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. Pr'ythee, 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 hack'd?

Peto. Why, he hack'd 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[4], to make them bleed; and then to beſlubber our garments with it, and ſwear it was the blood of true men[5]. I did that I did not this ſeven year before, I bluſh'd to hear his monſtrous devices.

P. Hen. O villain, thou ſtoleſt a cup of ſack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner[6], and ever ſince

catches the word, and bids the landlady *give him as much as will make him a royal man*, that is, a *real* or *royal man*, and ſend him away. JOHNS.

The *royal* went for 10s.—the noble only for 6s. and 8d. TYRWHITT.

This ſeems to allude to a jeſt of queen Elizabeth. Mr. John Blower in a ſermon before her majeſty, firſt ſaid, "My *royal* queen," and a little after, "My *noble* queen." Upon which ſays the queen, "What, am I *ten groats* worſe than I was?" This is to be found in Hearne's *Diſcourſe of ſome Antiquities between Windſor and Oxford*; and it confirms the remark of the very learned and ingenious Mr. Tyrwhitt. TOLLET.

4 — *to tickle our noſes with ſpear-graſs*, &c.] So, in the old anonymous play of *The Victories of Henry the Fifth*: "Every day when I went into the field, I would take *a ſtraw*, and thruſt it into my noſe, and make my noſe bleed," &c. STEEVENS.

5 — *the blood of true men.*—] That is, of the men with whom they fought, of *honeſt men*, oppoſed to thieves. JOHNSON.

6 — *taken* with the manner,] See Vol. II. p. 316, n. 8. MALONE.

thou

thou haſt bluſh'd extempore: Thou hadſt fire and ſword [7] on thy ſide, and yet thou ran'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 [8].

Bard. Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

P. Hen. No, if rightly taken, halter [9].

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone. How now, my ſweet creature of bombaſt [1]? How long is't ago, Jack, ſince thou ſaw'ſt 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 [2]: A plague of ſighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. There's

[7] — *Thou hadſt fire and ſword* &c.] The *fire* was in his face. A red face is termed a *fiery face*. JOHNSON.

[8] *Hot livers, and cold purſes.*] That is, *drunkenneſs* and *poverty*. To *drink* was, in the language of thoſe times, to *heat the liver*. JOHNS.

[9] Choler, *my lord, if rightly taken.*

No, if rightly taken, halter.] The reader who would enter into the ſpirit of this repartee, muſt recollect the ſimilarity of ſound between *collar* and *choler*. STEEVENS.

[1] — *bombaſt?*] is the ſtuffing of cloaths. JOHNSON.

Stubbs, in his *Anatomie of Abuſes*, 1595, obſerves, that in his time "the doublettes were ſo hard quilted, ſtuffed, *bombaſted*, and ſewed, as they could neither worke, nor yet well play in them." And again, in the ſame chapter, he adds, that they were "ſtuffed with foure, five, or ſixe pounde of *bombaſt* at leaſt." *Bombaſt* is *cotton*. Gerard calls the *cotton plant* "the *bombaſt* tree." STEEVENS.

[2] *I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring:*] Ariſtophanes has the ſame thought:

Διὰ δακτυλίου μὲν ἂν ἐμὲ γ' ἂν διελκύσαις. *Plutus*, v. 1037.

Sir W. RAWLINSON.

An Alderman's *thumb-ring* is mentioned by Broom in the *Antipodes*, 1636, and in *Wit in a Conſtable*, 1640. The cuſtom of wearing *a ring on the thumb* is very ancient. In Chaucer's *Squier's Tale*, it is ſaid of the rider of the brazen horſe who advanced into the hall of Cambuſcan, that

"—upon his *thombe* he had of gold a *ring*." STEEVENS.

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, and made Lucifer cuckold, and ſwore the devil his true liegeman upon the croſs of a Welſh hook [3],—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 o' horſe-back up a hill perpendicular:

P. Hen. He that rides at high ſpeed, and with his piſtol [4] 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. O'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,

[3] —*upon the croſs of a Welſh hook,*] I believe the *Welſh hook* and the brown bill are no more than varieties of the *ſecuris falcata*, or probably a weapon of the ſame kind with the *Lochabar axe*, which was uſed in the late rebellion. Colonel Gardner was attacked with ſuch a one at the battle of Preſtonpans. STEEVENS.

Minſheu in his Dict. 1617, explains a *Welſh hook* thus: "*Armorum genus eſt æreo in falcis modum incurvato, perticæ longiſſimæ præfixo.*" Cotgrave calls it "a long hedging-bill, about the length of a partizan." See in Vol. II. p. 258, ſeveral ancient bills. Either the ſecond or the fourth, there repreſented, ſufficiently correſponds with Minſheu's deſcription. MALONE.

[4] —*piſtol*—] Shakſpeare never has any care to preſerve the manners of the time. *Piſtols* were not known in the age of Henry. *Piſtols* were, I believe, about our author's time, eminently uſed by the Scots. Sir Henry Wotton ſomewhere makes mention of a *Scottiſh piſtol*. JOHNSON.

B. and Fletcher are ſtill more inexcuſable. In the *Humourous Lieutenant*, they have equipped one of the immediate ſucceſſors of Alexander the Great, with the ſame weapon. STEEVENS.

and one Mordake, and a thouſand blue-caps [5] more: Worceſter is ſtolen away to-night; thy father's beard is turn'd white with the news [6]; you may buy land now as cheap as ſtinking mackarel [7].

P. Hen. Why then, 'tis like, if there come a hot June, and this civil buffetting hold, we ſhall buy maiden-heads 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 love me, practiſe an anſwer.

P. Hen. Do thou ſtand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life [8].

[5] —*blue caps*—] A name of ridicule given to the Scots from their *blue bonnets*. JOHNSON.

There is an old ballad called *Blew cap for me*; or

" A Scottiſh laſs her reſolute chooſing,

" She'll have bonny *blew cap*, all other refuſing." STEEVENS.

[6] — *thy father's* beard is turn'd white *with the news*;] I think Montaigne mentions a perſon condemned to death, whoſe *hair turned grey* in one night. TOLLET.

Naſhe, in his *Have with you to Saffron Walden* &c. 1596, ſays: " ——look and you ſhall find a *grey haire* for everie line I have writ againſt him; and you ſhall have *all his beard white* too, by the time he hath read over this booke." The reader may find more examples of this phænomenon in Grimeſtone's tranſlation of Goulart's *Memorable Hiſtories*. STEEVENS.

[7] —*you may buy land* &c.] In former times the proſperity of the nation was known by the value of land, as now by the price of ſtocks. Before Henry the Seventh made it ſafe to ſerve the king regnant, it was the practice at every revolution, for the conqueror to confiſcate the eſtates of thoſe that oppoſed, and perhaps of thoſe who did not aſſiſt him. Thoſe, therefore, that foreſaw a change of government, and thought their eſtates in danger, were deſirous to ſell them in haſte for ſomething that might be carried away. JOHNSON.

Fal. Shall I? content:—This chair ſhall be my ſtate[9], this dagger my ſcepter, and this cuſhion my crown[1].

P. Hen. Thy ſtate[2] is taken for a joint ſtool, thy golden ſcepter 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 Cambyſes' vein[3].

P. Hen. Well, here is my leg[4].

Fal. And here is my ſpeech:—Stand aſide, nobility.

[8] *Dothou ſtand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life,*] In the old anonymous play of *Henry V.* the ſame ſtrain of humour is diſcoverable:—"Thou ſhalt be my lord chief juſtice, and ſhall ſit in the chair, and I'll be the young prince and hit thee a box on the ear," &c. STEEVENS.

[9] *This chair ſhall be my* ſtate,] See Vol. IV. p. 53, n. *. MALONE.

This, as well as a following paſſage, was perhaps deſigned to ridicule the mock majeſty of *Cambyſes*, the hero of a play which appears from Decker's *Gul's Hornbook*, 1609, to have been exhibited with ſome degree of theatrical pomp. Decker is ridiculing the impertinence of young gallants who ſat or ſtood on the ſtage; "on the very ruſhes where the commedy is to daunce, yea and under the *ſtate of Cambyſes himſelfe*." STEEVENS.

[1] —*this cuſhion my crown.*] Dr. Letherland in a MS. note, obſerves that the country people in Warwickſhire uſe a *cuſhion* for a *crown*, at their harveſt-home diverſions. STEEVENS.

[2] *Thy ſtate* &c.] This anſwer might, I think, have better been omitted: it contains only a repetition of Falſtaff's mock royalty. JOHNSON.

This is an *apoſtrophe* of the prince to his abſent father, not an *anſwer* to Falſtaff. FARMER.

[3] —*king Cambyſes' vein.*] The banter here is upon a play—called A lamentable tragedie, mixed full of pleſant mirth, containing the life of *Cambiſes* king of Perſia. By Thomas Preſton. [1570.] THEOBALD.

I queſtion if Shakſpeare had ever ſeen this tragedy; for there is a remarkable peculiarity of meaſure, which, when he profeſſed to ſpeak in *king Cambyſes' vein*, he would hardly have miſſed, if he had known it. JOHNSON.

There is a marginal direction in the old play of King *Cambiſes*, "At this tale tolde, let the queen weep;" which I fancy is alluded to, though the meaſure is not preſerved. FARMER.

[4] —*my leg.*] That is, my obeiſance to my father. JOHNSON.

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[5], For tears do ſtop the flood-gates of her eyes[6].

Hoſt. O rare! he doth it as like one of theſe harlotry players[7], as I ever ſee.

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-brain[8]. —Harry, I do not only marvel where thou ſpendeſt thy time, but alſo how thou art accompanied: for though the camomile[9], the more it is trodden on, 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

5 — *my* triſtful *queen.*] Old Copies—*truſtful.* Corrected by Mr. Rowe. The word *triſtful* is again uſed in *Hamlet.* MALONE.

6 — *the flood-gates of her eyes.*] This paſſage is probably a burleſque on the following in *Preſton's Cambyſes:*

" *Queen.* Theſe words to hear makes ſtilling teares iſſue from chryſtall eyes."

Perhaps, ſays Dr. Farmer, we ſhould read—do *ope* the flood-gates &c. STEEVENS.

7 — harlotry *players,*] This word is uſed in the *Plowman's Tale:* " Soche *harlotre* men" &c. Again, in *P. P.* fol. 27. " I had lever here an *harlotry,* or a ſomer's game." Junius explains the word by " *inhoneſta* paupertinæ ſortis fœditas." STEEVENS.

8 — *tickle-brain.*] This appears to have been the nick name of ſome ſtrong liquor. So, in *A new Trick to cheat the Devil,* 1636:

" A cup of Nipſitate briſk and neat,
" The drawers call it *tickle-brain.*"

In the *Antipodes,* 1638, *ſettle-brain* is mentioned as another potation. STEEVENS.

9 — *though the camomile,* &c.] This whole ſpeech is ſupremely comick. The ſimile of camomile uſed to illuſtrate a contrary effect, brings to my remembrance an obſervation of a late writer of ſome merit, whom the deſire of being witty has betrayed into a like thought. Meaning to enforce with great vehemence the mad temerity of young ſoldiers, he remarks, that " though Bedlam be in the road to Hogſden, it is out of the way to promotion." JOHNSON.

The ſtyle immediately ridiculed, is that of Lilly in his *Euphues:* " Though the *camomile* the more it is trodden and preſſed downe, the more it ſpreadeth; yet the *violet* the oftener it is handled and touched, the ſooner it withereth and decayeth," &c. FARMER.

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 [1] prove a micher [2], and eat black-berries? a queſtion not to be aſk'd. Shall the ſon of England prove a thief, and take purſes? a queſtion to be aſk'd. 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 [3]; 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 [4], then, peremptorily I ſpeak it, there is virtue in that

[1] *Shall the bleſſed ſun of heaven*—] Thus the firſt quarto. In the ſecond quarto 1599, the word *ſun* was changed to *ſon*, which conſequently is the reading of the ſubſequent quartos and the folio: and ſo I ſuſpect the author wrote. The orthography of theſe two words was formerly ſo unſettled, that it is often from the context alone one can determine which is meant. MALONE.

