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

Ch. Juſt. Well, be honeſt, be honeſt; And God bleſs your expedition!

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

Ch. Juſt. Not a penny, not a penny; you are too impatient to bear croſſes[4]. Fare you well: Commend me to my couſin Weſtmoreland. [*Exeunt* Ch. Juſt. *and* Atten.

Fal. If I do, fillip me with a three-man beetle[5].—A man

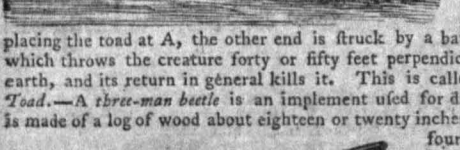
[4] — *you are too impatient to bear* croſſes.] I believe a quibble was here intended. Falſtaff has juſt aſked his lordſhip to lend him *a thouſand pound*, and he tells him in return, that he is not to be entruſted with money. A *croſs* is a coin ſo called, becauſe ſtamped with a croſs. So, in *As you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

"If I ſhould bear you, I ſhould bear no *croſs*." STEEVENS.

See Vol. III. p. 150, n. 8. MALONE.

[5] — fillip *me with a three-man beetle.*] A beetle wielded by three men. POPE.

A diverſion is common with boys in Warwickſhire and the adjoining counties, on finding a toad, to lay a board about two or three feet long, at right angles, over a ſtick about two or three inches diameter, as per ſketch. Then, placing the toad at A, the other end is ſtruck by a bat or large ſtick, which throws the creature forty or fifty feet perpendicular from the earth, and its return in general kills it. This is called *Filliping the Toad.*—A *three-man beetle* is an implement uſed for driving piles; it is made of a log of wood about eighteen or twenty inches diameter, and fourteen or fifteen inches thick, with one ſhort, and two long handles, as per ſketch. A man to each of the long handles manages the fall of the beetle, and a third man by the ſhort handle aſſiſts in raiſing it, to ſtrike the blow. Such an implement was, without doubt, very ſuitable for *filliping* ſo corpulent a being as Falſtaff. J. JOHNSON.



can

can no more ſeparate age and covetouſneſs, than he can part young limbs and lechery: but the gout galls the one, and the pox pinches the other; and ſo both the degrees prevent my curſes[6].—Boy!

Page. Sir?

Fal. What money is in my purſe?

Page. Seven groats and two-pence.

Fal. I can get no remedy againſt this conſumption of the purſe: borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the diſeaſe is incurable.—Go bear this letter to my lord of Lancaſter, this to the prince; this to the earl of Weſtmoreland; and this to old miſtreſs Urſula, whom I have weekly ſworn to marry ſince I perceived the firſt white hair on my chin: About it; you know where to find me. [*Exit* Page.] A pox of this gout! or, a gout of this pox! for the one, or the other, plays the rogue with my great toe. It is no matter, if I do halt; I have the wars for my colour, and my penſion ſhall ſeem the more reaſonable: A good wit will make uſe of any thing; I will turn diſeaſes to commodity[7].

SCENE III.

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

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

Arch. Thus have you heard our cauſe, and known our means;
And, my moſt noble friends, I pray you all,
Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes:—
And firſt, lord marſhal, what ſay you to it?

Mowb. I well allow the occaſion of our arms;
But gladly would be better ſatisfied,

6 —*prevent* my curſes.] To *prevent*, means in this place to *anticipate*. So, in the *Pſalms*: "Mine eyes *prevent* the night watches." STEEVENS.

7 — *to* commodity.] i. e. Profit, ſelf-intereſt. So, in *K. John*: "*Commodity*, the bias of the world." STEEVENS.

How,

How, in our means, we ſhould advance ourſelves
To look with forehead bold and big enough
Upon the power and puiſſance of the king.

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

Bard. The queſtion then, lord Haſtings, ſtandeth thus;
Whether our preſent five and twenty thouſand
May hold up head without Northumberland.

Haſt. With him, we may.

Bard. Ay, marry, there's the point;
But if without him we be thought too feeble,
My judgment is, we ſhould not ſtep too far
Till we had his aſſiſtance by the hand:
For, in a theme ſo bloody-fac'd as this,
Conjecture, expectation, and ſurmiſe
Of aids uncertain, ſhould not be admitted.

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

Bard. It was, my lord; who lin'd himſelf with hope,
Eating the air on promiſe of ſupply,
Flattering himſelf with project of a power
Much ſmaller[8] than the ſmalleſt of his thoughts:
And ſo, with great imagination,
Proper to madmen, led his powers to death,
And, winking, leap'd into deſtruction.

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

Bard. Yes, in this preſent quality of war[9];—
Indeed the inſtant action, (a cauſe on foot)

Liv-

[8] *Much ſmaller*—] i. e. which turned out to be much ſmaller. MUSGRAVE.

[9] —in *this preſent quality of war*;—] This and the following nineteen lines appeared firſt in the folio. That copy reads—Yes, *if* this preſent &c. The emendation was made by Dr. Johnſon. I believe the old reading is the true one, and that a line is loſt; but have adopted

Lives ſo in hope, as in an early ſpring
We ſee the appearing buds; which, to prove fruit,
Hope gives not ſo much warrant, as deſpair,
That frosts will bite them. When we mean to build,
We firſt ſurvey the plot, then draw the model;
And when we ſee the figure of the houſe,
Then muſt we rate the coſt of the erection:
Which if we find outweighs ability,
What do we then, but draw anew the model
In fewer offices; or, at leaſt[1], deſiſt
To build at all? Much more, in this great work,
(Which is, almoſt, to pluck a kingdom down,
And ſet another up,) ſhould we ſurvey
The plot of ſituation, and the model;
Conſent upon a ſure foundation;
Queſtion ſurveyors; know our own eſtate,
How able ſuch a work to undergo,
To weigh againſt his oppoſite; or elſe,
We fortify in paper, and in figures,
Uſing the names of men inſtead of men:
Like one, that draws the model of a houſe
Beyond his power to build it; who, half through,
Gives o'er, and leaves his part-created coſt
A naked ſubject to the weeping clouds,
And waſte for churliſh winter's tyranny.

Haſt. Grant, that our hopes (yet likely of fair birth)
Should be ſtill-born, and that we now poſſeſs'd
The utmoſt man of expectation;
I think, we are a body ſtrong enough,

adopted Dr. Johnſon's emendation, becauſe it makes ſenſe. The punctuation now introduced appears to me preferable to that of the old edition, in which there is a colon after the word *action*. Bardolph, I think, means to ſay, "Indeed the *preſent* action, (our cauſe being now on foot, war being actually levied,) lives," &c. otherwiſe the ſpeaker is made to ſay, in general, that *all* cauſes once on foot afford no hopes that may ſecurely be relied on; which is certainly not true. Mr. Steevens thinks, the old reading—Yes, *if* this &c. might be retained, were we to read *impel* inſtead of *indeed*, in the following line: Mr. Henley and Mr. Maſon, inſtead of the latter word, would read *induced*. MALONE.

1 —*at leaſt*,] Perhaps we ſhould read—*at laſt*. STEEVENS.

Even

Even as we are, to equal with the king.

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

Haſt. To us, no more; nay, not ſo much, lord Bardolph.
For his diviſions, as the times do brawl,
Are in three heads: one power againſt the French[2],
And one againſt Glendower; perforce, a third
Muſt take up us: So is the unfirm king
In three divided; and his coffers ſound
With hollow poverty and emptineſs.

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

Haſt. If he ſhould do ſo[3],
He leaves his back unarm'd, the French and Welſh
Baying him at the heels: never fear that.

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

Haſt. The duke of Lancaſter, and Weſtmoreland:
Againſt the Welſh, himſelf, and Harry Monmouth:
But who is ſubſtituted 'gainſt the French,
I have no certain notice.

Arch. Let us on[4];
And publiſh the occaſion of our arms.
The commonwealth is ſick of their own choice,
Their over-greedy love hath ſurfeited:—

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

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

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

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

[4] *Let us on,* &c.] This ſpeech firſt appeared in the folio. MALONE.

An

An habitation giddy and unſure
Hath he, that buildeth on the vulgar heart.
O thou fond many! with what loud applauſe
Didſt thou beat heaven with bleſſing Bolingbroke,
Before he was what thou would'ſt have him be?
And being now trimm'd in thine own deſires [5],
Thou, beaſtly feeder, art ſo full of him,
That thou provok'ſt thyſelf to caſt him up.
So, ſo, thou common dog, didſt thou diſgorge
Thy glutton boſom of the royal Richard;
And now thou would'ſt eat thy dead vomit up,
And howl'ſt to find it. What truſt is in theſe times?
They that, when Richard liv'd, would have him die,
Are now become enamour'd on his grave:
Thou, that threw'ſt duſt upon his goodly head,
When through proud London he came ſighing on
After the admired heels of Bolingbroke,
Cry'ſt now, *O earth, yield us that king again,*
And take thou this! O thoughts of men accurſt!
Paſt, and to come, ſeem beſt; things preſent, worſt.

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

Haſt. We are time's ſubjects, and time bids be gone.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

London. *A Street.*

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

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

Phang. It is enter'd.

Hoſt. Where is your yeoman *? Is it a luſty yeoman? will a' ſtand to't?

Phang. Sirrah, where's Snare?

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

* *Where is your* yeoman?] A bailiff's follower was in our author's time called a ſerjeant's *yeoman*. See p. 294, n. 9. MALONE.

Hoſt. O lord, ay; good maſter Snare.

Snare. Here, here.

Phang. Snare, we muſt arreſt Sir John Falſtaff.

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

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

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

Phang. If I can cloſe with him, I care no: for his thruſt.

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

Phang. An I but fiſt him once; an a' come but within my vice[6];—

Hoſt. I am undone by his going; I warrant you, he's an infinitive thing upon my ſcore:—Good maſter Phang, hold him ſure;—good maſter Snare, let him not ſcape. He comes continuantly to Pye-corner, (ſaving your manhoods,) to buy a ſaddle; and he's indited to dinner to the lubbar's head[7] in Lumbert-ſtreet, to maſter Smooth's the ſilkman: I pray ye, ſince my exion is enter'd, and my caſe ſo openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his anſwer. A hundred mark is a long loan[8] for a poor lone woman[9] to bear: and I have borne, and borne,

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

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

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

[7] —*lubbar's-head*—] This is, I ſuppoſe, a colloquial corruption of the Libbard's-head. JOHNSON.

See Vol. II. p. 422. n. 5. MALONE.

[8] —*a long* loan—] Old Copy—long *one*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

[9] —*a poor lone woman*—] A *lone woman* is a deſolate, unfriended woman." So in Maurice Kyffin's Tranſlation of Terence's *Andria*, 1588: "Moreover this Glyceric is a *lone woman*;"—"tum hæc *ſola* mulier." In the firſt part of *K. Henry* IV. Mrs. Quickly had a huſband alive. She is now a widow. STEEVENS.

and

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

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

Yonder he comes; and that arrant malmſey-noſe [1] knave, Bardolph, with him. Do your offices, do your offices, maſter Phang, and maſter Snare; do me, do me, do me your offices.

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

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

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

Hoſt. Throw me in the channel? I'll throw thee in the channel. Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou baſtardly rogue! —Murder, murder! O thou honey-ſuckle villain [2]! wilt thou kill God's officers, and the king's? O thou honey-ſeed rogue! thou art a honey-ſeed; a man-queller [3], and a woman-queller.

Fal. Keep them off, Bardolph.

Phang. A reſcue! a reſcue!

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

[1] —*malmſey-noſe*—] That is, red noſe, from the effect of malmſey wine. JOHNSON.

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

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

[2] —honey-ſuckle *villain!*—honey-ſeed *rogue!*] The landlady's corruption of homicidal and homicide. THEOBALD.

[3] —*a man-queller*,] Wicliff, in his *Tranſlation of the New Teſtament*, uſes this word for *carnifex*; Mark, vi. 27: " Herod ſent a *man-quellet*, and commanded his head to be brought." STEEVENS.

Page. Away, you ſcullion! you rampallian! you fuſtilarian [4]! I'll tickle your cataſtrophe [5].

Enter the Lord Chief Juſtice, *attended.*

Ch. Juſt. What's the matter? keep the peace here, ho!

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

Ch. Juſt. How now, ſir John? what, are you brawling here?
Doth this become your place, your time, and buſineſs?
You ſhould have been well on your way to York.—
Stand from him, fellow; Wherefore hang'ſt thou on him?

Hoſt. O my moſt worſhipful lord, an't pleaſe your grace, I am a poor widow of Eaſt-cheap, and he is arreſted at my ſuit.

Ch. Juſt. For what ſum?

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

Fal. I think, I am as like to ride the mare [6], if I have any vantage of ground to get up.

Ch.

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

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

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

It may therefore mean a *rampant* riotous ſtrumpet. Thus in *Greene's Ghoſt haunting Conycatchers*:—"Here was *Wilee Beguily* rightly acted, and the aged *rampalion* put beſide her ſchoole-tricks." STEEVENS.

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

[5] — *I'll tickle your cataſtrophe.*] This expreſſion occurs ſeveral times in the *Merry Devil of Edmonton*, 1626. STEEVENS.

[6] — *to ride the* mare,] The Hoſteſs had threatened to ride Falſtaff like the *Incubus* or *Night-mare*; but his alluſion, (if it be not a wanton one) is to the *Gallows*, which was ludicrouſly called the *Timber*, or *two-legg'd*

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

Fal. What is the groſs ſum that I owe thee?

Hoſt. Marry, if thou wert an honeſt man, thyſelf, and the money too. Thou didſt ſwear to me upon a parcel-gilt goblet[7], ſitting in my Dolphin-chamber, at the round table, by a ſea-coal fire, upon wedneſday in Whitſun-week, when the prince broke thy head for liking his father to a ſinging-man[8] of Windſor; thou didſt ſwear to me then, as I was waſhing thy wound, to marry me, and make me my lady thy wife. Canſt thou deny it? Did not goodwife Keech, the butcher's wife[9], come in then, and call me goſſip Quickly? coming in to borrow a meſs of vinegar[1]; telling us, ſhe had a good diſh of prawns; whereby

legg'd Mare. So, in *Like will to like, quoth the Devil to the Collier*, 1587. The *Vice* is talking of *Tyburn*:

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

Again:

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

I think the alluſion is only a wanton one. MALONE.

[7] — *a parcel-gilt goblet*;] *Parcel-gilt* meant what is now called by artiſts *party-gilt*; that is, where part of the work is gilt, and part left plain or ungilded. MALONE.

Holinſhed, deſcribing the arrangement of Wolſey's plate, ſays—" and in the council-chamber was all white, and *parcel-gilt* plate." STEEVENS.

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

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

[9] — *goodwife* Keech, *the butcher's wife*,] A *keech* is the fat of an ox rolled up by the butcher into a round lump. STEEVENS.

