think Shakspeare alludes when he calls him “the *formal* Vice”—the Vice who conducts himself according to a set form. It was his custom, no doubt, to

“Moralize two meanings in one word.”

It is to this *formal* character that Hamlet alludes :—

“A vice of kings—
A cutpurse of the empire and the rule ;
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket !”
“A king
Of shreds and patches.”

° SCENE I.—“*At Crosby-house there shall you find us both.*”

No historical fact can be better ascertained than the connection of Richard III. with Crosby House. It was the mansion of Sir John Crosby, an eminent citizen, who was sheriff in 1470. The temporary occupation of this splendid house by Richard was probably owing to the favour in which he was held in the city, where he had many zealous, and, no doubt, conscientious partisans. This fine specimen of the domestic architecture of the fifteenth century has been singularly fortunate in partially escaping the accidents of time, and the more ruthless devastation of modern improvement. What remains to us has been judiciously restored ; and we have no doubt that the national love of whatever is connected with the name of Shakspeare has thus secured to us one of the most interesting places associated with his immortal scenes.

° SCENE IV.—“*My lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,
I saw good strawberries in your garden there ;
I do beseech you send for some of them.*”

Sir Thomas More, no doubt, had this circumstance of the remark-

able scene which preceded the death of Hastings from some well-authenticated report. It was not a thing to be invented.† Ely Place, a century afterwards, was surrounded with fields and gardens ; and in the time of Richard III. strawberries were an article of ordinary consumption in London. In Lydgate’s poem of “London Lyckpeny” we have the following lines :—

“Then unto London I dyde me hye,
Of all the land it bearyeth the pryse ;
‘Gode pescode,’ owne began to cry—
‘*Strabery rype*, and cherrys in the ryse.’”

° SCENE V.—“*If you thrive well bring them to Baynard’s castle.*”

Baynard’s Castle, which stood on the bank of the river in Thames Street, has been swept away by the commercial necessities of London. The dingy barge is moored in the place of the splendid galley, and porters and carmen squabble on the spot where princes held their state. The Baynard’s Castle of the time of Richard III. was built by Humphrey Duke of Gloster ; and it was subsequently granted by Henry VI. to Richard’s father, the Duke of York.

ACT IV.

° SCENE I.—“*Were red-hot steel to sear me to the brain.*”

It is probable that Shakspeare had access to the story which is detailed in Goulart’s “Admirable and Memorable Histories” (1607), how John, the son of Vaivode Stephen, having defeated an army of Hungarian peasants in 1514, caused their general, “called George, to be stripped naked, upon whose head the executioner set a crown of hot burning iron.” This is the “Luke’s iron crown” of Goldsmith. In Wyntown’s Chronicle we have the like punishment assigned to “Jak Bonhowne.”

HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

ACT I.

It has not been our design, in these Illustrations, to advance the knowledge of the real facts of history, and to show the proper dependence of one fact upon another, for the purpose of correcting the poetical view of any series of events ; far less have we endeavoured to enter upon disputed points, and to place conflicting evidence, for the most part derived from the more accurate researches of modern times, in opposition to the details of the old historical authorities. It is our business simply to show the foundations upon which our poet built—to trace the relations between his dramatic situations and the narratives with which he was evidently familiar. In the great drama before us Shakspeare fell in with the popular view of the character of Richard III., preserving all the strong lineaments of his guilty ambition, as represented by Sir Thomas More, and the chroniclers who followed the narrative of that illustrious man, with marvellous subservience to his own wonderful conception of the high intellectual supremacy of this usurper. We are not about to inquire whether the Richard of history has had justice done to him, but whether the Richard of Shakspeare accords with the Richard of the old annalists. We shall quote invariably from Hall, because his narrative is more literally copied from More and the contemporary writers than that of Holinshed, who is never so quaint and vigorous ; and further, because we wish to show that the nonsense which has been uttered by Malone and others, that Shakspeare knew no

other historian than Holinshed, is disproved in the clearest manner by the accuracy with which in some scenes he follows the older chronicler.

We first give Hall’s description (from More) of Richard’s person and character :—

“Richard duke of Gloster was in wit and courage equal with the others (his brothers Edward and George), but in beauty and lineaments of nature far underneath both ; for he was little of stature, evil-featured of limbs, crook-backed, the left shoulder much higher than the right, hard favoured of visage, such as in estates is called a warlike visage and among common persons a crabbed face. He was malicious, wrathful, and envious, and, as it is reported, his mother the duchess had much ado in her travail, and that he came into the world the feet forward, as men be borne outward, and, as the fame ran, not untoothed : whether that men of hatred reported above the truth, or that nature changed his course in his beginning which in his life many things unnaturally committed, this I leave to God his judgment. He was none evil captain in war, as to the which his disposition was more inclined to than to peace. Sundry victories he had, and some overthrows, but never for default of his own person, either for lack of hardiness or politic order. Free he was of his dispenses, and somewhat above his power liberal ; with large gifts he got him unsteadfast friendship, for which cause he was fain to borrow, pill, and extort in other places, which got him steadfast hatred. He was close and secret, a deep dis-

* It is called Crosby House in the folio edition ; Crosby Place in the quartos.
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† See Historical Illustration, p. 806.