[2] —*a micher*,] i. e. truant; to *mich*, is to lurk out of ſight, a hedge creeper. WARBURTON.

The alluſion is to a truant boy, who, unwilling to go to ſchool, and afraid to go home, lurks in the fields, and picks wild fruits. JOHNSON.

[3] —*this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile*;] Alluding to an old ballad, beginning,

"Who toucheth *pitch*, muſt be *defil'd*." STEEVENS.

Or perhaps to Lilly's *Euphues*:

"He that toucheth pitch ſhall be defiled." T. H. W.

4 *If then the tree* &c.] Sir T. Hanmer reads—If then the fruit may be

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 rabbet-ſucker [5], 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 Eaſt-cheap.

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 [6] of beaſtlineſs, that ſwoln parcel of dropſies, that huge bombard of ſack, that ſtuff'd cloak-bag of guts, that

be known by the tree, as the tree by the fruit, &c. and his emendation has been adopted in the late editions. The old reading is, I think, well ſupported by Mr. Heath, who obſerves, that "Virtue is conſidered as the fruit, the man as the tree; conſequently the old reading muſt be right. If then the *tree* may be known by the *fruit*, as the *fruit* by the *tree*,—that is, If I can judge of the man by the virtue I ſee in his looks, he muſt be a virtuous man." MALONE.

I am afraid here is a profane alluſion to the 33d verſe of the 12th chapter of St. Matthew. STEEVENS.

[5] — *rabbet-ſucker*,] is, I ſuppoſe, a *ſucking rabbet*. The jeſt is in comparing himſelf to ſomething thin and little. So a *poulterer's hare*; a hare hung up by the hind legs without a ſkin, is long and ſlender. JOHNS.

Dr. Johnſon is right: for in the account of the ſerjeant's feaſt, by Dugdale, in his *Orig. Juridiciales*, one article is a dozen of *rabbet-ſuckers*. A *poulterer* was formerly written—a *poulter*, and ſo the old copies of this play. Thus in *Pierce Pennileſſe his Supplication to the Devil*, 1595: "We muſt have our tables furniſht like *poulters'* ſtalles." STEEVENS.

[6] — *bolting-hutch*—] is the wooden receptacle into which the meal is *bolted*. STEEVENS.

roaſted

roaſted Manningtree-ox with the pudding in his belly [7], that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years [8]? 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 [9], 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 [1]. Whom means your grace?

P. Hen. That villainous abominable miſ-leader of youth, Falſtaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

Fal. My lord, the man I know.

P. Hen. I know, thou doſt.

[7] — *that roaſted* Manningtree ox *with the pudding in his belly,*] *Manningtree* in Eſſex appears to have been noted for the intemperance of its inhabitants. So, in *Newes from Hell, brought by the Divel's Carrier*, by Tho. Decker, 1606: "——you ſhall have a ſlave eat more at a meale than ten of the guard; and drink more in two days, than all *Manningtree* does at a Whitſun-ale." STEEVENS.

It appears from Heywood's *Apology for Actors*, 1612, that *Manningtree* formerly enjoyed the privilege of fairs, by exhibiting a certain number of ſtage-plays yearly. See alſo *The Chooſing of Valentines*, a poem, by Thomas Naſhe, Mſ. in the Library of the Inner Temple, No. 538, Vol. 43:

"——or ſee a *play* of ſtrange moralitie,
"Shewen by bachelrie of *Manning-tree*,
"Whereto the countrie franklins flock-meale ſwarme."

Again, in Decker's *Seven Deadly Sinnes of London*, 1607: "Cruelty has got another part to play; it is acted like the old *morals* at *Manning-tree*." In this ſeaſon of feſtivity, we may preſume it was cuſtomary to roaſt an *ox whole*. "Huge volumes, (ſays Oſborne in his *Advice to his Son*) like the *ox roaſted whole* at *Bartholemew Fair*, may proclaim plenty of labour and invention, but afford leſs of what is delicate, ſavoury, and well concocted, than ſmaller pieces."

Again in *A Strappado for the Devil*, by R. Brathwaite, 1615:

"If mother Redcap chance to have an *ox*
"*Roaſted all whole*, O, how you'll flie to it,
"That for his pennie each may have a bit." MALONE.

[8] — *that reverend* vice, *that grey* iniquity,—*that* vanity *in years?*] The *Vice*, *Iniquity*, and *Vanity*, were perſonages exhibited in the old moralities. MALONE.

[9] — *cunning*,] *Cunning* was not yet debaſed to a bad meaning; it ſignified *knowing*, or *ſkilful*. JOHNSON.

[1] — *take me with you*;] That is, go no faſter than I can follow you. Let me know your meaning. JOHNSON.

Fal.

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 whore-maſter, that I utterly deny. If ſack and ſugar be a fault[2], God help the wicked! If to be old and merry be a ſin, then many an old hoſt that I know is damn'd: 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 Poins: 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.*

Bar. 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 Jeſu, my lord, my lord!—

[2] *If ſack and ſugar be a fault,*] *Sack with ſugar* was a favourite liquor in Shakſpeare's time. In a letter deſcribing queen Elizabeth's entertainment at Killingworth-caſtle, 1575, by R. L. [Langham] bl. l. 12mo. the writer ſays, (p. 86.) "ſipt I no more *ſak and ſuger* than I do Malmzey, I ſhould not bluſh ſo much a dayz az I doo." And in another place, deſcribing a minſtrell, who, being ſomewhat irafcible, had been offended at the company, he adds: "at laſt, by ſum entreaty and many fair woords, with *ſak and ſuger*, wee ſweeten him again." p. 52.

In an old MS. book of the chamberlain's account belonging to the city of Worceſter, I alſo find the following article, which points out the origin of our word *ſack*, [Fr. *ſec.*] viz. "—Anno Eliz. xxxiiij. [1592.] Item. For a gallon of clarett wyne, and *ſeck*, and a pound of *ſugar*, geven to ſir John Ruſſel, iiij. s." PERCY.

This liquor is likewiſe mentioned in *Northward Hoe*, 1607. "I uſe not to be drunk with *ſack and ſugar*." Again in the *Wildgooſe chace* and *Monſieur Thomas* by B. and Fletcher. STEEVENS.

Fal.

Fal. Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddle-ſtick[3]: 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[4] without ſeeming ſo.

P. Hen. And thou a natural coward, without inſtinct.

Fal. I deny your *major:* if you will deny the ſheriff, ſo[5]; 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[6]; the reſt walk

3 —*a fiddle-ſtick:*] I ſuppoſe this phraſe is proverbial. It occurs in the *Humorous Lieutenant* of B. and Fletcher:

" ——————for certain, gentlemen,

" *The fiend rides on a fiddleſtick.*" STEEVENS.

4 —*mad*] Old copies—*made*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. I am not ſure that I underſtand this ſpeech. Perhaps Falſtaff means to ſay,—We muſt now look to ourſelves; never call that which is real danger, fictitious or imaginary. If you do, you are a madman, though you are not reckoned one. Should you admit the ſheriff to enter here, you will deſerve that appellation.—The firſt words, however, "Never call &c." may allude, not to real and imaginary danger, but to the ſubſequent words only, *eſſential* and *ſeeming* madneſs. MALONE.

5 *I deny your* major: *if you will deny the ſheriff, ſo;*] An anonymous writer ſuppoſes, that "Falſtaff here intends a quibble. *Major*, which ſheriff brought to his mind, ſignifies as well one of the parts of a logical propoſition, as the principal officer of a corporation."—To render this ſuppoſition probable, it ſhould be proved that the mayor of a corporation was called in Shakſpeare's time *ma-jor*. That he was not called ſo at an earlier period, appears from ſeveral old books, among others from *The Hiſtory of Edward V.* annexed to Hardynge's *Chronicle*, 1543, where we find the old ſpelling was *maire:*—"he beeyng at the haveryng at the bower, ſent for the *maire* and aldermen of London." Fol. 307. b. —If it ſhall be objected, that afterwards the pronunciation was changed to *ma-jor*, the following couplet in Jordan's *Poems* (no date, but printed about 1661) may ſerve to ſhew that it is very unlikely that ſhould have been the caſe, the pronunciation being at the Reſtoration the ſame as it is now:

" ——————and the *major*

" Shall juſtle zealous Iſaac from the *chaire*." MALONE.

6 —*bide thee behind the arras;*] The bulk of Falſtaff made him not the fitteſt to be concealed behind the hangings, but every poet ſacrifices ſomething

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.

P. Hen. Call in the ſheriff.—

[*Exeunt all but the* Prince *and* Poins.

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[7];
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 with al:
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,

ſomething to the ſcenery. If Falſtaff had not been hidden, he could not have been found aſleep, nor had his pockets ſearched. Johnson.

In old houſes, there were always large ſpaces left between the arras and the walls, ſufficient to contain even one of Falſtaff's bulk. Such are thoſe which Fantome mentions in *The Drummer*. In *Much Ado about Nothing*, Borachio ſays, "I whipp'd me behind the *arras*." Polonius is killed through the *arras*. See likewiſe Holinſhed, Vol. III. p. 594. See alſo my note on the ſecond ſcene of the firſt act of *K. Richard* II. Steevens.

So, in Brathwaite's *Survey of Hiſtories*, 1614: "Pyrrhus, to terrifie Fabius, commanded his guard to place *an elephant behind the arras*." Malone.

[7] *The man, I do aſſure you, is not here*;] 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 falſhood, and that too uttered under the ſanction of ſo ſtrong an aſſurance. Steevens.

He

He ſhall be anſwerable; and ſo, farewel.

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.

Poins. Falſtaff[8]!—faſt aſleep behind the arras, and ſnorting like a horſe.

P. Hen. Hark how hard he fetches breath: Search his pockets. [Poins *ſearches.*] What haſt thou found?

Poins. Nothing but papers, my lord.

P. Hen. Let's ſee what they be: read them.

Poins. Item, a capon, 2s. 2d.
Item, Sauce, 4d.
Item, Sack, two gallons, 5s. 8d[9].
Item, Anchovies, and ſack after ſupper, 2s. 6d.

[8] Poins. *Falſtaff! &c.*] This ſpeech, in the old copies, is given to *Peto.* It has been transferred to *Poins* on the ſuggeſtion of Dr. Johnſon. *Peto* is again printed elſewhere for *Poins* in this play, probably from a P. only being uſed in the Mſ. "What had Peto done, (Dr. Johnſon obſerves,) to be truſted with the plot againſt Falſtaff? Poins has the prince's confidence, and is a man of courage. This alteration clears the whole difficulty; they all retired but Poins, who, with the prince, having only robbed the robbers, had no need to conceal himſelf from the travellers." MALONE.

[9] *Sack, two gallons, 5s. 8d.*] It appears from Peacham's *Worth of a Penny*, that ſack was not many years after Shakſpeare's death, about two ſhillings a quart. If therefore our author had followed his uſual practice of attributing to former ages the modes of his own, the charge would have been here 16s. Perhaps he ſet down the price at random. He has however, as a learned friend obſerves to me, fallen into an anachroniſm, in furniſhing his tavern in Eaſtcheap with ſack in the time of K. Henry IV. "The *vintners* ſold no other ſacks, muſcadels, malmſies, baſtards, alicants, nor any other wines but white and claret, till the 33d year of K. Henry VIII. 1543, and then was old Parr 60 years of age. All thoſe ſweet wines were ſold till that time at the apothecary's, for no other uſe but for medicines." Taylor's Life of Thomas Parr, 4to. Lond. 1635. "If therefore Falſtaff got drunk with ſack 140 years before the above date, it could not have been at Mrs Quickly's."

For this information I am indebted to the Rev. Dr. Stock, the accurate and learned editor of Demoſthenes. MALONE.

Item,

Item, Bread, a halfpenny.

P. Hen. O monſtrous! but one half-pennyworth of bread 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, Poins.

Poins. Good morrow, good my lord. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Bangor, *A Room in the Archdeacon's Houſe.*

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, MORTIMER, *and* GLENDOWER.

Mor. Theſe promiſes are fair, the parties ſure,
And our induction [2] full of proſperous hope.

