With tears of innocency, and terms of zeal,—
My father, in kind heart and pity mov'd,
Swore him aſſiſtance, and perform'd it too.
Now, when the lords and barons of the realm
Perceiv'd Northumberland did lean to him,
The more and leſs [2] came in with cap and knee;
Met him in boroughs, cities, villages;
Attended him on bridges, ſtood in lanes,
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,
Gave him their heirs; as pages followed him [3],
Even at the heels, in golden multitudes.
He preſently,—as greatneſs knows itſelf,—
Steps me a little higher than his vow
Made to my father, while his blood was poor,
Upon the naked ſhore at Ravenſpurg [4];
And now, forſooth, takes on him to reform
Some certain edicts, and ſome ſtrait decrees,
That lie too heavy on the commonwealth:
Cries out upon abuſes, ſeems to weep
Over his country's wrongs; and, by this face,
This ſeeming brow of juſtice, did he win
The hearts of all that he did angle for.
Proceeded further; cut me off the heads
Of all the favourites, that the abſent king
In deputation left behind him here,
When he was perſonal in the Iriſh war.

Blunt. Tut, I came not to hear this.

Hot. Then, to the point.—
In ſhort time after, he depos'd the king;
Soon after that, depriv'd him of his life;

of his guardian's hands. To regulate theſe inquiries, which were greatly abuſed, many perſons being compelled to ſue out livery from the crown, who were by no means tenants thereunto, the *Court of Wards and Liveries* was erected by Stat. 32 Hen. VIII. c. 46. See Blackſtone's Comm. II. 61. III. 258. Malone.

2 *The* more *and leſs*—] i. e. the *greater* and the leſs. Steevens.

3 *Gave him their heirs; as pages follow'd him,*] Perhaps we ought to point differently:

Gave him their heirs as pages; follow'd him, &c. Malone.

4 *Upon the naked ſhore* &c.] In this whole ſpeech he alludes again to ſome paſſages in *Richard the Second*. Johnson.

And, in the neck of that *, taſk'd the whole ſtate [5]:
To make that worſe, ſuffer'd his kinſman March
(Who is, if every owner were well plac'd,
Indeed his king,) to be incag'd in Wales [6],
There without ranſom to lie forfeited:
Diſgrac'd me in my happy victories;
Sought to entrap me by intelligence;
Rated my uncle from the council-board;
In rage diſmiſs'd my father from the court;
Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong:
And in concluſion, drove us to ſeek out
This head of ſafety [7]; and, withal, to pry
Into his title, the which we find
Too indirect for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I return this anſwer to the king?

Hot. Not ſo, ſir Walter; we'll withdraw a while.
Go to the king; and let there be impawn'd
Some ſurety for a ſafe return again,
And in the morning early ſhall mine uncle
Bring him our purpoſes: and ſo farewel.

Blunt. I would, you would accept of grace and love.

Hot. And, may be, ſo we ſhall.

Blunt. Pray heaven, you do! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

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

Enter the Archbiſhop of York, *and a* Gentleman.

Arch. Hie, good ſir Michael; bear this ſealed brief [8],
With winged haſte, to the lord mareſhal [9];

* *And* in the neck *of that, &c.*] So, in *the Palace of Pleaſure*, 1566: "Great miſchiefes ſuccedyng *one in another's neck.* HENDERSON.

5 — taſk'd *the whole ſtate:*] *Taſk'd* is here uſed for *taxed:* it was once common to employ theſe words indiſcriminately. So in Holinſhed, p. 422: "There was a new and ſtrange ſubſidie or *taſke* granted to be levied for the king's uſe." STEEVENS.

6 — incag'd *in Wales,*] The old copies have *engag'd.* Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

7 *This head of ſafety;*] This army, from which I hope for protection. JOHNSON.

8 — *ſealed brief,*] A *brief* is ſimply a letter. JOHNSON.

9 — *to the lord mareſhal;*] Thomas Lord Mowbray. MALONE.

This

This to my couſin Scroop; and all the reſt
To whom they are directed: if you knew
How much they do import, you would make haſte.
Gent. My good lord,
I gueſs their tenor.
Arch. Like enough, you do.
To-morrow, good ſir Michael, is a day,
Wherein the fortune of ten thouſand men
Muſt 'bide the touch: For, ſir, at Shrewſbury,
As I am truly given to underſtand,
The king, with mighty and quick-raiſed power,
Meets with lord Harry: and I fear, ſir Michael,—
What with the ſickneſs of Northumberland,
(Whoſe power was in the firſt proportion [1],)
And what with Owen Glendower's abſence thence,
(Who with them was a rated ſinew too [2],
And comes not in, o'er-rul'd by prophecies,)—
I fear, the power of Percy is too weak
To wage an inſtant trial with the king.
Gent. Why, my good lord, you need not fear;
There's Douglas and lord Mortimer.
Arch. No, Mortimer is not there.
Gent. But there is Mordake, Vernon, Lord Harry Percy,
And there's my lord of Worceſter; and a head
Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.
Arch. And ſo there is: but yet the king hath drawn
The ſpecial head of all the land together;—
The prince of Wales, lord John of Lancaſter,
The noble Weſtmoreland, and warlike Blunt;
And many more corrivals, and dear men
Of eſtimation and command in arms.
Gent. Doubt not, my lord, they ſhall be well oppos'd.
Arch. I hope no leſs, yet needful 'tis to fear;
And, to prevent the worſt, ſir Michael, ſpeed:
For, if lord Percy thrive not, ere the king

[1] — *in the firſt proportion,*] Whoſe quota was larger than that of any other man in the confederacy. JOHNSON.

[2] — *a rated ſinew too,*] *A rated ſinew* ſignifies a ſtrength on which we reckoned; a help of which we made account. JOHNSON.

Diſmiſs

Diſmiſs his power, he means to viſit us,—
For he hath heard of our confederacy,—
And 'tis but wiſdom to make ſtrong againſt him;
Therefore, make haſte: I muſt go write again
To other friends; and ſo farewel, ſir Michael.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

ACT V[3]. SCENE I.

The King's Camp near Shrewſbury.

Enter King HENRY, *Prince* HENRY, *Prince* JOHN *of* Lancaſter, *Sir* Walter BLUNT, *and Sir* John FALSTAFF[4].

K. Hen. How bloodily the ſun begins to peer
Above yon buſky hill[5]! the day looks pale
At his diſtemperature.

P. Hen. The ſouthern wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purpoſes[6];
And, by his hollow whiſtling in the leaves,
Foretells a tempeſt, and a bluſtering day.

K. Hen. Then with the loſers let it ſympathize;
For nothing can ſeem foul to thoſe that win.—

Trumpet. Enter WORCESTER, *and* VERNON.

How now, my lord of Worceſter? 'tis not well
That you and I ſhould meet upon ſuch terms

3 *Act V.*] It ſeems proper to be remarked, that in the editions printed while the author lived, this play is not broken into acts. The diviſion which was made by the players in the firſt folio, ſeems commodious enough, but, being without authority, may be changed by any editor who thinks himſelf able to make a better. JOHNSON.

4 In the old and modern editions the Earl of Weſtmoreland is made to enter here with the king; but it appears from a paſſage in the next ſcene that, he was left as a hoſtage in Hotſpur's camp, till Worceſter ſhould return from treating with Henry. See p. 247, n. 5. MALONE.

5 — buſky *hill!*] *Buſky* is woody. (*Boſquet*, Fr.) Milton writes the word perhaps more properly, *boſky*. STEEVENS.

6 — *to his purpoſes*;] That is, to the ſun's, to that which the ſun portends by his unuſual appearance. JOHNSON.

As now we meet: You have deceiv'd our truſt;
And made us doff our eaſy robes of peace,
To cruſh our old limbs in ungentle ſteel:
This is not well, my lord, this is not well.
What ſay you to't? will you again unknit
This churliſh knot of all-abhorred war?
And move in that obedient orb again,
Where you did give a fair and natural light;
And be no more an exhal'd meteor,
A prodigy of fear, and a portent
Of broached miſchief to the unborn times?

Wor. Hear me, my liege:
For mine own part, I could be well content
To entertain the lag-end of my life
With quiet hours; for I do proteſt,
I have not ſought the day of this diſlike.

K. Hen. You have not ſought it! how comes it then?

Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

P. Hen. Peace, chewet, peace [7].

Wor. It pleas'd your majeſty, to turn your looks
Of favour, from myſelf, and all our houſe;
And yet I muſt remember you, my lord,
We were the firſt and deareſt of your friends.
For you, my ſtaff of office [8] did I break

[7] *Peace*, chewet, *peace.*] A *chewet*, or *chuet*, is a noiſy chatter-bird, a pie. This carries a proper reproach to Falſtaff for his ill-timed and impertinent jeſt. THEOBALD.

In an old book of cookery, printed in 1596, I find a receipt to make *chewets*, which from their ingredients ſeem to have been fat greaſy puddings; and to theſe it is highly probable that the prince alludes. Both the quarto and folio ſpell the word as it now ſtands in the text, and as I found it in the book already mentioned. So, in Bacon's *Nat. Hiſt.* "As for *chuets*, which are likewiſe minced meat, inſtead of butter and fat, it were good to moiſten them partly with cream, or almond and piſtachio milk," &c. It appears from a receipt in the *Forme of Cury, a Roll of ancient Engliſh Cookery, compiled about A. D.* 1390, *by the Maſter Cook of King Richard II*, and publiſhed by Mr. Pegge, 8vo. 1780, that theſe *chewets* were fried in oil. See p. 83 of that work. Cotgrave's *Dictionary* explains the French word *goubelet*, to be a kind of round pie reſembling *our chuet*. STEEVENS.

[8] — *my ſtaff of office*—] See *Richard the Second*. JOHNSON.

In

In Richard's time; and poſted day and night
To meet you on the way, and kiſs your hand,
When yet you were in place and in account
Nothing ſo ſtrong and fortunate as I.
It was myſelf, my brother, and his ſon,
That brought you home, and boldly did outdare
The dangers of the time; You ſwore to us,—
And you did ſwear that oath at Doncaſter,—
That you did nothing purpoſe 'gainſt the ſtate;
Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n right,
The ſeat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaſter:
To this we ſwore our aid. But, in ſhort ſpace,
It rain'd down fortune ſhowering on your head;
And ſuch a flood of greatneſs fell on you,—
What with our help; what with the abſent king;
What with the injuries of a wanton time[9]:
The ſeeming ſufferances that you had borne;
And the contrarious winds, that held the king
So long in his unlucky Iriſh wars,
That all in England did repute him dead,—
And, from this ſwarm of fair advantages,
You took occaſion to be quickly woo'd
To gripe the general ſway into your hand:
Forgot your oath to us at Doncaſter;
And being fed by us, you us'd us ſo
As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird[1],
Uſeth the ſparrow: did oppreſs our neſt;
Grew by our feeding to ſo great a bulk,
That even our love durſt not come near your ſight,
For fear of ſwallowing; but with nimble wing
We were enforc'd, for ſafety ſake, to fly
Out of your ſight, and raiſe this preſent head:
Whereby we ſtand oppoſed[2] by ſuch means
As you yourſelf have forg'd againſt yourſelf;

9 — *the injuries of a wanton time:*] i. e. the injuries done by king Richard in the wantonneſs of proſperity. MUSGRAVE.

1 *As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird,*] The cuckow's chicken, who, being hatched and fed by the ſparrow, in whoſe neſt the cuckow's egg was laid, grows in time able to devour her nurſe. JOHNSON.

2 — *we ſtand oppoſed*—] We ſtand in oppoſition to you. JOHNSON.

By unkind uſage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth
Sworn to us in your younger enterprize.

K. Hen. Theſe things, indeed you have articulated [3],
Proclaim'd at market-croſſes, read in churches;
To face the garment of rebellion
With ſome fine colour [4], that may pleaſe the eye
Of fickle changelings, and poor diſcontents [5],
Which gape, and rub the elbow, at the news
Of hurly-burly innovation:
And never yet did inſurrection want
Such water-colours to impaint his cauſe;
Nor moody beggars, ſtarving for a time [6]
Of pell-mell havock and confuſion.

P. Hen. In both our armies, there is many a ſoul
Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,
If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,
The prince of Wales doth join with all the world
In praiſe of Henry Percy: By my hopes,—
This preſent enterprize ſet off his head [7],—
I do not think, a braver gentleman,
More active-valiant, or more-valiant-young [8],

[3] —*articulated,*] i. e. exhibited in articles. So in the *Spaniſh Tragedy*:

"To end thoſe things *articulated* here." STEEVENS.

4 *To face the garment of rebellion*

With ſome fine colour,] This is an alluſion to our ancient fantaſtic habits, which were uſually *faced* or turned up with a colour different from that of which they were made. So, in the old *Interlude of Nature*, bl. l. no date:

"His hoſen ſhall be freſhly garded
"Wyth *colours* two or thre. STEEVENS.

5 —*poor* diſcontents,] Poor *diſcontents* are *poor diſcontented people*, as we now ſay—*malecontents*. So in Marſton's *Malecontent*, 1604:

"What, play I well the free-breath'd *diſcontent?*" MALONE.

6 —ſtarving *for a time*—] i. e. impatiently expecting a time, &c. So, in the *Comedy of Errors*:

"And now again clean *ſtarved* for a look." MALONE.

7 —*ſet off his head,*—] i. e. taken from his account. MUSGRAVE.

8 *More active-valiant, or more valiant-young,*] The ſame kind of gingle is in Sydney's *Aſtrophel and Stella*:

"——young-wiſe, wiſe-valiant." STEEVENS.

More daring, or more bold, is now alive,
To grace this latter age with noble deeds.
For my part, I may ſpeak it to my ſhame,
I have a truant been to chivalry;
And ſo, I hear, he doth account me too:
Yet this before my father's majeſty,—
I am content, that he ſhall take the odds
Of his great name and eſtimation;
And will, to ſave the blood on either ſide,
Try fortune with him in a ſingle fight.