simuler, lowly of countenance, arrogant of heart, outwardly familiar where he inwardly hated, not letting to kiss whom he thought to kill; despitous and cruel, not alway for evil will, but often for ambition and to serve his purpose; friend and foe were all indifferent where his advantage grew; he spared no man's death whose life withstood his purpose. He slew in the Tower King Henry the Sixth, saying, Now is there no heir male of King Edward the Third but we of the house of York; which murder was done without King Edward his assent, which would have appointed that butcherly office to some other rather than to his own brother. Some wise men also wene that his drift lacked not in helping forth his own brother of Clarence to his death, which thing to all appearance he resisted, although he inwardly minded it. And the cause thereof was, as men noting his doings and proceedings did mark, because that he long in King Edward his time thought to obtain the crown in case that the king his brother, whose life he looked that evil diet would soon shorten, should happen to decease, as he did indeed, his children being young. And then, if the Duke of Clarence had lived, his pretended purpose had been far hindered; for if the Duke of Clarence had kept himself true to his nephew the young king, or would have taken upon him to be king, every one of these casts had been a trump in the Duke of Gloster's way: but when he was sure that his brother of Clarence was dead, then he knew he might work without that jeopardy. But of these points there is no certainty, and whosoever divineth or conjectureth may as well shoot too far as too short; but this conjecture afterward took place (as few do), as you shall perceive hereafter."

The "taking off" of Clarence is not imputed by the old historians to Richard. At the time when Shakspeare wrote, little more than a century after these events, it was probably usual to ascribe crimes which we have not even heard of to the usurper who had perished, and from whose triumphant rival the reigning family had sprung. The history of the murder of Clarence is thus related:—

"In the xvii year of King Edward there fell a sparkle of privy malice between the king and his brother the Duke of Clarence, whether it rose of old grudges before time passed, or were it newly kindled and set afire by the queen or her blood, which were ever mistrusting and privily barking at the king's lineage, or were he desirous to reign after his brother: to men that have thereof made large inquisition, of such as were of no small authority in those days, the certainty thereof was hid, and could not truly be disclosed but by conjectures, which as often deceive the imaginations of fantastical folk, as declare truth to them in conclusion. The fame was that the king or the queen, or both, sore troubled with a foolish prophecy, and by reason thereof began to stomach and grievously to grudge against the duke: the effect of which was, after King Edward should reign one whose first letter of his name should be a G; and because the devil is wont with such witchcrafts to wrap and illaquate the minds of men, which delight in such devilish fantasies, they said afterward that that prophecy lost not his effect, when after King Edward Gloster usurped his kingdom.

"Other allege this to be the cause of his death:—That of late the old rancour between them being newly revived (the which between no creatures can be more vehement than between brethren, especially when it is firmly radicate), the duke, being destitute of a wife, by the means of Lady Margaret Duchess of Bourgoyne, his sister, procured to have the Lady Mary, daughter and heir to Duke Charles her husband, to be given to him in matrimony; which marriage King Edward (envying the felicity of his brother) both gainsaid and disturbed. This privy displeasure was openly appeased, but not inwardly forgotten nor outwardly forgiven; for that notwithstanding a servant of the duke's was suddenly accused (I cannot say of truth or untruly suspected by the duke's enemies) of poisoning, sorcery, or enchantment, and thereof condemned, and put to taste the pains of death. The duke, which might not suffer the wrongful condemnation of his man (as he in his conscience adjudged), nor yet forbear, nor patiently suffer the unjust handling of his trusty servant, daily did oppugn and with ill words murmur at the doing thereof. The king, much grieved and troubled with his brother's daily querimony and continual exclamation, caused him to be apprehended and cast into the Tower, where he, being taken and adjudged for a traitor, was privily drowned in a butt of malmesey.

"But sure it is that although King Edward were consenting to his death and destruction, yet he much did both lament his unfortunate chance and repent his sudden execution; inasmuch that, when any

person sued to him for pardon or remission of any malefactor condemned to the punishment of death, he would accustomably say, and openly speak, O unfortunate brother, for whose life not one creature would make intercession! openly speaking, and apparently meaning, that, by the means of some of the nobility, he was circumvented and brought to his confusion."

The marriage of Richard with the young widow of the son of Henry VI. is a remarkable circumstance—as remarkable as the fact that he had afterwards obtained sufficient influence with the widow of Edward IV. to propose to marry her daughter Elizabeth. The wooing scene with Anne is an example of the skill with which our great dramatist reconciles contradictions. If Richard were unsuspected by his wife to have murdered her husband and his father, it was not unnatural that she should have married him; if she were cognizant of these actions, which the poet has represented she was, her disgust could only have been overcome by the profound dissimulation with which he has also shown her to be propitiated.

ACT II.

The death of Edward IV. was at once succeeded by the most decided movement on the part of Richard. He, in concert with Buckingham, assembled a large body of followers, and reached the young king at Stony-Stratford, on his way to London. They arrested his followers, and carried him back to Northampton. The scene is thus described by Hall:—

"And forthwith they arrested the Lord Richard, and Sir Thomas Vaughan, and Sir Richard Hawte, knights, in the king's presence, and brought the king and all back to Northampton, where they took further counsel in their affairs; and there they sent from the king whom it pleased them, and set about him such servants as better pleased them than him; at which dealing he wept and was not content, but it booteth not. And at dinner the Duke of Gloster sent a dish from his own table to the Lord Rivers, praying him to be of good cheer, and all should be well; he thanked him, and prayed the messenger to bear it to his nephew the Lord Richard, with like words, whom he knew to have need of comfort, as one to whom such adversity was strange; but he himself had been all his days enured therewith, and therefore could bear it the better. But for all this message, the Duke of Gloster sent the Lord Rivers, the Lord Richard, and Sir Thomas Vaughan, and Sir Richard Hawte, into the north parts, into divers prisons; but at last all came to Pomfret, where they all four were beheaded without judgment."