[1] — *a meſs of vinegar*;] So, in *Mucedorus*; " I tell you all the

whereby thou didſt deſire to eat ſome; whereby I told thee, they were ill for a green wound? And didſt thou not, when ſhe was gone down ſtairs, deſire me to be no more ſo familiarity with ſuch poor people; ſaying, that ere long they ſhould call me madam? And didſt thou not kiſs me, and bid me fetch thee thirty ſhillings? I put thee now to thy book-oath; deny it, if thou canſt.

Fal. My lord, this is a poor mad ſoul; and ſhe ſays, up and down the town, that her eldeſt ſon is like you: ſhe hath been in good caſe, and, the truth is, poverty hath diſtracted her. But for theſe fooliſh officers, I beſeech you, I may have redreſs againſt them.

Ch. Juſt. Sir John, ſir John, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cauſe the falſe way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words that come with ſuch more than impudent ſawcineſs from you, can thruſt me from a level conſideration; you have,[2] as it appears to me, practiſed upon the eaſy-yielding ſpirit of this woman, and made her ſerve your uſes both in purſe and perſon.

Hoſt. Yea, in troth, my lord.

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

Fal. My lord, I will not undergo this ſneap[3] without reply. You call honourable boldneſs, impudent ſawcineſs: if a man will make courteſy, and ſay nothing, he

meſſes are on the table already. There wants not ſo much as a *meſs of muſtard.*" A *meſs* ſeems to have been the common term for a ſmall proportion of any thing belonging to the kitchen. STEEVENS.

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

[2] —*you have*, &c.] In the firſt quarto it is read thus:—*You have*, as it appears to me, *practiſed upon the eaſy yielding ſpirit of this woman*, and made her ſerve your uſes both in purſe and perſon.—Without this, the following exhortation of the chief juſtice is leſs proper. JOHNSON.

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

[3] —*this ſneap*—] A Yorkſhire word for *rebuke*. POPE.

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

is

is virtuous: No, my lord, my humble duty remember'd, I will not be your ſuitor; I ſay to you, I do deſire deliverance from theſe officers, being upon haſty employment in the king's affairs.

Ch. Juſt. You ſpeak as having power to do wrong: but anſwer in the effect of your reputation [4], and ſatisfy the poor woman.

Fal. Come hither, hoſteſs. [*taking her aſide.*

Enter GOWER.

Ch. Juſt. Now, maſter Gower; What news?

Gow. The king, my lord, and Harry prince of Wales Are near at hand: the reſt the paper tells.

Fal. As I am a gentleman;—

Hoſt. Nay, you ſaid ſo before.

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

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

Fal. Glaſſes, glaſſes, is the only drinking: and for thy walls,—a pretty ſlight drollery, or the ſtory of the prodigal, or the German hunting in water-work [5], is worth a thouſand of theſe bed-hangings [6], and theſe fly-bitten tapeſtries. Let it be ten pound, if thou canſt. Come,

4 —*anſwer in the effect of your reputation,*] That is, anſwer in a manner ſuitable to your character. JOHNSON.

5 —*German hunting in water-work,*] i. e. In water colours. WARBURTON.

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

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

6 —*theſe bed-hangings,*] He recommends painted canvas inſtead of tapeſtry, which he calls *bed-hangings*, in contempt, as fitter to make curtains than to hang walls. JOHNSON.

an it were not for thy humours, there is not a better wench in England. Go, waſh thy face, and 'draw thy action [7]: Come, thou muſt not be in this humour with me; doſt not know me? Come, come, I know thou waſt ſet on to this.

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

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

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

Fal. Will I live?—Go, with her, with her; [*to* Bard [8].] hook on, hook on.

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

Fal. No more words; let's have her.

(*Exeunt* Hoſteſs, BARDOLPH, *Officers, and Boy.*

Ch. Juſt. I have heard better news.

Fal. What's the news, my good lord?

Ch. Juſt. Where lay the king laſt night?

Gow. At Baſingſtoke, my lord.

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

Ch. Juſt. Come all his forces back?

Gow. No; fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horſe,
Are march'd up to my lord of Lancaſter,
Againſt Northumberland, and the archbiſhop.

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

Ch. Juſt. You ſhall have letters of me preſently:
Come, go along with me, good maſter Gower.

Fal. My lord!

Ch. Juſt. What's the matter?

[7] —'draw *thy action*:] i. e. *withdraw* thy action. MALONE.

[8] —*to Bard.*] In former editions the marginal direction is—*to the officers.* MALONE.

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

Fal.

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

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

Ch. Juſt. Sir John, you loiter here too long, being you are to take ſoldiers up in counties as you go.

Fal. Will you ſup with me, maſter Gower?

Ch. Juſt. What fooliſh maſter taught you theſe manners, ſir John?

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

Ch. Juſt. Now the Lord lighten thee! thou art a great fool. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The ſame. Another ſtreet.

Enter Prince HENRY, *and* POINS.

P. Hen. Truſt me, I am exceeding weary.

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

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

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

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

holland: and God knows, whether thoſe that bawl out the ruins of thy linen [9], ſhall inherit his kingdom: but the midwives ſay, the children are not in the fault; whereupon the world increaſes, and kindreds are mightily ſtrengthen'd.

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

P. Hen. Shall I tell thee one thing, Poins?

Poins. Yes; and let it be an excellent good thing.

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

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

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

Poins. Very hardly, upon ſuch a ſubject.

P. Hen. By this hand, thou think'ſt me as far in the devil's book, as thou, and Falſtaff, for obduracy and perſiſtency: Let the end try the man. But I tell thee,—my heart bleeds inwardly, that my father is ſo ſick; and keeping ſuch vile company as thou art, hath in reaſon taken from me all oſtentation of ſorrow [1].

Poins. The reaſon?

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

Poins. I would think thee a moſt princely hypocrite.

P. Hen. It would be every man's thought: and thou art a bleſſed fellow, to think as every man thinks; never

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

1 —*all* oſtentation *of ſorrow.*] Oſtentation is here not boaſtful ſhew, but ſimply ſhew. *Merchant of Venice:*

"——— one well ſtudied in a ſad *oſtent*,
"To pleaſe his grandame." JOHNSON.

a man's

a man's thought in the world keeps the road-way better than thine: every man would think me an hypocrite indeed. And what accites your moſt worſhipful thought, to think ſo?

Poins. Why, becauſe you have been ſo lewd, and ſo much engraffed to Falſtaff.

P. Hen. And to thee.

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

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

Enter BARDOLPH *and* Page.

Bard. 'Save your grace!

P. Hen. And yours, moſt noble Bardolph!

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

Page. He call'd me even now, my lord, through a red lattice[4], and I could diſcern no part of his face from the window: at laſt, I ſpy'd his eyes; and, methought, he made two holes in the ale-wife's new petticoat[5], and peep'd through.

P. Hen.

[2] —*a* proper *fellow of my hands*;] *Proper*, it has been already obſerved, in our author's time ſignified *handſome*. See Vol. II. p. 244, n. *, and Vol. III. p. 14, n. 7. "As tall a man of his hands" has occurred in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*. See Vol. I. p. 214, n. 4. MALONE.

A tall or proper fellow of his hands was a ſtout fighting man. JOHNSON.

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

[4] —*through a* red lattice,] i. e. from an ale-houſe window. See Vol. I. p. 232, n. 2. MALONE.

[5] —*methought, he had made two holes in the ale-wife's new petticoat*,] Peradventure

P. Hen. Hath not the boy profited?

Bard. Away, you whoreſon upright rabbet, away!

Page. Away, you raſcally Althea's dream, away!

P. Hen. Inſtruct us, boy: What dream, boy?

Page. Marry, my lord, Althea dream'd ſhe was deliver'd of a firebrand [6]; and therefore I call him her dream.

P. Hen. A crown's-worth of good interpretation [7].—There it is, boy. [*gives him money.*

Poins. O, that this good bloſſom could be kept from cankers!—Well, there is ſix-pence to preſerve thee.

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

P. Hen. And how doth thy maſter, Bardolph?

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

Poins. Deliver'd with good reſpect.—And how doth the martlemas, your maſter [8]?

Bard. In bodily health, ſir.

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

P. Hen. I do allow this wen [9] to be as familiar with

Peradventure the ale-wife's petticoat was *red*, a favourite colour of the lower females, and therefore no unapt repreſentation of this varlet's face. AMNER.

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

7 *A crown's-worth of good interpretation.*] "A pennyworth of good interpretation," is, if I remember right, the title of ſome old tract. MALONE.

8 —*the martlemas, your maſter?*] That is, the autumn, or rather the latter ſpring. The old fellow with juvenile paſſions. JOHNSON.

In the firſt part of *K. Henry IV.* the prince calls Falſtaff "the latter ſpring,—all-hallown ſummer. MALONE.

Martlemas is corrupted from *Martinmas*, the feaſt of St. *Martin*, the eleventh of November. The corruption is general in all the old plays. STEEVENS.

9 —*this wen*—] The ſwoln excreſcence of a man. JOHNSON.

me

me as my dog: and he holds his place; for look you, how he writes.

Poins. [*reads.*] John Falſtaff, *knight*, — Every man muſt know that, as oft as he hath occaſion to name himſelf. Even like thoſe that are kin to the king; for they never prick their finger, but they ſay, *There is ſome of the king's blood ſpilt: How comes that?* ſays he, that takes upon him not to conceive: the anſwer is as ready as a borrowed cap [1]; *I am the king's poor couſin, ſir.*

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

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

P. Hen. [2] Peace!

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

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

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

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

[2] *P. Hen.*] All the editors, except Sir Thomas Hanmer, have left this letter in confuſion, making the prince read part, and Poins part. I have followed his correction. JOHNSON.

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

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

P. Hen. That's to make him eat twenty of his words[4]. But do you uſe me thus, Ned? muſt I marry your ſiſter?

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

P. Hen. Well, thus we play the fools with the time; and the ſpirits of the wiſe ſit in the clouds, and mock us.—Is your maſter here in London?

Bard. Yes, my lord.

P. Hen. Where ſups he? doth the old boar feed in the old frank[5]?

Bard. At the old place, my lord; in Eaſt-cheap.

P. Hen. What company?

Page. Epheſians[6], my lord; of the old church.

P. Hen. Sup any women with him?

Page. None, my lord, but old miſtreſs Quickly, and miſtreſs Doll Tear-ſheet[7].

P. Hen.

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

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

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

5 —*frank?*] Frank is ſty. POPE.

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

Perhaps Falſtaff's companions were called Epheſians with a quibbling alluſion to the verb to *pheeſe*. See Vol. III. p. 243. n. 2. Thus *Hungarian* (from *hunger*) was a cant term for a greedy half-ſtarved fellow. See Howell's *Engliſh Proverbs*, 1660. "He is hide-bound; he is an *Hungarian*." See Vol. I. p. 207, n. 2. MALONE.

7 —*Doll Tear-ſheet.*] Shakſpeare might have taken the hint for this name

P. Hen. What pagan may that be [8]?

Page. A proper gentlewoman, ſir, and a kinſwoman of my maſter's.

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

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

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

Bard. I have no tongue, ſir.

Page. And for mine, ſir,—I will govern it.

P. Hen. Fare ye well; go. [*Exeunt* Bard. *and* Page.] —This Doll Tear-ſheet ſhould be ſome road.

Poins. I warrant you, as common as the way between ſaint Alban's and London.

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

Poins. Put on two leather jerkins [9], and aprons, and wait upon him at his table as drawers.

P. Hen.

name from the following paſſage in the *Playe of Robyn Hoode, very proper to be played in Maye games*, bl. l. no date:

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

"A prycker, a prauncer, a *terer of ſheets*," &c. STEEVENS.

8 *What* pagan *may that be?*] *Pagan* ſeems to have been a cant term, implying irregularity either in birth or manners. So, in *The Captain*, a comedy by B. and Fletcher:

"Three little children, one of them was mine;

"Upon my conſcience the other two were *pagans*."

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

"——— in all theſe places

"I've had my ſeveral *pagans* billeted." STEEVENS.

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

Mr. Maſon ſays, that "Dr. Johnſon forgot that all the family were in the ſecret except Falſtaff, and that the prince and Poins were diſguiſed."—But how does this circumſtance meet with Dr. Johnſon's objection? The improbability ariſes from Falſtaff's being perfectly well acquainted with all the waiters in the houſe; and however diſguiſed the Prince and Poins might be, or whatever aid they might derive from the landlord and his ſervants, they could not in fact paſs for the old attendants,

P. Hen. From a god to a bull? a heavy deſcenſion[1]! it was Jove's caſe. From a prince to a prentice? a low transformation! that ſhall be mine: for, in every thing, the purpoſe muſt weigh with the folly. Follow me, Ned. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, III.

Warkworth. *Before the Caſtle.*

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, *lady* Northumberland, *and lady* Percy.

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

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

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

Lady P. O, yet, for God's ſake go not to theſe wars!
The time was, father, that you broke your word,
When you were more endear'd to it than now;
When your own Percy, when my heart's dear Harry,
Threw many a northward look, to ſee his father
Bring up his powers; but he did long in vain[2].
Who then perſuaded you to ſtay at home?
There were two honours loſt; yours, and your ſon's.
For yours,—may heavenly glory brighten it!

tendants, with whoſe perſon, voice, and manner, Falſtaff was well acquainted. Accordingly he diſcovers the prince as ſoon as ever he ſpeaks. However, Shakſpeare's chief object was to gain an opportunity for Falſtaff to abuſe the Prince and Poins, while they remain at the back part of the ſtage in their diſguiſes: a *jeu de theatre* which he practiſed in other plays, and which always gains applauſe. MALONE.

[1] —*a heavy* deſcenſion!] *Deſcenſion* is the reading of the firſt edition. Mr. Upton propoſes that we ſhould read thus by tranſpoſition: *From a God to a bull, a low tranſformation!—from a prince to a prentice, a heavy declenſion!* This reading is elegant, and perhaps right. JOHNSON.

The folio reads—*declenſion*. MALONE.

[2] —*but he did* long *in vain.*] Theobald very elegantly conjectures that the poet wrote—*but he did* look *in vain*. STEEVENS.

For

For his,—it ſtuck upon him, as the ſun
In the grey vault of heaven [3]: and, by his light,
Did all the chivalry of England move
To do brave acts; he, was indeed, the glaſs
Wherein the noble youth did dreſs themſelves.
He had no legs [4], that practis'd not his gait:
And ſpeaking thick, which nature made his blemiſh,
Became the accents of the valiant;
For thoſe that could ſpeak low, and tardily,
Would turn their own perfection to abuſe,
To ſeem like him: So that, in ſpeech, in gait,
In diet, in affections of delight,
In military rules, humours of blood,
He was the mark and glaſs, copy and book [5],
That faſhion'd others. And him,—O wondrous him!
O miracle of men!—him did you leave,
(Second to none, unſeconded by you,)
To look upon the hideous god of war
In diſadvantage; to abide a field,
Where nothing but the ſound of Hotſpur's name
Did ſeem defenſible [6]:—ſo you left him:
Never, O never, do his ghoſt the wrong,
To hold your honour more preciſe and nice
With others, than with him; let them alone;
The marſhal, and the archbiſhop, are ſtrong:
Had my ſweet Harry had but half their numbers,
To-day might I, hanging on Hotſpur's neck,

3 ——— *as the* ſun
In the grey *vault of heaven:*] So, in one of our author's poems to his miſtreſs:
" And truly not the morning *ſun* of heaven
" Better becomes the *grey* cheeks of the eaſt, &c." STEEVENS.