Hot. Lord Mortimer,—and couſin Glendower,—
Will you ſit down?—
And, uncle Worceſter:—A plague upon it!

[1] —*his death will be a march of* twelve-ſcore.] That is, it will kill him to march ſo far as twelve-ſcore foot. POPE.

Ben Jonſon uſes the ſame expreſſion in his *Sejanus*:

"That look'd for ſalutations *twelve-ſcore* off."

Again in *Weſtward Hoe*, 1606:

"I'll get me *twelve-ſcore* off, and give aim." STEEVENS.

The Prince quibbles on the word *foot*, which ſignifies a meaſure and the infantry of an army. I cannot conceive why Dr. Johnſon ſuppoſes that he means twelve-ſcore *yards*; he might as well extend it to twelve-ſcore miles. MASON.

[2] —*induction*—] That is, entrance; beginning. JOHNSON.

An *induction* was anciently ſomething introductory to a play. Such is the buſineſs of the Tinker, previous to the performance of the *Taming of the Shrew*. Shakſpeare often uſes the word, which his attendance on the theatres might have familiariſed to his conception. Thus, in *K. Richard III*:

"Plots have I laid, *inductions* dangerous." STEEVENS.

I have

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[3],
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.

[3] — *at my nativity*, &c.] Moſt of theſe prodigies appear to have been invented by Shakſpeare. Holinſhed ſays only: "Strange wonders happened at the nativity of this man; for the ſame night he was born, all his father's horſes in the ſtable were found to ſtand in blood up to their bellies." STEEVENS.

In the year 1402, a blazing ſtar appeared, which the Welſh bards repreſented as portending good fortune to Owen Glendower. Shakſpeare had probably read an account of this ſtar in ſome chronicle, and transferred its appearance to the time of Owen's nativity. MALONE.

[4] *Of burning* creſſets;] A *creſſet* was a great light ſet upon a beacon, light-houſe, or watch-tower: from the French word, *croiſſette*, or little croſs, becauſe the beacons had anciently croſſes on the top of them. HANMER.

In the reign of Elizabeth, Holinſhed ſays, "The countie Palatine of Rhene was conveied by *creſſet*-light, and torch-light to ſir T. Greſham's houſe in Biſhopſgate ſtreet."—The *creſſet-lights* were lights fixed on a moveable frame or croſs, like a turnſtile, and were carried on poles, in proceſſions. I have ſeen them repreſented in an ancient print from Van Velde. STEEVENS.

Diſeaſed

Diſeaſed nature oftentimes breaks forth
In ſtrange eruptions [5]: oft the teeming earth
Is with a kind of cholick pinch'd and vex'd
By the impriſoning of unruly wind
Within her womb; which, for enlargement ſtriving,
Shakes the old beldame earth [6], and topples down
Steeples, 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, and the herds
Were ſtrangely clamorous to the frighted fields [7].

[5] *Diſeaſed nature oftentimes breaks forth*, &c.] The poet has here taken, from the perverſeneſs and contrariouſneſs of Hotſpur's temper, an opportunity of raiſing his character, by a very rational and philoſophical confutation of ſuperſtitious error. JOHNSON.

[6] — *oft the teeming earth*
Is with a kind of cholick pinch'd and vex'd
By the impriſoning *of unruly* wind
Within her womb, which for enlargement ſtriving,
Shakes *the old beldame* earth,—] So in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

"As when the *wind, impriſon'd* in the ground,
"Struggling for paſſage, *earth's* foundation *ſhakes*,
"Which with cold terrours doth men's minds confound."

MALONE.

Beldame is not uſed here as a term of contempt, but in the ſenſe of *ancient mother*. *Belle age*, Fr. Perhaps *beldame* originally meant a grand-mother. So, in Shakſpeare's *Tarquin and Lucrece*:

"To ſhew the *beldame* daughters of her daughter." STEEV.

[7] *The goats* ran *from the mountains, and the* herds
Were ſtrangely clamorous *to the frighted fields.*] Shakſpeare appears to have been as well acquainted with the rarer phœnomena, as with the ordinary appearances of nature. A writer in the *Philoſophical Tranſactions*, No. 207, deſcribing an earthquake in Catanea, near Mount Ætna, by which eighteen perſons were deſtroyed, mentions one of the circumſtances that are here ſaid to have marked the birth of Glendower: "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.*" MALONE.

Theſe ſigns have mark'd me extraordinary;
And all the courſes of my life do ſhew,
I am not in the roll of common men.
Where is he 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 is no man ſpeaks better Welſh:—
I will 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 you, 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 [8] 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:

[8] *Bootleſs*—] Thus one of the old editions; and without reading *bootleſs* (i. e. making the word a triſſyllable) the metre will be defective. STEEVENS.

Mr. Pope transferred the word *him* from the former line to this: and perhaps he was right. MALONE.

England,

England, from Trent and Severn hitherto [9],
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* Glen.] you may have drawn together
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 [1], north from Burton here,
In quantity equals not one of yours:
See, how this river comes me cranking in [2],
And cuts me, from the beſt of all my land,
A huge half-moon, a monſtrous cantle out [3].
I'll have the current in this place damm'd up;
And here the ſmug and ſilver Trent ſhall run,

In

9 — hitherto,] i. e. to this ſpot, (pointing to the map.) MALONE.

1 *Methinks, my* moiety,] The diviſion is here into three parts.—A *moiety* was frequently uſed by the writers of Shakſpeare's age, as a portion of any thing, though not divided into two equal parts. See a note on *K. Lear*, Act I. ſc. iv. MALONE.

2 — cranking *in*,] Perhaps we ſhould read—*crankling*. So Drayton in his *Polyolbion*, ſong 7:

"Hath not ſo many turns, nor *crankling* nooks as ſhe." STEEV.

Mr. Pope reads—*crankling*. MALONE.

3 — cantle *out*.] A *cantle* is a corner, or piece of any thing, in the ſame ſenſe that Horace uſes *angulus*:

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[1] 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?

Glen. 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[4]:
Where, being but young, I framed to the harp
Many an Engliſh ditty lovely well,
And gave the tongue[5] a helpful ornament;
A virtue that was never ſeen in you.

Hot.

" O ſi *angulus* ille
" Proximus arridet!"

Canton, Fr. *canto*. Ital. ſignify a *corner*. STEEVENS.

Canton in heraldry ſignifies a corner. *Cant* of cheeſe is now uſed in Pembrokeſhire. L——.

[4] *For I was train'd up in the Engliſh court:*] The real name of *Owen Glendower* was *Vaughan*, and he was originally a barriſter of the Middle Temple. STEEVENS.

He afterwards became eſquire of the body to King Richard II. with whom he was in attendance at Flint Caſtle, when Richard was taken priſoner by Henry of Bolingbroke, afterwards king Henry IV. Owen Glendower was crowned Prince of Wales in the Year 1402, and for near twelve years was a very formidable enemy to the Engliſh. He died in great diſtreſs in 1415. MALONE.

[5] —*the tongue*—] The Engliſh language. JOHNSON.

He

Hot. Marry, and I'm glad of it 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 canſtick turn'd [6],
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, [7] 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 [8],

Of

He may mean, as an anonymous writer has obſerved, that "he graced his own tongue with the art of ſinging." But I think Dr. Johnſon's explanation the true one. MALONE.

6 —*a brazen canſtick turn'd,*] The word *candleſtick*, which deſtroys the harmony of the line, is written—*canſtick* in the quartos 1598, 1599, and 1608; and ſo it might have been pronounced. Heywood and ſeveral of the old writers, conſtantly ſpell it in this manner. *Kit* with the *canſtick* is one of the ſpirits mentioned by *Reginald Scott*, 1584. STEEVENS.

"Coll under *canſtick*, he can play with both hands," is one of Howel's proverbial ſentences. DICT. 1660. MALONE.

7 —*the writer,*] He means the writer of the articles. POPE.

I ſuppoſe, to complete the meaſure, we ſhould read: *I'll* in and *haſte the writer*; for he goes out immediately. STEEVENS.

8 —*of the moldwarp and the ant,*] This alludes to an old prophecy, which is ſaid to have induced Owen Glendower to take arms againſt king Henry. See Hall's *Chronicle*, fol. 20. POPE.

So Holinſhed, for he was Shakſpeare's authority: "This [the diviſion

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 [9],
That were his lackeys: I cry'd, humph!—and well,—
go to,—
But mark'd him not a word, O, he's as tedious
As 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 [1]; valiant as a lion,
And wond'rous 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;

viſion of the realm between Mortimer, Glendower, and Percy,] was done (as ſome have ſayde) through a fooliſh credite given to a vaine prophecie, as though king Henry was the *moldewarpe*, curſed of God's owne mouth, and they three were the *dragon*, the *lion*, and the *wolfe*, whiche ſhould devide this realm between them." MALONE.

The *mould-warp* is the *mole*, ſo called becauſe it renders the ſurface of the earth unlevel by the hillocks which it raiſes. STEEVENS.

[9] *In reckoning up the ſeveral devils' names,*] See Reginald Scott's *Diſcovery of Witchcraft*, 1584, p. 377, where the reader may find his patience as ſeverely exerciſed as that of Hotſpur, and on the ſame occaſion. Shakſpeare muſt certainly have ſeen this book. STEEVENS.

[1] ——— *profited*
In ſtrange concealments;] Skilled in wonderful ſecrets. JOHNSON.

But

But do not uſe it oft, let me entreat you.

Wor. In faith, my lord, you are too wilful-blame[2];
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 ſhew 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[3], 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 ſpight 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 perſuaſion 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 parly would I anſwer thee. [*Lady* M. *ſpeaks.*

[2] —*too wilful-blame*;] This is a mode of ſpeech with which I am not acquainted. Perhaps it might be read—*too wilful*-blunt, or *too wilful*-bent; or thus:

Indeed, my lord, you are much to blame, too wilful. JOHNSON.

[3] —*opinion*,] means here *ſelf-opinion*, or conceit. MASON.

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 [4],
With raviſhing diviſion, to her lute [5].

Glend. Nay, if you melt, then will ſhe run mad.

[*Lady* M. *ſpeaks again.*

Mort. O, I am ignorance itſelf in this [6].

Glend. She bids you,
Upon the wanton ruſhes lay you down [7],
And reſt your gentle head upon her lap,
And ſhe will ſing the ſong that pleaſeth you,
And on your eye-lids crown the god of ſleep [8],
Charming your blood with pleaſing heavineſs;

Making

[4] *Sung by a fair queen &c.*] Our author perhaps here intended a compliment to Queen Elizabeth, who was a performer on the lute and the virginals. See Sir James Melvil's curious account. *Memoirs.* folio, p. 50. MALONE.

[5] *With raviſhing diviſion, to her lute.*] This verſe may ſerve for a tranſlation of a line in Horace.

" —— grataque fœminis
" Imbelli cithara carmina divides."

It is to no purpoſe that you *(Paris)* pleaſe the women by ſinging " with raviſhing diviſion" to the harp. See the Commentators, and Voſſius on Catullus, p. 239. S. W.

[6] *O, I am ignorance itſelf in this.*] Maſſinger uſes the ſame expreſſion in *The Unnatural Combat*, 1639:

" ———in this you ſpeak, ſir,
" *I am ignorance itſelf.*" STEEVENS.

[7] *Upon the wanton ruſhes lay you down.*] It was the cuſtom in this country, for many ages, to ſtrew the floors with ruſhes, as we now cover them with carpets. JOHNSON.

[8] *And on your eye-lids crown the god of ſleep,*] The ſame image (whatever idea it was meant to convey) occurs in *Philaſter:*

" ——who ſhall take up his lute,
" And touch it till he *crown a ſilent ſleep*
" *Upon my eye-lid.*" STEEVENS.

The image is certainly a ſtrange one; but I do not ſuſpect any corruption of the text. The god of ſleep is not only to ſit on Mortimer's eye-lids, but to ſit *crowned*, that is, with ſovereign dominion. So in *Twelfth Night:*

" Him

Making ſuch difference 'twixt wake and ſleep[9],
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[1], 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[2]; 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 muſick 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 ſhould you be nothing but muſical; for, you are altogether govern'd by humours. Lie ſtill, ye thief, and hear the lady ſing in Welſh.