K. Hen. And, prince of Wales, ſo dare we venture thee,
Albeit, conſiderations infinite
Do make againſt it:—No, good Worceſter, no,
We love our people well; even thoſe we love,
That are miſ-led upon your couſin's part:
And, will they take the offer of our grace,
Both he, and they, and you, yea, every man
Shall be my friend again, and I'll be his:
So tell your couſin, and bring me word
What he will do:—But if he will not yield,
Rebuke and dread correction wait on us,
And they ſhall do their office. So, be gone;
We will not now be troubled with reply:
We offer fair, take it adviſedly.

[*Exeunt* WORCESTER, *and* VERNON.

P. Hen. It will not be accepted, on my life:
The Douglas and the Hotſpur both together
Are confident againſt the world in arms.

K. Hen. Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge;
For, on their anſwer, will we ſet on them:
And God befriend us, as our cauſe is juſt!

[*Exeunt* King, BLUNT, *and Prince* John.

Fal. Hal, if thou ſee me down in the battle, and beſtride me[9], ſo; 'tis a point of friendſhip.

9 — *and beſtride me,*] In the battle of Agincourt, Henry, when king, did this act of friendſhip for his brother the duke of Glouceſter. STEEVENS.

So again, in *the Comedy of Errors*:

"When I *beſtrid thee in the wars*, and took
"Deep ſcars, to ſave thy life." MALONE.

P. Hen. Nothing but a Coloſſus can do thee that friendſhip. Say thy prayers, and farewel.

Fal. I would it were bed-time, Hal, and all well.

P. Hen. Why, thou oweſt God a death. [*Exit.*

Fal. 'Tis not due yet; I would be loth to pay him before his day. What need I be ſo forward with him that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no matter; Honour pricks me on. Yea, but how if honour prick me off when I come on? how then? Can honour ſet to a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief of a wound? No. Honour hath no ſkill in ſurgery then? No. What is honour? A word. What is in that word, honour? What is that honour? Air. A trim reckoning!—Who hath it? He that died o' Wedneſday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it inſenſible then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not ſuffer it:—therefore I'll none of it: Honour is a mere ſcutcheon [1], and ſo ends my catechiſm. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The Rebel Camp.

Enter WORCESTER, *and* VERNON.

Wor. O, no, my nephew muſt not know, ſir Richard,
The liberal kind offer of the king.

Ver. 'Twere beſt, he did.

Wor. Then are we all undone.
It is not poſſible, it cannot be,
The king ſhould keep his word in loving us;
He will ſuſpect us ſtill, and find a time
To puniſh this offence in other faults:
Suſpicion, all our lives, ſhall be ſtuck full of eyes [2]:

[1] —*honour is a* mere ſcutcheon,] A *ſcutcheon*, is the painted heraldry borne in funeral proceſſions: and by *mere ſcutcheon* is inſinuated, that whether alive or dead, honour is but a name. WARBURTON.

[2] *Suſpicion, all our lives, ſhall be ſtuck full of eyes:*] The ſame image of *ſuſpicion* is exhibited in a Latin tragedy, called *Roxana*, written about the ſame time by Dr. William Alabaſter. JOHNSON.

All the old copies read—*ſuppoſition*. STEEVENS.

The emendation was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

For

For treaſon is but truſted like the fox;
Who, ne'er ſo tame, ſo cheriſh'd, and lock'd up,
Will have a wild trick of his anceſtors.
Look how we can, or ſad, or merrily,
Interpretation will miſquote our looks;
And we ſhall feed like oxen at a ſtall,
The better cheriſh'd, ſtill the nearer death.
My nephew's treſpaſs may be well forgot,
It hath the excuſe of youth, and heat of blood;
And an adopted name of privilege,—
A hare-brain'd Hotſpur[3], govern'd by a ſpleen:
All his offences live upon my head,
And on his father's;—we did train him on;
And, his corruption being ta'en from us,
We, as the ſpring of all, ſhall pay for all.
Therefore, good couſin, let not Harry know,
In any caſe, the offer of the king.

Ver. Deliver what you will, I'll ſay, 'tis ſo.
Here comes your couſin.

Enter HOTSPUR, *and* DOUGLAS; *and Officers and Soldiers, behind.*

Hot. My uncle is return'd;—Deliver up
My lord of Weſtmoreland[4].—Uncle, what news?

Wor. The king will bid you battle preſently.

Doug. Defy him by the lord of Weſtmoreland[5].

Hot. Lord Douglas, go you[6] and tell him ſo.

Doug. Marry, and ſhall, and very willingly. [*Exit.*

Wor. There is no ſeeming mercy in the king.

Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid!

[3] — *an adopted name of privilege,*
A hare-brain'd Hotſpur,] The name of Hotſpur will privilege him from cenſure. JOHNSON.

[4] — *Deliver up*
My lord of Weſtmoreland.] He was "impawned as a ſurety for the ſafe return" of Worceſter. See Act IV. ſc. laſt. MALONE.

[5] Doug. *Defy him by the lord of Weſtmoreland.*] This line, as well as the next, (as has been obſerved by one of the modern editors,) probably belongs to Hotſpur, whoſe impatience would ſcarcely ſuffer any one to anticipate him on ſuch an occaſion. MALONE.

[6] *Lord* Douglas, *go you &c.*] *Douglas* is here uſed as a triſyllable. MALONE.

Wor. I told him gently of our grievances,
Of his oath-breaking; which he mended thus,—
By now forſwearing that he is forſworn.
He calls us, rebels, traitors; and will ſcourge
With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

Re-enter DOUGLAS.

Doug. Arm, gentlemen; to arms! for I have thrown
A brave defiance in king Henry's teeth,
And Weſtmoreland, that was engag'd [7], did bear it;
Which cannot chooſe but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The prince of Wales ſtept forth before the king,
And, nephew, challeng'd you to ſingle fight.

Hot. O, would the quarrel lay upon our heads;
And that no man might draw ſhort breath to-day,
But I, and Harry Monmouth! Tell me, tell me,
How ſhew'd his taſking [8]? ſeem'd it in contempt?

Ver. No, by my ſoul; I never in my life
Did hear a challenge urg'd more modeſtly,
Unleſs a brother ſhould a brother dare
To gentle exerciſe and proof of arms.
He gave you all the duties of a man;
Trimm'd up your praiſes with a princely tongue;
Spoke your deſervings like a chronicle;
Making you ever better than his praiſe,
By ſtill diſpraiſing praiſe, valued with you [9]:

And,

[7] *And Weſtmoreland, that was* engag'd,] *Engag'd* is delivered as an hoſtage. A few lines before, upon the return of Worceſter, he orders Weſtmoreland to be diſmiſſed. JOHNSON.

[8] *How ſhew'd his* taſking?] Thus the quarto, 1598. The others, with the folio read—*talking*. STEEVENS.

I know not whether *taſking* is not here uſed for *taxing*; i. e. his ſatirical repreſentation. So, in *As you like it*:

"—my *taxing*, like a wild gooſe, flies."

See p. 239, n. 5. *Taſking*, however, is ſufficiently intelligible in its more uſual acceptation. We yet ſay, "he took him to *taſk*." MALONE.

[9] *By ſtill diſpraiſing praiſe, valued with you.*] Why this line ſhould be cenſured by Dr. Warburton as nonſenſe, I know not. To vilify praiſe, compared or *valued* with merit ſuperior to praiſe, is no harſh expreſſion. There is another objection to be made. Prince Henry, in his challenge of Percy, had indeed commended him, but with no ſuch hyperboles as might repreſent him above praiſe; and there ſeems to be

no

And, which became him like a prince indeed,
He made a bluſhing cital[1] of himſelf;
And chid his truant youth with ſuch a grace,
As if he maſter'd there[2] a double ſpirit,
Of teaching, and of learning, inſtantly.
There did he pauſe: But let me tell the world,—
If he out-live the envy of this day,
England did never owe ſo ſweet a hope,
So much miſconſtrued in his wantonneſs.

Hot. Couſin, I think, thou art enamoured
On his follies; never did I hear *
Of any prince, ſo wild, at liberty[3]:—
But, be he as he will, yet once ere night
I will embrace him with a ſoldier's arm,
That he ſhall ſhrink under my courteſy.—
Arm, arm, with ſpeed:—And, fellows, ſoldiers, friends,

no reaſon why Vernon ſhould magnify the prince's candour beyond the truth. Did then Shakſpeare forget the foregoing ſcene? or are ſome lines loſt from the prince's ſpeech? JOHNSON.

I do not ſuſpect any omiſſion. Our author in repeating letters and ſpeeches of former ſcenes in his plays, ſeldom attends minutely to what he had written. I believe, in theſe caſes he always truſted to memory. See Vol. IV. p. 35, n. 6. MALONE.

[1] *He made a bluſhing* cital—] *Cital* for taxation. POPE.

Mr. Pope obſerves that by *cital* is meant *taxation*; but I rather think it means *recital*. The verb is uſed in that ſenſe in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act IV. ſc. i:

" ——— for we *cite* our faults,
" That they may hold excus'd our lawleſs lives."

Again, in *K. Henry V.* Act V. ſc. ii:

" Whoſe want gives growth to the imperfections
" Which you have *cited*," &c. COLLINS.

[2] — *he* maſter'd—] i. e. was maſter of. STEEVENS.

* — *did I* hear] The latter word is uſed as a diſſyllable. Mr. Pope, not perceiving this, reads—*Upon* his follies, &c. which was unneceſſarily adopted by the ſubſequent editors. MALONE.

[3] *Of any prince, ſo wild, at liberty:*] Of any prince that played ſuch pranks, and was not confined as a madman. JOHNSON.

The quartos 1598, 1599, and 1608, read—*ſo wild* a libertie. Perhaps the author wrote—*ſo wild* a libertine. Thus, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" *Tye up* the *libertine* in the field of feaſts." STEEVENS.

Our author uſes the expreſſion in the text again, in *K. Richard III.*:

" My hair doth ſtand on end to hear her cnrſes.
" And ſo doth mine. I muſe, why ſhe's *at liberty*." MALONE.

Better

Better conſider what you have to do,
Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood up with perſuaſion.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My lord, here are letters for you.
Hot. I cannot read them now.—
O gentlemen, the time of life is ſhort;
To ſpend that ſhortneſs baſely, were too long,
If life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.
An if we live, we live to tread on kings;
If die, brave death, when princes die with us!
Now for our conſcience,—the arms are fair,
When the intent of bearing them is juſt.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My lord, prepare; the king comes on apace.
Hot. I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale,
For I profeſs not talking; Only this—
Let each man do his beſt: and here draw I
A ſword, whoſe temper I intend to ſtain
With the beſt blood that I can meet withal
In the adventure of this perilous day.
Now,—*Eſperance*[4]!—Percy!—and ſet on.—
Sound all the lofty inſtruments of war,
And by that muſick let us all embrace:
For, heaven to earth[5], ſome of us never ſhall
A ſecond time do ſuch a courteſy.

[*The trumpets ſound. They embrace, and exeunt.*

4 *Now—Eſperance!—*] This was the word of battle on Percy's ſide. See Hall's *Chronicle*, folio 22. POPE.

Eſperance, or *Eſperanza*, has always been the motto of the Percy family. *Eſperance en Dieu* is the preſent motto of the duke of Northumberland, and has been long uſed by his predeceſſors. Sometimes it was expreſſed *Eſperance ma Comforte*, which is ſtill legible at Alnwick caſtle over the great gate. PERCY.

Our author found this word of battle in Holinſhed. He ſeems to have uſed *Eſperance* as a word of four ſyllables. So, in *the Merry Wives of Windſor*:

"And *Honi ſoit qui mal y penſé*, write." MALONE.

5 *For, heaven to earth,*] i. e. One might wager heaven to earth. WARBURTON.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Plain near Shrewſbury.

Excurſions, and Parties fighting. Alarum to the battle. Then enter DOUGLAS *and* BLUNT, *meeting.*

Blunt. What is thy name, that in the battle * thus
Thou croſſeſt me? what honour doſt thou ſeek
Upon my head?

Doug. Know then, my name is Douglas;
And I do haunt thee in the battle thus,
Becauſe ſome tell me that thou art a king.

Blunt. They tell thee true.

Doug. The lord of Stafford dear to-day hath bought
Thy likeneſs; for, inſtead of thee, king Harry,
This ſword hath ended him: ſo ſhall it thee,
Unleſs thou yield thee as my priſoner.

Blunt. I was not born a yielder, thou proud Scot;
And thou ſhalt find a king that will revenge
Lord Stafford's death. [*They fight, and* BLUNT *is ſlain.*

Enter HOTSPUR.

Hot. O Douglas, hadſt thou fought at Holmedon thus,
I never had triumph'd upon a Scot.

Doug. All's done, all's won; here breathleſs lies the king.

Hot. Where?

Doug. Here.

Hot. This, Douglas? no, I know, this face full well:
A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt;
Semblably [6] furniſh'd like the king himſelf.

Doug. A fool go with thy ſoul, whither it goes [7]!
A borrow'd

* —*in the battle*—] *The*, which is not in the old copies, was added, for the ſake of the meaſure, by Sir T. Hanmer. MALONE.

6 Semblably—] i. e. in reſemblance, alike. STEEVENS.

7 *A fool go with thy ſoul, whither it goes!*] The old copies read: Ah, *fool, go with thy ſoul*, &c. but this appears to be nonſenſe. I have ventured to omit a ſingle letter, as well as to change the punctuation, on the authority of the following paſſage in the *Merchant of Venice*:

"With

A borrow'd title haſt thou bought too dear.
Why didſt thou tell me that thou wert a king?

Hot. The king hath many marching in his coats.

Doug. Now by my ſword, I will kill all his coats;
I'll murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece,
Until I meet the king.