4 *He had no legs*, &c.] The remainder of this ſpeech was firſt printed in the folio, 1623. MALONE.

5 *He was the mark and glaſs, copy and book*, &c.] So, in the *Rape of Lucrece*, 1594;
" For princes are the *glaſs*, the ſchool, the *book*,
" Where ſubjects eyes do learn, do read, do look." MALONE.

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

Have talk'd of Monmouth's grave.

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

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

Lady P. If they get ground and vantage of the king,
Then join you with them, like a rib of ſteel,
To make ſtrength ſtronger; but, for all our loves,
Firſt let them try themſelves: So did your ſon;
He was ſo ſuffer'd; ſo came I a widow;
And never ſhall have length of life enough,
To rain upon remembrance[7] with mine eyes,
That it may grow and ſprout as high as heaven,
For recordation to my noble huſband.

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

7 *To rain upon* remembrance—] Alluding to the plant, roſemary, ſo called, and uſed in funerals. Thus, in *The Winter's Tale:*

"For you there's *roſemary* and rue, theſe keep
"Seeming and ſavour all the winter long:
"*Grace* and *remembrance* be unto you both, *&c.*"

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

WARBURTON.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

London. *A Room in the Boar's-head Tavern in* Eaſt-cheap.

Enter two Drawers.

1. *Draw.* What the devil haſt thou brought there? apple-Johns? thou know'ſt, ſir John cannot endure an apple-John [8].

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

1. *Draw.* Why then, cover, and ſet them down: And ſee if thou canſt find out Sneak's noiſe [9]; miſtreſs Tear-ſheet would fain hear ſome muſick. Diſpatch [1]:—The room where they ſupp'd, is too hot; they'll come in ſtraight.

2. *Draw.* Sirrah, here will be the prince, and maſter Poins anon: and they will put on two of our jerkins, and

[8] —*an* apple-John.] This apple will keep two years, but becomes very wrinkled and ſhrivelled. It is called by the French, —*Deux-ans*. STEEVENS.

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

A *noiſe of muſicians* anciently ſignified a concert or company of them. In the old play of *Henry* V. (not that of Shakſpeare) there is this paſſage;—"there came the young prince, and two or three more of his "companions, and called for wine good ſtore, and then they ſent for a "*noyſe of muſitians*," &c.

Falſtaff addreſſes them as a company in another ſcene of this play.

So, again, in *Weſtward Hoe*, by Decker and Webſter, 1607:—"All "the *noiſe* that went with him, poor fellows, have had their fiddle-"caſes pull'd over their ears." Among Ben Jonſon's *Leges convivales* is—*Fidicen, niſi accerſitus, non venito*. STEEVENS.

[1] —*Diſpatch, &c.*] Theſe words, which are not in the folio, are in the quarto given to the ſecond drawer. Mr. Pope rightly attributed them to the firſt. MALONE.

aprons; and ſir John muſt not know of it: Bardolph hath brought word.

1. *Draw.* By the maſs, here will be old utis [2]: It will be an excellent ſtratagem.

2. *Draw.* I'll ſee, if I can find out Sneak. [*Exit.*

Enter Hoſteſs *and* Doll Tearſheet.

Hoſt. I'faith, ſweet heart, methinks now you are in an excellent good temperality: your pulſidge beats [3] as extraordinarily as heart would deſire; and your colour, I warrant you, is as red as any roſe: But, i'faith, you have drunk too much canaries; and that's a marvellous ſearching wine, and it perfumes the blood ere one can ſay,—What's this? How do you now?

Dol. Better than I was. Hem.

Hoſt. Why, that's well ſaid; A good heart's worth gold. Look, here come's ſir John.

Enter FALSTAFF, *ſinging.*

Fal. *When Arthur firſt in court* [4]—Empty the jordan.—

And

[2] —*here will be old utis:*] *Utis*, an old word yet in uſe in ſome counties ſignifying a merry feſtival, from the French *huit*, *octo*, ab A. S. Eahta, *Octavæ feſti alicujus.*—Skinner. POPE.

Old, in this place, does not mean ancient, but was formerly a common augmentative in colloquial language. *Old Utis* ſignifies feſtivity in a great degree. So again, in Decker's comedy, called, *If this be not a good Play, the Devil is in it:* "We ſhall have *old* breaking of necks then." Again, in *Soliman and Perſeda*, 1599: "I ſhall have *old* laughing." STEEVENS.

See Vol. III. p. 299, n. 6. MALONE.

[3] —*your pulſidge beats* &c.] One would almoſt regard this ſpeech as a burleſque on the following paſſage in the interlude called the *Repentance of Mary Magdelene*, 1567. *Infidelity* ſays to *Mary:*

"Let me feele your poulſes, miſtreſſe Mary, be you ſicke?
"By my troth in as good tempre as any woman can be:
"Your vaines are as full of blood, luſty and quicke,
"In better taking truly I did you never ſee." STEEVENS.

[4] *When Arthur firſt in court*—] The entire ballad is publiſhed in the *firſt* volume of Dr. Percy's *Reliques of ancient Engliſh Poetry.* STEEVENS.

The

And was a worthy king: [*Exit* Drawer.] How now, miſtreſs Doll?

Hoſt. Sick of a calm[5]: yea, good ſooth.

Fal. So is all her ſect[6]; an they be once in a calm, they are ſick.

Dol. You muddy raſcal, is that all the comfort you give me?

Fal. You make fat raſcals[7], miſtreſs Doll.

Dol. I make them! gluttony and diſeaſes make them; I make them not.

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

Dol. Ay, marry; our chains, and our jewels.

The words in the ballad are

"*When Arthur firſt in court* began,

"*And was* approved *king.*" MALONE.

[5] *Sick of a* calm:] I ſuppoſe ſhe means to ſay *of a qualm.* STEEVENS.

[6] *So is all her* ſect;] I know not why *ſect* is printed in all the copies: I believe *ſex* is meant. JOHNSON.

In Middleton's *Mad World my maſters*, 1608, (as Dr. Farmer has elſewhere obſerved,) a courtezan ſays, "it is the eaſieſt art and cunning "for our *ſect* to counterfeit ſick, that are always full of fits, when we "are well." I have therefore no doubt that *ſect* was licentiouſly uſed by our author, and his contemporaries, for *ſex*. MALONE.

I have found *ſect* ſo often printed for *ſex* in the old plays, that I ſuppoſe theſe words were anciently ſynonymous. Thus, in Marſton's *Inſatiate Counteſs*, 1631:

"Deceives our *ſect* of fame and chaſtity."

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

"Who, for that theſe barons ſo wrought a ſlaunder to her *ſect*,

"Their fooliſh, raſh, and judgement falſe, ſhe ſharplie did detect." STEEVENS.

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

So in Quarles's *Virgin Widow*, 1656: "— and have known a *raſcal* from a fat deer." STEEVENS.

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

Fal. Your brooches, pearls, and owches[8]; —for to ſerve bravely, is to come halting off, you know: To come off the breach with his pike bent bravely, and to ſurgery bravely; to venture upon the charg'd chambers[9] bravely:

Dol. Hang yourſelf, you muddy conger, hang yourſelf!

Hoſt. By my troth, this is the old faſhion; you two never meet, but you fall to ſome diſcord: you are both, in good troth, as rheumatick[1] as two dry toaſts[2]; you

[8] *Your* brooches, *pearls, and* owches;—] *Brooches* were chains of gold that women wore formerly about their necks. *Owches* were boſſes of gold ſet with diamonds. POPE.

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

Your brooches, pearls, and owches, is a line in ſome old ſong, but I forget where I met with it. Dr. Johnſon may be ſupported in his conjecture by a paſſage in *The Widow's Tears*, a comedy, by Chapman, 1612: "—As many aches in his bones as there are *ouches* in his ſkin." Mr. Pope has rightly interpreted *ouches* in their literal ſenſe. The makers of theſe ornaments were called *owchers*. STEEVENS.

It appears from Stubbes's *Anatomie of Abuſes*, 1595, that *owches* were worn by women in their hair, in Shakſpeare's time. Dr. Johnſon's conjecture, however, may be ſupported by the following paſſage in *Maroccus Extaticus*, 1595: "Let him paſs for a churle, and wear his miſtreſs's favours, viz. *rubies* and *precious ſtones*, on his noſe, &c; and this *et cætera* ſhall, if you will, be the perfecteſt p— that ever grew in Shoreditch or Southwarke." MALONE.

[9] —*the charg'd* chambers—] To underſtand this quibble, it is neceſſary to ſay, that a *chamber* ſignifies not only an apartment, but a piece of ordnance. STEEVENS.

Chambers are very ſmall pieces of ordnance which are yet uſed in London, on what are called *rejoicing days*, and were ſometimes uſed in our author's theatre on particular occaſions. See *King Henry VIII.* Act I. ſc. iii. MALONE.

[1] —*as* rheumatick—] *Rheumatic*, in the cant language of the times, ſignified capricious, humourſome. In this ſenſe it appears to be uſed in many of the old plays. So, in *Every Man in his Humour*:

"*Cob.* Why, I have my *rewme*, and can be angry."

So, in our author's *K. Henry V.* "He did in ſome ſort handle women; but then he was *rheumatic*," &c. STEEVENS.

The word *ſcorbutico* (as an ingenious friend obſerves to me) is uſed in the ſame manner in Italian, to ſignify a peeviſh ill-tempered man. MALONE.

[2] —*as two dry toaſts*;] Which cannot meet but they grate one another. JOHNSON.

cannot

cannot one bear with another's confirmities. What the good-year! one muſt bear, and that muſt be you: [*to* Doll.] you are the weaker veſſel, as they ſay, the emptier veſſel.

Dol. Can a weak empty veſſel bear ſuch a huge full hogſhead? there's a whole merchant's venture of Bourdeaux ſtuff in him; you have not ſeen a hulk better ſtuff'd in the hold.—Come, I'll be friends with thee, Jack: thou art going to the wars; and whether I ſhall ever ſee thee again, or no, there is nobody cares.

Re-enter Drawer.

Draw. Sir, ancient Piſtol's[3] below, and would ſpeak with you.

Dol. Hang him, ſwaggering raſcal! let him not come hither: it is the foul-mouth'dſt rogue in England.

Hoſt. If he ſwagger, let him not come here: no, by my faith; I muſt live amongſt my neighbours; I'll no ſwaggerers: I am in good name and fame with the very beſt:—Shut the door;—there comes no ſwaggerers here: I have not lived all this while, to have ſwaggering now:—ſhut the door, I pray you.

Fal. Doſt thou hear, hoſteſs?—

Hoſt. Pray you, pacify yourſelf, ſir John; there comes no ſwaggerers here.

Fal. Doſt thou hear? it is mine ancient.

Hoſt. Tilly-fally[4], ſir John, never tell me; your ancient ſwaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before maſter Tiſick, the deputy, the other day; and, as he ſaid to me,—it was no longer ago than Wedneſday laſt,—*Neighbour Quickly*, ſays he;—maſter Dumb, our miniſter, was by then;—*Neighbour Quickly*, ſays he, *receive thoſe that are civil*; *for*, ſaith he, *you are in an ill name*;—now he ſaid ſo, I can tell whereupon; *for*, ſays he, *you are an honeſt woman, and well thought on*; *therefore take heed what gueſts you receive: Receive*, ſays he, *no ſwaggering*

3 —*ancient Piſtol*—] is the ſame as *enſign Piſtol*. Falſtaff was captain, Peto lieutenant, and Piſtol enſign, or *ancient*. JOHNSON.

4 *Tillyfally*—] See Vol. IV. p. 38, n. 6. MALONE.

companions.—There comes none here;—you would bleſs you to hear what he ſaid:—no, I'll no ſwaggerers.

Fal. He's no ſwaggerer, hoſteſs; a tame cheater[5], he; you may ſtroak him as gently as a puppy-greyhound: he will not ſwagger with a Barbary hen, if her feathers turn back in any ſhew of reſiſtance.—Call him up, drawer.

Hoſt. Cheater, call you him? I will bar no honeſt man my houſe, nor no cheater[6]: But I do not love ſwaggering; by my troth I am the worſe, when one ſays—ſwagger: feel, maſters, how I ſhake: look you, I warrant you.

Dol. So you do, hoſteſs.

Hoſt. Do I? yea in very truth, do I, an 'twere an aſpen leaf: I cannot abide ſwaggerers.

— *a tame cheater.*] Gameſter and cheater were, in Shakſpeare's age, ſynonymous terms. Ben Jonſon has an epigram on Captain Hazard the *cheater*.— A *tame cheater* however, as Mr. Whalley obſerves to me, appears to be a cant phraſe. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Fair Maid of the Inn*:

— "and will be drawn into the net,
"By this decoy duck, this *tame cheater*."

Greene in his *Mibil Mumchance* has the following paſſage: "They call their art by a new-found name, as *cheating*, themſelves *cheators*, and the dice *cheters*, borrowing the term from among our lawyers, with whom all ſuch caſuals as fall to the lord at the holding of his leets, as waiſes, ſtraies, and ſuch like, be called *chetes*, and are accuſtomably ſaid to be *eſcheated* to the lord's uſe." So likewiſe in Lord Coke's charge at Norwich, 1607: "But if you will be content to let the *eſcheater* alone, and not look into his actions, he will be contented by deceiving you to change his name, taking unto him ſelfe the two laſt ſyllables only, with the *es* left out, and ſo turn *cheater*." Hence perhaps the derivation of the verb—to *cheat*, which I do not recollect to have met with among our moſt ancient writers. This account of the word is likewiſe given in *A Manifeſt Detection of Dice-play*, printed by Vele, in the reign of *Henry VIII*. STEEVENS.

[6] *I will bar no honeſt man my houſe, nor no cheater:*] The humour of this conſiſts in the woman's miſtaking the title of *cheater*, (which our anceſtors gave to him whom we now, with better manners, call a *gameſter*) for that officer of the exchequer called an *eſcheator*, well known to the common people of that time; and named, either corruptly or ſatirically, a *cheater*. WARBURTON.

Enter

Enter PISTOL, BARDOLPH, *and* Page.

Piſt. 'Save you, ſir John!

Fal. Welcome, ancient Piſtol. Here, Piſtol, I charge you with a cup of ſack: do you diſcharge upon mine hoſteſs.

Piſt. I will diſcharge upon her, ſir John, with two bullets.

Fal. She is piſtol-proof, ſir; you ſhall hardly offend her.

Hoſt. Come, I'll drink no proofs, nor no bullets: I'll drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleaſure[7], I.

Piſt. Then to you, miſtreſs Dorothy; I will charge you.