The flight of the queen to sanctuary is thus most graphically described by the chronicler. There is a quiet power in the concluding sentence, "The queen sat alone below on the rushes, all desolate and dismayed," which is akin to the highest poetry:—

"Whereupon the bishop called up all his servants and took with him the great seal, and came before day to the queen, about whom he found much heaviness, rumble, haste, business, conveyance and carriage of her stuff into sanctuary; every man was busy to carry, bear, and convey stuff, chests and fardells; no man was unoccupied, and some carried more than they were commanded to another place. The queen sat alone below on the rushes, all desolate and dismayed, whom the archbishop comforted in the best manner that he could."

ACT III.

Sir Thomas More's "Tragical History of Richard III." (otherwise called "The History of the pitiful Life and unfortunate Death of King Edward V.") ought to be regarded with veneration, for it has given to Shakspeare the materials for some of the most spirited of these scenes. Hall copied More verbatim; and in that he showed his good sense. The scenes described by More have a wonderful air of truth—probably, in great part, from the notice of little incidents that could only have been derived from actual observation. It is supposed that he obtained these minute particulars from Morton Bishop of Ely, the same bishop who had very good strawberries in his garden at Holborn. However the transactions of the reign of Richard may

have been coloured, the colouring must remain. The scenes which More has recorded, and Shakspeare rendered perpetual, must continue to be received as true. They may not be the literal truth, but they involve, there can be little doubt, the higher general truth, with reference to the mysterious events of this turbulent period. We have little more to do here than indicate the connection between the old narrative and the action of this drama.

The following is the foundation of the first scene of this act:—

“When the cardinal and the other lords had received the young duke, they brought him into the Star Chamber, where the protector took him into his arms and kissed him, with these words: Now welcome, my lord, with all my very heart; and he said in that of likelihood even as he inwardly thought, and thereupon forthwith brought him to the king his brother into the bishop’s palace at Paul’s, and from thence through the city honourably into the Tower, out of which after that day they never came abroad. When the protector had both the children in his possession, yea, and that they were in a sure place, he then began to thirst to see the end of his enterprise. And to avoid all suspicion he caused all the lords which he knew to be faithful to the king to assemble at Baynard’s castle to commune of the order of the coronation, while he and other of his complices and of his affinity at Crosby’s place contrived the contrary, and to make the protector king: to which counsel there were adhibit very few, and they very secret.”

With what skill Shakspeare has caught the dramatic situation of the old history may be seen by a comparison of the following extract from Hall with Scene II. :—

“A marvellous case it is to hear, either the warnings that he should have voided, or the tokens of that he could not void. For the next night before his death the Lord Stanley sent to him a trusty messenger at midnight in all the haste, requiring him to rise and ride away with him, for he was disposed utterly no longer for to abide, for he had a fearful dream, in the which he thought that a boar with his tusks so rased them both by the heads that the blood ran about both their shoulders; and for as much as the protector gave the boar for his cognizance, he imagined that it should be he. This dream made such a fearful impression in his heart, that he was thoroughly determined no longer to tarry, but had his horse ready, if the Lord Hastings would go with him; so that they would ride so far that night that they should be out of danger by the next day. Ah! good lord (q^d the Lord Hastings to the messenger): leaneth my lord thy master so much to such trifles, and hath such faith in dreams, which either his own fear phantasieth, or do rise in the night’s rest by reason of the day’s thought? Tell him it is plain witchcraft to believe in such dreams, which, if they were tokens of things to come, why thinketh he not that we might as likely make them true by our going, if we were caught and brought back (as friends fail fliers)? for then had the boar a cause likely to rase us with his tusks, as folks that fled for some falsehood, wherefore either is there peril, nor none there is deed, or if any be it is rather in going than abiding. And if we should needs fall in peril one way or other, yet had I liefer that men should say it were by other men’s falsehood, than think it were either our own fault or faint feeble heart; and therefore go to thy master and commend me to him, and say that I pray him to be merry and have no fear, for I assure him I am assured of the man he wotteth of, as I am sure of mine own hand. God send grace (q^d the messenger); and so departed. Certain it is also that, in riding toward the Tower the same morning in which he was beheaded, his horse that he accustomed to ride on stumbled with him twice or thrice almost to the falling; which thing, although it happeth to them daily to whom no mischance is toward, yet hath it been as an old evil token observed as a going toward mischief. Now this that followeth was no warning, but an envious scorn. The same morning, ere he were up from his bed, there came to him Sir Thomas Haward, son to the Lord Haward (which lord was one of the priviest of the lord protector’s council and doing), as it were of courtesy to accompany him to the council, but of truth sent by the lord protector to haste him hitherward.