Hot. Up, and away;
Our ſoldiers ſtand full fairly for the day. [*Exeunt.*

Other Alarums. Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Though I could 'ſcape ſhot-free at London[8], I fear the ſhot here; here's no ſcoring, but upon the pate.—Soft! who art thou? Sir Walter Blunt;—there's honour for you: Here's no vanity[9]!—I am as hot as molten lead, and as heavy too: God keep lead out of me: I need no more weight than mine own bowels.—I have led my raggamuffins where they are peppered: there's but three of my hundred and fifty[1] left alive; and they are for the town's end, to beg during life. But who comes here?

" With one fool's head I came to woo,
" But I go away with two,"

Again, more appoſitely in *Promos and Caſſandra*, 1578:

" Go, and a knave with thee."

See a note on *Timon*, Act V. ſc. ii. STEEVENS.

[8] —*ſhot-free at London,*] A play upon *ſhot*, as it means the part of a reckoning, and a miſſive weapon diſcharged from artillery. JOHNSON.

[9] *Here's no vanity!*] In our author's time the negative, in common ſpeech, was uſed to deſign, ironically, the exceſs of a thing. Thus Ben Jonſon, in *Every Man in his Humour*, ſays:

" O here's *no ſoppery!*
" 'Death, I can endure the ſtocks better."

Meaning, as the paſſage ſhews, that the *ſoppery* was exceſſive. And ſo in many other places. WARBURTON.

Again, in our author's *Taming of the Shrew*: " Here's *no* knavery!" STEEVENS.

See alſo Vol. III. p. 38, n. 9. MALONE.

[1] *There's* but *three of my hundred and fifty*—] All the old copies have—There's *not* three, &c. They are evidently erroneous. The ſame miſtake has already happened in this play, where it has been rightly corrected. See p. 234, n. 5. So again, in *Coriolanus*, 1623:

" *Cor.* Ay, *but* mine own deſire.
" 1 *Cit.* How, *not* your own deſire?" MALONE.

Enter

Enter Prince HENRY.

P. Hen. What ſtand'ſt thou idle here? lend me thy ſword:
Many a nobleman lies ſtark and ſtiff
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,
Whoſe deaths are unreveng'd: pr'ythee, lend me thy ſword.

Fal. O Hal, I pr'ythee, give me leave to breathe a while.—Turk Gregory never did ſuch deeds in arms [2], as I have done this day. I have paid Percy [3], I have made him ſure [4].

P. Hen. He is, indeed; and living to kill thee. I pr'ythee, lend me thy ſword.

Fal. Nay, before God, Hal, if Percy be alive, thou get'ſt not my ſword; but take my piſtol, if thou wilt.

P. Hen. Give it me: What, is it in the caſe?

Fal. Ay, Hal; 'tis hot, 'tis hot; there's that will ſack a city [5]. [*The* Prince *draws out a bottle of ſack* [6].

P. Hen.

2 *Turk Gregory never did ſuch deeds in arms,*] Meaning Gregory the Seventh, called Hildebrand. This furious frier ſurmounted almoſt invincible obſtacles to deprive the emperor of his right of inveſtiture of biſhops, which his predeceſſors had long attempted in vain. Fox, in his hiſtory, hath made this Gregory ſo odious, that I don't doubt but the good Proteſtants of that time were well pleaſed to hear him thus characterized, as uniting the attributes of their two great enemies, the Turk and Pope, in one. WARBURTON.

3 *I have* paid *Percy,*] See p. 173, n. 4. MALONE.

4 *I have made him* ſure.] *Sure* has two ſignifications; *certainly diſpoſed of*, and *ſafe*. Falſtaff uſes it in the *former* ſenſe, the Prince replies to it in the *latter*. STEEVENS.

5 — *ſack a city.*] A quibble on the word *ſack*. JOHNSON.
The ſame quibble may be found in *Ariſtippus*, or the *Jovial Philoſopher*, 1630: "—it may juſtly ſeem to have taken the name of *ſack* from the *ſacking* of cities." STEEVENS.

6 — *a bottle of ſack.*] The ſame comic circumſtance occurs in the ancient *Interlude of Nature*, (written long before the time of Shakſpeare) bl. l. no date:

"*Glotony.* We ſhall have a warfare it ys told me.
"*Man.* Ye; where is thy harnes?
"*Glotony.* Mary, here may ye ſe,
"Here ys harnes inow.
"*Wrath.* Why haſt thou none other harnes but thys?
"*Glotony.* What the devyll harnes ſhould I mys,

"Without

P. Hen. What, is it a time to jeſt and dally now?
[*throws it at him, and exit.*

Fal. Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him [7]. If he do come in my way, ſo: if he do not,—if I come in his, willingly, let him make a carbonado [8] of me. I like not ſuch grinning honour as ſir Walter hath: Give me life: which if I can ſave, ſo; if not, honour comes unlook'd for, and there's an end. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Another Part of the field.

Alarums. Excurſions. Enter the King, *Prince* HENRY, *Prince* JOHN, *and* WESTMORELAND.

P. Hen. I pr'ythee, Harry, withdraw thyſelf; thou bleed'ſt too much [9]:—
Lord John of Lancaſter, go you with him.

P. John. Not I, my lord, unleſs I did bleed too.

P. Hen. I beſeech your majeſty, make up,
Leſt your retirement do amaze your friends.

" Without it be a *bottell ?*
" Another *botell* I wyll go purvey,
" Leſt that drynk be ſcarce in the way,
" Or happely none to ſell." STEEVENS.

[7] *If Percy be alive, I'll pierce him.*] I take the conceit to be this. To *pierce* a veſſel is to *tap* it. Falſtaff takes up his bottle which the prince had toſſed at his head, and being about to animate himſelf with a draught, cries, *if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him*, and ſo draws the cork. I do not propoſe this with much confidence. JOHNSON.

Ben Jonſon has the ſame quibble in his *New Inn*, Act III:

" Sir *Pierce* anon will *pierce* us a new hogſhead."

I believe Falſtaff alludes this boaſt that the Prince may hear it; and continues the reſt of the ſpeech in a lower accent, or when he is out of hearing. Shakſpeare has the ſame play on words in *Love's Labour's Loſt*, Act IV. ſc. ii. Vol. II. p. 370, n. *. STEEVENS.

[8] —*a carbonado*—] A *carbonado* is a piece of meat cut croſs-wiſe for the gridiron. JOHNSON.

[9] —*thou bleed'ſt too much:*] Hiſtory ſays, the Prince was wounded in the eye by an arrow. STEEVENS.

All the Chronicles that I have ſeen, only ſay, that the prince was wounded in the *face*. It is not indeed very eaſy to conceive how he could continue fighting after being wounded in the eye. MALONE.

K. Hen.

K. Hen. I will do ſo:—
My lord of Weſtmoreland, lead him to his tent.

Weſt. Come, my lord, I will lead you to your tent.

P. Hen. Lead me, my lord? I do not need your help:
And heaven forbid, a ſhallow ſcratch ſhould drive
The prince of Wales from ſuch a field as this;
Where ſtain'd nobility lies trodden on,
And rebels' arms triumph in maſſacres!

P. John. We breathe too long:—Come, couſin Weſtmoreland,
Our duty this way lies; for God's ſake, come.

[*Exeunt P.* John, *and* WEST.

P. Hen. By heaven, thou haſt deceiv'd me, Lancaſter,
I did not think thee lord of ſuch a ſpirit:
Before, I lov'd thee as a brother, John;
But now, I do reſpect thee as my ſoul.

K. Hen. I ſaw him hold lord Percy at the point,
With luſtier maintenance than I did look for[1]
Of ſuch an ungrown warrior.

P. Hen. O, this boy
Lends mettle to us all! [*Exit.*

Alarums. Enter DOUGLAS.

Doug. Another king! they grow like Hydra's heads:
I am the Douglas, fatal to all thoſe
That wear thoſe colours on them.—What art thou,
That counterfeit'ſt the perſon of a king?

K. Hen. The king himſelf; who, Douglas, grieves at heart,
So many of his ſhadows thou haſt met,
And not the very king. I have two boys
Seek Percy, and thyſelf, about the field:
But, ſeeing thou fall'ſt on me ſo luckily,
I will aſſay thee; ſo defend thyſelf.

Doug. I fear, thou art another counterfeit;

[1] *I ſaw him hold lord Percy at the point,*
With luſtier maintenance than I did look for, &c.] So in Holinſhed, p. 759:—"the earle of Richmond withſtood his violence, and *kept him at the ſword's point* without advantage, *longer than his companion either thought or judged.*" STEEVENS.

And

And yet, in faith, thou bear'ſt thee like a king:
But mine, I am ſure, thou art, whoe'er thou be,
And thus I win thee.

They fight; the King being in danger, enter Prince HENRY.

P. Hen. Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like
Never to hold it up again! the ſpirits
Of valiant Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arms:
It is the prince of Wales, that threatens thee;
Who never promiſeth, but he means to pay.—
[*They fight*; DOUGLAS *flies.*
Cheerly, my lord; How fares your grace?—
Sir Nicholas Gawſey hath for ſuccour ſent,
And ſo hath Clifton; I'll to Clifton ſtraight.

K. Hen. Stay, and breathe awhile:—
Thou haſt redeem'd thy loſt opinion[2]:
And ſhew'd, thou mak'ſt ſome tender of my life,
In this fair reſcue thou haſt brought to me.

P. Hen. O heaven! they did me too much injury,
That ever ſaid, I hearken'd for your death.
If it were ſo, I might have let alone
The inſulting hand of Douglas over you;
Which would have been as ſpeedy in your end,
As all the poiſonous potions in the world,
And ſav'd the treacherous labour of your ſon.

K. Hen. Make up to Clifton, I'll to ſir Nicholas Gawſey. [*Exit* K. HENRY.

Enter HOTSPUR.

Hot. If I miſtake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

P. Hen. Thou ſpeak'ſt as if I would deny my name.

Hot. My name is Harry Percy.

P. Hen. Why, then I ſee
A very valiant rebel of the name.
I am the prince of Wales: and think not, Percy,

[2] — *thy loſt* opinion:] i. e. thy loſt character. Mr. Reed, I find, has given the ſame interpretation, and ſupports it by the following paſſage from Shirley's *Gameſter*, 1633; "I mean, you have the *opinion* of a valiant gentleman; one that dares fight and maintain your honour againſt odds." MALONE.

To

To ſhare with me in glory any more:
Two ſtars keep not their motion in one ſphere;
Nor can one England brook a double reign,
Of Harry Percy, and the prince of Wales.

Hot. Nor ſhall it, Harry, for the hour is come
To end the one of us; And would to God
Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!

P. Hen. I'll make it greater, ere I part from thee;
And all the budding honours on thy creſt
I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brook thy vanities. [*They fight.*

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Well ſaid, Hal! to it, Hal!—Nay, you ſhall find no boy's play here, I can tell you.

Enter DOUGLAS; *he fights with* FALSTAFF, *who falls down as if he were dead, and exit* DOUGLAS. HOTSPUR *is wounded, and falls.*

Hot. O, Harry, thou haſt robb'd me of my youth[3]:
I better brook the loſs of brittle life,
Than thoſe proud titles thou haſt won of me;
They wound my thoughts, worſe than thy ſword my fleſh:—
But thought's the ſlave of life, and life time's fool;
And time, that takes ſurvey of all the world,
Muſt have a ſtop[4]. O, I could propheſy,

But

[3] *O, Harry, thou haſt robb'd me of my youth:*] Shakſpeare has choſen to make Hotſpur fall by the hand of the Prince of Wales; but there is, I believe, no authority for the fact. Holinſhed ſays, "The king ſlew that day with his own hand ſix and thirty perſons of his enemies. The other [i. e. troops] of his party, encouraged by his doings, fought valiantly, and ſlew the Lord Percy, called Henry Hotſpur." Speed ſays, Percy was killed by an unknown hand. MALONE.

[4] —— *thoſe proud titles thou haſt won of me;*
They wound my thoughts,—
But thought's the ſlave of life, and life time's fool;
And time—muſt have a ſtop.—] Hotſpur in his laſt moments endeavours to conſole himſelf. The glory of the prince *wounds his thought*; but *thought*, being dependent on *life*, muſt ceaſe with it,

But that the earthy and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue:—No, Percy, thou art duſt,
And food for — [*dies.*

P. Hen. For worms, brave Percy: Fare thee well, great heart!—
Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou ſhrunk [5]!
When that this body did contain a ſpirit,
A kingdom for it was too ſmall a bound [6];
But now, two paces of the vileſt earth
Is room enough:—This earth, that bears thee dead [7],
Bears not alive ſo ſtout a gentleman.
If thou wert ſenſible of courteſy,
I ſhould not make ſo dear a ſhow [8] of zeal:—
But let my favours hide thy mangled face [9];
And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myſelf
For doing theſe fair rites of tenderneſs.
Adieu, and take thy praiſe with thee to heaven!
Thy ignomy [1] ſleep with thee in the grave,

But

and will ſoon be at an end. *Life*, on which *thought* depends, is itſelf of no great value, being the *fool* and ſport of *time*; of *time*, which, with all its dominion over ſublunary things, *muſt* itſelf at laſt *be ſtopped*. JOHNSON.

Hotſpur alludes to the *Fool* in our ancient Moralities. The ſame alluſion occurs in *Meaſure for Meaſure* and *Love's Labour's Loſt*. STEEVENS.

The ſame expreſſion is found in our author's 106th Sonnet:
"Love's not *Time's fool*." MALONE.

5 *Ill-weav'd ambition*, &c.] A metaphor taken from cloth, which ſhrinks when it is ill-weav'd, when its texture is looſe. JOHNSON.

6 *A kingdom for it was too ſmall a bound*;]
"*Carmin[illegible] confide bonis—jacet ecce Tibullus*;
"*Vix manet e [illegible]rva quod urna capit*." Ovid. JOHNSON.

7 —*that bears* thee *dead*,] The moſt authentick copy, the quarto of 1598, and the folio, have—*the* dead. The true reading is found in a quarto of no authority or value, 1639; but it is here clearly right. MALONE.