Dol. Charge me? I ſcorn you, ſcurvy companion. What! you poor, baſe, raſcally, cheating, lack-linen mate! away, you mouldy rogue, away! I am meat for your maſter.

Piſt. I know you, miſtreſs Dorothy.

Dol. Away, you cut-purſe raſcal! you filthy bung[8], away! by this wine, I'll thruſt my knife in your mouldy

[7] — *I'll drink no more—for no man's pleaſure*, I.] This ſhould not be printed as a broken ſentence. The duplication of the pronoun was very common: in the *London Prodigal* we have, "I ſcorn ſervice, I." "I am an aſs, I," ſays the ſtage-keeper in the induction to *Bartholomew Fair*; and Kendal thus tranſlates a well-known epigram of Martial:

"I love thee not, *Sabidius*,
"I cannot tell thee why:
"I can ſaie naught but this alone,
"I do not love thee, I." FARMER.

So, in *K. Richard III.* Act. III. ſc. ii.

"I do not like theſe ſeveral councils, *I.*" STEEVENS.

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"I will not budge, for no man's pleaſure, *I.*"

Again, in *K. Edward II.* by Marlowe, 1598:

"I am none of theſe common peaſants, *I.*"

The French ſtill uſe this idiom:—Je ſuis Pariſien, *moi*. MALONE.

[8] —*filthy bung*,] In the cant of thievery, to *nip a bung* was to cut a purſe; and among an explanation of many of theſe terms in *Martin Mark-all's Apologie to the Bel-man of London*, 1610, it is ſaid that "*Bung* is now uſed for a *pocket*, heretofore for a *purſe*." STEEVENS.

chaps

chaps, an you play the ſaucy cuttle with me [9]. Away, you bottle-ale raſcal! you baſket-hilt ſtale jugler, you!—Since when, I pray you, ſir?—What, with two points [1] on your ſhoulder? much! [2]

Piſt. I will murder your ruff for this.

Fal. No more, Piſtol; I would not have you go off here: diſcharge yourſelf of our company, Piſtol.

Hoſt. No, good captain Piſtol; not here, ſweet captain.

Dol. Captain! thou abominable damn'd cheater [3], art thou not aſhamed to be call'd—captain? If captains were of my mind, they would truncheon you out, for taking their names upon you before you have earn'd them. You a captain, you ſlave! for what? for tearing a poor whore's ruff in a bawdy-houſe?—He a captain! Hang him, rogue! He lives upon mouldy ſtew'd prunes, and

9 — *an you play the ſaucy* cuttle *with me.*] It appears from Green's *Art of Conney-catching*, that *cuttle* and *cuttle-boung* were the cant terms for the knife uſed by the ſharpers of that age to cut the bottoms of purſes, which were then worn hanging at the girdle. Or the alluſion may be to the foul language thrown out by Piſtol, which ſhe means to compare with ſuch filth as the *cuttle-fiſh* ejects. STEEVENS.

1 —*with two points*—] As a mark of his commiſſion. JOHNSON.

2 —much!] *Much* was a common expreſſion of diſdain at that time, of the ſame ſenſe with that more modern one, *Marry come up.* WARB.

Dr. Warburton is right. *Much!* is uſed thus in B. Jonſon's *Volpone*:

" —— But you ſhall eat it. *Much!*

Again, in *Every Man out of his Humour*:

" To charge me bring my grain unto the markets:

" Ay, *much!* when I have neither barn nor garner." STEEVENS.

See Vol. III. p. 208, n. 8. MALONE.

3 *Captain! thou abominable damn'd cheater*, &c.] Piſtol's character ſeems to have been a common one on the ſtage in the time of Shakeſpeare. In a *Woman's a Weathercock* by N. Field, 1612, there is a perſonage of the ſame ſtamp, who is thus deſcribed:

" Thou unſpeakable raſcal, thou a ſoldier!

" That with thy ſlops and cat-a-mountain face,

" Thy blather chaps, and thy robuſtious words,

" Fright'ſt the poor whore, and terribly doſt exact

" A weekly ſubſidy, twelve pence a piece,

" Whereon thou liveſt; and on my conſcience,

" Thou ſnap'ſt beſides with cheats and cut-purſes." MALONE.

dry'd

dry'd cakes[4]. A captain! theſe villains will make the word captain as odious as the word occupy[5]; which was an excellent good word before it was ill ſorted: therefore captains had need look to it.

Bard. Pray thee, go down, good ancient.

Fal. Hark thee hither, miſtreſs Doll.

Piſt. Not I: I tell thee what, corporal Bardolph;—I could tear her:—I'll be reveng'd on her.

Page. Pray thee, go down.

Piſt. I'll ſee her damn'd firſt;—to Pluto's damned lake, to the infernal deep, with Erebus and tor-

[4] *He lives upon mouldy ſtew'd prunes, and dry'd cakes.*] That is, he lives on the refuſe proviſions of bawdy-houſes and paſtry-cooks' ſhops. *Stew'd prunes*, once mouldy, were perhaps formerly ſold at a cheap rate, as ſtale eggs and *cakes* are at preſent. The alluſion to *ſtew'd prunes*, and all that is neceſſary to be known on that ſubject, has been already explained in the firſt part of this hiſtorical play. STEEVENS.

[5] —*as odious as the word* occupy;] So, B. Jonſon in his *Diſcoveries*: "Many, out of their own obſcene apprehenſions, refuſe proper and fit words; as, *occupy*, nature," &c. STEEVENS.

Occupant ſeems to have been formerly a term for a woman of the town, as *occupier* was for a wencher. So, in Marſton's *Satires*, 1598:

" ——— He with his *occupant*
" Are cling'd ſo cloſe, like dew-worms in the morne,
" That he'll not ſtir."

Again, in a ſong by Sir T. Overbury, 1616:

" Here's water to quench maidens' fires,
" Here's ſpirits for old *occupiers*." MALONE.

[6] *I'll ſee her* damn'd *firſt*;—*to Pluto's* damned *lake, to the infernal deep, with* Erebus *and* tortures *vile alſo.*] Theſe words, I believe, were intended to allude to the following paſſage in an old play called the *Battle of Alcazar*, 1594, from which Piſtol afterwards quotes a line (ſee p. 335, n 5.):

" You daſtards of the night and *Erebus*,
" Fiends, fairies, hags, that fight in beds of ſteel,
" Range through this army with your iron whips;—
" Deſcend and take to thy *tormenting hell*
" The mangled body of that traitor king.—
" Then let the earth diſcover to his ghoſt
" Such *tortures* as uſurpers feel below.—
" *Damn'd* let him be, *damn'd* and condemn'd to bear
" All torments, *tortures*, pains and plagues of hell." MALONE.

tures

tures vile alſo[6]. Hold hook and line[7], ſay I. Down! down, dogs! down faitors[8]! Have we not Hiren here[9]?

Hoſt.

7 *Hold hook and line.*—] Theſe words are introduced in ridicule by *B. Jonſon* in *The Caſe is alter'd*, 1609. Of abſurd and fuſtian paſſages from many plays in which Shakſpeare had been a performer, I have always ſuppoſed no ſmall part of *Piſtol's* character to be compoſed: and the pieces themſelves being now irretrievably loſt, the humour of his alluſions is not a little obſcured. STEEVENS.

In Truſſer's *Huſhandry*, 1580, it is ſaid,

" At noone, if it bloweth, at night, if it ſhine,
" Out trudgeth Hew Makeſhift, *with hook and with line.*"

HENDERSON.

8 *Down! down, dogs! down faitors!*] A burleſque on a play already quoted; *The Battle of Alcazar*:

" Ye proud malicious *dogs* of Italy,
" Strike on, ſtrike *down*, this body to the earth." MALONE.

Faitours, ſays Minſheu's Dictionary, is a corruption of the French word *faiſeurs*, i. e. *factores*, doers; and it is uſed in the ſtatute 12 *Rich. II.* c. 5, for evil doers, or rather for idle livers; from the French, *faitard*, which in Cotgrave's Dict. ſignifies ſlothful, idle, &c. TOLLET.

— down *faitors*, i. e. traitors, raſcals. So Spenſer:

" Into new woes, unweeting, why I caſt,
" By this falſe *faitour*."

The word often occurs in the *Cheſter Myſteries*. STEEVENS.

9 *Have we not* Hiren *here?*] From *The Merie conceited Jeſts of George Peele, Gentleman, ſometime Student in Oxford*, quarto, 1657, it appears, that *Peele* was the author of a play called *The Turkiſh Mahomet and* Hyren *the Fair Greek*, which is now loſt. One of theſe jeſts, or rather ſtories, is entitled, *How George read a* Play-book *to a Gentleman.* " There was a gentleman (ſays the tale) whom God had endued with good living, to maintain his ſmall wit,—one that took great delight to have the firſt hearing of any work that *George* had done, himſelf being a writer.—This ſelf-conceited brock had George invited to half a ſcore ſheets of paper; whoſe Chriſtianly pen had *writ Finis* to the famous play of *The Turkiſh Mahomet and* Hyren *the Fair Greek*; —in Italian called a curtezan; in Spaine, a margarite; in French, un curtain; in Engliſh, among the barbarous, a *whore*; among the gentles, their uſual aſſociates, a *punk*.—This fantaſtick, whoſe brain was made of nought but cork and ſponge, came to the cold lodging of Monſieur Peel.—George bids him welcome;—told him he would gladly have his opinion of *his book*.—He willingly condeſcended, and George begins to read, and between every *ſcene* he would make pauſes, and demand his opinion how he liked the carriage of it," &c.

Have we not Hiren here? was, without doubt, a quotation from this play of Peele's, and, from the explanation of the word *Hiren* above given, is put with peculiar propriety on the preſent occaſion into the mouth

Hoſt. Good captain Peeſel, be quiet; it is very late i'faith: I beſeek you now, aggravate your choler.

Piſt. These be good humours, indeed! Shall pack-horſes,
And hollow-pamper'd jades of Aſia[9],

Which

mouth of Piſtol. In *Eaſtward Hoe*, a comedy, by Jonſon, Chapman, and Marſton, 1605, *Quickſilver* comes in drunk, and repeats this and many other verſes, from dramatick performances of that time:

"Holla, ye pamper'd jades of Aſia! [*Tamburlaine.*]

"Haſt thou not *Hiren* here?" [probably, *the Turkiſh Mahomet.*]

"Who cries out murther? lady, was it you? [*Spaniſh Tragedy.*]

All theſe lines are printed as quotations, in Italicks. In John Day's *Law Tricks*, quoted by Mr. Steevens in the following note, the prince Polymetes, when he ſays "Have we not *Hiren* here", alludes to a lady then preſent, whom he imagines to be a harlot. MALONE.

In an old comedy, 1608, called *Law Tricks, or, Who would have thought it?* the ſame quotation is likewiſe introduced, and on a ſimilar occaſion. The prince Polymetes ſays:

"What ominous news can Polymetes daunt?

"*Have we not Hiren here?*

Again, in Maſſinger's *Old Law:*

"*Clown.* No dancing for me, we have Siren here.

"*Cook.* Syren! 'twas *Hiren* the fair Greek, man."

Again, in *Decker's Satiromaſtix:* "—therefore whilſt *we have Hiren here*, ſpeak my little diſh-waſhers."

Mr. Tollet obſerves, that in Adams's *Spiritual Navigator, &c.* 1615, there is the following paſſage: "There be ſirens in the ſea of the world. Syrens? *Hirens*, as they are now called. What a number of theſe ſirens, *Hirens*, cockatrices, courteghians,—in plain Engliſh, harlots,—ſwimme amongſt us?" Piſtol may therefore mean, Have we not a *ſtrumpet* here? and why I am thus uſed by her? STEEVENS.

[9]— *hollow-pamper'd jades of Aſia*, &c.] These lines are in part a quotation out of an old abſurd fuſtian play, entitled, *Tamburlaine's Conqueſt; or, The Scythian Shepherd*, 1590. [by C. Marlowe,] THEOBALD.

These lines are addreſſed by Tamburlaine to the captive princes who draw his chariot:

"Holla, you pamper'd jades of Aſia,

"What! can you draw but twenty miles a day?"

The ſame paſſage is burleſqued by B. and Fletcher in *The Coxcomb.*

I was ſurprized to find a ſimile, much and juſtly celebrated by the admirers of *Spenſer's Fairy Queen*, inſerted almoſt word for word in the ſecond part of this tragedy. The earlieſt edition of thoſe books of *The Fairy Queen*, in one of which it is to be found, was publiſhed in 1590, and *Tamburlane* had been repreſented in or before the year 1588, as appears from the preface to *Perimedes the Blackſmith*, by Robert Greene.

The

Which cannot go but thirty miles a day,
Compare with Cæſars, and with Cannibals[1],
And Trojan Greeks? nay, rather damn them with
King Cerberus; and let the welkin roar[2].
Shall we fall foul for toys?

Hoſt. By my troth, captain, theſe are very bitter words.

Bard. Be gone, good ancient: this will grow to a brawl anon.

Piſt. Die men, like dogs[3]; give crowns like pins;

The firſt copy, however, that I have met with, is in 1590, and the next in 1593. In the year 1590 both parts of it were entered on the books of the Stationers' Company.

" Like to an almond-tree ymounted high
" On top of green Selinis, all alone,
" With bloſſoms brave bedecked daintily,
" Whoſe tender locks do tremble every one
" At every little breath that under heaven is blown." *Spenſer.*

" Like to an almond-tree ymounted high
" Upon the lofty and celeſtial mount
" Of ever-green Selinis, quaintly deck'd
" With bloom more bright than Erycina's brows;
" Whoſe tender bloſſoms tremble every one
" At every little breath from heaven is blown." *Tamburlaine.*

STEEVENS.

[1] —*Cannibals,*] *Cannibal* is uſed by a blunder for *Hannibal.* This was afterwards copied by Congreve's Bluff and Wittol. Bluft is a character apparently taken from this of ancient Piſtol. JOHNSON.

Perhaps the character of a bully on the Engliſh ſtage might have been originally taken from Piſtol; but Congreve ſeems to have copied his Nol Bluff more immediately from Jonſon's Captain Bobadil. STEEVENS.

[2] ——*nay rather damn them with King Cerberus; and let the welkin roar.*] So in *Eaſtward Hoe,* 1605: " —turn ſwaggering gallant, and *let the welkin roar,* and Erebus alſo," MALONE.

—*let the welkin roar.*] Theſe are part of the words of an old ballad, entitled, " What the father gathereth with the rake, the ſon doth ſcatter with the forke":

" *Let the welkin roare,*
" I'll never give ore, &c."

Again, in another ancient ſong called " The Man in the Moon drinks claret:"

" Drink wine till *the welkin roares,*
" And cry out a p— of your ſcores." STEEVENS.

[3] *Die men like dogs;*—] This expreſſion I find in *Ram-alley,* 1611:

" Your lieutenant's an aſs.
" How an aſs? *Die men like dogs?* STEEVENS.

Have

Have we not Hiren here[4]?