“This Sir Thomas, while the Lord Hastings staid a while communing with a priest whom he met in the Tower-street, brake the lord’s tale, saying to him merely, What, my lord! I pray you come on; wherefore talk you so long with that priest? you have no need of a priest yet: and laughed upon him, as though he would say, You shall have need of one soon. But little wist the other what he meant

(but or night these words were well remembered by them that heard them); so the true Lord Hastings little mistrusted, and was never merrier, nor thought his life in more surety in all his days, which thing is often a sign of change: but I shall rather let anything pass me than the vain surety of man’s mind so near his death; for upon the very Tower wharf, so near the place where his head was off so soon after as a man might well cast a ball, a pursuivant of his own, called Hastings, met with him, and of their meeting in that place he was put in remembrance of another time in which it happened them to meet before together in the place, at which time the Lord Hastings had been accused to King Edward by the Lord Rivers, the queen’s brother, insomuch that he was for a while, which lasted not long, highly in the king’s indignation. As he now met the same pursuivant in the same place, the jeopardy so well passed, it gave him great pleasure to talk with him thereof, with whom he had talked in the same place of that matter, and therefore he said, Ah, Hastings, art thou remembered when I met thee here once with an heavy heart? Yea, my lord, (q^d he,) that I remember well, and thanked be to God they gat no good nor you no harm thereby. Thou wouldest say so (q^d he) if thou knewest so much as I do, which few know yet, and more shall shortly. That meant he, that the Earl Rivers and the Lord Richard and Sir Thomas Vaughan should that day be beheaded at Pomfret, as they were indeed; which act he wist well should be done, but nothing ware that the axe hung so near his own head. In faith, man, (q^d he,) I was never so sorry, nor never stood in so great danger of my life, as I did when thou and I met here; and lo! the world is turned now; now stand mine enemies in the danger, as thou mayest hap to know more hereafter, and I never in my life merrier, nor never in so great surety. I pray God it prove so (q^d Hastings). Prove! (q^d he :) doubttest thou that? nay, nay, I warrant thee. And so in manner displeased he entered into the Tower.”

So more especially with the great scene (Scene IV.) of the arrest of Hastings:—

“The lord protector caused a council to be set at the Tower on the Friday the thirteenth day of June, where was much communing for the honourable solemnity of the coronation, of the which the time appointed approached so near that the pageants were a making day and night at Westminster, and victual killed which afterward was cast away.

“These lords thus sitting communing of this matter, the protector came in among them about nine of the clock, saluting them courteously, excusing himself that he had been from them so long, saying merely that he had been a sleeper that day; and after a little talking with them he said to the Bishop of Ely, My lord, you have very good strawberries in your garden at Holborn, I require you let us have a mess of them. Gladly, my lord, (q^d he,) I would I had some better thing as ready to your pleasure as that: and with that in all haste he sent his servant for a dish of strawberries. The protector set the lords fast in communing, and thereupon prayed them to spare him a little, and so he departed, and came again between ten and eleven of the clock into the chamber all changed, with a sour angry countenance, knitting the brows, frowning, and fretting, and gnawing on his lips, and so set him down in his place. All the lords were dismayed, and sore marvelled of this manner and sudden change, and what thing should him ail. When he had sitten a while, thus he began: What were they worthy to have that compass and imagine the destruction of me, being so near of blood to the king, and protector of this his royal realm? At which question all the lords sat sore astonished, musing much by whom the question should be meant, of which every man knew himself clear.

“Then the Lord Hastings, as he that for the familiarity that was between them thought he might be boldest with him, answered and said, That they were worthy to be punished as heinous traitors, whatsoever they were: and all the other affirmed the same. That is (q^d he) yonder sorceress my brother’s wife, and other with her: meaning the queen. At these words many of the lords were sore abashed which favoured her; but the Lord Hastings was better content in his mind that it was moved by her than by any other that he loved better, albeit his heart grudged that he was not afore made of counsel of this matter, as well as he was of the taking of her kindred, and of their putting to death, which were by his assent before devised to be beheaded at Pomfret this self-same day, in the which he was not ware that it was by other devised that he himself should the same day be beheaded at London. Then, said the protector, in what wise that sorceress and other of her counseil, as Shore’s wife with her affinity, have by their sorcery and

witchcraft thus wasted my body: and therewith plucked up his doublet sleeve to his elbow on his left arm, where he showed a wearish withered arm, and small as it was never other. And thereupon every man's mind misgave them, well perceiving that this matter was but a quarrel, for well they wist that the queen was both too wise to go about any such folly, and also, if she would, yet would she of all folk make Shore's wife least of her counsel, whom of all women she most hated as that concubine whom the king her husband most loved.

"Also, there was no man there but knew that his arm was ever such sith the day of his birth. Nevertheless the Lord Hastings, which from the death of King Edward kept Shore's wife, whom he somewhat doted in the king's life, saying, it is said, that he forbore her for reverence toward his king, or else of a certain kind of fidelity toward his friend; yet now his heart somewhat grudged to have her whom he loved so highly accused, and that as he knew well untruly; therefore he answered and said, Certainly, my lord, if they have so done they be worthy of heinous punishment. What! (q^d the protector,) thou servest me, I ween, with if and with and: I tell thee they have done it, and that will I make good on thy body, traitor: and therewith (as in a great anger) he clapped his fist on the board a great rap; at which token given, one cried treason without the chamber, and therewith a door clapped, and in came rushing men in harness, as many as the chamber could hold; and anon the protector said to the Lord Hastings, I arrest thee, traitor! What, me, my lord? q^d he. Yea, thee traitor, q^d the protector; and one let fly at the Lord Stanley, which shrunk at the stroke, and fell under the table, or else his head had been cleft to the teeth, for as shortly as he shrank yet ran the blood about his ears. Then was the Archbishop of York, and Doctor Morton Bishop of Ely, and the Lord Stanley, taken, and divers other, which were bestowed in divers chambers, save the Lord Hastings (whom the protector commanded to speed and shrive him apace), For by Saint Paul (q^d he) I will not dine till I see thy head off. It booted him not to ask why, but heavily he took a priest at a venture and made a short shrift, for a longer would not be suffered, the protector made so much haste to his dinner, which might not go to it till this murder were done for saving of his ungracious oath. So was he brought forth into the green beside the chapel within the Tower, and his head laid down on a log of timber that lay there for building of the chapel, and there tyrannously stricken off, and after his body and head were interred at Windsor by his master, King Edward the Fourth, whose souls Jesu pardon. Amen."