" Him will I tear out of that cruel *eye*,
" Where he *ſits crowned* in his maſter's ſpight." MALONE.

9 *Making ſuch difference 'twixt wake and ſleep,*] She will lull you by her ſong into ſoft tranquility, in which you ſhall be ſo near to ſleep as to be free from perturbation, and ſo much awake as to be ſenſible of pleaſure; a ſtate partaking of ſleep and wakefulneſs, as the twilight of night and day. JOHNSON.

1 —*our book*,—] Our paper of conditions. JOHNSON.

2 *And thoſe muſicians that ſhall play to you,*
Hang in the air a thouſand leagues from hence;
And *ſtraight they ſhall be here:*] Glendower had before boaſted that he could call ſpirits from the vaſty deep; he now pretends to equal power over the ſpirits of the air. Sit, ſays he to Mortimer, and, by my power, you ſhall have heavenly muſick. The muſicians that ſhall play to you, now hang in the air a thouſand miles from the earth: I will ſummon them, and they ſhall ſtraight be here. " *And* ſtraight" is the reading of the moſt authentick copies, the quarto 1598, and the folio 1623, and indeed of all the other ancient editions. Mr. Rowe firſt introduced the reading—*Yet* ſtraight, which all the ſubſequent editors have adopted; but the change does not ſeem abſolutely neceſſary. MALONE.

Hot.

Hot. I had rather hear *Lady*, my brach, howl in Iriſh.

Lady P. Would'ſt thou have thy head broken?

Hot. No.

Lady P. Then be ſtill.

Hot. Neither; 'tis a woman's fault[3].

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[4].
Swear me, Kate, like a lady, as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath; and leave in ſooth,
And ſuch proteſt of pepper ginger-bread[5],

To

3 *Neither; 'tis a woman's fault.*] *It is a woman's fault*, is ſpoken ironically. FARMER.

This is a proverbial expreſſion. I find it in the *Birth of Merlin*, 1662:

"*'Tis a woman's fault*: p—— of this baſhfulneſs."

Again:

"*A woman's fault*, we are ſubject to it, ſir."

I believe the meaning is this: Hotſpur having declared his reſolution neither to have his head broken, nor to ſit ſtill, ſlily adds, that ſuch is the uſual fault of women; i. e. never to do what they are bid or deſired to do. STEEVENS.

The whole tenor of Hotſpur's converſation in this ſcene ſhews, that the ſtillneſs which he here imputes to women as a fault, was ſomething very different from ſilence; and that an idea was couched under theſe words, which may be better underſtood than explained.—He is ſtill in the Welſh lady's bed-chamber. WHITE.

4 —*Finſbury*,] Open walks and fields near Chiſwell ſtreet, London Wall, by Moorgate; the common reſort of the citizens, as appears from many of our ancient comedies. STEEVENS.

5 —*ſuch proteſt of* pepper ginger-bread,] i. e. proteſtations as common as the letters which children learn from an alphabet of ginger-bread.

To velvet-guards [6], and ſunday-citizens.
Come, ſing.

Lady P. I will not ſing.

Hot. 'Tis the next way to turn tailor, or be red-breaſt teacher[7]. An the indentures be drawn, I'll away

bread. What we now call *ſpice ginger-bread* was then called *pepper ginger-bread*. STEEVENS.

[6] *To velvet-guards,*] To ſuch as have their cloaths adorned with ſhreds of velvet, which was, I ſuppoſe, the finery of cockneys. JOHNS.

Velvet guards appear to have been *a city faſhion*. So, in *Hiſtriomaſtix*, 1610:

" Nay, I myſelf will wear the *courtly* grace:
" Out on theſe *velvet guards*, and black-lac'd ſleeves,
" Theſe ſimp'ring faſhions ſimply followed!" STEEVENS.

To *velvet guards* means, I believe, to *the higher rank of female citizens*, the wives of either merchants or wealthy ſhopkeepers. It appears from the following paſſage in *The London Prodigal*, 1605, that a *guarded gown* was the beſt dreſs of a *city lady* in the time of our author:

" *Frances.* But Tom, muſt I go as I do now, when I am married?
" *Civet.* No, Franke, [i. e. Frances,] I'll have thee go like a *citizen*, in a *garded* gown, and a French hood."

Fynes Moriſon is ſtill more expreſs to the ſame point, and furniſhes us with the beſt comment on the words before us. Deſcribing the dreſs of various orders of people in England, he ſays, " At publick meetings the aldermen of London weere ſkarlet gownes, and their *wives* a cloſe gown of ſkarlet, with *gardes* of black *velvet*." ITIN. fol. 1617. P. III. p. 179. *Gards* have been already explained. See Vol. II. p. 66, n. 9. MALONE.

[7] *'Tis the* next *way to turn tailor, or be red-breaſt teacher.*] I ſuppoſe Percy means, that ſinging is a mean quality, and therefore he excuſes his lady. JOHNSON.

The *next* way is the *neareſt* way. *Taylors* ſeem to have been as remarkable for ſinging as *weavers*, of whoſe muſical turn Shakſpeare has more than once made mention. B. and Fletcher, in the *Knight of the Burning Peſtle*, ſpeak of this quality in the former: " Never truſt a *taylor* that does not *ſing* at his work; his mind is on nothing but filching." STEEVENS.

One inſtance may ſuffice, to ſhew that *next* has been rightly interpreted: " —and when mattens was done, the erles and the lordes went the *next* way to the deane's place to breckfaſt." Ives's *Select Papers*, 4to, 1773, p. 165.

This paſſage has been interpreted as if the latter member of the ſentence were explanatory of the former; but ſurely they are entirely diſtinct. The plain meaning is, that he who makes a common practice of

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 is drawn[8]; we'll but ſeal, and then
To horſe immediately.

Mort. With all my heart. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE I.

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: 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[9] 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[1],
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[2],
Such

of ſinging, reduces himſelf to the condition *either* of a tailor, *or* a teacher of muſick to birds. That *tailors* were remarkable for *ſinging* in our author's time, he has himſelf informed us elſewhere. "Do you make an alehouſe of my lady's houſe, (ſays Malvolio in *Twelfth Night*,) that ye ſqueak out your *coziers' catches*, without any mitigation or remorſe of voice?" See Vol. IV. p. 38, n. 7. MALONE.

[8] —*our* book *is drawn*;] i. e. our articles. Every compoſition, whether play, ballad, or hiſtory, was called a *book*, on the regiſters of ancient publication. STEEVENS.

[9] *For ſome diſpleaſing* ſervice—] *Service* for *action*, ſimply. WARB.

[1] —*in thy paſſages of life*,] i. e. in the paſſages of thy life. STEEVENS.

[2] —*ſuch lewd, ſuch mean attempts*,] *Mean attempts*, are *mean*, *unworthy*

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[3],
As, in reproof of many tales devis'd,—
Which oft the ear of greatneſs needs muſt hear,—
By ſmiling pick-thanks and baſe news-mongers,
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[5],
Which by thy younger brother is ſupply'd;
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

worthy undertakings. Lewd does not in this place barely ſignify *wanton*, but *licentious*. STEEVENS.

The word is thus uſed in many of our ancient ſtatutes. MALONE.

3 *Yet ſuch extenuation let me beg*, &c.] The conſtruction is ſomewhat obſcure. Let me beg ſo much extenuation, that, *upon confutation of many falſe charges, I may be pardoned ſome that are true.* I ſhould read *on reproof*, inſtead of *in reproof*; but concerning Shakeſpeare's particles there is no certainty. JOHNSON.

4 —*pick-thanks*—] i. e. officious paraſites. STEEVENS.

5 *Thy place in council thou haſt rudely loſt,*] The prince was removed from being preſident of the council, immediately after he ſtruck the judge. STEEVENS.

Our author has, I believe, here been guilty of an anachroniſm. The prince's removal from council in conſequence of his ſtriking the Lord Chief Juſtice Gaſcoigne, was ſome years after the battle of Shrewſbury (1603). His brother, Thomas Duke of Clarence, was appointed Preſident of the Council in his room, and he was not created a duke till the 13th year of K. Henry IV. (1411.) MALONE.

Prophe-

Prophetically does fore-think 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 [6];
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 [7],

And

[6] —*loyal to poſſeſſion*;] True to him that had then poſſeſſion of the crown. JOHNSON.

[7] *And then I ſtole all courteſy from heaven*,] This is an alluſion to the ſtory of Prometheus's theft, who ſtole *fire* from thence; and as with *this* he made a man, ſo with *that* Bolingbroke made a king. As the gods were ſuppoſed jealous in appropriating *reaſon* to themſelves, the getting *fire* from thence, which lighted it up in the mind, was called a theft; and as power is their prerogative, the getting *courteſy* from thence, by which power is beſt procured, is called a theft. The thought is exquiſitely great and beautiful. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton's explanation of this paſſage appears to me very queſtionable. The poet had not, I believe, a thought of Prometheus or the heathen gods, nor indeed was *courteſy* (even underſtanding it to ſignify *affability*) the characteriſtick attribute of thoſe deities.—The meaning, I apprehend, is,—*I was ſo affable and popular, that I engroſſed the devotion and reverence of all men to myſelf, and thus* defrauded Heaven of its worſhippers.

Courteſy may be here uſed for the reſpect and obeiſance paid by an inferior to a ſuperior. So, in this play:

"To dog his heels and *court'ſy* at his frowns."

In Act V. it is uſed for a reſpectfull ſalute, in which ſenſe it was applied formerly to *men* as well as *women*:

"I will embrace him with a ſoldier's arm,
"That he ſhall ſhrink under my *courteſy*."

Again, in the Hiſt. of Edward IV. annexed to Hardynge's *Chronicle*, 1543:—"which thyng if I could have forſene,—I would never have wonne the *courtiſies* of men's knees with the loſs of ſo many heades."

This interpretation is ſtrengthened by the two ſubſequent lines, which contain a kindred thought:

"And dreſs'd myſelf in ſuch humility,
"That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts."

And dreſs'd myſelf in ſuch humility,
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts[8],
Loud ſhouts and ſalutations from their mouths,
Even in the preſence of the crowned king.
Thus did I keep my perſon freſh, and new;
My preſence, like a robe pontifical,
Ne'er ſeen but wonder'd at[9]: and ſo my ſtate,
Seldom, but ſumptuous, ſhewed like a feaſt;
And won by rareneſs, ſuch ſolemnity.
The ſkipping king, he ambled up and down
With ſhallow jeſters, and raſh bavin wits[1],
Soon kindled, and ſoon burn'd: carded his ſtate[2];

Henry, I think, means to ſay, that he robbed *heaven* of its *worſhip*, and the *king* of the *allegiance* of his ſubjects. MALONE.

[8] *That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,*] Apparently copied from Marlowe's *Luſt's Dominion*, written before 1593:

"The Pope ſhall ſend his bulls through all thy realm,
"And *pull obedience from thy ſubjects' hearts.*"

In another place in the ſame play, we meet with the phraſe uſed here:

"——— Then here upon my knees
"*I pluck allegiance* from her." MALONE.

[9] *My preſence, like a robe pontifical,*
Ne'er ſeen, but wonder'd at:] So in our author's 52d Sonnet:

"Or as the wardrobe, which the robe doth hide,
"To make ſome ſpecial inſtant ſpecial-bleſt,
"By new unfolding his impriſon'd pride." MALONE.

[1] —*raſh bavin wits,*] *Raſh* is heady, thoughtleſs: *bavin* is bruſhwood, which, fired, burns fiercely, but is ſoon out. JOHNSON.

Raſh is, I believe, *fierce, violent.* So, in *K. Richard II.*

"His *raſh* fierce blaze of riot cannot laſt."

In Shakſpeare's time *bavin* was uſed for *kindling* fires. See Florio's SECOND FRUTES, quarto, 1591, ch. 1: "There is no fire.—Make a little blaze with a *bavin*." MALONE.