8 —*ſo* dear *a ſhow*—] Thus the firſt and beſt quarto. All the ſubſequent copies have—ſo *great*, &c. MALONE.

9 *But let my favours hide thy mangled face*;] He covers his face with a ſcarf, to hide the ghaſtlineſs of death. JOHNSON.

See p. 211, n. 3. MALONE.

1 *Thy* ignomy—] i. e. *ignominy*. So, in *Lord Cromwell*, 1602:

"With

But not remember'd in thy epitaph!—

[*he ſees* Falſtaff *on the ground.*

What! old acquaintance! could not all this fleſh
Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewel!
I could have better ſpar'd a better man.
O, I ſhould have a heavy miſs of thee,
If I were much in love with vanity.
Death hath not ſtruck ſo fat a deer[2] to-day,
Though many dearer[3], in this bloody fray:—
Imbowell'd will I ſee thee by and by;
Till then, in blood by noble Percy lie. [*Exit.*

Fal. [*riſing ſlowly.*] Imbowell'd! if thou imbowel me to-day, I'll give you leave to powder me[4], and eat me too, to-morrow. 'Sblood, 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me ſcot and lot too. Counterfeit? I lie, I am no counterfeit: To die, is to be a counterfeit; for he is but the counterfeit of a man, who hath not the life of a man: but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is—diſcretion; in the which better part, I have ſaved my life. 'Zounds, I am afraid of

"With ſcandalous *ignomy* and ſlanderous ſpeeches."
See Vol. II. p. 55. n. 3. MALONE.

[2] —*ſo fat a deer*—] There is in theſe lines a very natural mixture of the ſerious and ludicrous, produced by the view of Percy and Falſtaff. I wiſh all play on words had been forborn. JOHNSON.

I find the ſame quibble in the *Two Angry Women of Abington*, 1599:

"Life is as *dear* in *dear*, as 'tis in men."

Again, in *A Maidenhead well Loſt*, 1632, a comedy by Heywood:

"There's no *deer* ſo *dear* to him that he will kill it." STEEV.

Fat is the reading of the firſt quarto, 1598, the moſt authentick impreſſion of this play, and of the folio. The other quartos have—*fair*. MALONE.

So *fat* a deer, ſeems to be the better reading, for Turbervile, in the *Terms of the Ages of all Beaſts of Venerie and Chaſe*, obſerves, "—You ſhall ſay by any deare, a great deare, and not a *fayre* deare, unleſs it be a rowe, which in the fifth year is called a *fayre* rowe-bucke." TOLLET.

[3] —*many dearer*,] Many of greater value. JOHNSON.

[4] —*powder me*,] To *powder* is to ſalt. JOHNSON.

this gun-powder Percy, though he be dead: How if he ſhould counterfeit too, and riſe? I am afraid, he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll make him ſure: yea, and I'll ſwear I kill'd him. Why may not he riſe, as well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and no body ſees me.—Therefore, ſirrah, [*ſtabbing him.*] with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

[*takes* Hotſpur *on his back.*

Re-enter Prince Henry, *and Prince* John.

P. Hen. Come, brother John, full bravely haſt thou fleſh'd
Thy maiden ſword.

P. John. But, ſoft! whom have we here?
Did you not tell me, this fat man was dead?

P. Hen. I did; I ſaw him dead, breathleſs and bleeding
On the ground.—
Art thou alive? or is it fantaſy
That plays upon our eye-ſight? I pr'ythee, ſpeak;
We will not truſt our eyes, without our ears:—
Thou art not what thou ſeem'ſt.

Fal. No, that's certain; I am not a double man[5]: but if I be not Jack Falſtaff, then am I a Jack*. There is Percy: [*throwing the body down.*] if your father will do me any honour, ſo; if not, let him kill the next Percy himſelf. I look to be either earl or duke, I can aſſure you.

P. Hen. Why, Percy I kill'd myſelf, and ſaw thee dead.

Fal. Didſt thou?—Lord, lord, how this world is given to lying!—I grant you, I was down and out of breath; and ſo was he: but we roſe both at an inſtant, and fought a long hour by Shrewſbury clock. If I may be believ'd, ſo; if not, let them, that ſhould reward valour, bear the ſin upon their own heads. I'll take it

5 —*a double man:*] That is, I am not Falſtaff and Percy together, though having Percy on my back, I ſeem double. JOHNSON.

* —*a* Jack,] See p. 217, n. 1. MALONE.

upon

upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh[6]: if the man were alive, and would deny it, I would make him eat a piece of my ſword.

P. John. This is the ſtrangeſt tale that e'er I heard.

P. Hen. This is the ſtrangeſt fellow, brother John.—
Come bring your luggage nobly on your back:
For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,
I'll gild it with the happieſt terms I have.

[*A retreat is ſounded.*

The trumpet ſounds retreat, the day is ours.
Come, brother, let's to the higheſt of the field,
To ſee what friends are living, who are dead.

[*Exeunt P.* Henry *and P.* John.

Fal. I'll follow, as they ſay, for reward. He that rewards me, God reward him! If I do grow great, I'll grow leſs; for I'll purge, and leave ſack, and live cleanly, as a nobleman ſhould do.

[*Exit, bearing off the body.*

SCENE V.

Another Part of the field.

The trumpets ſound. Enter King HENRY, *Prince* HENRY, *Prince* John, WESTMORELAND, *and Others, with* WORCESTER, *and* VERNON, *priſoners.*

K. Hen. Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.—
Ill-ſpirited Worceſter! did we not ſend grace,
Pardon, and terms of love to all of you?
And would'ſt thou turn our offers contrary?
Miſuſe the tenor of thy kinſman's truſt?
Three knights upon our party ſlain to-day,

[6] *I gave him this wound in the thigh:*] The very learned lord Lyttleton obſerves, that Shakſpeare has applied an action to Falſtaff, which William of Malmſbury, tells us was really done by one of the conqueror's knights to the body of king Harold. I do not however believe that lord Lyttleton ſuppoſed Shakſpeare to have read this old Monk. The ſtory is told likewiſe by Matthew Paris and Matthew of Weſtminſter; and by many of the Engliſh Chroniclers, Stowe, Speed, &c. &c. FARMER.

A noble earl, and many a creature elſe,
Had been alive this hour,
If, like a chriſtian, thou hadſt truly borne
Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

Wor. What I have done, my ſafety urg'd me to;
And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

K. Hen. Bear Worceſter to the death, and Vernon too;
Other offenders we will pauſe upon.—

[*Exeunt* WORCESTER, *and* VERNON, *guarded.*
How goes the field?

P. Hen. The noble Scot, lord Douglas, when he ſaw
The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,
The noble Percy ſlain, and all his men
Upon the foot of fear,—fled with the reſt;
And, falling from a hill, he was ſo bruis'd,
That the purſuers took him. At my tent
The Douglas is; and I beſeech your grace,
I may diſpoſe of him.

K. Hen. With all my heart.

P. Hen. Then, brother John of Lancaſter, to you
This honourable bounty ſhall belong:
Go to the Douglas, and deliver him
Up to his pleaſure, ranſomleſs, and free:
His valour, ſhewn upon our creſts to-day,
Hath ſhewn us* how to cheriſh ſuch high deeds,
Even in the boſom of our adverſaries[7].

K. Hen. Then this remains,—that we divide our power.—
You, ſon John, and my couſin Weſtmoreland,
Towards York ſhall bend you, with your deareſt ſpeed,
To meet Northumberland, and the prelate Scroop,
Who, as we hear, are buſily in arms:
Myſelf,—and you, ſon Harry,—will [illegible] Wales,

* *Hath* ſhewn *us*—] Thus the quarto, 1598. In that of 1599, *ſhewn* was arbitrarily changed to *taught*, which conſequently is the reading of the folio. The repetion is much in our author's manner. MALONE.

7 Here Mr. Pope inſerts the following ſpeech from the quartos:

" *Lan.* I thank your grace for this high courteſy,
" Which I ſhall give away immediately."

But Dr. Johnſon judiciouſly ſuppoſes it to have been rejected by Shakſpeare himſelf. STEEVENS.

To fight with Glendower, and the earl of March.
Rebellion in this land ſhall loſe his ſway,
Meeting the check of ſuch another day:
And ſince this buſineſs ſo fair is done[s],
Let us not leave till all our own be won. [*Exeunt.*

[s] *And ſince this* buſineſs *ſo fair is done,*] *Fair* for *fairly*. Either that word is here uſed as a diſſyllable, or *buſineſs* as a triſyllable. MALONE.

Mr. TOLLET'S *Opinion concerning the* MORRIS DANCERS *upon his Window.*

THE celebration of May-day, which is repreſented upon my window of painted glaſs, is a very ancient cuſtom, that has been obſerved by noble and royal perſonages, as well as by the vulgar. It is mentioned in Chaucer's *Court of Love*, that early on May-day "furth goth all the court both moſt and leſt, to fetche the flouris freſh, and braunch, and blome." Hiſtorians record, that in the beginning of his reign, Henry the Eighth with his courtiers "roſe on May-day very early to fetch May or green boughs; and they went with their bows and arrows ſhooting to the wood." Stowe's *Survey of London* informs us, that "every pariſh there, or two or three pariſhes joining together, had their Mayings; and did fetch in May-poles, with diverſe warlike ſhews, with good archers, Morrice Dancers, and other devices for paſtime all the day long." * Shakſpeare ſays it was "impoſſible to make the people ſleep on May-morning; and that they roſe early to obſerve the rite of May." The court of king James the Firſt, and the populace, long preſerved the obſervance of the day, as Spelman's *Gloſſary* remarks under the word, Maiuma.

Better judges may decide, that the inſtitution of this feſtivity originated from the Roman Floralia, or from the Celtic la Beltine, while I conceive it derived to us from our Gothic anceſtors. *Olaus Magnus de Gentibus Septentrionalibus*, lib. xv. c. 8. ſays "that after their long winter from the beginning of October to the end of April, the northern nations have a cuſtom to welcome the returning ſplendor of the ſun with dancing, and mutually to feaſt each other, rejoicing that a better ſeaſon for fiſhing and hunting was approached." In honour of May the Goths and Southern Swedes had a mock battle between ſummer and winter, which ceremony is retained in the Iſle of Man, where the Danes and Norwegians had been for a long time maſters. It appears from Holinſhed's *Chronicle*, vol. III. p. 314, or in the year 1306, that, before that time, in country towns the young folks choſe a ſummer king and queen for ſport to dance about May-poles. There can be no doubt but their majeſties had proper attendants, or ſuch as would beſt divert the ſpectators; and we may

* *Henry* VIII. Act V. ſc. iii. and *Midſummer Night's Dream*, Act IV. ſc. i.

preſume, that ſome of the characters varied, as faſhions and cuſtoms altered. About half a century afterwards, a great addition ſeems to have been made to the diverſion by the introduction of the Morris or Mooriſh dance into it, which, as Mr. Peck in his *Memoirs of Milton* with great probability conjectures, was firſt brought into England in the time of Edward III. when John of Gaunt returned from Spain, where he had been to aſſiſt Peter king of Caſtile, againſt Henry the Baſtard. "This dance," ſays Mr. Peck, "was uſually performed abroad by an equal number of young men, who danced in their ſhirts with ribbands and little bells about their legs. But here in England they have always an odd perſon beſides, being a * boy dreſſed in a girl's habit, whom they call Maid Marian, an old favourite character in the ſpring." "Thus," as he obſerves in the words of † Shakſpeare, "they made more matter for a May-morning: having, as a pancake for Shrove-tueſday, a Morris for May-day."

We are authorized by the poets, Ben Jonſon and Drayton, to call ſome of the repreſentations on my window Morris Dancers, though I am uncertain whether it exhibits one Mooriſh perſonage; as none of them have black or tawny faces, nor do they brandiſh ‡ ſwords or ſtaves in their hands, nor are they in their ſhirts adorned with ribbons. We find in *Olaus Magnus*, that the northern nations danced with braſs bells about their knees, and ſuch we have upon ſeveral of theſe figures, who may perhaps be the original Engliſh performers in a May-game before the introduction of the real Morris-dance. However this may be, the window exhibits a favourite diverſion of our anceſtors in all its principal parts. I ſhall endeavour to explain ſome of the characters, and in compliment to the lady I will begin the deſcription with the front rank, in which ſhe is ſtationed. I am fortunate enough to have Mr. Steevens think with me, that figure 1 may be deſigned for the Bavian fool, or the fool with the ſlabbering bib, as Bavon in Cotgrave's *French Dictionary* means a bib for a ſlabbering child; and this figure has ſuch a bib, and the childiſh ſimplicity in his countenance. Mr. Steevens refers to a paſſage in Beaumont and Fletcher's play of *The Two Noble Kinſmen*, by which it appears that the Bavian in the Morris dance was a tumbler, and mimicked the barking of a dog. I apprehend that ſeveral of the Morris dancers on my window tumbled occaſionally, and exerted the chief feat of their activity, when they were aſide the May-pole; and I apprehend that jigs, horn-pipes, and the hay, were their chief dances.

* It is evident from ſeveral authors, that Maid Marian's part was frequently performed by a young woman, and often by one, as we think, of unſullied reputation. Our Marian's deportment is decent and graceful.

† *Twelfth Night*, Act. III. ſc. iv. *All's Well that ends Well*, Act. II. ſc. ii.

‡ In the Moriſco the dancers held ſwords in their hands with the points upward, ſays Dr. Johnſon's note in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act. III. ſc. ix. The Goths did the ſame in their military dance, ſays *Olaus Magnus*, lib. xv. c. 2. Haydocke's tranſlation of *Lomazzo on Painting*, 1598, book ii. p. 54. ſays: "There are other actions of dancing uſed, as of thoſe who are repreſented with weapons in their hands going round in a ring, capering skilfully, *ſhaking their weapons*, after the manner of the Morris with divers actions of meeting, &c." "Others hanging Morris bells upon their ankles."