The scene upon the Tower walls, where Gloster and Buckingham appear in "rotten armour, marvellous ill-favoured," has its origin in the following description of their practice upon the credulity of the citizens, showing themselves in "old evil-favoured briganders, such as no man would ween that they would have vouchsafed to have put on their backs, except some sudden necessity had constrained them:"—

"Now flew the fame of this lord's death through the city and farther about, like a wind in every man's ear; but the protector immediately after dinner, intending to set some colour upon the matter, sent in all the haste for many substantial men out of the city into the Tower, and at their coming himself with the Duke of Buckingham stood harnessed in old evil-favoured briganders, such as no man would ween that they would have vouchsafed to have put on their backs, except some sudden necessity had constrained them. Then the lord protector showed them that the Lord Hastings and other of his conspiracy had contrived to have suddenly destroyed him and the Duke of Buckingham there the same day in counsel, and what they intended farther was yet not well known; of which their treason he had never knowledge before x of the clock the same forenoon, which sudden fear drave them to put on such harness as came next to their hands for their defence, and so God help them! that the mischief turned upon them that would have done it, and thus he required them to report. Every man answered fair, as though no man mistrusted the matter, which of truth no man believed."

The seventh scene, one of the most skilfully conducted of the whole play, may be traced in very minute particulars to the graphic historian:—

"When the duke had said, and looked that the people, whom he hoped that the mayor had framed before, should, after this flattering proposition made, have cried King Richard! King Richard! all was still and mute, and not one word answered to; wherewith the duke

was marvellously abashed, and taking the mayor near to him, with other that were about him privy to the matter, said unto them softly, What meaneth this that the people be so still? Sir, quod the mayor, percase they perceive you not well. That shall we amend, quod he, if be that will help; and therewith somewhat louder rehearsed the same matter again, in other order and other words, so well and ornately, and nevertheless so evidently and plain, with voice, gesture, and countenance so comely and so convenient, that every man much marvelled that heard him, and thought that they never heard in their lives so evil a tale so well told. But were it for wonder, or fear, or that each looked that other should speak first, not one word was there answered of all the people that stood before; but all were as still as the midnight, not so much rouning* among them, by which they might seem once to commune what was best to do. When the mayor saw this, he, with other partners of the counsel, drew about the duke, and said that the people had not been accustomed there to be spoken to but by the recorder, which is the mouth of the city, and haply to him they will answer. With that the recorder, called Thomas Fitz William, a sad man and an honest, which was but newly come to the office, and never had spoken to the people before, and loth was with that matter to begin, notwithstanding, thereunto commanded by the mayor, made rehearsal to the commons of that which the duke had twice purposed himself; but the recorder so tempered his tale that he showed everything as the duke his words were, and no part of his own: but all this no change made in the people, which alway after one stood as they had been amazed. Whereupon the duke roused with the mayor, and said, This is a marvellous obstinate silence; and therewith turned to the people again, with these words:—Dear friends, we come to move you to that thing which peradventure we so greatly needed not, but that the lords of this realm and commons of other parts might have sufficed, saying such love we bear you, and so much set by you, that we would not gladly do without you that thing in which to be partners is your weal and honour, which as to us seemeth you see not or weigh not; wherefore we require you to give us an answer, one or other, whether ye be minded, as all the nobles of the realm be, to have this noble prince, now protector, to be your king? And at these words the people began to whisper among themselves secretly, that the voice was neither loud nor base, but like a swarm of bees, till at the last, at the nether end of the hall, a bushment of the duke's servants, and one Nashfield, and other belonging to the protector, with some prentices and lads that thrustured into the hall amongst the press, began suddenly at men's backs to cry out as loud as they could, King Richard! King Richard! and then threw up their caps in token of joy, and they that stood before cast back their heads marvelling thereat, but nothing they said. And when the duke and the mayor saw this manner, they wisely turned it to their purpose, and said it was a goodly cry and a joyful to hear every man with one voice, and no man saying nay. Wherefore friends, (quod the duke,) sith we perceive that it is all your whole minds to have this noble man for your king, whereof we shall make his grace so effectual report that we doubt not but that it shall redound to your great wealth and commodity. We therefore require you that to-morrow ye go with us, and we with you, to his noble grace, to make our humble petition and request to him in manner before remembered.