Hoſt. O' my word, captain, there's none ſuch here. What the good-year! do you think, I would deny her? for God's ſake, be quiet.

Piſt. Then, feed, and be fat, my fair Calipolis[5]: Come, give's ſome ſack.

Si fortuna me tormenta, ſperato me contenta[6].—

Fear we broad-ſides? no, let the fiend give fire:
Give me ſome ſack;—and, ſweet-heart, lie thou there.

[*Laying down his ſword.*

4 — *Have we not Hiren here?*] Mr. Theobald thought that *Hiren* was a name beſtowed by Piſtol on his ſword, in imitation of the heroes of romance: thus "king Arthur's ſwords were called *Caliburn* and *Ren*, Orlando's *Durindan*, Rinaldo's *Fuſberta*," &c. He adds, that "*he had been told* that Amadis de Gaul had a ſword of the name of *Hiren*." But I ſee no ground for ſuppoſing that the words bear a different meaning here from what they did in a former paſſage. He is ſtill, I think, merely quoting the ſame play that he had quoted before. MALONE.

5 — *feed, and be fat, my fair Calipolis:*] This is a burleſque on a line in an old play called *The Battle of Alcazar*, &c. printed in 1594, in which Muley Mahomet enters to his wife with lion's fleſh on his ſword:

"Feed then, and faint not, my faire Calypolis."

And again, in the ſame play:

"Hold thee, Calipolis; feed, and faint no more."

And again:

"*Feed and be fat*, that we may meet the foe
"With ſtrength and terrour, to reveage our wrong."

This line is quoted in ſeveral of the old plays; and Decker, in his *Satiromaſtix*, 1602, has introduced Shakſpeare's burleſque of it: "Feed and be fat, my fair *Calipolis*: ſtir not my beauteous wriggle-tails." STEEVENS.

It is likewiſe quoted by Marſton in his *What you will*, 1607, as it ſtands in Shakſpeare. MALONE.

6 —*Si fortuna me tormenta, ſperato me contenta.*] Sir Tho. Hanmer reads: "Si fortuna mè tormenta, il ſperare me contenta," which is undoubtedly the true reading; but perhaps it was intended that Piſtol ſhould corrupt it. JOHNSON.

Piſtol is only a copy of Hannibal Gonſaga, who vaunted on yielding himſelf a priſoner, as you may read in an old collection of tales, called *Wits, Fits, and Fancies*,

"Si fortuna me tormenta,
"Il ſperanza me contenta.

And ſir Richard Hawkins, in his *Voyage to the South Sea*, 1593, throws out the ſame gingling diſtich on the loſs of his pinnace. FARMER.

Come we to full points here; and are *et cetera's* nothing[7]?

Fal. Piſtol, I would be quiet.

Piſt. Sweet knight, I kiſs thy neif[8]: What! we have ſeen the ſeven ſtars.

Dol. Thruſt him down ſtairs; I cannot endure ſuch a fuſtian raſcal.

Piſt. Thruſt him down ſtairs! know we not Galloway nags[9]?

Fal. Quoit him down, Bardolph, like a ſhove-groat ſhilling[1]: nay, if he do nothing but ſpeak nothing, he ſhall be nothing here.

Bard. Come, get you down ſtairs.

Piſt. What! ſhall we have inciſion? ſhall we imbrew?

[*ſnatching up his ſword.*

Then death rock me aſleep[2], abridge my doleful days!
Why then, let grievous, ghaſtly, gaping wounds
Untwine the ſiſters three! Come, Atropos *, I ſay!

Hoſt. Here's goodly ſtuff toward!

Fal. Give me my rapier, boy.

[7] *Come we to full points here*; &c.] That is, ſhall we ſtop here, ſhall we have no further entertainment? JOHNSON.

[8] *Sweet knight, I kiſs thy* neif:] i. e. I kiſs thy fiſt. THEOBALD.

Neif is ſtill employed in this ſenſe in the Northern counties, and by B. Jonſon in his *Poetaſter*. STEEVENS.

So, in *A Midſummer Night's Dream*: "Give me thy *neif*, Monſieur Muſtard-Seed. MALONE.

[9] —*Galloway nags?*] That is, common hackneys. JOHNSON.

[1] —*like a ſhove-groat ſhilling*:] This expreſſion occurs in *Every Man in his humour*: "—made it run as ſmooth off the tongue as a *ſhove-groat ſhilling*.". I ſuppoſe it to have been a piece of poliſhed metal made uſe of in the play of ſhovel board. STEEVENS.

See Vol. I. p. 199, n. 5. MALONE.

Slide-thrift, or *ſhove-groat* is one of the games prohibited by ſtatute 33 Hen. VIII. BLACKSTONE.

[2] *Then death rock me aſleep*,] This is a fragment of an ancient ſong, ſuppoſed to have been written by Anne Boleyn:

"*O death rock me on ſlepe*,
"Bring me on quiet reſt, &c."

For the entire ſong, ſee ſir John Hawkins's *General Hiſt. of Muſick*, Vol. I. p 31. STEEVENS.

* *Come*, Atropos,—] It has been ſuggeſted that this is a name which Piſtol gives to his ſword; but ſurely he means nothing more than to call on one of the *ſiſters three* to aid him in the fray. MALONE.

Dol.

Dol. I pray thee, Jack, I pray thee, do not draw.

Fal. Get you down ſtairs.

[*Drawing, and driving* Piſtol *out.*

Hoſt. Here's a goodly tumult! I'll forſwear keeping houſe, afore I'll be in theſe tirrits and frights. So; murther, I warrant now.—Alas, alas! put up your naked weapons, put up your naked weapons.

[*Exeunt* Piſtol *and* Bardolph.

Dol. I pray thee, Jack, be quiet; the raſcal is gone. Ah, you whorſon little valiant villain, you!

Hoſt. Are you not hurt i'the groin? methought, he made a ſhrewd thruſt at your belly.

Re-enter Bardolph.

Fal. Have you turn'd him out of doors?

Bard. Yes, ſir. The raſcal's drunk: you have hurt him, ſir, in the ſhoulder.

Fal. A raſcal! to brave me!

Dol. Ah, you ſweet little rogue, you! Alas, poor ape, how thou ſweat'ſt? Come, let me wipe thy face;—come on, you whoreſon chops:—Ah, rogue! i'faith I love thee. Thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth five of Agamemnon, and ten times better than the nine worthies: Ah, villain[3]!

Fal. A raſcally ſlave! I will toſs the rogue in a blanket.

Dol. Do, if thou dareſt for thy heart: if thou doſt, I'll canvaſs thee between a pair of ſheets.

Enter Muſick.

Page. The muſick is come, ſir.

Fal. Let them play;—Play, ſirs.—Sit on my knee, Doll. A raſcal bragging ſlave! the rogue fled from me like quickſilver.

Dol. I'faith, and thou follow'dſt him like a church. Thou whoreſon little tidy Bartholomew boar-pig[4], when wilt

[3] —Ah, *villain!*] Thus the folio: the quarto reads—*a* villain; which may be right. She may mean Piſtol. Malone.

[4] —*little* tidy *Bartholomew boar-pig,*] For *tidy* ſir Thomas Hanmer reads *tiny*; but they are both words of endearment, and equally proper. *Bartholomew boar-pig* is a little pig made of paſte, ſold at Bartholomew fair, and given to children for a fairing. Johnson.

wilt thou leave fighting o'day's, and foining o'nights, and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven?

Enter, behind, Prince HENRY *and* POINS, *diſguiſed like drawers.*

Fal. Peace, good Doll! do not ſpeak like a death's head[5]; do not bid me remember mine end.

Dol. Sirrah, what humour is the prince of?

Fal. A good ſhallow young fellow: he would have made a good pantler, he would have chipp'd bread well.

Dol. They ſay, Poins has a good wit.

Fal. He a good wit? hang him, baboon! his wit is as thick

Tidy has two ſignifications, *timely* and *neat*. In the firſt of theſe ſenſes, I believe, it is uſed in the *Arraignment of Paris*, 1584:

" —I myſelf have given good, *tidie* limbs." STEEVENS.

From Ben Jonſon's play of *Bartholomew Fair*, we learn, that it was the cuſtom formerly to have booths in Bartholomew Fair, in which pigs were dreſt and ſold, and to theſe it is probable the alluſion is here, and not to the pigs of paſte mentioned by Dr. Johnſon.

The practice of roaſting *pigs* at Bartholomew Fair continued until the beginning of the preſent century, if not later. It is mentioned in *Ned Ward's London Spy*, 1697. When about the year 1708, ſome attempts were made to limit the duration of the fair to three days, a poem was publiſhed entitled, *The Pigs' Petition againſt Bartholomew Fair*, &c. *Tidy*, I apprehend, means only *fat*, and in that ſenſe it was certainly ſometimes uſed. See an old tranſlation of *Galatea of Manners and Behaviour*, b. l. 1578, p. 77: " — and it is more proper and peculiar ſpeech to ſay the ſhivering of an ague than to call it the colde; and fleſh that is *tidie* to term it rather *fat* than fulſome." REED.

See alſo D'Avenant's burleſque *Verſes on a long vacation*, written about 1630:

" Now London's chief on ſaddle new
" Rides into *fair* of *Bartholmew*;
" He twirls his chain, and looking big
" As if to fright the head of *pig*,
" That gaping lies on *greaſy* ſtall,
" Till female with great belly call," &c. MALONE.

5 —*like a death's head*;] It appears from the following paſſage in Marſton's *Dutch Courtezan*, 1605, that it was the cuſtom for the bawds of that age to wear a *death's head* in a ring, very probably with the common motto, *memento mori*. Cocledemoy, ſpeaking of ſome of theſe, ſays:—" as for their death, how can it be bad, ſince their

" wicked

thick as Tewkſbury muſtard[6]; there is no more conceit in him, than is in a mallet[7].

Dol. Why does the prince love him ſo then?

Fal. Becauſe their legs are both of a bigneſs; and he plays at quoits well; and eats conger and fennel; and drinks off candles' ends for flap-dragons[8]; and rides the wild mare with the boys[9]; and jumps upon joint-ſtools;

" wickedneſs is always before their eyes, and a *death's head* moſt com-
" monly on their middle finger." Again, in *Northward Hoe*, 1607:
" —as if I were a *bawd*, no ring pleaſes me but a *death's head*".
On the Stationer's books, Feb. 21, 1582, is enter'd a ballad, entitled *Remember thy end.* STEEVENS.

6 — *Tewkſbury muſtard*;] Tewkſbury is a market-town in the county of Glouceſter, formerly noted for muſtard-balls made there, and ſent into other parts. GREY.

7 — *in a* mallet.] So, in Milton's Proſe Works, 1738, Vol. I. p. 300: " —though the fancy of this doubt be as obtuſe and ſad as any *mallet*." TOLLET.

8 —*eats conger and fennel; and drinks off candles' ends for flap-dragons*;] *Conger with fennel* was formerly regarded as a provocative. It is mentioned by B. Jonſon in his *Bartholomew-Fair*:—" like a long laced " *conger* with green *fennel* in the joll of it." And in *Philaſter*, one of the ladies adviſes the wanton Spaniſh prince to abſtain from this article of luxury. Greene likewiſe in his *Quip for an upſtart Courtier*, calls *fennel* " women's weeds" —" fit generally, for that ſex, ſith while they are maidens they wiſh wantonly."

The qualification that follows, viz. that of ſwallowing *candles' ends by way of flap-dragons*, ſeems to indicate no more than that the prince loved him becauſe he was always ready to do any thing for his amuſement, however abſurd or unnatural. Naſh, in *Pierce Pennyleſs his Supplication to the Devil*, adviſes hard drinkers,—" to have ſome ſhoo-
" ing horne to pull on their wine as a raſher on the coals, or a red
" herring; or to ſtir it about with a *candle's end* to make it taſte the
" better," &c. And Ben Jonſon in his *News from the Moon*, &c. a maſque, ſpeaks of thoſe who eat *candle ends*, as an act of love and gallantry. Again, in Marſton's *Dutch Courtezan*, 1605:—" have I not been drunk to your health, ſwallow'd *flap-dragons*, eat glaſſes, drank urine, ſtabb'd arms, and done all the offices of proteſted gallantry for your ſake?" STEEVENS.

A *flap-dragon* is ſome ſmall combuſtible body, fired at one end, and put afloat in a glaſs of liquor. It is an act of a toper's dexterity to toſs off the glaſs in ſuch a manner as to prevent the *flap-dragon* from doing miſchief. JOHNSON.

9 —*and rides the wild* mare *with the boys*;] He probably means the *two-legged mare* mentioned by Mr. Steevens, in n. 6, p. 308. MALONE.

and ſwears with a good grace; and wears his boot very ſmooth, like unto the ſign of the leg[1]; and breeds no bate with telling of diſcreet ſtories[2]: and ſuch other gambol faculties he hath, that ſhew a weak mind and an able body, for the which the prince admits him: for the prince himſelf is ſuch another; the weight of a hair will turn the ſcales between their avoirdupois.

P. Hen. Would not this nave of a wheel[3] have his ears cut off?

Poins. Let's beat him before his whore.

P. Hen. Look, if the wither'd elder hath not his poll claw'd like a parrot.

Poins. Is it not ſtrange, that deſire ſhould ſo many years out-live performance?

Fal. Kiſs me, Doll.

P. Hen. Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction[4]! what ſays the almanack to that?

Poins. And, look, whether the fiery Trigon[5], his man, be

[1] —*wears his boot very ſmooth, like unto the ſign of the leg*;] The learned editor of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, 1775, obſerves that ſuch is part of the deſcription of a ſmart abbot, by an anonymous writer of the thirteenth century. "*Ocreas habebat in cruribus, quaſi innatæ eſſent, ſine plicâ porrectas.*" MS. Bod. James. n. 6. p. 121. STEEVENS.

[2] —*diſcreet ſtories*:—] We ſhould read *indiſcreet*. WARBURTON.

I ſuppoſe by *diſcreet ſtories*, is meant what ſuſpicious maſters and miſtreſſes of families would call *prudential information*; i. e. what ought to be known, and yet is diſgraceful to the teller. Among the virtues of John Rugby, in the *Merry Wives of Windſor*, Mrs. Quickly adds, that "he is *no tell-tale*, no breed-bate." STEEVENS.

[3] —*nave of a wheel*—] *Nave* and *knave* are eaſily reconciled, but why *nave of a wheel*? I ſuppoſe from his roundneſs. He was called *round man* in contempt before. JOHNSON.

So, in the play repreſented before the king and queen in *Hamlet*:

"Break all the ſpokes and fellies of her wheel,
"And bowl the *round nave* down the ſteep of heaven."

STEEVENS.

[4] —*Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction*!] This was indeed a prodigy. The aſtrologers, ſays Ficinus, remark, that Saturn and Venus are never conjoined. JOHNSON.

[5] —*the fiery* Trigon, &c.] *Trigonum igneum* is the aſtronomical term when the upper planets meet in a fiery ſign. The *fiery Trigon*, I think, con-

be not liſping to his maſter's old tables[6]; his note-book, his counſel-keeper.