It

It will certainly be tedious to deſcribe the colours of the dreſſes, but the taſk is attempted upon an intimation, that it might not be altogether unacceptable. The Bavian's cap is red, faced with yellow, his bib yellow, his doublet blue, his hoſe red, and his ſhoes black.

Figure 2 is the celebrated Maid Marian, who, as queen of May, has a golden crown on her head, and in her left hand a flower, as the emblem of ſummer. The flower ſeems deſigned for a red pink, but the petals are omitted by the engraver, who copied from a drawing with the like miſtake. *Olaus Magnus* mentions the artificial raiſing of flowers for the celebration of May-day; and the ſuppoſition of the like practice * here will account for the queen of May having in her hand any particular flower before the ſeaſon of its natural production in this climate. Her veſture was once faſhionable in the higheſt degree. It was anciently the cuſtom for maiden ladies to wear their hair † diſcevelled at their coronations, their nuptials, and perhaps on all ſplendid ſolemnities. Margaret, the eldeſt daughter of Henry VII. was married to James, king of Scotland, with the crown upon her head; her hair hanging down. Betwixt the crown and the hair was a very rich coif hanging down behind the whole length of the body.—This ſingle example ſufficiently explains the dreſs of Marian's head. Her coif is purple, her ſurcoat blue, her cuffs white, the ſkirts of her robe yellow, the ſleeves of a carnation colour, and her ſtomacher red with a yellow lace in croſs bars. In Shakſpeare's play of *Henry VIII.* Anne Bullen at her coronation is *in her hair*, or as Holinſhed ſays, "her hair hanged down," but on her head ſhe had a coif with a circle about it full of rich ſtones.

Figure 3 is a friar in the full clerical tonſure, with the chaplet of white and red beads in his right hand; and, expreſſive of his profeſſed humility, his eyes are caſt upon the ground. His corded girdle and his ruſſet habit denote him to be of the Franciſcan order, or one of the grey friars, as they were commonly called from the colour of their apparel, which was a ruſſet or a brown ruſſet, as Holinſhed, 1586, Vol. III. p. 789, obſerves. The mixture of colours in his habit may be reſembled to a grey cloud, faintly tinged with red by the beams of the riſing ſun, and ſtreaked with black; and ſuch perhaps was Shakſpeare's Aurora, or "the morn in ruſſet mantle clad." *Hamlet*, Act I. ſc. i. The friar's ſtockings are red, his red girdle is ornamented with a golden ſtud, and with a golden taſſel. At his girdle hangs a wallet for the reception of proviſion, the daily revenue of the mendicant orders of religion, who were named Walleteers or budget-bearers. It was cuſtomary [illegible] former times for the prieſt and people in proceſſion to go to ſome adjoining wood on May-day morning, and return in a

* Markham's tranſlation of Heresbatch's Husbandry, 1631. obſerves, "that gilliflowers, ſet in pots, and carried into vaults or cellars, have flowered all the winter long, through the warmneſs of the place.

† L'Eſtrange's *Collectanea*, 1770, Vol. IV. p. 219, 293, Vol. V. p. 332, and Holinſhed, Vol. II. p. 801, 911; and ſee Capull in Speiman's *Gloſſary*.

‡ See Mali inducho in Cowel's *Law Dictionary*. When the pariſh prieſts were inhibited by the dioceſan to aſſiſt in the May games, the Franciſcans might give attendance, as being exempted from epiſcopal juriſdiction.

ſort

ſort of triumph with a May-pole, boughs, flowers, garlands, and ſuch like tokens of the ſpring; and as the grey friars were held in very great eſteem, perhaps on this occaſion their attendance was frequently requeſted. Moſt of Shakſpeare's friars, are Franciſcans. Mr. Steevens ingeniouſly ſuggeſts, that as Marian was the name of Robin Hood's beloved miſtreſs, and as ſhe was the queen of May, the Morris friar was deſigned for friar Tuck, chaplain to Robin Huid, king of May, as Robin Hood is ſtyled in ſir David Dalrymple's extracts from the book of the *Univerſal Kirk* in the year 1576.

Figure 4 has been taken to be Marian's gentleman-uſher. Mr. Steevens conſiders him as Marian's paramour, who in delicacy appears uncovered before her; and it was a cuſtom for betrothed perſons to wear ſome mark for a token of their mutual engagement, he thinks that the croſs-ſhaped flower on the head of this figure, and the flower in Marian's hand, denote their eſpouſals or contract. Spenſer's *Shepherd's Calendar*, April, ſpecifies the flowers worn of paramours to be the pink, the purple columbine, gilliflowers, carnations, and ſops in wine. I ſuppoſe the flower in Marian's hand to be a pink, and this to be a ſtock-gilliflower, or the Heſperis, dame's violet or queen's gilliflower; but perhaps it may be deſigned for an ornamental ribbon. An eminent botaniſt apprehends the flower upon the man's head to be an Epimedium. Many particulars of this figure reſemble Apollon, the pariſh clerk in Chaucer's *Miller's Tale*, ſuch as his curled and golden hair, his kirtle of watchet, his red hoſe, and Paul's windows corvin on his ſhoes, that is, his ſhoes pinked and cut into holes like the windows of St. Paul's ancient church. My window plainly exhibits upon his right thigh a yellow ſcrip or pouch, in which he might as treaſurer to the company put the collected pence, which he might receive, though the cordelier muſt by the rules of his order carry no money about him. If this figure ſhould not be allowed to be a pariſh clerk, I incline to call him Hocus Pocus, or ſome juggler attendant upon the maſter of the hobby-horſe, as "faire de tours de (jouer de la) gibeciere," in Boyer's French Dictionary, ſignifies to play tricks by virtue of Hocus Pocus. His red ſtomacher has a yellow lace, and his ſhoes are yellow. Ben Jonſon mentions "Hokos Pokos in a juggler's jerkin," which Skinner derives from kirtlekin; that is, a ſhort kirtle, and ſuch ſeems to be the coat of this figure.

Figure 5 is the famous hobby-horſe, who was often forgotten or diſuſed in the Morris dance, even when Maid Marian, the friar, and the fool, were continued in it, as is intimated by Ben Johnſon's

* Vol. VI. p. 93. of Whalley's edition, 1756:

"*Cla.* They ſhould be Morris dancers by their gingle, but they have no napkins.

"*Cac.* No, nor a hobby horſe.

"*Cla.* Oh, he's *often* forgotten, that's no rule; but there is no Maid Marian nor friar amongſt them, which is the surer mark."

Vol. V. p. 211:

"But ſee, the hobby-horſe is forgot.

"Fool. It muſt be your lot,

"To ſupply his want with faces,

"And ſome other buffoon graces."

que

maſque of the *Metamorphoſed Gipſies*, and in his *Entertainment of the Queen and Prince at Althorpe*. Our hobby is a ſpiritted horſe of paſte-board in which the maſter dances *, and diſplays tricks of legerdemain, ſuch as the threading of the needle, the mimicking of the whigh-hie, and the daggers in the noſe, &c. as Ben Jonſon, edit. 1756, vol. I. p. 171, acquaints us, and thereby explains the ſwords in the man's cheeks. What is ſtuck in the horſe's mouth I apprehend to be a ladle ornamented with a ribbon. Its uſe was to receive the ſpectators' pecuniary donations. The crimſon foot cloth, fretted with gold, the golden bit, the purple bridle with a golden taſſel, and ſtudded with gold; the man's purple mantle with a golden border, which is laticed with purple, his golden crown, purple cap with a red feather, and with a golden knop, induce me to think him to be the king of May; though he now appears as a juggler and a buffoon. We are to recollect the ſimplicity of ancient times, which knew not polite literature, and delighted in jeſters, tumblers, jugglers, and pantomimes. The emperor Lewis the Debonair not only ſent for ſuch actors upon great feſtivals, but out of complaiſance to the people was obliged to aſſiſt at their plays, though he was averſe to publick ſhews. Queen Elizabeth was entertained at Kenelworth with Italian tumblers, Morris dancers, &c. The colour of the hobby-horſe is a reddiſh white, like the beautiful bloſſom of a peach-tree. The man's coat or doublet is the only one upon the window that has buttons upon it, and the right ſide of it is yellow, and the left red. Such a particoloured jacket †, and hoſe in the like manner, were occaſionally faſhionable from Chaucer's days to Ben Jonſon's, who in Epigram 73 ſpeaks of a "partie-per-pale picture, one half drawn in ſolemn Cyprus, the other cobweb lawn."

Figure 6 ſeems to be a clown, peaſant, or yeoman ‡, by his brown viſage, notted hair, and robuſt limbs. In Beaumont's and Fletcher's play of *The Two Noble Kinſmen*, a clown is placed next to the Bavian fool in the Morris dance; and this figure is next to him in the file or in the downward line. His bonnet is red, faced with yellow, his jacket red, his ſleeves yellow, ſtriped acroſs or rayed with red, the upper part of his hoſe is like the ſleeves, and the lower part is a coarſe deep purple, his ſhoes red.

Figure 7, by the ſuperior neatneſs of his dreſs may be a franklin or a gentleman of fortune. His hair is curled, his bonnet purple, his doublet red with gathered ſleeves, and his yellow ſtomacher is laced with red. His hoſe are ſtriped [illegible] or rayed with a whitiſh brown, and ſpotted brown. His [illegible] is yellow, and ſo are his ſhoes.

Figure 8, the May-pole is painted yellow and black in ſpiral lines.

* Dr. Plot's *Hiſtory of Staffordſhire*, p. 434 mentions a dance by a hobby-horſe and ſix others.

† Holinſhed, 1586, Vol. III. p. 316. 805. 812. 844. 963. Whalley's edition of Ben Jonſon, Vol. VI. p. 248. Stowe's *Survey of London*, 1720, book v. p. 164, 166. Urry's *Chaucer*, p. 198.

‡ So, in Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, the yeoman is thus deſcribed:

"A nott hede had he, with a brown viſage."

Again, in the *Widow's Tears*, by Chapman, 1612: your hot-headed country gentleman."

Spelman's

Spelman's *Gloſſary* mentions the cuſtom of erecting a tall May-pole painted with various colours. Shakſpeare, in the play of *A Midſummer Night's Dream*, Act III. ſc. ii. ſpeaks of a painted May-pole. Upon our pole are diſplayed St. George's red croſs or the banner of England, and a white pennon or ſtreamer emblazoned with a red-croſs terminating like the blade of a ſword, but the delineation thereof is much faded. It is plain however from an inſpection of the window, that the upright line of the croſs, which is diſunited in the engraving, ſhould be continuous *. Keyſler, in p. 78 of his *Northern and Celtic Antiquities*, gives us perhaps the original of May-poles; and that the French uſed to erect them appears alſo from Mezeray's *Hiſtory of their King Henry IV.* and from a paſſage in Stowe's *Chronicle* in the year 1559. Mr. Theobald and Dr. Warburton acquaint us that the May-games, and particularly ſome of the characters in them became exceptionable to the puritanical humour of former times. By an ordinance of the Rump Parliament in April 1644, all May-poles were taken down and removed by the conſtables and church-wardens, &c. After the Reſtoration they were permitted to be erected again. I apprehend they are now generally unregarded and unfrequented, but are ſtill on May-day adorn our doors in the country with flowers and the boughs of birch, which tree was eſpecially honoured on the ſame feſtival by our Gothick anceſtors.

To prove figure 9 to be Tom the piper, Mr. Steeven's has very happily quoted theſe lines from Drayton's third Eclogue:

"Myſelf above Tom Piper to advance,
"Who ſo beſtirs him in the Morris dance
"For penny wage."

His tabour, tabour-ſtick, and pipe, atteſt his profeſſion; the feather in his cap, his ſword, and ſilver-tinctured ſhield, may denote him to be a ſquire minſtrel, or a minſtrel of the ſuperior order. Chaucer, 1721, p. 181, ſays: "Minſtrels uſed a red hat." Tom Piper's bonnet is red, faced or turned up with yellow, his doublet blue, the ſleeves blue, turned up with yellow, ſomething like red muffetees at his wriſts, over his doublet is a red garment like a ſhort cloak with arm holes, and with a yellow cape, his hoſe red, and garniſhed acroſs and perpendicularly on the thighs with a narrow yellow lace. This ornamental trimming ſeems to be called gimp-thigh'd in Grey's edition of *Butler's Hudibras*: and ſomething almoſt ſimilar occurs in *Love's Labour's Loſt*, Act V. ſc. ii. where the poet mentions, "Rhimes are guards on wanton Cupid's hoſe." His ſhoes are brown.

Figures 10 and 11 have been thought to be Frenchmen or Spaniards, and

* St. James was the apoſtle and patron of Spain, and the knights of his order were the moſt honourable there; and the enſign that they wore was white, charged with a red croſs in the form of a ſword. The pennon or ſtreamer upon the May pole ſeems to contain ſuch a croſs. If this conjecture be admitted, we have the banner of England and the enſign of Spain upon the May pole; and perhaps from this circumſtance we may infer that the glaſs was painted during the marriage of king Henry VIII. and Katharine of Spain. For an account of the enſign of the knights of St. James, ſee Aſhmole's *Hiſt. of the Order of the Garter*, and Mariana's *Hiſt. of Spain*.

the

the latter a Moriſco. The bonnet of figure 10 is red, turned up with blue, his jacket red with red ſleeves down the arms, his ſtomacher white with a red lace, his hoſe yellow, ſtriped acroſs or rayed with blue, and ſpotted blue, the under part of his hoſe blue, his ſhoes are pinked, and they are of a light colour. I am at a loſs to name the pennant-like ſlips waving from his ſhoulders, but I will venture to call them ſide-ſleeves or long ſleeves, ſlit into two or three parts. The poet Hocclive or Occleve, about the reign of Richard the Second, or of Henry the Fourth, mentions ſide-ſleeves of pennyleſs grooms, which ſwept the ground; and do not the two following quotations infer the uſe or faſhion of two pair of ſleeves upon one gown or doublet? It is aſked in the appendix to Bulwer's *Artificial Changeling*: "What uſe is there of any other than arming ſleeves, which anſwer the proportion of the arm?" In *Much ado about Nothing*, Act III. ſc. iv. a lady's gown is deſcribed with down ſleeves, and ſide-ſleeves, that is, as I conceive it, with ſleeves down the arms, and with another pair of ſleeves, ſlit open before from the ſhoulder to the bottom or almoſt to the bottom, and by this means unſuſtained by the arms and hanging down by her ſides to the ground as low as her gown. If ſuch ſleeves were ſlit downwards into four parts, they would be quartered; and Holinſhed ſays, "that at a royal mummery, Henry VIII. and fifteen others appeared in Almain jackets, with long quartered ſleeves," and I conſider the bipartite or tripartite ſleeves of figures 10 and 11 as only a ſmall variation of that faſhion. Mr. Steevens thinks the winged ſleeves of figures 10 and 11 are alluded to in Beaumont and Fletcher in the *Pilgrim*:

"——That fairy rogue that haunted me
"He has ſleeves like dragon's wings."