"Then on the morrow the mayor and aldermen and chief commoners of the city, in their best manner apparelled, assembled them together at Paul's, resorted to Baynard's castle, where the protector lay, to which place also, according to the appointment, repaired the Duke of Buckingham, and divers nobles with him, besides many knights and gentlemen. And thereupon the duke sent word to the lord protector of the being there of a great honourable company to move a great matter to his grace. Whereupon the protector made great difficulty to come down to them, except he knew some part of their errand, as though he doubted, and partly mistrusted, the coming of such a number to him so suddenly, without any warning or knowledge whether they came for good or harm. Then, when the duke had showed this to the mayor and other, that they might thereby see how little the protector looked for this matter, they sent again by the messenger such loving message, and therewith so humbly besought him to vouchsafe that they might resort to his presence to purpose their intent, of which they would to none other person any part disclose. At the last he came out of his chamber, and yet not down to them, but in a gallery over them, with a bishop

* To roun, or round, is to speak privately.

on every hand of him, where they beneath might see him and speak to him, as though he would not yet come near them till he wist what they meant. And thereupon the Duke of Buckingham first made humble petition to him, on the behalf of them all, that his grace would pardon them, and license them to purpose unto his grace the intent of their coming without his displeasure, without which pardon obtained they durst not be so bold to move him of that matter; in which, albeit they meant as much honour to his grace as wealth to all the realm beside, yet were they not sure how his grace would take it, whom they would in no wise offend. Then the protector, as he was very gentle of himself, and also longed sore apparently to know what they meant, gave him leave to purpose what him liked, verily trusting for the good mind that he bare them all, none of them anything would intend to himward, wherewith he thought to be grieved. When the duke had this leave and pardon to speak, then waxed he bold to show him their intent and purpose, with all the causes moving them thereto, as ye before have heard; and finally, to beseech his grace that it would like him, of his accustomed goodness and zeal unto the realm, now with his eye of pity to behold the long continued distress and decay of the same, and to set his gracious hand to the redress and amendment thereof, by taking upon him the crown and governance of the realm according to his right and title lawfully descended unto him, and to the laud of God, profit and surety of the land, and unto his grace so much the more honour and less pain, in that that never prince reigned upon any people that were so glad to live under his obeisance as the people of this realm under his.

"When the protector had heard the proposition he looked very strangely thereat, and made answer, that albeit he knew partly the things by them alleged to be true, yet such entire love he bare to King Edward and his children, and so much more regarded his honour in other realms about than the crown of any one, of which he was never desirous, so that he could not find in his heart in this point to induce to their desire, for in all other nations where the truth were not well known it should peradventure be thought that it were his own ambitious mind and device to depose the prince and to take himself the crown, with which infamy he would in no wise have his honour stained for any crown, in which he had ever perchance perceived much more labour and pain than pleasure to him that so would use it, as he that would not and were not worthy to have it. Notwithstanding, he not only pardoned them of the motion that they made him, but also thanked them for the love and hearty favour they bare him, praying them for his sake to bear the same to the prince under whom he was and would be content to live, and with his labour and counsel, as far as it should like the king to use it, he would do his uttermost devoir to set the realm in good estate, which was already in the little time of his protectorship (lauded be God!) well begun, in that the malice of such as were before the occasion of the contrary, and of new intended to be, were now, partly by good policy, partly more by God his special providence than man's provision, repressed and put under.

"Upon this answer given, the Duke of Buckingham by the protector his licence a little rounded, as well with other noble men about him as with the mayor and recorder of London. And after that (upon like pardon desired and obtained) he showed aloud unto the protector, for a final conclusion, that the realm was appointed that King Edward his line should no longer reign upon them, both that they had so far gone that it was now no surety to retreat, as for that they thought it for the weal universal to take that way, although they had not yet begun it. Wherefore, if it would like his grace to take the crown upon him, they would humbly beseech him thereunto, and if he would give them a resolute answer to the contrary, (which they would be loth to hear,) then must they seek, and should not fail to find, some other nobleman that would. These words much moved the protector, which, as every man of small intelligence may wit, would never have inclined thereto; but when he saw there was none other way but that he must take it, or else he and his both to go from it, he said to the lords and commons, Sith it is we perceive well that all the realm is so set (whereof we be very sorry), that they will not suffer in any wise King Edward his line to govern them, whom no man earthly can govern against their wills: and we also perceive that no man is there to whom the crown can by so just title appertain as to ourself, as very right heir lawfully begotten of the body of our most dread and dear father Richard late Duke of York, to which title is now joined your election, the nobles and commons of the realm, which we of all titles possible take for most effectual,

we be content and agree favourably to incline to your petition and request, and according to the same here we take upon us the royal estate of pre-eminence and kingdom of the two noble realms England and France; the one, from this day forward by us and our heirs to rule, govern, and defend; the other, by God his grace and your good help, to get again, subdue, and establish for ever in due obedience unto this realm of England, the advancement whereof we never ask of God longer to live than we intend to procure and set forth. With this there was a great cry and shout, crying King Richard! and so the lords went up to the king, and so he was after that day called."

ACT IV.

The tragic story of the murder of Richard's nephews thus presented itself to Shakspeare:—

"And forasmuch as his mind gave him that, his nephews living, men would not reckon that he could have right to the realm, he thought therefore without delay to rid them, as though the killing of his kinsmen might end his cause and make him kindly king. Whereupon he sent John Green, whom he specially trusted, unto Sir Robert Brakenbury, constable of the Tower, with a letter and credence also, that the same Sir Robert in any wise should put the two children to death. This John Green did his errand to Brakenbury, kneeling before Our Lady in the Tower; who plainly answered that he would never put them to death to die therefore. With the which answer Green returned, recounting the same to King Richard at Warwick, yet on his journey; wherewith he took such displeasure and thought, that the same night he said to a secret page of his, Ah, whom shall a man trust? they that I have brought up myself, they that I weened would have most surely served me, even those fail me, and at my commandment will do nothing for me. Sir, quoth the page, there lieth one in the pallet chamber without, that I dare well say, to do your grace pleasure, the thing were right hard that he would refuse meaning by this James Tyrrel."