Fal. Thou doſt give me flattering buſſes.

Dol. Nay, truly; I kiſs thee with a moſt conſtant heart.

Fal. I am old, I am old.

Dol. I love thee better than I love e'er a ſcurvy young boy of them all.

Fal. What ſtuff wilt have a kirtle of[7]? I ſhall receive

conſiſts of *Aries*, *Leo*, and *Sagittarius*.—So, in Warner's *Albions England*, 1602; B. 6. chap. 31:

"Even at the *fiery Trigon* ſhall your chief aſcendant be."

STEEVENS.

6 —liſping *to his maſter's old tables*;] Dr. Warburton reads *claſping too*, &c. to preſerve no doubt the *integrity* of the metaphor, as he often calls it. But a ſlight acquaintance with our author's manner is ſufficient to inform us that this is an object to which he ſcarcely ever attends. The old table-book was a *counſel-keeper*, or a regiſter of ſecrets; and ſo alſo was Dame Quickly; and Shakſpeare looked no further. I have therefore not the leaſt ſuſpicion of any corruption in the text. *Liſping* is, in our author's dialect, making love, or in modern language, *ſaying ſoft things*. So in the *Merry Wives of Windſor*, Falſtaff apologizes to Mrs. Ford for his conciſe addreſs to her, by ſaying, "I cannot cog, and *ſay this and that*, like a many of theſe *liſping* hawthorn-buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and ſmell like Buckler's-bury in ſimple-time; I cannot; but I love thee;" &c. MALONE.

I believe the old reading to be the true one. Bardolph was very probably drunk, and might *liſp* a little in his courtſhip; or might aſſume an affected ſoftneſs of ſpeech, like Chaucer's *Frere*; late edit. Prol. v. 266:

"Somewhat he *liſped* for his wantonneſſe,

"To make his Engliſh ſwete upon his tonge."

Or, like the *Page* in the *Mad Lover* of Beaumont and Fletcher, who

"*Liſps* when he liſt to catch a chambermaid."

Again, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*: "—He can carve too, and *liſp*."

STEEVENS.

7 —*a* kirtle *of it*.] I know not exactly what a *kirtle* is. The following paſſages may ſerve to ſhew that it was ſomething different from a *gown*: "How unkindly ſhe takes the matter, and cannot be reconciled with leſs than a *gowne* or a *kirtle* of ſilk." *Greene's Art of Legerdemaine*, &c. 1612.

Bale, in his *Actes of Engliſh Votaries*, ſays that Roger earl of Shrewſbury ſent "to Clunyake in France, for the *kertle* of holy Hugh the abbot." Perhaps *kirtle*, in its common acceptation, means a *petticoat*. "Half a dozen taffata gowns or ſattin *kirtles*." *Cynthia's Revels* by Ben Jonſon.—Stubbs mentions *kirtles*, but is not preciſe in his deſcription of them. Dr. Farmer ſuppoſes them to be the ſame as *ſafe-guards*, or *riding-hoods*. STEEVENS.

money on thurſday: thou ſhalt have a cap to-morrow. A merry ſong, come: it grows late, we'll to bed. Thou'lt forget me, when I am gone.

Dol. By my troth, thou'lt ſet me a weeping, an thou ſay'ſt ſo: prove that ever I dreſs myſelf handſome till thy return.—Well, hearken the end.

Fal. Some ſack, Francis.

P. Hen. Poins. Anon, anon, ſir[8]. [*advancing.*

Fal. Ha! a baſtard ſon of the king's[9]?—And art not thou Poins his brother[1]?

A kirtle, I believe, meant a *long cloak*. Minſheu deſcribes it as an *upper* or *exterior garment*, worn over another; what in French is called a *garde-robe*. See his *Dict.* 1617. The latter word is explained by Cotgrave thus: "A cloth or cloak worn or caſt over a garment to keep it from duſt, rain," &c. That writer however ſuppoſes *kirtle* and *petticoat* to be ſynonymous; for he renders the word *vaſquine* thus: "A *kirtle*, or *petticoat*;" and *ſurcot* he calls an *upper kirtle*, or a garment worn over a kirtle.

When therefore a *kirtle* is mentioned ſimply, perhaps a petticoat is meant; when an upper kirtle is ſpoken of, a long cloak or mantle is probably intended; and I imagine a *half-kirtle*, which occurs in a ſubſequent ſcene in this play, meant a *ſhort* cloak, half the length of the upper kirtle. The term *half-kirtle* ſeems inconſiſtent with Dr. Farmer's idea; as does Milton's uſe of the word in his Maſque,—"the flowery-*kirtled* Naiades."

Stubbes in his *Anatomie of Abuſes*, 1595, deſcribes a kirtle as diſtinct from both a gown and a petticoat. After having deſcribed the gowns uſually worn at that time, he proceeds thus: "—then have their petticoats of the beſt clothe, of ſcarlette, grograine, taffatie, or ſilke, &c. But of whatſoever their petticoates be, yet muſt they have *kirtles*, (for ſo they call them,) either of ſilke, velvet, grograine, taffatie, ſatten or ſcarlet, bordered with gardes, lace," &c. I ſuppoſe he means a mantle or long cloak. MALONE.

[8] *Anon, anon, ſir.*] The uſual anſwer of drawers at this period. So, in *The Diſcoverie of the Knights of the Poſte*, 1597:—"wherefore he calling, the drawer preſently anſwered with a ſhrill voice, *anon, anon*, ſir?" REED.

[9] *Ha! a baſtard ſon*, &c.] The improbability of this ſcene is ſcarcely balanced by the humour. JOHNSON.

I did not perceive any improbability. Falſtaff does not miſtake the prince for a baſtard ſon of the king's, (as Dr. Johnſon ſeems to have thought,) but means to inform him at once that he knows him and Poins, notwithſtanding their diſguiſes. MALONE.

[1] —*Poins his brother?*] i. e. Poins's brother, or brother to Poins; a vulgar corruption of the genitive caſe. ANONYMOUS.

P. Hen. Why, thou globe of ſinful continents, what a life doſt thou lead?

Fal. A better than thou; I am a gentleman, thou art a drawer.

P. Hen. Very true, ſir; and I come to draw you out by the ears.

Hoſt. O, the Lord preſerve thy good grace! by my troth welcome to London.—Now the Lord bleſs that ſweet face of thine! O Jeſu, are you come from Wales?

Fal. Thou whoreſon mad compound of majeſty,—by this light fleſh and corrupt blood, thou art welcome. [*Leaning his hand upon* Doll.

Dol. How! you fat fool, I ſcorn you.

Poins. My lord, he will drive you out of your revenge, and turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat.

P. Hen. You whoreſon candle-mine[2], you, how vilely did you ſpeak of me even now, before this honeſt, virtuous, civil gentlewoman?

Hoſt. Bleſſing o' your good heart! and ſo ſhe is, by my troth.

Fal. Did'ſt thou hear me?

P. Hen. Yes; and you knew me, as you did when you ran away by Gads-hill: you knew, I was at your back; and ſpoke it on purpoſe, to try my patience.

Fal. No, no, no; not ſo; I did not think, thou waſt within hearing.

P. Hen. I ſhall drive you then to confeſs the wilful abuſe; and then I know how to handle you.

Fal. No abuſe, Hal, on mine honour; no abuſe.

P. Hen. Not! to diſpraiſe me*;—and call me pantler, and bread-chipper, and I know not what?

Fal. No abuſe, Hal.

Poins. No abuſe!

Fal. No abuſe, Ned, in the world; honeſt Ned, none. I diſprais'd him before the wicked, that the wicked might

[2] —*candle-mine*,] Thou inexhauſtible magazine of tallow. JOHNSON.

* Not! *to diſpraiſe me*;] The prince means to ſay, "What! is it *not* abuſe, to diſpraiſe me," &c. Some of the modern editors read—*No!* &c. but, I think, without neceſſity. MALONE.

not fall in love with him:—in which doing, I have done the part of a careful friend, and a true ſubject, and my father is to give me thanks for it. No abuſe, Hal;—none, Ned, none;—no, boys, none.

P. Hen. See now, whether pure fear, and entire cowardice, doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman to cloſe with us? Is ſhe of the wicked? Is thine hoſteſs here of the wicked? Or is the boy of the wicked? Or honeſt Bardolph, whoſe zeal burns in his noſe, of the wicked?

Poins. Anſwer, thou dead elm, anſwer.

Fal. The fiend hath prick'd down Bardolph irrecoverable; and his face is Lucifer's privy-kitchen, where he doth nothing but roaſt malt-worms. For the boy,—there is a good angel about him; but the devil out-bids him too *.

P. Hen. For the women,—

Fal. For one of them,—ſhe is in hell already, and burns, poor ſoul [3]! For the other,—I owe her money; and whether ſhe be damn'd for that, I know not.

Hoſt. No, I warrant you.

Fal. No, I think thou art not; I think, thou art quit for that: Marry, there is another indictment upon thee, for ſuffering fleſh to be eaten in thy houſe, contrary to the law; for the which, I think, thou wilt howl.

Hoſt. All victuallers do ſo [4]: What's a joint of mutton or two, in a whole Lent [5]?

* — out-bids *him too.*] Thus the folio. The quarto reads—*blinds* him too; and perhaps it is right. MALONE.

3 —*and burns, poor* ſoul!] This is Sir T. Hanmer's reading. Undoubtedly right. The other editions read, *ſhe is in hell already, and burns poor* ſouls. The venereal diſeaſe was called in theſe times the *brennynge* or *burning*. JOHNSON.

4 *All* victuallers *do ſo:*] The brothels were formerly screened under pretext of being *victualling houſes* and *taverns*. "So, in the *Cure for a Cuckold*, 1661: "This informer comes into Turnbull Street to a *victualling houſe*, and there falls in league with a *wench*, &c.—Now, ſir, this fellow, in revenge, informs againſt the *bawd* that kept the houſe, &c." Barrett in his *Alvearie*, 1580, defines a *victualling houſe* thus: "A tavern where meate is eaten *out of due ſeaſon*." STEEVENS.

5 *What's a joint of* mutton *in a whole Lent?*] Perhaps a covert alluſion is couched under theſe words. See Vol. I. p. 110, n. 9. MALONE.

P. Hen.

P. Hen. You, gentlewoman,—

Dol. What ſays your grace?

Fal. His grace ſays that which his fleſh rebels againſt.

Hoſt. Who knocks ſo loud at door? look to the door there, Francis.

Enter PETO.

P. Hen. Peto, how now? what news?

Peto. The king your father is at Weſtminſter;
And there are twenty weak and wearied poſts,
Come from the north: and, as I came along,
I met, and overtook, a dozen captains,
Bare-headed, ſweating, knocking at the taverns,
And aſking every one for ſir John Falſtaff.

P. Hen. By heaven, Poins, I feel me much to blame,
So idly to profane the precious time;
When tempeſt of commotion, like the ſouth
Borne with black vapour, doth begin to melt,
And drop upon our bare unarmed heads.
Give me my ſword, and cloak;—Falſtaff, good night.

[*Exeunt P.* HENRY, POINS, PETO, *and* BARD.

Fal. Now comes in the ſweeteſt morſel of the night, and we muſt hence, and leave it unpick'd. [*Knocking heard.*] More knocking at the door? [*Re-enter* Bard.] How now? what's the matter?

Bard. You muſt away to court, ſir, preſently; a dozen captains ſtay at door for you.

Fal. Pay the muſicians, ſirrah. [*to the* Page.]—Farewel, hoſteſs;—farewel, Doll.—You ſee, my good wenches, how men of merit are ſought after: the undeſerver may ſleep, when the man of action is call'd on. Farewel, good wenches:—If I be not ſent away poſt, I will ſee you again ere I go.

Dol. I cannot ſpeak;—If my heart be not ready to burſt:—Well, ſweet Jack, have a care of thyſelf.

Fal. Farewel, Farewel. [*Exeunt* FALSTAFF *and* BARD.

Hoſt. Well, fare thee well: I have known thee theſe twenty nine years, come peſcod-time; but an honeſter, and truer-hearted man,—Well, fare thee well.

Bard. [*within.*] Miſtreſs Tear-ſheet,—

Hoſt. What's the matter?

Bard.

Bard. [*within.*] Bid miſtreſs Tear-ſheet come to my maſter.

Hoſt. O run, Doll, run; run, good Doll.[6] [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter King HENRY *in his night-gown, with a Page.*

K. Hen. Go, call the earls of Surrey and of Warwick:
But, ere they come, bid them o'er-read theſe letters,
And well conſider of them: Make good ſpeed.—
[*Exit Page.*
How many thouſand of my pooreſt ſubjects
Are at this hour aſleep!—O ſleep, O gentle ſleep,
Nature's ſoft nurſe, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids down,
And ſteep my ſenſes in forgetfulneſs?
Why rather, ſleep, ly'ſt thou in ſmoky cribs,
Upon uneaſy pallets ſtretching thee,
And huſh'd with buzzing night-flies to thy ſlumber;
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of coſtly ſtate,
And lull'd with ſounds of ſweeteſt melody?
O thou dull god, why ly'ſt thou with the vile,
In loathſome beds; and leav'ſt the kingly couch,
A watch-caſe, or a common 'larum bell[7]?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy maſt
Seal up the ſhip-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious ſurge;

And

[6] *O run, Doll, run; run good Doll.*] Thus the folio. The quarto reads, *O run, Dull run; run: Good Doll, come: ſhe comes blubber'd: Yea, will you come, Doll?* STEEVENS.

[7] *A watch-caſe, &c.*] This alludes to the watchman ſet in garriſon-towns upon ſome eminence, attending upon an alarum-bell, which he was to ring out in caſe of fire, or any approaching danger. He had a caſe or box to ſhelter him from the weather, but at his utmoſt peril he was not to ſleep whilſt he was upon duty. Theſe alarum-bells are mentioned in ſeveral other places of Shakſpeare. HANMER.

And in the viſitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monſtrous heads, and hanging them
With deaf'ning clamours in the [8] ſlippery clouds,
That, with the hurly [9], death itſelf awakes?
Canſt thou, O partial ſleep! give thy repoſe
To the wet ſea-boy in an hour ſo rude;
And, in the calmeſt and moſt ſtilleſt night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king? Then, happy low, lie down! [1]
Uneaſy lies the head that wears a crown.

Enter

[8] —*ſlippery* clouds,] The modern editors read *ſhrowds*. The old copy, —*in the ſlippery* clouds; but I know not what advantage is gained by alteration, for *ſhrowds* had anciently the ſame meaning as *clouds*. I could bring many inſtances of this uſe of the word from *Drayton*. So in his *Miracles of Moſes*:

"And the ſterne thunder from the airy *ſhrowds*,
"To the ſad world, in fear and horror ſpake."

Again, in Ben Jonſon's *Poem on Inigo Jones*:

"And peering forth of Iris in the *ſhrowds*."