And he thinks that from theſe perhaps the fluttering ſtreamers of the preſent Morris dancers in Suſſex may be derived. Markham's *Art of Angling*, 1635, orders the angler's apparel to be without hanging ſleeves waving looſe, like ſails."

Figure 11 has upon his head a ſilver coronet, a purple cap with a red feather, and with a golden knop. In my opinion he perſonates a nobleman, for I incline to think that various ranks of life were meant to be repreſented upon my window. He has a poſt of honour, or, "a ſtation in the valued file*," which here ſeems to be the middle row, and which according to my conjecture compriſes the queen, the king, the May-[illegible] and the nobleman. The golden crown upon the head of the maſter of the hobby-horſe denotes preeminence of rank over figure 11, not the greater value of the metal†, but by the ſuperior number of points raiſed upon it. The ſhoes are blackiſh, the hoſe red, ſtriped acroſs or rayed with brown or with a darker red, his codpiece yellow, his doublet yellow, with yellow ſide-ſleeves, and red arming ſleeves, or down ſleeves. The form of his doublet is remarkable

* The right hand file is the firſt in dignity and account, or in degree of value, according to count Mansfield's *Directions of War*, 1624.

† The ancient kings of France wore gilded helmets, the dukes and counts were ſilvered ones. See Selden's *Titles of Honour for the raiſed points of Coronets.*

There

There is great variety in the dreſſes and attitudes of the Morris dancers on the window, but an occular obſervation will give a more accurate idea of this and of other particulars than a verbal deſcription.

Figure 12 is the counterfeit fool, that was kept in the royal palace, and in all great houſes, to make ſport for the family. He appears with all the badges of his office; the bauble in his hand, and a coxcomb hood with aſſes ears on his head. The top of the hood riſes into the form of a cock's neck and head, with a bell at the latter; and Minſhew's *Dictionary*, 1627, under the word *cock's-comb*, obſerves, that "natural ideots and fools have [accuſtomed] and ſtill do accuſtome themſelves to weare in their cappes cocke's feathers or a hat with a neck and head of a cocke on the top, and a bell thereon, &c." His hood is blue, guarded or edged with yellow at its ſcallopped bottom, his doublet is red, ſtriped acroſs or rayed with a deeper red, and edged with yellow, his girdle yellow, his left ſide hoſe yellow with a red ſhoe, and his right ſide hoſe blue, ſoled with red leather. Stowe's *Chronicle*, 1614, p. 899, mentions a pair of cloth ſtockings ſoled with white leather called "caſhambles," that is, "Chauſſes ſemelles de cuir," as Mr. Anſtis, on the knighthood of the Bath obſerves. The fool's bauble and the carved head with aſſes ears upon it are all yellow. There is in *Olaus Magnus*, 1555, p. 245, a delineation of a fool, or jeſter, with ſeveral bells upon his habit, with a bauble in his hand, and he has on his head a hood of aſſes ears, a feather, and the reſemblance of the comb of a cock. Such jeſters ſeem to have been formerly much careſſed by the northern nations, eſpecially the court of Denmark; and perhaps our ancient *joculator regis* might mean ſuch a perſon.

A gentleman of the higheſt claſs in hiſtorical literature apprehends that the repreſentation upon my window is that of a Morris-dance proceſſion about a May-pole; and he inclines to think, yet with many doubts of its propriety in a modern painting, that the perſonages in it rank in the boniſtrophedon form. By this arrangement, ſays he, the piece ſeems to form a regular whole, and the train is begun and ended by a fool in the following manner: figure 12 is the well known fool; figure 11 is a Moriſco, and figure 10 a Spaniard, perſons peculiarly pertinent to the Morris-dance; and he remarks that the Spaniard obviouſly forms a ſort of middle term betwixt the Mooriſh and the Engliſh characters, having the great fantaſtical ſleeve of the one, and the laced ſtomacher of the other. Figure 9 is Tom the piper. Figure 8 the May-pole. Then follow the Engliſh characters, repreſenting, as he apprehends, the five great ranks of civil life; figure 7 is the franklin or private gentleman. Figure 6 is a plain churl, or ſwine. He takes figure 5, the man with the hobby-horſe, to be perhaps a Mooriſh king, and from many circumſtances of ſuperior grandeur plainly pointed out as the greateſt perſonage of the piece, the Monarch of the May, and the intended conſort of our Engliſh Maid Marian. Figure 4 is a nobleman. Figure 3 the friar, repreſentative of all the clergy. Figure 2 is Maid Marian, queen of May. Figure 1, the leſſer fool, cloſes the rear.

My

My deſcription commences where this concludes, or I have reverſed this gentleman's arrangement, by which in either way the train begins and ends with a fool; but I will not aſſert that ſuch a diſpoſition was deſignedly obſerved by the painter.

With regard to the antiquity of the painted glaſs there is no memorial or traditional account tranſmitted to us; nor is there any date in the room but this, 1621, which is over a door, and which indicates in my opinion the year of building the houſe. The book of *Sports or lawful Recreations upon Sunday after Evening-prayers, and upon Holy-days*, publiſhed by king James in 1618, allowed May-games, Morris dances, and the ſetting up of May-poles; and as Ben Jonſon's Maſque of the *Metamorphoſed Gipſies* intimates, that Maid Marian, and the frier, together with the often forgotten hobby-horſe, were ſometimes continued in the Morris dance as late as the year 1621, I once thought that the glaſs might be ſtained about that time; but my preſent objections to this are the following ones. It ſeems from the prologue to the play of *Henry* VIII. that Shakſpeare's fools ſhould be dreſſed "in a long motley coat, guarded with yellow;" but the fool upon my window is not ſo habited; and he has upon his head a hood, which I apprehend might be the coverture of the fool's head before the days of Shakſpeare, when it was a cap with a comb like a cock's, as both Dr. Warburton and Dr. Johnſon aſſert, and they ſeem juſtified in doing ſo from king Lear's fool giving Kent his cap, and calling it his coxcombe. I am uncertain whether any judgment can be formed from the manner of ſpelling the inſcrolled inſcription upon the May-pole, upon which is diſplayed the old banner of England, and not the union flag of Great Britain, or St. George's red croſs and St. Andrew's white croſs joined together, which was ordered by king James in 1606, as Stowe's *Chronicle* certifies. Only one of the doublets has buttons, which I conceive were common in Queen Elizabeth's reign; nor have any of the figures ruffs, which faſhion commenced in the latter days of Henry VIII. and from their want of beards alſo I am inclined to ſuppoſe they were delineated before the year 1535, when king Henry VIII. "commanded all about his court to poll their heads, and cauſed his own to be polled, and his beard to be notted, and no more ſhaven." Probably the glaſs was painted in his youthful days, when he delighted in May games, unleſs it may be judged to be of much higher antiquity by almoſt two centuries.

Such are my conjectures upon a ſubject of much obſcurity; but it is high time to reſign it to one more conversant with the hiſtory of our ancient dreſſes.

KING HENRY IV.

PART II.

Perſons Repreſented.

King Henry *the Fourth:*
Henry, *Prince of* Wales, *afterwards* K. Henry V.
Thomas, *Duke of* Clarence.
Prince John *of* Lancaſter *, *afterwards* (2 Henry V.) *Duke* of Bedford.
Prince Humphrey *of* Gloſter, *afterwards* (2 Henry V.) *Duke of* Gloſter.
} *his ſons.*

Earl of Warwick. Earl of Weſtmoreland.
Gower. Harcourt.
} *of the king's party.*

Lord Chief Juſtice of the King's Bench.
A Gentleman attending on the Chief Juſtice.

Earl of Northumberland;
Scroop, *Archbiſhop of* York;
Lord Mowbray; Lord Haſtings;
Lord Bardolph; Sir John Colevile;
} *enemies to the king.*

Travers *and* Morton; *domeſticks of* Northumberland.
Falſtaff, Bardolph, Piſtol, *and* Page.
Poins *and* Peto; *attendants on Prince* Henry.
Shallow *and* Silence, *country juſtices.*
Davy, *ſervant to* Shallow.
Mouldy, Shadow, Wart, Feeble, *and* Bullcalf; *recruits.*
Phang *and* Snare; *ſheriff's officers.*
Rumour. A Porter.
A Dancer, ſpeaker of the Epilogue.

Lady Northumberland.
Lady Percy.
Hoſteſs Quickly.
Doll Tear-ſheet.

Lords and other Attendants; Officers, Soldiers, Meſſenger, Drawers, Beadles, Grooms, &c.

SCENE, England.

* Our author has in one place improperly called this prince, *Duke* of Lancaſter; but in general, throughout the play, he is rightly entitled *Prince* John, or *Lord* John, of Lancaſter. MALONE.

INDUCTION.

Warkworth. *Before* Northumberland's *Caſtle.*

Enter Rumour[1], *painted full of tongues*[2].

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

So alſo in the whole magnificent entertainment given to king James, the queen his wife, &c. &c. 15th March, 1603, by Thomas Decker, 4to. 1604: "Directly under her in a cart by herſelf, *Fame* ſtood upright: a woman in a watchet roabe, thickly ſet with *open eyes* and *tongues*, a payre of large golden winges at her backe, a trumpet in her hand, a mantle of ſundry cullours traverſing her body: all theſe enſignes diſplaying but the propertie of her ſwiftneſſe, and aptneſs to diſperſe *Rumours.*" STEEVENS.

I, from the orient to the drooping weſt [3],
Making the wind my poſt-horſe, ſtill unfold
The acts commenced on this ball of earth:
Upon my tongues continual ſlanders ride;
The which in every language I pronounce,
Stuffing the ears of men with falſe reports.
I ſpeak of peace, while covert enmity,
Under the ſmile of ſafety, wounds the world:
And who but Rumour, who but only I,
Make fearful muſters, and prepar'd defence;
Whilſt the big year, ſwoll'n with ſome other grief,
Is thought with child by the ſtern tyrant war,
And no ſuch matter? Rumour is a pipe [4]
Blown by ſurmiſes, jealouſies, conjectures;
And of ſo eaſy and ſo plain a ſtop,
That the blunt monſter with uncounted heads,
The ſtill-diſcordant wavering multitude,
Can play upon it. But what need I thus
My well-known body to anatomize
Among my houſhold? Why is Rumour here?
I run before king Harry's victory;
Who, in a bloody field by Shrewſbury,
Hath beaten down young Hotſpur, and his troops,
Quenching the flame of bold rebellion
Even with the rebels' blood. But what mean I
To ſpeak ſo true at firſt? my office is
To noiſe abroad,—that Harry Monmouth fell
Under the wrath of noble Hotſpur's ſword;
And that the king before the Douglas' rage
Stoop'd his anointed head as low as death.
This have I rumour'd through the peaſant towns
Between that royal field of Shrewſbury

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

[3] — *to the* drooping *weſt,*] A paſſage in *Macbeth* will beſt ſhew the force of this epithet:

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

[4] *Rumour is a pipe*] Here the poet imagines himſelf deſcribing *Rumour*, and forgets that *Rumour* is the ſpeaker. JOHNSON.

And

And this worm-eaten hold of ragged ſtone [5],
Where Hotſpur's father, old Northumberland,
Lies crafty-ſick: the poſts come tiring on,
And not a man of them brings other news
Than they have learn'd of me; From Rumour's tongues
They bring ſmooth comforts falſe, worſe than true wrongs.
[*Exit.*

5 *And this worm-eaten* hold *of ragged ſtone,*] The old copies read—worm-eaten *hole.* MALONE.

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

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

Theobald is certainly right. So, in *K. Henry* VI. P. III:

"She is hard by with twenty thouſand men,
"And therefore fortify your *hold,* my lord." STEEVENS.

SECOND PART OF

KING HENRY IV.[1]

ACT I. SCENE I.

The ſame.

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

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

Port. What ſhall I ſay you are?

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

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

[1] The tranſactions comprized in this hiſtory take up about nine years. The action commences with the account of Hotſpur's being defeated and killed [1603]; and cloſes with the death of king Henry IV. and the coronation of king Henry V. [1412-13.] THEOBALD.

This play was enter'd at Stationers' Hall, Auguſt 23, 1600. STEEVENS.

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

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

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

Bard. Here comes the earl.

North. What news, lord Bardolph? every minute now
Should be the father of ſome ſtratagem:
The times are wild; contention, like a horſe
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke looſe,
And bears down all before him.

Bard. Noble earl,
I bring you certain news from Shrewſbury.

North. Good, an heaven will!

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

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

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

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

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

Enter TRAVERS.

North. Now, Travers, what good tidings come with you?

Tra. My lord, ſir John Umfrevile turn'd me back
With joyful tidings; and, being better hors'd,

Out-

Out-rode me. After him, came, ſpurring hard,
A gentleman almoſt forſpent with ſpeed[2],
That ſtopp'd by me to breathe his bloody'd horſe:
He aſk'd the way to Cheſter; and of him
I did demand, what news from Shrewſbury.
He told me, that rebellion had bad luck,
And that young Harry Percy's ſpur was cold:
With that, he gave his able horſe the head,
And, bending forward, ſtruck his armed heels
Againſt the panting ſides of his poor jade[3]
Up to the rowel-head[4]; and, ſtarting ſo,
He ſeem'd in running to devour the way[5],
Staying no longer queſtion.