[2] —carded *his ſtate*;] Dr. Warburton ſuppoſes that *carded*, or *'ſcarded*, (for ſo he would read,) means *diſcarded*, threw it off. Mr. Steevens thinks the king means, that Richard *mingled* and carded together his royal ſtate with, &c. "the metaphor being" (as he ſuppoſes) "taken from mixing *coarſe* wool with *fine*, and carding them together, whereby the value of the latter is diminiſhed." But to *card* does not mean to mix coarſe wool with fine, as Mr. Maſon has juſtly obſerved, but ſimply to work wool with a card or teazel, ſo as to prepare it for ſpinning. I ſhould mention, however, that Mr. S. has produced an inſtance in which to *card* ſeems to be uſed for to mix. "You *card* your beer, (if you ſee your gueſts begin to be drunk) half ſmall, half ſtrong." Greene's *Quip for an upſtart Courtier*, 1620.

I am unable to throw any light on this difficult paſſage. MALONE.

Mingled

Mingled his royalty with capering fools[3];
Had his great name profaned with their ſcorns;
And gave his countenance, againſt his name[4],
To laugh at gibing boys[5], and ſtand the puſh
Of every beardleſs vain comparative[6]:

[3] — *with* capering *fools*;] Thus the firſt quarto, 1598. In the ſecond, printed in 1599, *capering* was changed into *carping*, and that word was tranſmitted through all the ſubſequent quartos. Hence it is alſo the reading of the folio, which appears to have been printed from the quarto of 1613. Had all the quartos read *capering*, and the folio *carping*, the latter reading might derive ſome ſtrength from the authority of that copy; but the change having been made arbitrarily, or by chance, in 1599, it has no pretenſions of that kind. Mr. Steevens agrees with me in thinking the original, the true reading.

It may be further obſerved, that "*capering* fools" were very proper companions for a "*ſkipping* king;" and that Falſtaff in the ſecond part of this play, boaſts of his being able to *caper*, as a proof of his youth. "To approve my *youth* further I will not; the truth is, I am old in judgment and underſtanding; and he that will *caper* with me for a thouſand marks," &c.

Carping undoubtedly might alſo have been uſed with propriety; having had in our author's time the ſame ſignification as at preſent; though it has been doubted. Minſhieu explains it in his *Dict.* 1617, thus. "To taunt, to find fault with, or bite with words." MALONE.

[4] *And gave his countenance, againſt his name,*] Made his preſence injurious to his reputation. JOHNSON.

Againſt his name, is, I think, parenthetical. He gave his countenance, (to the diminution of his *name* or character,) to laugh, &c. In plain Engliſh, he honoured gibing boys with his company, and diſhonoured himſelf by joining in their mirth. MALONE.

[5] *To laugh at gibing boys,*—] i. e. at the *jeſts* of gibing boys. MALONE.

[6] *Of every beardleſs vain comparative:*] Of every boy whoſe vanity incited him to try his wit againſt the king's.

When Lewis XIV. was aſked, why, with ſo much wit, he never attempted raillery, he anſwered, that he who practiſed raillery ought to bear it in his turn, and that to ſtand the butt of raillery was not ſuitable to the dignity of a king. *Scudery's Converſation.* JOHNSON.

I believe comparative means here, one who affects wit, *a dealer in compariſons*: what Shakſpeare calls, ſomewhere elſe, if I remember right, a *ſimile-monger*. "The moſt *comparative* prince" has already occured in the play before us, and the following paſſage in *Love's Labour's Loſt*, is yet more appoſite in ſupport of this interpretation:

"—The world's large tongue
"Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks,
"Full of *compariſons*, and wounding flouts." MALONE.

Grew

Grew a companion to the common ſtreets,
Enfeoff'd himſelf to popularity[7]:
That, being daily ſwallow'd by men's eyes[8],
They ſurfeited with honey; and began
To loath 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 commonity,
Afford no extraordinary gaze,
Such as is bent on ſun-like majeſty
When it ſhines ſeldom in admiring eyes:
But rather drowz'd, and hung their eye-lids 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, ſtand'ſt 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,

[7] Enfeoff'd *himſelf to popularity:*] *Gave* himſelf up *abſolutely and entirely* to popularity. *A feofment* was the ancient mode of conveyance, by which all lands in England were granted in fee-ſimple for ſeveral ages, till the conveyance of Leaſe and Releaſe was invented by Sergeant Moor, about the year 1630. Every deed of feofment was accompanied with *livery of ſeiſin*, that is with the delivery of corporal poſſeſſion of the land or tenement granted in fee. MALONE.

[8] *That, being daily ſwallow'd by men's eyes,*—] Nearly the ſame expreſſion occurs in *A Warning for faire Women*, a tragedy, 1599:

"The people's *eyes* have *fed* them with my ſight." MALONE.

He hath more worthy intereſt to the ſtate,
Than thou, the ſhadow of ſucceſſion[9]:
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 enterprizes
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,
Capitulate[1] 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[2] enemy?
Thou that art like enough,—through vaſſal fear,
Baſe inclination, and the ſtart of ſpleen,—

[9] *He hath more worthy intereſt to the ſtate,*
Than thou, the ſhadow of ſucceſſion:] This is obſcure. I believe the meaning is—Hotſpur hath a right to the kingdom more worthy than thou, who haſt only the *ſhadowy right of lineal ſucceſſion*, while he has real and ſolid power. JOHNSON.

[1] *Capitulate*—] i. e. make head. So, to *articulate*, in a ſubſequent ſcene, *is* to form articles. STEEVENS.

To *capitulate*, Minſhieu explains thus: "—*per* capita *ſeu* articulos *paciſci*;" and nearly in this ſenſe, I believe, it is uſed here. The Percies, we are told by Walſingham, ſent about letters containing three *articles*, or principal grievances, on which their riſing was founded: and to this perhaps our author alludes. MALONE.

[2] —*deareſt*—] *Deareſt* is moſt fatal, moſt miſchievous. JOHNSON.

To

To fight againſt me under Percy's pay,
To dog his heels, and court'ſy at his frowns,
To ſhew how much degenerate thou art.
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 favours in a bloody maſk [3],
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:

[3] *And ſtain my favours in a bloody maſk,*] *Favours* are *features.* JOHNSON.

I am not certain that *favours*, in this place, means *features*, or that the plural number of *favour* in that ſenſe is ever uſed. I believe *favours* mean only ſome decoration uſually worn by knights in their helmets, as a preſent from a miſtreſs, or a trophy from an enemy. So, in this play:

"Then let my *favours* hide thy bloody face:"

where the prince muſt have meant his ſcarf.

Again, in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1626:

"Aruns, theſe crimſon *favours*, for thy ſake,
"I'll wear upon my forehead *maſk'd with blood.*" STEEVENS.

The word *garments* in the preceding line ſeems to confirm Mr. Steevens's explanation. MASON.

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[4].
Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath ſent word[5],—
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, you ſhall ſet

4 *So* hath *the buſineſs that I come to ſpeak of.*] So alſo the buſineſs that I come to ſpeak of, hath *ſpeed*; i. e. requires immediate attention and diſpatch. Mr. Pope changed *hath* to *is*, and the alteration has been adopted, in my opinion unneceſſarily, by the ſubſequent editors. MALONE.

5 Lord Mortimer of Scotland *hath ſent word,*] There was no ſuch perſon as *lord Mortimer of Scotland*; but there was a *lord March of Scotland*, (George Dunbar) who having quitted his own country in diſguſt, attached himſelf ſo warmly to the Engliſh, and did them ſuch ſignal ſervices in their wars with Scotland, that the Parliament petitioned the king to beſtow ſome reward on him. He fought on the ſide of Henry in this rebellion, and was the means of ſaving his life at the battle of Shrewſbury, as is related by Holinſhed. This, no doubt, was the lord whom Shakſpeare deſigned to repreſent in the act of ſending friendly intelligence to the king.—Our author had a recollection that there was in theſe wars a Scottiſh lord on the king's ſide, who bore the ſame title with the Engliſh family, on the rebel ſide, (one being the earl of March in England, the other earl of March in Scotland,) but his memory deceived him as to the particular name which was common to both. He took it to be *Mortimer*, inſtead of *March*. STEEVENS.

Forward

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[6] fat, while men delay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

East-cheap. *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[7]; I am wither'd like an old apple-John. Well, I'll repent, and that ſuddenly, while I am in ſome liking*; 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 pepper-corn, a brewer's horſe[8]; the inſide of a church[9]: Company, villainous company, hath been the ſpoil of me.

Bard.

[6] *feeds* him—] i. e. himſelf. MALONE.

[7] —*my ſkin hangs about me like an old lady's looſe gown*;] Pope has in the *Dunciad* availed himſelf of this idea:

"In a dun night-gown of his own looſe ſkin." MALONE.

* —*while I am in ſome* liking;] While I have ſome fleſh, ſome ſubſtance. We have had *good-liking* in the ſame ſenſe in a former play. MALONE.

[8] —*a brewer's horſe*;—] I ſuppoſe a *brewer's horſe* was apt to be lean with hard work. JOHNSON.

A *brewer's horſe* does not, perhaps, mean a *dray-horſe*, but the croſs-beam on which beer-barrels are carried into cellars, &c. The alluſion may be to the taper form of this machine.

A *brewer's horſe* is, however, mentioned in *Ariſtippus*, or *The Jovial Philoſopher*, 1630: "—to think Helicon a barrel of beer, is as great a ſin as to call Pegaſus a *brewer's horſe*." STEEVENS.

The commentators ſeem not to be aware, that, in aſſertions of this ſort, Falſtaff does not mean to point out any *ſimilitude* to his own condition, but on the contrary ſome ſtriking *diſſimilitude*. He ſays here, *I am a pepper-corn, a brewer's horſe*; juſt as in Act II. ſc. iv. he aſſerts the truth of ſeveral parts of his narrative, on pain of being conſidered as *a rogue—a Jew—an Ebrew Jew—a bunch of raddiſh—a horſe*. TYRW.

[9] *I am a pepper corn, a brewer's horſe; the inſide of a church:*]

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 above once in a quarter—of an hour; paid money that I borrow'd, 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[1].

Bard. Why, ſir John, my face does you no harm.

Fal. No, I'll be ſworn; I make as good uſe of it as

The latter words (*the inſide of a church*) were, I ſuſpect, repeated by the miſtake of the compoſitor. Falſtaff is here mentioning (as Mr. Tyrwhitt has obſerved) things to which he is very unlike; things remarkably ſmall and thin. How can the *inſide of a church* come under that deſcription?

Perhaps, however, the alluſion may be to the pious uſes to which churches are appropriated.—"*I am* as thin as *a brewer's horſe*; *I am* as holy as *the inſide of a church.*" Or Falſtaff may be here only repeating his former words—*The inſide of a church!*—without any connexion with the words immediately preceding. My firſt conjecture appears to me the moſt probable. MALONE.

As the inſide of a church conſiſts of a vacant choir, there is humour in Falſtaff's compariſon of himſelf, who is *all filled up with guts and midriff*, to ſuch an empty building. STEEVENS.

It ſhould however be remembered, that churches are not always empty, though the congregations in them are often thin; and that there is nothing in the text to ſhew that Falſtaff means an *empty* church. MALONE.

[1] —*the knight of the burning lamp.*] This is a natural picture. Every man who feels in himſelf the pain of deformity, however, like this merry knight, he may affect to make ſport with it among thoſe whom it is his intereſt to pleaſe, is ready to revenge any hint of contempt upon one whom he can uſe with freedom. JOHNSON.

The *knight of the burning lamp*, and the *knight of the burning peſtle*, are both names invented with a deſign to ridicule the titles of heroes in ancient romances. STEEVENS.

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[2]: but thou art altogether given over; and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the ſon of utter darkneſs. When thou ran'ſt up Gads-hill in the night to catch my horſe, if I did not think thou had'ſt been an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of wild-fire, there's no purchaſe in money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph[3], an everlaſting bonfire-light! Thou haſt ſaved me a thouſand marks in links and torches[4], 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[5], 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-burn'd.

2 —*By this fire:*] Here the quartos 1599, and 1608, very profanely add:—*that's God's Angel.* STEEVENS.