A moderate tempeſt would hang the waves in the *ſhrowds* of a ſhip, a great one might poetically be ſaid to ſuſpend them on the *clouds*, which were too *ſlippery* to retain them.

So, in *Julius Cæſar*:

"——— I have ſeen
"Th' ambitious ocean ſwell, and rage and foam
"To be exalted with the threat'ning *clouds*."

Drayton's *airy ſhrowds* are the airy covertures of heaven; which in plain language are the clouds. STEEVENS.

The inſtances produced by Mr. Steevens prove that *clouds* were ſometimes called poetically airy *ſhrouds*, or ſhrouds ſuſpended in air; but they do not appear to me to prove that any writer ſpeaking of a ſhip, ever called the *ſhrouds* of the ſhip by the name of *clouds*. I entirely, however, agree with him in thinking that *clouds* here is the true reading; and the paſſage produced from *Julius Cæſar*, while it fully ſupports it, ſhews that the word is to be underſtood in its ordinary ſenſe. So again, in the *Winter's Tale*: "—now the ſhip boring the *moon* with her main-maſt, and anon ſwallow'd with yeſt and froth." MALONE.

[9] *Wind-ſhak'n* hurly,] *Hurly* is noiſe, derived from the French *hurler*, to howl, as *burly-burly* from *Hurluberlu*, Fr. STEEVENS.

[1] —*Then, happy low, lie down!*] You, who are happy in your humble ſituations, lay down your heads to reſt! the head that wears a crown lies too uneaſy to expect ſuch a bleſſing.—Had not Shakſpeare thought it neceſſary to ſubject himſelf to the tyranny of rhime, he would

Enter WARWICK *and* SURREY.

War. Many good morrows to your majeſty!

K. Hen. Is it good morrow, lords?

War. 'Tis one o'clock, and paſt.

K. Hen. Why, then, good morrow to you all. My lords,
Have you read o'er the letters that I ſent you?

War. We have, my liege.

K. Hen. Then you perceive, the body of our kingdom
How foul it is; what rank diſeaſes grow,
And with what danger, near the heart of it.

War. It is but as a body, yet, diſtemper'd[2];
Which to his former ſtrength may be reſtor'd,
With good advice, and little medicine:—
My lord Northumberland will ſoon be cool'd.

K. Hen. O heaven! that one might read the book of fate[3];
And ſee the revolution of the times
Make mountains level, and the continent

would probably have ſaid,—"then happy low, ſleep on!" So, in *the Miſfortunes of Arthur*, 1587:

"Behold the peſant poore with tattered coat,
"Whoſe eyes a meaner fortune feeds with ſleep,
"How ſafe and ſound the careleſs ſnudge doth ſnore."

Sir *W. D'Avenant* has the ſame thought in his *Law againſt Lovers*:

"*How ſoundly they ſleep whoſe pillows lie low!*" STEEVENS.

[2] *It is but as a body, yet,* diſtemper'd,] *Diſtemper*, that is, according to the old phyſick, a diſproportionate mixture of humours, or inequality of innate heat and radical humidity, is leſs than actual *diſeaſe*, being only the ſtate which foreruns or produces diſeaſes. The difference between *diſtemper* and *diſeaſe* ſeems to be much the ſame as between *diſpoſition* and *habit*. JOHNSON.

[3] *O heaven! that one might read the book of fate,*
And ſee the revolution of the times
Make mountains level, and the continent
(Weary of ſolid firmneſs) melt itſelf
Into the ſea! and, other times, to ſee, &c.] So, in our author's 64th Sonnet:

"When I have ſeen the hungry ocean gain
"Advantage on the kingdom of the ſhore,
"And the firm ſoil win of the watry main,
"Increaſing ſtore with loſs, and loſs with ſtore;
"When I have ſeen ſuch interchange of ſtate, &c." MALONE.

Weary

(Weary of ſolid firmneſs) melt itſelf
Into the ſea! and, other times, to ſee
The beachy girdle of the ocean
Too wide for Neptune's hips; how chances mock,
And changes fill the cup of alteration
With divers liquors! O, if this were ſeen,
The happieſt youth,—viewing his progreſs through,
What perils paſt, what croſſes to enſue[4],—
Would ſhut the book, and ſit him down and die.
'Tis not ten years gone,
Since Richard, and Northumberland, great friends,
Did feaſt together, and, in two years after,

[4] *What perils paſt, what croſſes to enſue,*] There is ſome difficulty in this line, becauſe it ſeems to make paſt perils equally terrible with enſuing croſſes. JOHNSON.

This happy youth who is to foreſee the future progreſs of his life, cannot be ſuppoſed at that time of his happineſs to have gone through many perils. Both the perils and the croſſes that the king alludes to, were yet to come; and what the youth is to foreſee is, the many croſſes he would have to contend with, even after he has paſſed through many perils. MASON.

In anſwer to Dr. Johnſon's objection it may be obſerved, that paſt perils are not deſcribed as *equally* terrible with enſuing croſſes, but are merely mentioned as an aggravation of the ſum of human calamity. He who has already gone through ſome perils, might hope to have his *quietus*, and might naturally ſink in deſpondency, on being informed that "bad begins, and worſe remains behind." Even paſt perils are painful in retroſpect, as a man ſhrinks at the ſight of a precipice from which he once fell.—To one part of Mr. Maſon's obſervation it may be replied, that Shakſpeare does not ſay, the *happy*, but the *happieſt*, youth; that is, *even* the happieſt of mortals, *all* of whom are deſtined to a certain portion of miſery.

Though what I have ſtated may, I think, fairly be urged in ſupport of what ſeems to have been Dr. Johnſon's ſenſe of this paſſage, yet I own Mr. Maſon's interpretation is extremely ingenious, and probably is right. The perils here ſpoken of may not have been *actually* paſſed by the peruſer of the book of fate, though they have been paſſed by him in "viewing his progreſs through"; or, in other words, though the regiſter of them has been *peruſed* by him. They may be ſaid to be *paſt* in one ſenſe only; namely with reſpect to thoſe which are to enſue; which are preſented to his *eye* ſubſequently to thoſe which precede. If the ſpirit and general tendency of the paſſage, rather than the grammatical expreſſion, be attended to, this may be ſaid to be the moſt obvious meaning. The conſtruction is, "*What perils* having been *paſt*, *what croſſes* are *to enſue*." MALONE.

(Weary

Were they at wars: It is but eight years, ſince
This Percy was the man neareſt my ſoul;
Who like a brother toil'd in my affairs,
And laid his love and life under my foot;
Yea, for my ſake, even to the eyes of Richard,
Gave him defiance. But which of you was by [5],
(You, couſin Nevil [6], as I may remember,) [*to* Warwick.
When Richard,—with his eye brim-full of tears,
Then check'd and rated by Northumberland,
Did ſpeak theſe words, now prov'd a prophecy?
Northumberland, thou ladder, by the which
My couſin Bolingbroke aſcends my throne;—
Though then, heaven knows, I had no ſuch intent *;
But that neceſſity ſo bow'd the ſtate,
That I and greatneſs were compell'd to kiſs:—
The time ſhall come, thus did he follow it,
The time will come, that foul ſin, gathering head,
Shall break into corruption;—ſo went on,
Foretelling this ſame time's condition,
And the diviſion of our amity.

War. There is a hiſtory in all men's lives,
Figuring the nature of the times deceas'd:
The which obſerv'd, a man may propheſy,
With a near aim, of the main chance of things
As yet not come to life; which in their ſeeds,
And weak beginnings, lie entreaſured.
Such things become the hatch and brood of time;

And,

[5] *But which of you was by*, &c.] He refers to *King Richard*, Act IV. ſcene ii. But whether the king's or the author's memory fails him, ſo it was, that Warwick was not preſent at that converſation. JOHNSON.

[6] *—couſin Nevil*,] Shakſpeare has miſtaken the name of the preſent nobleman. The earldom of Warwick was at this time in the family of *Beauchamp*, and did not come into that of the *Nevils* till many years after, in the latter end of the reign of King Henry VII. when it deſcended to *Anne Beauchamp*, (the daughter of the earl here introduced) who was married to *Richard Nevil*, earl of Saliſbury. STEVENS.

* *—I had no ſuch intent*;] He means, "*I ſhould have had* no ſuch intent, but that neceſſity", &c. or Shakſpeare has here alſo forgotten his former play, or has choſen to make Henry forget his ſituation at the time mentioned. He had then actually accepted the crown. See *K. Richard II.* Act IV. ſc. i.

"In God's name, I'll aſcend the regal throne." MALONE.

And, by the neceſſary form of this[7],
King Richard might create a perfect gueſs,
That great Northumberland, then falſe to him,
Would, of that ſeed, grow to a greater falſeneſs;
Which ſhould not find a ground to root upon
Unleſs on you.

K. Hen. Are theſe things then neceſſities?
Then let us meet them like neceſſities[8]:
And that ſame word even now cries out on us;
They ſay, the biſhop and Northumberland
Are fifty thouſand ſtrong.

War. It cannot be, my lord;
Rumour doth double, like the voice and echo,
The numbers of the fear'd:—Pleaſe it your grace,
To go to bed; upon my life, my lord,
The powers that you already have ſent forth,
Shall bring this prize in very eaſily.
To comfort you the more, I have receiv'd
A certain inſtance, that Glendower is dead[9].
Your majeſty hath been this fortnight ill;
And theſe unſeaſon'd hours, perforce, muſt add
Unto your ſickneſs.

K. Hen. I will take your counſel:
And, were theſe inward wars once out of hand,
We would, dear lords, unto the Holy Land[1]. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE.

[7] *And, by the neceſſary form of* this,] I think we might better read *the neceſſary form of* things. The word *this* has no very evident antecedent. JOHNSON.

If any change were wanting, I would read:

And by the neceſſary form of theſe,—

i. e. the *things* mentioned in the preceding line. STEEVENS.

[8] —*let us meet them like* neceſſities:] That is let us meet them with that patient and quiet temper with which men of fortitude meet thoſe events which they know to be inevitable. MASON.

[9] —*that* Glendower *is dead.*] Glendower did not die till after King Henry IV. See p. 196, n. 4. MALONE.

[1] —*unto the Holy Land.*] This play, like the former, proceeds in one unbroken tenor through the firſt edition, and there is therefore no evidence that the diviſion of the acts was made by the author. Since, then, every editor has the ſame right to mark the intervals of action as the players, who made the preſent diſtribution, I ſhould propoſe that this

SCENE II.

Court before Juſtice Shallow's *houſe in* Gloceſterſhire[2].

Enter SHALLOW *and* SILENCE, *meeting*; MOULDY, SHADOW, WART, FEEBLE, BULL-CALF, *and Servants, behind.*

Shal. Come on, come on, come on; give me your hand, ſir, give me your hand, ſir: an early ſtirrer, by the rood[3]. And how doth my good couſin Silence[4]?

Sil. Good morrow, good couſin Shallow.

Shal. And how doth my couſin, your bed-fellow? and your faireſt daughter, and mine, my god-daughter Ellen?

Sil. Alas, a black ouzel, couſin Shallow.

Shal.

this ſcene may be added to the foregoing act, and the removal from London to Gloceſterſhire be made in the intermediate time, but that it would ſhorten the next act too much, which has not even now its due proportion to the reſt. JOHNSON.

2 —*Juſtice Shallow's houſe in Gloceſterſhire.*] From the following paſſage in *The Return from Parnaſſus*, 1606, we may conclude that *Kempe* was the original *Juſtice Shallow.*—*Burbage* and *Kempe* are introduced inſtructing ſome Cambridge ſtudents to act. *Burbage* makes one of the ſtudents repeat ſome lines of *Hieronymo* and *K. Richard III. Kempe* ſays to another, "Now for you,—methinks you belong to *my tuition*; and your face methinks would be good for a fooliſh Mayor, *or* a *fooliſh Juſtice of Peace.*"—And again: "Thou wilt do well in time if thou wilt be ruled by thy betters, that is, by myſelfe, and ſuch *grave aldermen* of the playhouſe as I am."—It appears from Naſhe's *Apologie of Pierce Pennileſs*, 1593, that he likewiſe played the *Clown*: "What can be made of a ropemaker more than a *clowne. Will. Kempe*, I miſtruſt it will fall to *thy lot for a merriment* one of theſe dayes." MALONE.

3 —*by the rood.*] i. e. The croſs. POPE.

It appears from Hearne, Fuller, and Blount, (as Mr. Reed has obſerved,) that *rood* formerly ſignified alſo the image of Chriſt on the croſs. MALONE.

4 —*Silence.*] The oldeſt copy of this play was publiſhed in 1600. It muſt however have been acted ſomewhat earlier, as in Ben Jonſon's *Every Man out of his Humour*, which was performed in 1599, is the following reference to it: "No, lady, this is a kinſman to *Juſtice Silence.*" STEEVENS.

Shal. By yea and nay, ſir, I dare ſay, my couſin William is become a good ſcholar: He is at Oxford ſtill, is he not?

Sil. Indeed, ſir; to my coſt.

Shal. He muſt then to the inns of court ſhortly: I was once of Clement's-inn; where, I think, they will talk of mad Shallow yet.

Sil. You were call'd—luſty Shallow, then, couſin.

Shal. By the maſs, I was call'd any thing: and I would have done any thing, indeed, and roundly too. There was I, and little John Doit of Staffordſhire, and black George Bare, and Francis Pickbone, and Will Squele, a Cotſwold man [5],—you had not four ſuch ſwinge-bucklers [6] in all the inns of court again: and, I may ſay to

[5] —*Will Squele, a Cotſwold man,*] The games at Cotſwold were, in the time of our author, very famous. Of theſe I have ſeen accounts in ſeveral old pamphlets; and Shallow, by diſtinguiſhing Will Squele as a Cotſwold man, meant to have him underſtood to be one who was well verſed in thoſe exerciſes, and conſequently of a daring ſpirit, and an athletic conſtitution. STEEVENS.

The games of Cotſwold, I believe, did not commence till the reign of James I. I have never ſeen any pamphlet that mentions them as having exiſted in the time of Elizabeth. Randolph ſpeaks of their *revival* in the time of Charles I.; and from Dover's book they appear to have been revived in 1636. But this does not prove that they were exhibited in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. They certainly were in that of King James, and were probably *diſcontinued* after his death. However, Cotſwold might have long been famous for meetings of tumultuous ſwinge-bucklers. See Vol. I. p. 195. n. 3. MALONE.

[6] —*ſwinge-bucklers*—] *Swinge-bucklers* and *ſwaſh-bucklers* were words implying rakes or rioters in the time of Shakſpeare.

Naſh, addreſſing himſelf to his old opponent Gabriel Harvey, 1598, ſays: "*Turpe ſenex miles*, 'tis time for ſuch an olde foole to leave playing the *ſwaſh-buckler*." Again, in *The Devil's Charter*, 1607, Caraffa ſays, "—when I was a ſcholar in Padua, faith, then I could have *ſwing'd a ſword and buckler*," &c. STEEVENS.