North. Ha!—Again.
Said he, young Harry Percy's ſpur was cold?
Of Hotſpur, coldſpur[6]? that rebellion
Had met ill luck?

Bard.

2 —forſpent *with ſpeed,*] To *forſpend* is to waſte, to exhauſt. So, in ſir A. Gorge's tranſlation of *Lucan*, b. vii:

"——— crabbed ſires *forſpent* with age." STEEVENS.

3 —*poor jade*] *Poor jade* is uſed not in contempt, but in compaſſion. *Poor jade* means the horſe wearied with his journey.

Jade, however, ſeems anciently to have ſignify'd what we now call a *hackney*; a beaſt employed in drudgery, oppoſed to a horſe kept for ſhow, or to be rid by its maſter. So, in a comedy called *A Knack to know a Knawe*, 1594: "Beſides, I'll give you the keeping of a dozen *jades*, and now and then meat for you and your *horſe*." This is ſaid by a *farmer* to a *courtier*. STEEVENS.

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

"That *jade* hath eat bread from my royal hand." MALONE.

4 —*rowel-head*;] I think that I have obſerved in old prints the *rowel* of thoſe times to have been only a ſingle ſpike. JOHNSON.

5 *He ſeem'd in running to devour the way,*] So, in *The Book of Job*, chap. xxxix: "He *ſwalloweth* the ground in fierceneſs and rage. STEEVENS.

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

"— curſu conſumere campum." BLACKSTONE.

The line quoted by Sir William Blackſtone is in NEMESIAN:

"—latumque *fuga* conſumere campum." MALONE.

6 *Of* Hotſpur, *coldſpur?*] *Hotſpur* ſeems to have been a very common

Bard. My lord, I'll tell you what;—
If my young lord your ſon have not the day,
Upon mine honour, for a ſilken point[7]
I'll give my barony: never talk of it.

North. Why ſhould the gentleman, that rode by Travers,
Give then ſuch inſtances of loſs?

Bard. Who, he?
He was ſome hilding[8] fellow, that had ſtol'n
The horſe he rode on; and, upon my life,
Spoke at a venture. Look, here comes more news.

Enter MORTON.

North. Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-leaf[9],
Foretells the nature of a tragick volume:
So looks the ſtrond, whereon the imperious flood
Hath left a witneſs'd uſurpation.—
Say, Morton, did'ſt thou come from Shrewſbury?

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

North. How doth my ſon, and brother?
Thou trembleſt; and the whiteneſs in thy cheek
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
Even ſuch a man, ſo faint, ſo ſpiritleſs,
So dull, ſo dead in look, ſo woe-begone[1],
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,

mon term for a man of vehemence and precipitation. Stanyhurſt, who tranſlated four books of *Virgil*, in 1584, renders the following line,

Nec victoris heri tetigit captiva cubile.

"To couch not mounting of mayſter vanquiſher *boatſpur*."

STEEVENS.

7 —*ſilken point*] A *point* is a ſtring tagged, or lace. JOHNSON.

8 —*ſome* hilding—] For *hilderling*, i. e. baſe, degenerate. POPE. *Hilderling*, degener, vox adhuc agro Devon. familiaris. *Spelman.* REED.

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

1 —*ſo* woe-begone,] *far gone in woe.* WARBURTON.

And

And would have told him, half his Troy was burn'd:
But Priam found the fire, ere he his tongue,
And I my Percy's death, ere thou report'ſt it.
This thou would'ſt ſay,—Your ſon did thus, and thus;
Your brother, thus; ſo fought the noble Douglas;
Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds:
But in the end, to ſtop mine ear indeed,
Thou haſt a ſigh to blow away this praiſe,
Ending with—brother, ſon, and all are dead.

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

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

Mor. You are too great to be by me gainſaid:
Your ſpirit [2] is too true, your fears too certain.

North. Yet, for all this, ſay not [3] that Percy's dead.
I ſee

[2] *Your ſpirit*] The impreſſion upon your mind, by which you conceive the death of your ſon. JOHNSON.

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

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

Here is a natural interpoſition of Bardolph at the beginning, who is

I ſee a ſtrange confeſſion in thine eye:
Thou ſhak'ſt thy head; and hold'ſt it fear, or ſin[4],
To ſpeak a truth. If he be ſlain, ſay ſo[5]:
The tongue offends not, that reports his death:
And he doth ſin, that doth belie the dead;
Not he, which ſays the dead is not alive.
Yet the firſt bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a loſing office; and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a ſullen bell,
Remember'd knolling a departing friend[6].

Bard. I cannot think, my lord, your ſon is dead.

Mor. I am ſorry, I ſhould force you to believe
That, which I would to heaven I had not ſeen:
But theſe mine eyes ſaw him in bloody ſtate,
Rend'ring faint quittance[7], wearied and out-breath'd
To Harry Monmouth; whoſe ſwift wrath beat down
The never-daunted Percy to the earth,
From whence with life he never more ſprung up.
In few, his death, (whoſe ſpirit lent a fire
Even to the dulleſt peaſant in his camp,)
Being bruited once, took fire and heat away
From the beſt temper'd courage in his troops:

is not pleaſed to hear his news confuted, and a proper preparation of Morton for the tale which he is unwilling to tell. JOHNSON.

4 —*hold'ſt it* fear, *or ſin,*] *Fear* for danger. WARBURTON.

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

6 *Sounds ever after as a* ſullen *bell,*
Remember'd knolling a departing friend.] So, in our author's 71ſt *Sonnet:*

" ——you ſhall hear the ſurly *ſullen* bell
" Give warning to the world that *I am fled.*"

This ſignificant epithet has been adopted by Milton:

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

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

7 —*faint* quittance,] *Quittance* is return. By *faint quittance* is meant a *faint return of blows*. So, in another play:

" We ſhall forget the office of our hand
" Sooner than *quittance* of deſert and merit." STEEVENS.

For from his metal was his party ſteel'd;
Which once in him abated [8], all the reſt
Turn'd on themſelves, like dull and heavy lead.
And as the thing that's heavy in itſelf,
Upon enforcement, flies with greateſt ſpeed;
So did our men, heavy in Hotſpur's loſs,
Lend to this weight ſuch lightneſs with their fear,
That arrows fled not ſwifter toward their aim,
Than did our ſoldiers, aiming at their ſafety,
Fly from the field: Then was that noble Worceſter
Too ſoon ta'en priſoner: and that furious Scot,
The bloody Douglas, whoſe well-labouring ſword
Had three times ſlain the appearance of the king,
'Gan vail his ſtomach [9], and did grace the ſhame
Of thoſe that turn'd their backs; and, in his flight,
Stumbling in fear, was took. The ſum of all
Is,—that the king hath won; and hath ſent out
A ſpeedy power, to encounter you, my lord,
Under the conduct of young Lancaſter,
And Weſtmoreland: this is the news at full.

North. For this I ſhall have time enough to mourn.
In poiſon there is phyſick;—and theſe news,
Having been well, that would have made me ſick [1],
Being ſick, have in ſome meaſure made me well:
And as the wretch, whoſe fever-weaken'd joints,
Like ſtrengthleſs hinges, buckle [2] under life,
Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire
Out of his keeper's arms; even ſo my limbs,
Weaken'd with grief, being now enrag'd with grief,

[8] *Which once in him* abated,] *Abated* means *reduced to a lower temper*, or, as the workmen call it, *let down*. JOHNSON.

[9] *'Gan* vail *his ſtomach*,] Began to fall his courage, to let his ſpirits ſink under his fortune. JOHNSON.

From *avaler*, Fr. to caſt down, or to let fall down. See Vol. III. p. 6, n. 7. MALONE.

Thus, to *vail the bonnet* is to pull it off. To *vail* a ſtaff is to let it fall in token of reſpect. STEEVENS.

[1] *Having been well, that would have made me ſick*,] i. e. that would, had I been well, have made me ſick. MALONE.

[2] —*buckle*—] Bend; yield to preſſure. JOHNSON.

Are

Are thrice themſelves[3]: hence therefore, thou nice crutch;
A ſcaly gauntlet now, with joints of ſteel,
Muſt glove this hand: and hence, thou ſickly quoif;
Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,
Which princes, fleſh'd with conqueſt, aim to hit.
Now bind my brows with iron; And approach
The ragged'ſt hour[4] that time and ſpight dare bring,
To frown upon the enrag'd Northumberland!
Let heaven kiſs earth! Now let not nature's hand
Keep the wild flood confin'd! let order die!
And let this world no longer be a ſtage,

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

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

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

In this conjecture I had once ſome confidence; but it is much diminiſhed by the ſubſequent note, and by my having lately obſerved, that Shakſpeare elſewhere uſes *grief* for *bodily pain*. Falſtaff, in *K. Henry* IV. P. I. p. 246. ſpeaks of " the *grief* of a wound." MALONE.

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

4 *The* ragged'ſt *hour*—] Mr. Theobald and the ſubſequent editors read—The *rugged'ſt*. But change is unneceſſary, the expreſſion in the text being uſed more than once by our author. In *As you like it* Amiens ſays, his voice is *ragged*; and *rag* is employed as a term of reproach in the *Merry Wives of Windſor*, and in *Timon of Athens*. See alſo the Epiſtle prefixed to Spenſer's *Shepherd's Calender*, 1579:—" as thinking them fitteſt for the ruſtical rudeneſs of ſhepheards, either for that their rough ſound would make his rimes more *ragged*, and ruſtical," &c. The modern editors of Spenſer might here ſubſtitute the word *rugged* with juſt as much propriety as it has been ſubſtituted in the preſent paſſage, or in that in *As you like it*. See Vol. III. p. 154, n. 1. MALONE.

To

To feed contention in a lingering act;
But let one ſpirit of the firſt-born Cain
Reign in all boſoms, that, each heart being ſet
On bloody courſes, the rude ſcene may end,
And darkneſs be the burier of the dead [5]!

Tra. This ſtrained paſſion doth you wrong, my lord [6].

Bard. Sweet earl, divorce not wiſdom from your honour.

Mor. The lives of all your loving complices
Lean on your health; the which, if you give o'er
To ſtormy paſſion, muſt perforce decay.
You caſt the event of war [7], my noble lord,
And ſumm'd the account of chance, before you ſaid,—
Let us make head. It was your preſurmiſe,
That, in the dole of blows [8] your ſon might drop:
You knew, he walk'd o'er perils, on an edge,
More likely to fall in, than to get o'er [9]:

5 *And darkneſs be the burier of the dead!*] The concluſion of this noble ſpeech is extremely ſtriking. There is no need to ſuppoſe it exactly philoſophical; *darkneſs*, in poetry, may be abſence of eyes, as well as privation of light. Yet we may remark, that by an ancient opinion it has been held, that [illegible] human race, for whom the world was made, were extirpated, the whole ſyſtem of ſublunary nature would ceaſe. JOHNSON.

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

7 *You caſt the event of war*, &c.] This and the following thirteen lines firſt appeared in the folio, 1623. MALONE.

8 — *in the* dole *of blows* —] The *dole* of blows is the *diſtribution* of blows. *Dole* originally ſignified the portion of alms (conſiſting either of meat or money) that was given away at the door of a nobleman. STEEVENS.

See p. 156, n. 6. MALONE.

9 *You knew, he walk'd o'er perils, on an edge,*
More likely to fall in, than to get o'er:] So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I.

"As full of peril and adventurous ſpirit,
"As to o'er-walk a current roaring loud,
"On the unſteadfaſt footing of a ſpear." MALONE.

You

You were advis'd[1], his fleſh was capable
Of wounds, and ſcars; and that his forward ſpirit
Would lift him where moſt trade of danger rang'd;
Yet did you ſay,—Go forth; and none of this,
Though ſtrongly apprehended, could reſtrain
The ſtiff-borne action: What hath then befallen,
Or what hath this bold enterprize brought forth,
More than that being which was like to be?

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

Mor. 'Tis more than time: And, my moſt noble lord,
I hear for certain, and do ſpeak the truth,—
The gentle archbiſhop of York is up[2],
With well-appointed powers; he is a man,
Who with a double ſurety binds his followers.
My lord your ſon had only but the corps,
But ſhadows, and the ſhews of men, to fight:
For that ſame word, rebellion, did divide
The action of their bodies from their ſouls;
And they did fight with queaſineſs, conſtrain'd,
As men drink potions; that their weapons only
Seem'd on our ſide, but, for their ſpirits and ſouls,
This word, rebellion, it had froze them up,
As fiſh are in a pond: But now the biſhop
Turns inſurrection to religion:
Suppos'd ſincere and holy in his thoughts,
He's follow'd both with body and with mind;

[1] *You were* advis'd,] i. e. you *knew*. So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Vol. I. p. 137:

"How ſhall I dote on her with more *advice*.—" MALONE.

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

And

And doth enlarge his riſing with the blood
Of fair king Richard, ſcrap'd from Pomfret ſtones:
Derives from heaven his quarrel, and his cauſe;
Tells them, he doth beſtride a bleeding land [3],
Gaſping for life under great Bolingbroke;
And more, and leſs [4], do flock to follow him.

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

SCENE II.

London. *A Street.*

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

Fal. Sirrah, you giant, what ſays the doctor to my water [5]?

Page.

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

4 —*more, and leſs,*] *More* and *leſs* means *greater and leſs.* STEEVENS.