The firſt quarto, 1598, reads—By *that* fire, that's God's angel. MALONE.

3 *O, thou art a perpetual triumph,*] See Vol. II. p. 442, n. 4. MALONE.

4 —*Thou haſt ſaved me a thouſand marks,* &c.] This paſſage ſtands in need of no explanation; but I cannot help ſeizing the opportunity to mention that in Shakſpeare's time, (long before the ſtreets were illuminated with lamps,) *candles and lanthorns to let,* were cried about London. In *Pierce Pennyleſs's Supplication to the Devil*, 1595: "It is ſaid that you went up and down London, crying like *a lantern and candle man.*" STEEVENS.

5 —*good cheap*—] *Cheap* is *market*, and *good cheap* therefore is *a bon marché*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, 1599:

"If this weather hold, we ſhall have hay *good cheap.*"

Cheap (as Dr. Johnſon has obſerved) is undoubtedly an old word for *market*. From this word *Eaſt-cheap*, *Chep-ſtow*, *Cheap-ſide*, &c. are derived. STEEVENS.

Enter HOSTESS.

How now, dame Partlet[6] the hen? have you enquired yet, who pick'd my pocket?

Hoſt. Why, ſir John! what do you think, ſir John? Do you think I keep thieves in my houſe? I have ſearch'd, I have enquired, 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 pick'd: Go to, you are a woman, go.

Hoſt. Who I? I defy thee: I was never call'd 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. 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?[7] let them coin his noſe, let them coin his cheeks; I'll not pay a denier. What, will you make a younker of me[8]? ſhall I not take mine eaſe in mine inn, but I

[6] — *dame Partlet*—] *Dame Partlet* is the name of the hen in the old ſtory-book of *Reynard the Fox*: and in Chaucer's tale of the *Cock and the Fox*, the favourite hen is called dame *Pertelote*. STEEVENS.

[7] — *What call you rich?*] A face ſet with carbuncles is called a *rich* face. *Legend of Capt. Jones.* JOHNSON.

[8] — *a younker of me?*] A *younker* is a novice, a young inexperienced man eaſily gull'd. STEEVENS.

ſhall

ſhall have my pocket pick'd[9]? I have loſt a ſeal-ring of my grandfather's, worth forty mark.

Hoſt. O Jeſu! I have heard the prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that ring was copper.

Fal. How! the prince is a Jack[1], a ſneak-cup; and,

9 — *ſhall I not take mine eaſe in mine inn, but I ſhall have my pocket pick'd?*] There is a peculiar force in theſe words. *To take mine eaſe in mine inne,* was an ancient proverb, not very different in its application from that maxim, "Every man's houſe is his caſtle;" for *inne* originally ſignified *a houſe* or *habitation.* [Sax. inne, *domus, domicilium.*] When the word *inne* began to change its meaning, and to be uſed to ſignify *a houſe of entertainment,* the proverb, ſtill continuing in force, was applied in the latter ſenſe, as it is here uſed by Shakſpeare: or perhaps Falſtaff here humourouſly puns upon the word *inne,* in order to repreſent the wrong done him more ſtrongly.

In John Heywood's *Works,* 1598, quarto, bl. l. is "a dialogue wherein are pleaſantly contrived the number of all the effectual proverbs in our Engliſh tongue, &c. together with three hundred epigrams on three hundred proverbs." In ch. 6. is the following:

"Reſty welth willeth me the widow to winne,
"To let the world wag, and *take my eaſe in mine inne.*"

And among the epigrams is: [26. *Of Eaſe in an Inne.*]

"Thou *takeſt thine eaſe in thine inne* ſo nye thee,
"That no man in his inne can take eaſe by thee."

Otherwiſe:

"Thou *takeſt thine eaſe in thine inne,* but I ſee,
"Thine *inne* taketh neither eaſe nor profit by thee."

Now in the firſt of theſe diſtichs the word *inne* is uſed in its ancient meaning, being ſpoken by a perſon who is about to marry a widow for the ſake of a home, &c. In the two laſt places, *inne* ſeems to be uſed in the ſenſe it bears at preſent. PERCY.

Gabriel Hervey, in a MS. note to Speght's *Chaucer,* ſays, "Some of Heywood's epigrams are ſuppoſed to be the conceits and devices of pleaſant ſir Thomas More."

Inne, for a habitation, or receſs, is frequently uſed by Spenſer and other ancient writers. Again, in Greene's *Farewell to Follie,* 1617: "The beggar Irus that haunted the palace of Penelope, would *take his eaſe in his inne* as well as the peeres of Ithaca." STEEVENS.

I believe *inns* differed from caſtles, in not being of ſo much conſequence and extent, and more particularly in not being fortified.—So *Inns* of court, and in the univerſities before the endowment of colleges. Thus Trinity College, Cambridge, was made out of, and built on the ſite of, ſeveral inns. L——.

1 — *the prince is a* Jack,] This term of contempt occurs frequently in our authour. In the *Taming of the Shrew,* Catharine calls her muſick-maſter, in deriſion, a twangling *Jack.* See Vol. I. p. 217, n. *, and Vol. II. p. 214, n. 5. MALONE.

if

if he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would ſay ſo.

Enter Prince HENRY, *and* POINS, *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[2].

Hoſt. My lord, I pray you, hear me.

P. Hen. What ſay'ſt thou, miſtreſs Quickly? How does thy huſband? I love him well, he is an honeſt man.

Hoſt. Good my lord, hear me.

Fal. Pr'ythee, let her alone, and liſt to me.

P. Hen. What ſay'ſt thou, Jack?

Fal. The other night I fell aſleep here behind the arras, and had my pocket pick'd: this houſe is turn'd 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 grand-father'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-mouth'd man as he is; and ſaid, he would cudgel you.

P. Hen. What! he did not?

Hoſt. There's neither faith, truth, nor woman-hood in me elſe.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee than in a ſtew'd prune[3]; nor no more truth in thee, than in a drawn fox;

[2] —*Newgate-faſhion.*] As priſoners are conveyed to Newgate, faſtened two and two together. JOHNSON.

So in Decker's *Satiromaſtix*, 1602: "Why then, come; we'll walk arm in arm, as though we were leading one another to Newgate." REED.

[3] —*There's no more faith in thee than in a ſtew'd prune*; &c.] The propriety of theſe ſimiles I am not ſure that I fully underſtand. A *ſtew'd*

fox[4]; and for woman-hood, maid Marian may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee[5]. Go, you thing, go.

Hoſt.

A ſtew'd prune has the appearance of a prune, but has no taſte. A *drawn fox*, that is, an *exenterated fox*, has the form of a fox without his powers. I think Dr. Warburton's explication wrong, which makes a *drawn fox* to mean, a fox *often hunted*; though to *draw* is a hunter's term for purſuit by the track. My interpretation makes the *fox* ſuit better to the *prune*. Theſe are very ſlender diſquiſitions, but ſuch is the taſk of a commentator. JOHNSON.

Dr. Lodge, in his pamphlet called *Wit's Miſerie, or the World's Madneſſe*, 1596, deſcribes a bawd thus: "This is ſhee that laies wait at all the carriers for wenches new come up to London; and you ſhall know her dwelling by a *diſh of ſtew'd prunes* in the window; and two or three fleering wenches ſit knitting or ſowing in her ſhop."

In *Meaſure for Meaſure*, act II. the male bawd excuſes himſelf for having admitted Elbow's wife into his houſe, by ſaying, "that ſhe came in great with child, and longing for *ſtew'd prunes*, which ſtood in a diſh," &c.

Slender, in the *Merry Wives of Windſor*, who apparently wiſhes to recommend himſelf to his miſtreſs by a ſeeming propenſity to love as well as war, talks of having meaſured weapons with a fencing-maſter for a *diſh of ſtew'd prunes*.

In *The Knave of Harts*, a collection of ſatyrical poems, 1612, a wanton knave is mentioned, as taking

"Burnt wine, *ſtew'd prunes*, a punk to ſolace him."

Again, in *The Noble Stranger*, 1640: "—to be drunk with cream and *ſtewed prunes!*—Pox on't, bawdy-houſe fare."

The paſſages already quoted are ſufficient to ſhew that *a diſh of ſtew'd prunes* was not only the ancient deſignation of a brothel, but the conſtant appendage to it.

From *A Treatiſe on the Lues Venerea*, written by W. Clowes, one of his majeſty's ſurgeons, 1596, and other books of the ſame kind, it appears that *prunes* were directed to be boiled in broth for thoſe perſons already infected; and that both *ſtew'd prunes* and roaſted apples were commonly, though unſucceſsfully, taken by way of prevention. So much for the infidelity of *ſtew'd prunes*. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens has ſo fully diſcuſſed the ſubject of *ſtew'd prunes*, that one can add nothing but the *price*. In a piece called *Banks's Bay Horſe in a Trance*, 1595, we have—"A ſtock of wenches, ſet up with their *ſtew'd prunes*, nine for a teſter." FARMER.

[4] —*a drawn fox*;] A *drawn fox* is a fox drawn over the ground to exerciſe the hounds. I am not, however, confident that this explanation is right. It was formerly ſuppoſed that a *fox*, when *drawn* out of his hole, had the ſagacity to *counterfeit death*, that he might thereby obtain an opportunity to eſcape. For this information I am indebted to Mr. Tollet, who quotes *Olaus Magnus*, lib. xviii. cap. 39: "Inſuper fingit

Hoſt. Say, what thing? what thing?

Fal. What thing? why, a thing to thank God on.

Hoſt. I am no thing to thank God on, I would thou ſhould'ſt 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[6]; 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 ſay'ſt 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?

fingit ſe mortuam," &c. This particular and many others relative to the ſubtilty of the fox, have been tranſlated by ſeveral ancient Engliſh writers. STEEVENS.

Mr. Heath obſerves, that "a *fox drawn* over the ground to leave a ſcent, and exerciſe the hounds, may be ſaid to have no truth in it, becauſe it deceives the hounds, who run with the ſame eagerneſs as if they were in purſuit of a real fox." MALONE.

5 — *maid Marian may be*, &c.] *Maid Marian* is a man dreſſed like a woman, who attends the dancers of the morris. JOHNSON.

In the ancient ſongs *of Robin Hood* frequent mention is made of *maid Marian*, who appears to have been his concubine. PERCY.

It appears from the old play of the *Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntingdon*, 1601, that *maid Marian* was originally a name aſſumed by *Matilda* the daughter of *Robert Lord Fitzwater*, while *Robin Hood* remained in a ſtate of outlawry. This lady was afterwards poiſoned by king John at Dunmow Priory, after he had made ſeveral fruitleſs attempts on her chaſtity. Drayton has written her Legend.

Shakſpeare ſpeaks of *maid Marian* in her degraded ſtate, when ſhe was repreſented by a ſtrumpet or a clown. See Figure 2 in the plate at the end of this play, with Mr. Tollet's obſervations on it. STEEV.

6 — *neither fiſh nor fleſh*;] So, the proverb; "*Neither fiſh nor fleſh*, nor good red herring." STEEVENS.

Fal.

Fal. A thouſand pound, Hal? a million: thy love is worth a million; thou oweſt me thy love.

Hoſt. Nay, my lord, he call'd you Jack[7], 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 know'ſt, as thou art but man, I dare: but, as thou art 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 fear'd as the lion: Doſt thou think, I'll fear thee as I fear thy father? nay, an I do, I pray God my girdle break[8]!

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 fill'd up with guts, and midriff. Charge an honeſt woman with picking thy pocket! Why, thou whoreſon, impudent, imboſs'd raſcal[9], if there were any thing in thy pocket but tavern-reckonings, memorandums of bawdy-houſes, and one poor penny-worth of ſugar-candy to

7 — *he call'd you* Jack,] See p. 217, n. 1. MALONE.

8 *I pray God my* girdle break!] This wiſh had more force formerly than at preſent, it being once the cuſtom to wear the purſe hanging by the girdle; ſo that its breaking, if not obſerved by the wearer, was a ſerious matter. MALONE.