Weſt Smithfield (ſays the Continuator of Stowe's *Annals*, 1631,) was for many years called *Ruffians' Hall*, by reaſon it was the uſual place of frayes and common fighting, during the time that *ſword and buckler* were in uſe; when every ſerving-man, from the baſe to the beſt, carried a buckler at his backe, which hung by the hilt or pummel of his ſword which hung before him.—Untill the 20th year of Queene Elizabeth, it was uſual to have frayes, fights, and quarrels upon the ſundayes and holydayes, ſometimes twenty, thirty, and forty ſwords

to you, we knew where the bona-robas[7] were; and had the beſt of them all at commandment. Then was Jack Falſtaff, now ſir John, a boy; and page to Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk[8].

Sil.

and bucklers, halfe againſt halfe, as well by quarrels of appointment as by chance.—And in the winter ſeaſon all the high ſtreets were much annoyed and troubled with hourly frayes, and *ſword and buckler men*, who took pleaſure in that *bragging* fight; and although they made great ſhew of much furie, and fought often, yet ſeldome any man was hurt, for thruſting was not then in uſe, neither would any one of twenty ſtrike beneath the waſte, by reaſon they held it cowardly and beaſtly." MALONE.

[7] —*bona-robas*—] i. e. ladies of pleaſure. *Bona Roba*, Ital. So, in *The Bride*, 1640: "Some *bona-roba* they have been ſporting with." STEEV.

[8] *Then was Jack Falſtaff, now ſir John, a boy; and page to Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk.*] The following circumſtances, tending to prove that Shakſpeare altered the name of *Oldcaſtle* to that of *Falſtaff*, have hitherto been overlooked. In a poem by J. Weever, entitled "The Mirror of Martyrs, or the Life and Death of that thrice valiant Capitaine and moſt godly Martyre *Sir John Oldcaſtle* Knight, Lord Cobham," 18mo. 1601, *Oldcaſtle*, relating the events of his life, ſays:

"Within the ſpring-tide of my flowring youth
"He [his father] ſtept into the winter of his age;
"Made meanes (Mercurius thus begins the truth)
"That I was made *Sir Thomas Mowbrais page.*"

Again, in a pamphlet entitled "The wandering Jew telling fortunes to Engliſhmen," 4to. (the date torn off, but apparently a republication about the middle of the laſt century) is the following paſſage in the *Glutton's* ſpeech: "I do not live by the ſweat of my brows, but am almoſt dead with ſweating. I eate much, but can talk little. *Sir John Oldcaſtle* was my great grandfather's father's uncle. I come of a *huge* kindred." REED.

Different concluſions are ſometimes drawn from the ſame premiſes. Becauſe Shakſpeare borrowed a ſingle circumſtance from the life of the *real Oldcaſtle*, and imparted it to the *fictitious Falſtaff*, does it follow that the name of the former was ever employed as a cover to the vices of the latter? Is it not more likely, becauſe *Falſtaff* was known to poſſeſs one feature in common with *Oldcaſtle*, that the vulgar were led to imagine that *Falſtaff* was only *Oldcaſtle* in diſguiſe? Hence too might have ariſen the ſtory that our author was compelled to change the name of the one for that of the other; a ſtory ſufficiently ſpecious to have impoſed on the writer of the "Wandering Jew," as well as on the credulity of *Field*, *Fuller*, and others, whoſe coincidence has been brought in ſupport of an opinion contrary to my own. STEEVENS.

Having given my opinion very fully on this point in a former note, (ſee

Sil. This ſir John, couſin, that comes hither anon about ſoldiers?

Shal. The ſame ſir John, the very ſame. I ſaw him break Skogan's head [9] at the court gate, when he was a crack

(ſee p. 119, n. 1.) I ſhall here only add, that I entirely concur with Mr. Steevens. There is no doubt that the Sir John Oldcaſtle of the anonymous *King Henry V.* ſuggeſted the character of Falſtaff to Shakſpeare; and hence he very naturally adopted this circumſtance in the life of the real Oldcaſtle, and made his Falſtaff page to Mowbray duke of Norfolk. The author of the *Wandering Jew* ſeems to have been miſunderſtood. He deſcribes the *Glutton* as related to *ſome* Sir John Oldcaſtle, and therefore as a man of a *huge* kindred; but he means a *fat* man, not a man nobly allied. From a pamphlet already quoted, entitled, *The Meeting of Gallants at an Ordinarie*, it appears that the *Oldeaſtle* of the old *K. Henry V.* was repreſented as a very fat man; (ſee alſo the prologue to a play entitled *Sir John Oldcaſtle*, 1600, in which the Oldcaſtle of the old *K. Henry V.* is deſcribed as "a *pampered glutton:*") but we have no authority for ſuppoſing Lord Cobham was fatter than other men. Is it not evident then that the Oldcaſtle of the play of *King Henry V.* was the perſon in the contemplation of the author of *The Wandering Jew?* and how does the proof that Shakſpeare changed the name of his character advance by this means one ſtep?—In addition to what I have ſuggeſted in a former note on this ſubject, I may add, that it appears from Camden's *Remaines*, 1614, p. 146, that celebrated actors were ſometimes diſtinguiſhed by the names of the perſons they repreſented on the ſtage:—"that I may ſay nothing of ſuch as for well acting on the ſtage have carried away the names of the perſonage which they acted, and have loſt their names *among the people.*"—If actors, then, were ſometimes called by the names of the perſons they repreſented, what is more probable than that *Falſtaff* ſhould have been called by the multitude, and by the players, *Oldcaſtle*, not only becauſe there had been a popular character of that name in a former piece, whoſe immediate ſucceſſor Falſtaff was, and to whoſe cloaths and fictitious belly he ſucceeded, but becauſe, as Shakſpeare himſelf intimates in his epilogue to this play, a falſe idea had gone abroad, that his jolly knight was, like his predeceſſor, the theatrical repreſentative of Sir John Oldcaſtle, the good Lord Cobham?—See the note to the epilogue at the end of this play. MALONE.

[9] *Skogan's head*—] Who *Scogan* was, may be underſtood from the following paſſage in *The Fortunate Iſles*, a maſque by Ben Jonſon, 1626:

"Methinks you ſhould enquire now after *Skelton*,
"And maſter *Scogan*.
"—"*Scogan?* what was he?—
"O, a fine gentleman and a maſter of arts,
"Of *Henry the Fourth's times*, that made diſguiſes
"For the king's ſons, and writ in ballad royal
"Daintily well," &c.

crack[1], not thus high: and the very ſame day did I fight with one Sampſon Stockfiſh, a fruiterer, behind Gray's-inn. O, the mad days that I have ſpent! and to ſee how many of mine old acquaintance are dead!

Sil. We ſhall all follow, couſin.

Shal. Certain, 'tis certain; very ſure, very ſure: death, as the Pſalmiſt ſaith, is certain to all; all ſhall die. How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair?

Sil. Truly, couſin, I was not there.

Shal. Death is certain.—Is old Double of your town living yet?

Sil. Dead, ſir.

Shal. Dead!—See, ſee!—he drew a good bow;—And dead!—he ſhot a fine ſhoot:—John of Gaunt lov'd him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead!—he

Among the works of Chaucer is a poem called "*Scogan*, unto the Lordes and Gentilmen of the Kinge's Houſe." STEEVENS.

"In the written copy (ſays the editor of Chaucer's Works, 1598,) the title hereof is thus: Here followethe a morall ballade to the Prince, now Prince Henry, the Duke of Clarence, the Duke of Bedford, the Duke of Glouceſter, the kinges ſons, by *Henry Scogan*, at a ſupper among the merchants in the vintrey at London, in the houſe of Lewis John." The purport of the ballad is to diſſuade them from ſpending their youth "ſolily."

John Skogan, who is ſaid to have taken the degree of maſter of arts at Oxford, "being (ſays Mr. Warton,) an excellent mimick, and of great pleaſantry in converſation, became the favourite buffoon of the court of *K. Edward IV.*" Bale and Tanner have confounded him with *Henry Skogan*, if indeed they were diſtinct perſons, which I doubt. The compoſitions which Bale has attributed to the writer whom he ſuppoſes to have lived in the time of Edward IV. were written by the poet of the reign of Henry IV.; which induces me to think that there was no *poet* or maſter of arts of this name, in the time of Edward. There might then have been a jeſter of the ſame name. *Scogin's* JESTS were publiſhed by Andrew Borde, a phyſician in the reign of *Henry VIII.* Shakſpeare had probably met with this book; and as he was very little ſcrupulous about anachroniſms, this perſon and not *Henry* Scogan, the poet of the time of *Henry IV.* may have been in his thoughts: I ſay *may*, for it is by no means certain, though the author of *Remarks* on the laſt edition of Shakſpeare, &c. has aſſerted it with that confidence which diſtinguiſhes his obſervations. MALONE.

[1] —*a crack*,] This is an old iſlandic word, ſignifying a *boy* or *child*. One of the fabulous kings and heroes of Denmark, called *Hrolf*, was ſurnamed *Krake*. See the ſtory in *Edda*, Fable 63. TYRWHITT.

he would have clapp'd i'the clout[2] at twelve ſcore[3]; and carry'd you a fore-hand ſhaft a' fourteen and fourteen and a half[4], that it would have done a man's heart good to ſee.—How a ſcore of ewes now?

Sil. Thereafter as they be: a ſcore of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.

Shal. And is old Double dead!

Enter BARDOLPH, *and one with him.*

Sil. Here come two of ſir John Falſtaff's men, as I think.

Bard. Good morrow, honeſt gentlemen: I beſeech you, which is juſtice Shallow?

Shal. I am Robert Shallow, ſir; a poor eſquire of this county, and one of the king's juſtices of the peace: What is your good pleaſure with me?

Bard. My captain, ſir, commends him to you; my captain, ſir John Falſtaff: a tall gentleman, by heaven, and a moſt gallant leader.

Shal. He greets me well, ſir; I knew him a good back-ſword man: How doth the good knight? may I aſk, how my lady his wife doth?

Bard. Sir, pardon; a ſoldier is better accommodated, than with a wife.

Shal. It is well ſaid, in faith, ſir; and it is well ſaid indeed too. Better accommodated!—it is good; yea, indeed, is it: good phraſes are ſurely, and ever were, very commendable. Accommodated!—it comes of *accommodo*: very good; a good phraſe[5].

[2] —*clapp'd i' the clout*—] i. e. hit the white mark. WARBURTON.

[3] —*at twelve ſcore*;] i. e. of yards. So in Drayton's *Polyolbion* 1612: "At markes full fortie *ſcore* they us'd to prick and rove." MALONE.

[4] —*fourteen and fourteen and a half*,] That is, fourteen ſcore of yards. JOHNSON.

The utmoſt diſtance that the archers of ancient times reached, is ſuppoſed to have been about three hundred yards. Old Double therefore certainly drew a good bow. MALONE.

[5] —*very good*; *a good phraſe*.] *Accommodate* was a modiſh term of that time, as Ben Jonſon informs us: "You are not to caſt or wring for the perfumed terms of the time, as *accommodation*, complement, ſpirit, *&c.* but uſe them properly in their places as others." DISCOVERIES. Hence Bardolph calls it a word of *exceeding good command*. His definition of it is admirable, and highly ſatirical: nothing being more

Bard. Pardon me, ſir; I have heard the word. Phraſe call you it? By this good day, I know not the phraſe: but I will maintain the word with my ſword, to be a ſoldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command. Accommodated; That is, when a man is, as they ſay, accommodated: or, when a man is,—being,—whereby, he may be thought to be accommodated; which is an excellent thing.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Shal. It is very juſt:—Look, here comes good ſir John.—Give me your good hand, give me your worſhip's good hand: By my troth, you look well, and bear your years very well: welcome, good ſir John.

Fal. I am glad to ſee you well, good maſter Robert Shallow:—Maſter Sure-card, as I think[6].

Shal. No, ſir John; it is my couſin Silence, in commiſſion with me.

Fal. Good maſter Silence, it well befits you ſhould be of the peace.

Sil. Your good worſhip is welcome.

Fal. Fie! this is hot weather.—Gentlemen, have you provided me here half a dozen ſufficient men?

Shal. Marry, have we, ſir. Will you ſit?

Fal Let me ſee them, I beſeech you.

Shal. Where's the roll? where's the roll? where's the roll?—Let me ſee, let me ſee. So, ſo, ſo, ſo:

common than for inaccurate ſpeakers or writers, when they ſhould define, to put their hearers off with a ſynonymous term; or, for want of that, even with the ſame term differently *accommodated*: as in the inſtance before us. WARBURTON.

The ſame word occurs in Jonſon's *Every Man in his Humour*:

"Hoſteſs, *accommodate* us with another bedſtaff:

"The woman does not underſtand *the words of action.*"

STEEVENS.

[6] —*Maſter* Sure-card, *as I think.*] It is obſervable, that many of Shakſpeare's names are invented, and characteriſtical. Maſter *Forthright*, the tilter; Maſter *Shoe-tie*, the traveller; Maſter *Smooth*, the ſilkman; Mrs. *Over-done*, the bawd; Kate *Keep-down*, Jane *Night-work*, &c. *Sure-card* was uſed as a term for *a boon companion*, ſo lately as the latter end of the laſt century, by one of the tranſlators of *Suetonius*. MALONE.

ſo: Yea, marry, ſir:—Ralph Mouldy:—let them appear as I call; let them do ſo, let them do ſo.—Let me ſee; Where is Mouldy?

Moul. Here, an't pleaſe you.

Shal. What think you, ſir John? a good-limb'd fellow: young, ſtrong, and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name Mouldy?

Moul. Yea, an't pleaſe you.

Fal. 'Tis the more time thou wert uſed.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha! moſt excellent, i'faith! things, that are mouldy, lack uſe: Very ſingular good!—In faith, well ſaid, ſir John; very well ſaid.

Fal. Prick him. [*to* Shallow.

Moul. I was prick'd well enough before, an you could have let me alone: my old dame will be undone now, for one to do her huſbandry, and her drudgery: you need not to have prick'd me; there are other men fitter to go out than I.

Fal. Go to; peace, Mouldy, you ſhall go. Mouldy, it is time you were ſpent.

Moul. Spent!

Shal. Peace, fellow, peace, ſtand aſide; Know you where you are?—For the other, ſir John:—let me ſee;—Simon Shadow!

Fal. Ay marry, let me have him to ſit under: he's like to be a cold ſoldier.

Shal. Where's Shadow?

Shad. Here, ſir.

Fal. Shadow, whoſe ſon art thou?

Shad. My mother's ſon, ſir.

Fal. Thy mother's ſon! like enough; and thy father's ſhadow: ſo the ſon of the female is the ſhadow of the male: It is often ſo, indeed; but not much of the father's ſubſtance.

Shal. Do you like him, ſir John?

Fal. Shadow will ſerve for ſummer,—prick him;—for we have a number of ſhadows to fill up the muſter-book[7].

[7] —*we have a number of* ſhadows *to fill up the muſter-book.*] That is, we have in the muſter-book many names for which we receive pay, though we have not the men. JOHNSON.