"James Tyrrel devised that they should be murdered in their beds, and no blood shed; to the execution whereof he appointed Miles Forest, one of the four that before kept them, a fellow flesh bred in murder beforetime; and to him he joined one John Dighton, his own horsekeeper, a big, broad, square, and strong knave. Then, all the other being removed from them, this Miles Forest and John Dighton about midnight, the sely children lying in their beds, came into the chamber, and suddenly lapped them up amongst the clothes, and so bewrapped them and entangled them, keeping down by force the feather-bed and pillows hard unto their mouths, that within awhile they smothered and stifled them; and their breaths failing, they gave up to God their innocent souls into the joys of heaven, leaving to the tormentors their bodies dead in the bed; which after the wretches perceived, first by the struggling with the pangs of death, and after long lying still, to be thoroughly dead, they laid the bodies out upon the bed, and fetched James Tyrrel to see them; which when he saw them perfectly dead, he caused the murderers to bury them at the stair foot, meetly deep in the ground, under a great heap of stones.

"Then rode James Tyrrel in great haste to King Richard, and showed him all the manner of the murder; who gave him great thanks, and, as men say, there made him knight."

It forms no part of our duty to enter into the inquiry whether the narrative of More is supported by other authorities; nor, further, whether the bones which were found in the reign of Charles II. were those of the unfortunate princes. Tradition represents the event to have taken place in what is still called "The Bloody Tower." Upon these old legends little historical reliance can be placed; but they still belong to the province of poetry.

The remarkable scene (Scene IV.) between Richard and the widow of Edward IV. has its foundation in the following narrative of Hall:—

"There came into his ungracious mind a thing not only detestable to be spoken of in the remembrance of man, but much more cruel and abominable to be put in execution: for when he resolved in his wavering mind how great a fountain of mischief toward him should spring if the Earl of Richmond should be advanced to the marriage of his niece, (which thing he heard say by the rumour of the people that no small number of wise and witty personages enterprised to

compass and bring to conclusion,) he clearly determined to reconcile to his favour his brother's wife, Queen Elizabeth, either by fair words or liberal promises, firmly believing, her favour once obtained, that she would not stick to commit and lovingly credit to him the rule and governance both of her and her daughters; and so by that means the Earl of Richmond of the affinity of his niece should be utterly defrauded and beguiled. And if no ingenious remedy could be otherwise invented to save the innumerable mischiefs which were even at hand and like to fall, if it should happen Queen Anne his wife to depart out of this present world, then he himself would rather take to wife his cousin and niece the Lady Elizabeth, than for lack of that affinity the whole realm should run to ruin, as who said, that if he once fell from his estate and dignity the ruin of the realm must needs shortly ensue and follow. Wherefore he sent to the queen, being in sanctuary, divers and often messages, which first should excuse and purge him of all things before against her attempted or procured, and after should so largely promise promotions innumerable and benefits, not only to her, but also to her son Lord Thomas Marquis Dorset, that they should bring her, if it were possible, into some wanhope, or, as some men say, into a fool's paradise. The messengers, being men both of wit and gravity, so persuaded the queen with great and pregnant reasons, then with fair and large promises, that she began somewhat to relent and to give to them no deaf ear, insomuch that she faithfully promised to submit and yield herself fully and frankly to the king's will and pleasure."

The suspicions of Richard increased as his dangers thickened around him. Hall says:—

"Amongst the noblemen whom he most mistrusted, these were the principal:—Thomas Lord Stanley, Sir William Stanley his brother, Gilbert Talbot, and vi hundred other, of whose purposes although King Richard were ignorant, yet he gave neither confidence nor credence to any one of them, and least of all to the Lord Stanley, because he was joined in matrimony with the Lady Margaret, mother to the Earl of Richmond, as afterward apparently ye may perceive. For when the said Lord Stanley would have departed into his country to visit his family, and to recreate and refresh his spirits (as he openly said), but the truth was to the intent to be in a perfect readiness to receive the Earl of Richmond at his first arrival in England, the king in no wise would suffer him to depart before that he had left as an hostage in the court George Stanley, Lord Strange, his first-begotten son and heir."

This appears the foundation of the spirited scene between Stanley and Richard.

ACT V.

The execution of Buckingham is briefly detailed by the chroniclers. They hasten on to the retribution which was preparing for Richard. "Tidings came that the Earl of Richmond was passed Severn, and come to Shrewsbury without any detriment or encumbrance. At which message he (Richard) was sore moved and broiled with melancholy and dolour; and cried out, asking vengeance of them that contrary to their oath and promise had fraudulently deceived him." But with his wonted energy "he determined himself out of hand the same day to occur and resist his adversaries." He was then "keeping his house in the castle of Nottingham." The chronicler proceeds:—"Then he, environed with his satellites and yeomen of the crown, with a frowning countenance and truculent aspect, mounted on a great white courser, followed with his footmen, the wings of horsemen coasting and ranging on every side. And keeping this array, he with great pomp entered the town of Leicester after the sunset." At Leicester Richard slept at a house which still remains. Hutton, in his "Battle of Bosworth Field," thus describes the old house and its appurtenances:—"In the Northgate Street yet stands a large handsome half-timber house, with one story projecting over the other, formerly an inn, the *Blue Boar*; hence an adjoining street derived its name, now corrupted into *Blubber-lane*. In one of the apartments Richard rested that night. The room seems to have been once elegant, though now in disuse. He brought his own bedstead of wood, large, and in some places gilt. It continued there 200 years after he left the place, and its remains are now in the possession of Alderman Drake. It had a wooden bottom, and under that a false one, of the same materials, like a floor and its under ceiling. Between these two bottoms was concealed a quantity of gold coin, worth about

£300 of our present money, but then worth many times that sum. Thus he personally watched his treasure, and slept on his military chest."