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

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

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

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

Fal. Men of all ſorts take a pride to gird at me[6]: The brain of this fooliſh-compounded clay, man, is not able to invent any thing that tends to laughter, more than I invent, or is invented on me: I am not only witty in myſelf, but the cauſe that wit is in other men. I do here walk before thee, like a ſow, that hath overwhelmed all her litter but one. If the prince put thee into my ſervice for any other reaſon than to ſet me off, why then I have no judgment. Thou whoreſon mandrake[7], thou art fitter to be worn in my cap, than to wait at my heels. I was never mann'd with an agate[8] till now; but I will ſet you neither in gold nor ſilver, but in vile apparel, and ſend you back again to your maſter, for a jewel; the juvenal[9], the prince your maſter, whoſe chin is not yet fledg'd. I will ſooner have a beard grow in the palm of my hand, than he ſhall get one on his cheek; and yet he will not ſtick to ſay, his face is a face-royal: God may finiſh it when he will, 'tis not a hair amiſs yet; he

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

6 —*to* gird *at me:*] i. e. to gibe. STEEVENS.

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

8 *I was never mann'd with an agate,*] That is, I never before had an agate for my *man*. JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton thinks our author meant to allude "to the little figures cut in *agates*, and other hard ſtones, for ſeals: and therefore he ſays, *I will* ſet *you neither in gold nor ſilver.*" But I believe an *agate* is uſed merely to expreſs any thing remarkably *little*, without any alluſion to the figure cut upon it. So, in *Much Ado about Nothing*, Vol. II. p. 249:

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

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

may

may keep it ſtill as a face-royal[1], for a barber ſhall never earn ſixpence out of it; and yet he will be crowing, as if he had writ man ever ſince his father was a bachelor. He may keep his own grace, but he is almoſt out of mine, I can aſſure him.—What ſaid maſter Dumbleton[2] about the ſattin for my ſhort cloak, and ſlops?

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

Fal. Let him be damn'd like the glutton! may his tongue be hotter[3]!—A whoreſon Achitophel! a raſcally yea-forſooth knave! to bear a gentleman in hand[4], and then ſtand upon ſecurity!—The whoreſon ſmoothpates do now wear nothing but high ſhoes, and bunches of keys at their girdles; and if a man is thorough with them in honeſt taking up[5], then they muſt ſtand upon—ſecurity.

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

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

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

2 —*Dumbleton*—] The folio has *Dombledon*; the quarto, *Dommelton*. I have lately obſerved that *Dumbleton* is the name of a town in Glouceſterſhire. The reading of the folio is therefore probably the true one. STEEVENS.

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

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

4 —*to bear in hand,*] is, to keep in expectation. JOHNSON. So, in Macbeth:

"—How you were *borne in hand*, how croſt." STEEVENS.

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

So, in *Northward Hoe*, by Decker and Webſter, 1607: "They will *take up*, I warrant you, where they may be truſted." STEEVENS.

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

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

Fal. I bought him in Paul's [7], and he'll buy me a horſe in Smithfield: an I could get me but a wife in the ſtews, I were mann'd, horſed, and wived.

Enter

6 —*the lightneſs of his wife ſhines through it: and yet cannot he ſee though he have his own lantern to light him.*] This joke ſeems evidently to have been taken from that of Plautus: "*Quò ambulas tu, qui Vulcanum in cornu concluſum geris?*" Amph. Act I. Scene I. and much improved. We need not doubt that a joke was here intended by Plautus; for the proverbial term of *horns* for *cuckoldom*, is very ancient, as appears by Artemidorus, who ſays: Πρ[illegible]ειπεν αὐτῷ 'ότι ἡ γυνὴ σου πορνεύσει, καὶ τὸ λεγόμενον, κέρ[illegible] ποιήσει, καὶ 'ούτως ἀπέβη. 'Ονειροι. lib. ii. cap. 12. And he copied from thoſe before him. WARBURTON.

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

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

In an old *Collection of Proverbs*, I find the following: "Who goes to Weſtminſter for a wife, to *St. Paul's for a man*, and to Smithfield for a horſe, may meet with a whore, a knave, and a jade."

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

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

I ſhould not have troubled the reader with this quotation, but that it in ſome meaſure familiarizes the character of Piſtol, which (from other paſſages in the ſame pamphlet) appears to have been no uncommon one in the time of Shakſpeare. Dr. Lodge concludes his deſcription

Enter the Lord Chief Juſtice[8], *and an* Attendant.

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

Fal. Wait cloſe, I will not ſee him.

Ch. Juſt. What's he that goes there?

Attey. Falſtaff, an't pleaſe your lordſhip.

Ch. Juſt. He that was in queſtion for the robbery?

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

Ch. Juſt. What, to York? Call him back again.

Atten. Sir John Falſtaff!

Fal. Boy, tell him, I am deaf.

Page. You muſt ſpeak louder, my maſter is deaf.

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

Atten. Sir John,—

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

tion thus: "His courage is boaſting, his learning ignorance, his ability weakneſs, and his end beggary."—I learn from a paſſage in Greene's *Diſputation between a He Coneycatcher and a She Coneycatcher*, 1592, that *St. Paul's* was a privileged place, ſo that no debtor could be arreſted within its precincts. STEEVENS.

"It was the faſhion of thoſe times" [the times of K. James I.] ſays Oſborne, in his MEMOIRS of that monarch, "and did ſo continue till theſe, [the interregnum,] for the principal gentry, lords, courtiers, and men of all profeſſions, not merely mechanicks, to meet in St. Paul's church by eleven, and walk in the middle iſle till twelve, and after dinner from three to ſix; during which time ſome diſcourſed of buſineſs, others of news. Now, in regard of the univerſal commerce there happened little that did not firſt or laſt arrive here." MALONE.

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

His portrait, copied from the monument, may be found in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, Vol. 51, p. 516. MALONE.

Atten. You miſtake me, ſir.

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

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

Fal. I give thee leave to tell me ſo! I lay aſide that which grows to me! If thou get'ſt any leave of me, hang me; if thou takeſt leave, thou were better be hang'd: You hunt-counter[9], hence! avaunt!

Atten. Sir, my lord would ſpeak with you.

Ch. Juſt. Sir John Falſtaff, a word with you.

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

Ch. Juſt. Sir John, I ſent for you before your expedition to Shrewſbury.

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

Ch. Juſt. I talk not of his majeſty:—You would not come when I ſent for you.

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

Dr. Johnſon's explanation may be ſupported by the following paſſage in B. Jonſon's *Tale of the Tub:*

" ——Do you mean to make a hare
" Of me, *to hunt counter* thus, and make theſe doubles,
" And you mean no ſuch thing as you ſend about?"

Again, in *Hamlet:*

" O, this is *counter,* you falſe Daniſh dogs." STEEVENS.

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

Fal.

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

Ch. Juſt. Well, heaven mend him! I pray, let me ſpeak with you.

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

Ch. Juſt. What tell you me of it? be it as it is.

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

Ch. Juſt. I think, you are fallen into the diſeaſe; for you hear not what I ſay to you.

Fal. Very well, my lord, very well[1]: rather, an't

[1] *Fal. Very well, my lord, very well:*] In the quarto edition, printed in 1600, this ſpeech ſtands thus:

Old. Very well, my lord, very well:—

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

I am unconvinced by Mr. Theobald's remark. *Old.* might have been the beginning of ſome actor's name. Thus we have *Kempe* and *Cowley* inſtead of *Dogberry* and *Verges* in the 4to edit. of *Much Ado*, &c. 1600. Names utterly unconnected with the perſonæ dramatis of Shakſpeare, are ſometimes introduced as entering on the ſtage. Thus, in *The Second Part of K. Henry IV.* edit. 1600: "Enter the Archbiſhop, Thomas Mowbray (Earle Marſhall) the Lord Haſtings, *Fauconbridge*, and Bardolfe." Sig. B 4.—Again: "Enter the Prince, Poynes, *Sir John Ruſſel*, with others." Sig. C 3.—Again, in *K. Henry V.* 1600: "Enter Burbon, Conſtable, Orleance, *Gebon*." Sig. D 2.

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

pleaſe you, it is the diſeaſe of not liſtening, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal.

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

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

Ch. Juſt. I ſent for you, when there were matters againſt you for your life, to come ſpeak with me.

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

Ch. Juſt. Well, the truth is, ſir John, you live in great infamy.

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

Ch. Juſt. Your means are very ſlender, and your waſte is great.

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

Ch. Juſt. You have miſ-led the youthful prince.

Fal. The young prince hath miſ-led me: I am the

ally purchaſed at the expence of much time, patience, and diſappointment. STEEVENS.

I entirely agree with Mr. Steevens in thinking that Mr. Theobald's remark is of no weight. Having already diſcuſſed the ſubject very fully, it is here only neceſſary to refer the reader to p. 119, n. 1, in which I think I have ſhewn that there is no proof whatſoever that Falſtaff ever was called Oldcaſtle in theſe plays. The letters prefixed to this ſpeech crept into the firſt quarto copy, I have no doubt, merely from *Oldcaſtle* being, behind the ſcenes, the familiar theatrical appellation of Falſtaff, who was his ſtage-ſucceſſor. All the actors, copyiſts, &c. were undoubtedly well acquainted with the former character, and probably uſed the two names indiſcriminately.—Mr. Steevens's ſuggeſtion that *Old.* might have been the beginning of ſome actor's name, does not appear to me probable; becauſe in the liſt of "the names of the *principal* actors in all theſe plays" prefixed to the firſt folio, there is no actor whoſe name begins with this ſyllable; and we may be ſure that the part of Falſtaff was performed by a *principal* actor. MALONE.

fellow

fellow with the great belly, and he my dog[2].

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

Fal. My lord?

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

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

Ch. Juſt. What! you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

Fal. A waſſel candle, my lord; all tallow: if I did ſay of wax, my growth would approve the truth[3].

Ch. Juſt. There is not a white hair on your face, but ſhould have his effect of gravity.

Fal. His effect of gravy, gravy, gravy.

Ch. Juſt. You follow the young prince up and down, like his ill angel.

Fal. Not ſo, my lord; your ill angel is light[4]; but, I hope, he that looks upon me, will take me without weighing: and yet, in ſome reſpects, I grant, I cannot go[5], I cannot tell[6]: Virtue is of ſo little regard in theſe

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

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

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

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

See Vol. II. p. 411, n. 9. MALONE.

4 — *your ill* angel *is light*;] Meaning the coin called an *angel*. THEOBALD.

"As *light* as a clipt angel," is a compariſon frequently uſed in the old comedies. STEEVENS.

5 *I cannot* go,] Here is another equivoque. To *go*, ſignifies ſimply to move; and alſo, to paſs current as coin. MALONE.

6 *I cannot* tell:] I cannot be taken in a reckoning; I cannot paſs current. JOHNSON.

coſter-

coſter-monger times [7], that true valour is turn'd bear-herd: Pregnancy [8] is made a tapſter, and hath his quick wit waſted in giving reckonings: all the other gifts appertinent to man, as the malice of this age ſhapes them, are not worth a gooſeberry. You, that are old, conſider not the capacities of us that are young; you meaſure the heat of our livers with the bitterneſs of your galls: and we that are in the vaward of our youth, I muſt confeſs, are wags too.

Ch. Juſt. Do you ſet down your name in the ſcroll of youth, that are written down old with all the characters of age? Have you not a moiſt eye? a dry hand? a yellow cheek? a white beard? a decreaſing leg? an increaſing belly? Is not your voice broken? your wind ſhort? your chin double? your wit ſingle [9]? and every part about you blaſted with antiquity? and will you yet call yourſelf young? Fie, fie, fie, ſir John!

Fal. My lord, I was born about three of the clock

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

A *coſter-monger* is a *coſtard*-monger, a dealer in apples called by that name, becauſe they are ſhaped like a *coſtard*, i. e. a man's head. STEEVENS.

See Vol. II. p. 350, n. 4. MALONE.

[8] *Pregnancy*—] *Pregnancy* is readineſs. So, in *Hamlet*, "How *pregnant* his replies are?" STEEVENS.

See Vol. II. p. 5, n. 6; and Vol. IV. p. 31, n. 4. MALONE.

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

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

I think Mr. Steevens's interpretation is the true one. Mr. Maſon alſo concurs with him, and obſerves that "though Falſtaff had ſuch a fund of wit and humour, it was not unnatural that a grave judge, whoſe thoughts were conſtantly employed about the buſineſs of life, ſhould conſider ſuch an improvident diſſipated old man as *ſingle-witted*, or half-*witted*, as we ſhould now term it." MALONE.

in

in the afternoon, with a white head, and ſomething a round belly. For my voice,—I have loſt it with hollaing, and ſinging of anthems. To approve my youth further, I will not: the truth is, I am only old in judgment and underſtanding; and he that will caper with me for a thouſand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him. For the box o'the ear that the prince gave you,—he gave it like a rude prince, and you took it like a ſenſible lord. I have check'd him for it; and the young lion repents: marry, not in aſhes, and ſackcloth; but in new ſilk, and old ſack [1].

Ch. Juſt. Well, heaven ſend the prince a better companion!

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

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

Fal. Yea; I thank your pretty ſweet wit for it. But look you pray, all you that kiſs my lady peace at home, that our armies join not in a hot day; for, by the lord, I take but two ſhirts out with me, and I mean not to ſweat extraordinarily: if it be a hot day, an I brandiſh any thing but my bottle, I would I might never ſpit white again [2]. There is not a dangerous action can peep out his head, but I am thruſt upon it: Well, I cannot laſt ever: But it was always [3] yet the trick of our Engliſh nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too com-

[1] — *marry, not in aſhes, and ſack-cloth, but in new ſilk, and old ſack.*] So Sir John Harrington, of a reformed brother. *Epigrams.* L. 3. 17:

"Sackcloth and cinders they adviſe to uſe;

"Sack, cloves and ſugar thou would'ſt have to chuſe." Bowle.

[2] — *would I might never* ſpit white *again.*] i. e. may I never have my ſtomach inflamed again with liquor; for, to *ſpit white* is the conſequence of inward heat. So in *Mother Bombie*, a comedy, 1594: "They have ſod their livers in ſack theſe forty years, that makes them *ſpit white broth* as they do." Steevens.

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