— *my girdle break,*] Alluding to the old adage, "ungirt, unbleſt." Thus in the *Phantaſtick Age*, bl. l. an ancient ballad:

"*Ungirt, unbleſt*, the proverbe ſays,
"And they, to prove it right,
"Have got a faſhion now a days,
"That's odious to the ſight;
"Like Frenchmen, all on points they ſtand,
"No *girdles* now they wear," &c.

Perhaps this ludicrous imprecation is proverbial. So, in *'Tis Merry when Goſſips meet*, a poem, quarto, 1609:

"How ſay'ſt thou, Beſſe? ſhall it be ſo, girle? ſpeake:
"If I make one, pray God *my girdle break!*" STEEVENS.

9 — *imboſs'd raſcal,*—] *Imboſs'd* is ſwoln, puffy. JOHNSON.

make

make thee long-winded; if thy pocket were enrich'd with any other injuries but theſe[1], I am a villain. And yet you will ſtand to it; you will not pocket up wrong[2]: Art thou not aſham'd?

Fal. Doſt thou hear, Hal? thou know'ſt, 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 pick'd 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 pacify'd.—Still?—Nay, pr'ythee, be gone. [*Exit Hoſteſs.*] Now, Hal, to the news at court: for the robbery, lad,—How is that anſwer'd?

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 any thing.

Fal. Rob me the exchequer the firſt thing thou do'ſt, and do it with unwaſh'd hands too[3].

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

[1] —*if thy pocket were enrich'd with any other* injuries *but theſe*, &c.] As the *pocketing of injuries* was a common phraſe, I ſuppoſe, the Prince calls the contents of Falſtaff's pocket—*injuries*. STEEVENS.

[2] —*you will not pocket up wrong:*—] Some part of this merry dialogue ſeems to have been loſt. I ſuppoſe Falſtaff in preſſing the robbery upon his hoſteſs, had declared his reſolution *not to pocket up wrongs* or *injuries*, to which the Prince alludes. JOHNSON.

[3] —*do it with unwaſh'd hands too.*] i. e. Do it immediately, or the firſt thing in the morning, even without ſtaying to waſh your hands.—Perhaps, however, Falſtaff alludes to the ancient adage: "*Illotis manibus tractare ſacra.*" I find the ſame expreſſion in *Acolaſtus* a comedy, 1540: "Why be theſe holy thynges to be medled with *with unwaſhed hands?*" STEEVENS.

and

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, Poins, to horſe[4], 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, POINS, *and* BARD.

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[5] have,
As not a ſoldier of this ſeaſon's ſtamp

[4] *Go*, Poins, *to horſe*,—] I cannot but think that Peto is again put for Poins. I ſuppoſe the copy had only a P—. We have Peto afterwards, not riding with the Prince, but lieutenant to Falſtaff. JOHNSON.

The old copies read, Go, *Peto*, to horſe. In further ſupport of Dr. Johnſon's emendation, it may be obſerved, that Poins ſuits the metre of the line, which would be deſtroyed by a word of two ſyllables. MALONE.

[5] —the *Douglas*—] This expreſſion is frequent in Holinſhed, and is always applied by way of pre-eminence to the head of *the* Douglas family. STEEVENS.

Should

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 [6].
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 [7].

[6] *But I will* beard *him.*] To *beard* is *to oppoſe face to face* in a hoſtile or daring manner. So in *Macbeth:*

"——— met them dareful, *beard* to *beard.*"

This phraſe, which ſoon loſt its original ſignification, appears to have been adopted from romance. In ancient language, to *head* a man was to *cut off his head*, and to *beard* him ſignify'd to *cut off his beard*; a puniſhment which was frequently inflicted by giants on ſuch unfortunate princes as fell into their hands. So Drayton in his *Polyolbion*, ſong 4:

"And for a trophy brought the giant's coat away,
"Made of the *beards* of kings." STEEVENS.

[7] *His letters bear his mind, not I, my* lord.] The earlieſt quarto, 1598, reads—not I my *mind*;—the compoſitor having inadvertently repeated the word *mind*, which had occurred immediately before; an error which often happens at the preſs. The printer of the third quarto, in 1604, not ſeeing how the miſtake had ariſen, in order to obtain ſome ſenſe, changed *my* to *his*, reading, "not I *his* mind," which was followed in all the ſubſequent ancient editions. The preſent correction, which is certainly right, was made by Mr. Capell. In two of the other ſpeeches ſpoken by the meſſenger, he uſes the ſame language, nor is it likely that he ſhould addreſs Hotſpur, without this mark of reſpect. In his firſt ſpeech the meſſenger is interrupted by the impetuoſity of the perſon whom he addreſſes, to whom, it may be ſuppoſed, he would otherwiſe have there alſo given his title. MALONE.

Wor.

Wor. I pr'ythee, 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 enterprize;
'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[8], 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[9];
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 read[1]

The

* —*that inward ſickneſs*—] A line, probably, has here been loſt. MALONE.

[8] *On any ſoul* remov'd,—] On any *leſs near* to himſelf: on any whoſe intereſt is *remote*. JOHNSON. See Vol. II. p. 18, n. 4. MALONE.

[9] —*no* quailing *now*;] To *quail* is to languiſh, to ſink into dejection. STEEVENS.

[1] —*for therein ſhould we* read
The very bottom and the ſoul of hope;
The very liſt, the very utmoſt bound
Of all our fortunes.] I once wiſhed to read—*tread*, inſtead of *read*; but I now think, there is no need of alteration. To *read a bound* is certainly a very harſh phraſe, but not more ſo than many others of Shakſpeare.

The very bottom and the ſoul of hope;
The very liſt, the very utmoſt bound
Of all our fortunes.

Dong. 'Faith, and ſo we ſhould;
Where now remains [2] a ſweet reverſion:
We may boldly ſpend upon the hope of what
Is to come in:
A comfort of retirement [3] 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 hair of our attempt [4]

Brooke

ſpeare. At the ſame time that *the bottom* of their fortunes ſhould be diſplayed, its *circumference* or boundary would be neceſſarily expoſed to view. *Sight* being neceſſary to reading, *to read* is here uſed, in Shakſpeare's licentious language, for *to ſee*.

The paſſage quoted by Mr. Steevens from *K. Henry VI.* ſtrongly confirms this interpretation. To it may be added this in *Romeo and Juliet*:

" Is there no pity ſitting in the clouds,
" Which *ſees* into the *bottom* of my grief?"

And this in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:

" —— and it concerns me
" To *look* into the *bottom* of my place."

One of the phraſes in the text is found in *Twelfth Night*: " She is the *liſt* of my voyage." The other [the *ſoul* of hope] occurs frequently in our authour's plays, as well as in thoſe of his contemporaries. Thus, in *A Midſummer Night's Dream*, we find — " the *ſoul* of counſel;" and in *Troilus and Creſſida* — " the *ſoul* of love." So alſo, in Marlowe's *Luſt's Dominion*:

" ——— Your deſperate arm
" Hath almoſt thruſt quite through *the heart of hope.*" MALONE.

I believe the old reading is the true one. So, in *K. Henry* VI. P. II.

" ——— we then ſhould *ſee the bottom*
" Of all our fortunes." STEEVENS.

[2] Where *now remains* —] *Where* is, I think, uſed here for *whereas*. It is often uſed with that ſignification by our authour and his contemporaries. MALONE.

[3] *A comfort of retirement*—] A ſupport to which we may have recourſe. JOHNSON.

[4] *The quality and* hair *of our attempt*] The *hair* ſeems to be the *complexion*, the *character*. The metaphor appears harſh to us, but, perhaps, was familiar in our authour's time. We ſtill ſay, ſomething is *againſt the hair*, as *againſt the grain*, that is, againſt the natural tendency. JOHNSON.

In

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;
And think, how ſuch an apprehenſion
May turn the tide of fearful faction,
Hot. I need a kind of queſtion in our cauſe:
The world well you know, we of the offering ſide [5]
'Tis 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's draws a curtain [6],
That ſhews 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 enterprize,
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,

In an old comedy call'd *The Family of Love*, I meet with an expreſſion which very well ſupports Dr. Johnſon's explanation: "They ſay, I am of the right *hair*, and indeed they may ſtand to't." STEEVENS.

This word is uſed in the ſame ſenſe in the old interlude of *Tom Tyler and his Wife*, 1660:

"But I bridled a colt of a contrarie *haire*." MALONE.

5 — *we of the* offering *ſide*] The *offering ſide* may ſignify that party, which, acting in oppoſition to the law, ſtrengthens itſelf only by *offers*; increaſes its numbers only by *promiſes*. The king can raiſe an army, and continue it by threats of puniſhment; but thoſe, whom no man is under any obligation to obey, can gather forces only by *offers* of advantage: and it is truly remarked, that they, whoſe influence ariſes from *offers*, muſt keep danger out of ſight.

The *offering ſide* may mean ſimply the *aſſailant*, in oppoſition to the *defendant*; and it is likewiſe true of him that *offers* war, or makes an invaſion, that his cauſe ought to be kept clear from all objections. JOHNSON.

6 *This abſence of your father's* draws *a curtain*,] i. e. draws it *open*. So, in a ſtage-direction in *K. Henry VI.* P. II. (quarto 1600): "Then the *curtaines* being *drawne*, duke Humphrey is *diſcovered* in his bed." MALONE.

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.

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 is 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[7],
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 wing the wind[8];

Bated

[7] *The nimble-footed mad-cap prince of Wales,*] Shakſpeare rarely beſtows his epithets at random. Stowe ſays of the Prince: "He was paſſing ſwift in running, inſomuch that he with two other of his lords, without hounds, bow, or other engine, would take a wild-buck, or doe, in a large park." STEEVENS.

[8] *All plum'd like eſtridges, that* wing *the wind*;] This is one of thoſe paſſages, in which, in my apprehenſion, there can be no doubt that there is ſome corruption, either by the omiſſion of an entire line, or by one word being printed inſtead of another. The firſt quarto, which is followed by all the other ancient copies, reads:

All plum'd like eſtridges, that *with* the wind,
Bated like eagles having lately bath'd.

From the Context it appears to me evident that two diſtinct compariſons were here intended, that two objects were mentioned, to *each* of which the prince's troops were compared; and that our author could never mean to compare *eſtridges* to *eagles*, a conſtruction which the word *with* forces us to. In each of the ſubſequent lines a diſtinct image is given.—Beſides, as Dr. Johnſon has remarked, "What is the meaning of *eſtridges that bated with the wind like eagles?* for the relative *that* in the uſual conſtruction muſt relate to eſtridges."

Mr. Tyrwhitt concurs with me in thinking the old text corrupt. I have

Bated like eagles having lately bath'd[9];
Glittering in golden coats, like images[1];

As

have therefore adopted the ſlight alteration propoſed by Dr. Johnſon—that *wing* the wind; which gives an eaſy ſenſe.—The *ſpirit* and *ardour* of the Eſtridges are marked by their being compared to eagles in the next line; The eſtridges appear to be introduced here, as in the paſſage quoted from Drayton, by Mr. Steevens, ſolely on account of the *Hot plumes*; and the manner in which thoſe birds are ſaid to move, The word fitly explains the meaning of the words—that *wing* the wind. 'Tis true emendation be not juſt, and *with* be the true reading, a line muſt have been loſt, in which the particular movement of the eſtridge was deſcribed. The concurrence of the copies (mentioned by Mr. Steevens in a ſubſequent note) militates but little in my mind againſt the probability of ſuch an omiſſion; for in general, I have obſerved, that whenever there is a corruption in one copy, it is continued in every ſubſequent one. Omiſſion is one of the moſt frequent errors of the preſs, and we have undoubted proofs that ſome lines were omitted in the early editions of theſe plays. See Vol. II. p. 4, n. 4; Vol. V. p. 36, n. 5; and *Romeo and Juliet*, Act III. ſc. iv. See alſo *King Henry VI.* P. II. Act III. ſc. iv. where the following line is omitted in the folio, 1623:

"Jove ſometimes went diſguis'd, and why not I?"