"The Earl of Richmond," says the chronicler, "raised his camp, and departed from Lichfield to the town of Tamworth." Shakspeare carefully follows the localities of the historians:—

"This foul swine
Lies now even in the centre of this isle,
Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn:
From Tamworth thither is but one day's march."

We continue the narrative of Hall:—

"In the mean season King Richard (which was appointed now to finish his last labour by the very divine justice and providence of God, which called him to condign punishment for his scelerate merits and mischievous deserts) marched to a place meet for two battles to encounter, by a village called Bosworth, not far from Leicester, and there he pitched his field, refreshed his soldiers, and took his rest. The fame went that he had the same night a dreadful and a terrible dream; for it seemed to him, being asleep, that he saw divers images like terrible devils, which pulled and hauled him, not suffering him to take any quiet or rest. The which strange vision not so suddenly strake his heart with a sudden fear, but it stuffed his head and troubled his mind with many dreadful and busy imaginations; for incontinent after, his heart being almost damped, he prognosticated before the doubtful chance of the battle to come, not using the alacrity and mirth of mind and of countenance as he was accustomed to do before he came toward the battle. And lest that it might be suspected that he was abashed for fear of his enemies, and for that cause looked so piteously, he recited and declared to his familiar friends in the morning his wonderful vision and terrible dream."

The plan of the battle is minutely detailed in the narratives; and Shakspeare has availed himself, with wonderful accuracy and spirit, of the circumstances attending the disposition of the field.

According to the usual practice of the chroniclers they give us long orations by the respective leaders previous to the battle being joined. Shakspeare has availed himself of some of the most prominent parts of these apparently fictitious compositions. The legend of "Jocky of Norfolk" is told thus by Hall:—"Of the nobility were slain John Duke of Norfolk, which was warned by divers to refrain from the field, insomuch that the night before he should set forward toward the king one wrote on his gate,

'Jack of Norfolk, be not too bold,
For Dykon thy master is bought and sold.'

The battle and the victory are thus described by Hall with the accustomed spirit of these old masters of our language:—

"He had scanty finished his saying but the one army espied the other. Lord! how hastily the soldiers buckled their helms! how quickly the archers bent their bows and frushed their feathers! how readily the billmen shook their bills and proved their staves! ready to approach and join when the terrible trumpet should sound the bloody blast to victory or death. Between both armies there was a great morass, which the Earl of Richmond left on his right hand, for this intent, that it should be on that side a defence for his part; and in so doing he had the sun at his back and in the faces of his enemies. When King Richard saw the earl's company was passed the morass, he commanded with all haste to set upon them; then the trumpets blew and the soldiers shouted, and the king's archers courageously let fly their arrows: the earl's bowmen stood not still, but paid them home again. The terrible shot once passed, the armies joined and came to hand-strokes, where neither sword nor bill was spared; at which encounter the Lord Stanley joined with the earl. The Earl of Oxford in the mean season, fearing lest while his company was fighting they should be compassed and circumvented with the multitude of his enemies, gave commandment in every rank that no man should be so hardy as go above ten foot from the standard; which commandment once known, they knit themselves together, and ceased a little from fighting. The adversaries, suddenly abashed at the matter, and mistrusting some fraud or deceit, began also to pause, and left striking, and not against the wills of many, which had liefer had the king destroyed than saved, and therefore they fought very faintly or stood still. The Earl of Oxford, bringing all his band together on the one part, set on his enemies freshly. Again, the adversaries perceiving that, placed their men slender and thin before, and thick and broad behind, beginning again hardily the battle. While the two forwards thus mortally fought, each intending to vanquish and convince the

other, King Richard was admonished by his explorators and espials that the Earl of Richmond, accompanied with a small number of men of arms, was not far off; and as he approached and marched toward him, he perfectly knew his personage by certain demonstrations and tokens which he had learnt and known of other; and being inflamed with ire and vexed with outrageous malice, he put his spurs to his horse, and rode out of the side of the range of his battle, leaving the avant-gardes fighting, and like a hungry lion ran with spear in rest toward him. The Earl of Richmond perceived well the king furiously coming toward him, and, by cause the whole hope of his wealth and purpose was to be determined by battle, he gladly proffered to encounter with him body to body, and man to man. King Richard set on so sharply at the first brunt that he overthrew the earl's standard

and slew Sir William Brandon, his standard-bearer, (which was father to Sir Charles Brandon, by King Henry the Eighth created Duke of Suffolk,) and matched hand to hand with Sir John Cheinye, a man of great force and strength, which would have resisted him, and the said John was by him manfully overthrown, and so he making open passage by dint of sword as he went forward, the Earl of Richmond withstood his violence and kept him at the sword's point without advantage longer than his companions other thought or judged; which, being almost in despair of victory, were suddenly recomforted by Sir William Stanley, which came to succours with iii thousand tall men, at which very instant King Richard's men were driven back and fled, and he himself, manfully fighting in the middle of his enemies, was slain and brought to his death as he worthily had deserved."

END OF VOL. I.

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