There is ſtill another objection to the old reading, that I had nearly forgotten. Suppoſing the expreſſion—"that *with* the wind bated like eagles"—was defenſible, and that theſe eſtridges were intended to be compared to eagles, why ſhould the compariſon be in the *paſt* time? Would it not be more natural to ſay, The troops were all plumed like eſtridges, that, like eagles, *bate* with the wind, &c.

Of the whole, I think it moſt probable that a line in which the motion of eſtridges was deſcribed, was inadvertently paſſed over by the tranſcriber or compoſitor, when the earlieſt copy was printed; an error which has indiſputably happened in other places in theſe plays. It is obſervable, that in this paſſage, as it ſtands in the old copy, there is no verb: nothing is predicated concerning the troops. In the loſt line it was probably ſaid, that they were then *advancing*. Rather, however, than print the paſſage with aſteriſks as imperfect, I have, as the leſſer evil, adopted Dr. Johnſon's emendation. I ſhall ſubjoin Mr. Steevens's notes, becauſe they perfectly explain the text as now regulated; but it is proper at the ſame time to add, that he is of opinion the reading of the old copy is intelligible. MALONE.

I believe eſtridges never mount at all, but only run before the wind, opening their wings to receive its aſſiſtance in urging them forward. They are generally hunted on horſeback, and the art of the hunter is to turn them from the gale, by the help of which they are too fleet for the ſwifteſt horſe to keep up with them. I ſhould have ſuſpected a line to have been omitted, had not all the copies concurred in the ſame reading.

In the 22d ſong of Drayton's *Polyolbion* is the ſame thought:

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[2],

" Prince Edward all in gold, as he great Jove had been?"

" The Mountfords *all in plumes, like oſtridges*, were ſeen." STEEV.

I have little doubt that inſtead of *with*, ſome verb ought to be ſtituted here. Perhaps it ſhould be *whiſk*. The word is uſ writer of Shakſpeare's age. *England's Helicon*, ſign. 2:

" This ſaid, he *whiſk'd* his particoloured wings." TYRW

All plum'd *like oſtridges*,] All dreſſed like the prince himſelf, *oſtrich-feather* being the cognizance of the Prince of Wales. GREY

9 Bated *like eagles having lately* bath'd:] *Bated* is, I believe, here uſed for *bating*, the paſſive for the active participle; a licence which our author often takes. So, in *Othello*:

" If virtue no *delighted* beauty lack."

Again, in the *Comedy of Errors*:

" And careful hours, with time's *deformed* hand."

To *bate*, as appears from Minſheu's *Dict.* 1617, was originally applied to birds of prey, when they ſwoop upon their quarry. *S'abbatre, ſe dewaller.* Fr. Hence it ſignifies, as Dr. Johnſon has explained it, to flutter, " a Gal. *batre*, (ſays Minſheu,) i. e. to beat, becauſe ſhe [the hawk] beats herſelf with unquiet fluttering." MALONE.

To *bate* is, in the ſtyle of falconry, to *beat the wing*, from the French, *battre*; that is, to flutter in preparation for flight. JOHNSON.

Writers on falconry often mention the *barbing* of hawks and eagles, as highly neceſſary for their health and ſpirits.—All birds after bathing, (which almoſt all birds are fond of,) ſpread out their wings to catch the wind, and flutter violently with them, in order to dry themſelves. This in the falconer's language is called *bating*.—It may be obſerved that birds never appear ſo lively and full of ſpirits as immediately after bathing. STEEVENS.

1 *Glittering in golden coats, like images*;] This alludes to the manner of dreſſing up images in the Romiſh churches on holy-days; when they are bedecked in robes very richly laced and embroidered. STEEV.

2 *I ſaw young Harry,—with his beaver on*,] The face being partly covered by the beaver, Dr. Warburton, inſtead of *on*, reads *up*. He ſeems not to have obſerved, that Vernon only ſays, he ſaw " young *Harry*," not that he ſaw his *face*. MALONE.

There is no need of change; for *beaver* may be a *helmet*; or the prince, trying his armour, might wear his beaver down. JOHNSON.

Bever and *viſiere* were two different parts of the helmet. The former part let down to enable the wearer to drink; the latter was raiſed up to enable him to ſee. L——.

Shakſpeare however confounded them; for, in *Hamlet*, Horatio ſays, that he ſaw the old king's face, becauſe " he wore his *beaver up*." MALONE.

His

His cuiſſes on his thighs [3], 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 [5] with noble horſemanſhip.
Hot. No more, no more; worſe than the ſun in March,
This praiſe doth nouriſh agues. Let them come;
The are come like ſacrifices in their trim,
'Tis to the fire-ey'd maid of ſmoky war,
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,
Who is to bear me, like a thunder-bolt,
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 take a muſter ſpeedily:

3 *His* cuiſſes] *Cuiſſes*, French, armour for the thighs. POPE.
The reaſon why his *cuiſſes* are ſo particularly mentioned, I conceive to be, that his horſemanſhip is here praiſed, and the *cuiſſes* are that part of armour which moſt hinders a horſeman's activity. JOHNSON.

4 *And* vaulted—] The context requires *vault*, but a word of one ſyllable will not ſuit the metre. Perhaps our author wrote *vault it*, a mode of phraſeology of which there are ſome examples in theſe plays. MALONE.

5 *And witch*—] For bewitch, charm. POPE.

Dooms-day 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 publick 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-Colfield to-night.

Bard. Will you give me money, captain?

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. This bottle makes an angel.

Fal. And 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[6] 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 ſouced gurnet[7]. I have miſ-uſed 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 houſholders, yeomen's ſons: enquire me out contracted bachelors, ſuch as had been aſk'd 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[8].

[6] —*lieutenant Peto* —] This paſſage proves that Peto did not go with the prince. JOHNSON.

[7] —*ſouced gurnet.*] is an appellation of contempt very frequently employed in the old comedies. STEEVENS.

A *gurnet* is a fiſh very nearly reſembling a piper. MALONE.

[8] — *worſe than a ſtruck* fowl, *or a hurt wild duck.*] Thus the firſt quarto, 1598. In a ſubſequent copy (1608) the word *fowl* being erroneouſly printed *fool*, that errour was adopted in the quarto 1613, and conſequently in the folio, which was printed from it. MALONE.

Fowl ſeems to have been the word deſigned by the poet, who might have thought an oppoſition between *fowl*, i. e. domeſtick birds, and *wild-fowl*, ſufficient on this occaſion. He has almoſt the ſame expreſſion in *Much Ado about Nothing*: "Alas, poor *hurt fowl!* now will he creep into ſedges." STEEVENS.

I preſs'd

I preſs'd me none but ſuch toaſts and butter[9], 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 ſoldiers; but diſcarded unjuſt ſervingmen, younger ſons to younger brothers[1], revolted tapſters, and oſtlers trade-fallen; the cankers of a calm world, and a long peace[2]; ten times more diſhonourable ragged, than an old faced ancient[3]: 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 tatter'd prodigals, lately come from ſwine-keeping, from eating draff and huſks. A mad fellow

[9] — *ſuch toaſts and butter,*—] This term of contempt is uſed in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Wit without Money*: "They love young *toaſts and butter*, Bow-bell ſuckers." STEEVENS.

"Londiners, and all within the ſound of Bow-bell, are in reproch called cocknies, and *eaters of buttered toſtes*." Moryſon's ITIN. 1617. MALONE.

[1] — *younger ſons to younger brothers,*] Raleigh, in his *Diſcourſe on War*, uſes this very expreſſion for men of deſperate fortune and wild adventure. Which borrowed it from the other, I know not, but I think the play was printed before the diſcourſe. JOHNSON.

Perhaps O. Cromwell was indebted to this ſpeech, for the ſarcaſm which he threw out on the ſoldiers commanded by Hambden: "Your troops are moſt of them *old decayed ſervingmen* and *tapſters*, &c. STEEVENS.

[2] — cankers of *a calm world, and a long peace*;] So, in *Pierce Pennileſs his Supplication to the devil*, 1592: "— all the *canker-wormes that breed on the ruſt of peace*." STEEVENS.

[3] — *ten times more diſhonourable ragged, than an old* faced *ancient*:] How is an old-faced *ancient* or *enſign*, diſhonourably ragged? on the contrary, nothing is eſteemed more honourable than a ragged pair of colours. WARBURTON.

I know not whether the licentiouſneſs of our author's diction may not allow us to ſuppoſe that he meant to repreſent his ſoldiers, as *more ragged*, though leſs honourably ragged, *than an old ancient*. JOHNSON.

An old, fac'd ancient, is an old ſtandard mended with a different colour. It ſhould not be written in one word, as *old* and *fac'd* are diſtinct epithets. To *face* a gown is to *trim it*; an expreſſion at preſent in uſe. In our author's time the *facings* of gowns were always of a colour different from the ſtuff itſelf. So, in this play:

"To

fellow met me on the way, and told me, I had unloaded all the gibbets, and preſs'd the dead bodies. No eye hath ſeen ſuch ſcare-crows. 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[4]; for, indeed, I had the moſt of them out of prison. There's but a ſhirt and a half[5] in all my company: and the half-ſhirt is two napkins, tack'd 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 Albans, or the red-noſe inn-keeper of Daintry. 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 night.

Fal. Tut, never fear me; I am as vigilant, as a cat to ſteal cream.

"To *face* the garment of rebellion
"With ſome fine colour." STEEVENS.

So in *the Puritan*, a comedy, 1607:—"full of *holes*, like a ſhot *ancient*."—The modern editors, inſtead of *diſhonourable* read *diſhonourably*; but the change is unneceſſary, for our author frequently uſes adjectives adverbially. So again in this play:

"And ſince this buſineſs ſo *fair* is done."

Again, in *K. Henry VIII*: "He is *equal* ravenous as he is ſubtle." Again, in *Hamlet*: "I am myſelf *indifferent* honeſt." Again, in *the Taming of the Shrew*:

"Her only fault—
"Is that ſhe is *intolerable* curſt."

See alſo Vol. III. p. 441, n. 2. MALONE.

[4] —*gyves on*;] i. e. ſhackles. POPE.

[5] *There's* but *a ſhirt and a half*—] The old copies read—There's *not* a ſhirt, &c. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. In *the Merchant of Venice*, printed by J. Roberts, 4to. 1600, *but* has taken the place of *not*:

"Repent *but* you that you ſhall loſe your friend." MALONE.

P. Hen.

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[6]; 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 learn'd 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 encamp'd?

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, WORCERSTER, 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.

[6] —*good enough to toſs*;] That is, to toſs upon a pike. JOHNS.

Ver.

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:—
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[7] as you are,
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 trumpets ſound 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[8],
But ſtand againſt us like an enemy.

Blunt.

7 —*ſuch great leading*—] Such conduct, ſuch experience in martial buſineſs. JOHNSON.

8 —*of our* quality,] *Quality* in our author's time was frequently uſed in the ſenſe of *fellowſhip*, or *occupation*. So, in *the Tempeſt*: "Taſte Ariel

Blunt. And God 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[9]; 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; and, with all ſpeed,
You ſhall have your deſires, with intereſt;
And pardon abſolute for yourſelf, and theſe,
Herein miſ-led 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 out-law 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[1], and beg his peace;

With

Ariel and all his *quality*." i. e. all thoſe who were employed with Ariel in ſimilar ſervices or occupations; his fellows. Again, in *Hamlet*:—" give me a taſte of your *quality*." MALONE.

[9] —*of your* griefs;] That is, *grievances*. So in *A Declaration of the Treaſons of the late Earle of Eſſex*, &c. 1601: " The Lord Keeper required the Earle of Eſſex, that if he would not declare his *griefs* openly, yet that then he would impart them privately." See Vol. IV. p. 50, n. 3. MALONE.

[1] *To ſue his livery*,] During the exiſtence of the feudal tenures, on the death of any of the king's tenants, an inqueſt of office, called *inquiſitio poſt mortem*, was held, to inquire of what lands he died ſeized, who was his heir, of what age he was, &c. and in thoſe caſes where the heir was a minor, he became the ward of the crown; the land was ſeized by its officers, and continued in its poſſeſſion, or that of the perſon to whom the crown granted it, till the heir came of age, and *ſued* out *his livery*, or *oufterlemains*, that is, the delivery of the land out of