

Shal. Thomas Wart!

Fal. Where's he?

Wart. Here, fir.

Fal. Is thy name Wart?

Wart. Yea, fir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged wart.

Shal. Shall I prick him, fir John?

Fal. It were superfluous; for his apparel is built upon his back, and the whole frame stands upon pins: prick him no more.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha!—you can do it, fir; you can do it: commend you well.—Francis Feeble!

Fee. Here, fir.

Fal. What trade art thou, Feeble?

Fee. A woman's tailor, fir,

Shal. Shall I prick him, fir?

Fal. You may: but if he had been a man's tailor, he would have prick'd you.—Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battle, as thou hast done in a woman's petticoat?

Fee. I will do my good will, fir; you can have no more.

Fal. Well said, good woman's tailor! well said, courageous Feeble! 'Thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove, or most magnanimous mouse.—Prick the woman's tailor well, master Shallow; deep, master Shallow.

Fee. I would, Wart might have gone, fir.

Fal. I would, thou wert a man's tailor; that thou might'st mend him, and make him fit to go. I cannot put him to a private soldier, that is the leader of so many thousands: Let that suffice, most forcible Feeble.

Fee. It shall suffice, fir.

Fal. I am bound to thee, reverend Feeble.—Who is next?

Shal. Peter Bull-calf of the green!

Fal. Yea, marry, let us see Bull-calf.

Bull. Here, fir.

Fal. 'Fore God, a likely fellow!—Come, prick me Bull-calf, till he roar again.

Bull. O lord! good my lord captain,—

Fal. What, dost thou roar before thou art prick'd?

Bull. O lord, fir! I am a diseas'd man.

Fal.

Fal. What disease hast thou?

Bull. A whorison cold, fir; a cough, fir; which I caught with ringing in the king's affairs, upon his coronation day, fir.

Fal. Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a gown; we will have away thy cold; and I will take such order, that thy friends shall ring for thee.—Is here all?

Shal. Here is two more call'd than your number⁸; you must have but four here, fir;—and so, I pray you, go in with me to dinner.

Fal. Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to see you, in good troth, master Shallow.

Shal. O, fir John, do you remember since we lay all night in the wind-mill in saint George's fields?

Fal. No more of that, good master Shallow, no more of that.

Shal. Ha, it was a merry night. And is Jane Night-work alive?

Fal. She lives, master Shallow.

Shal. She never could away with me⁹.

Fal. Never, never: she would always say, she could not abide master Shallow.

Shal. By the mass, I could anger her to the heart. She was then a bona-roba¹. Doth she hold her own well?

Fal.

⁸ Here is two more called than your number;—] Five only have been called, and the number required is four. Some name seems to have been omitted by the transcriber. The restoration of this sixth man would solve the difficulty that occurs below; for when Mouldy and Bull-calf are set aside, Falstaff, as Dr. Farmer has observed, gets but three recruits. Perhaps our author himself is answerable for this slight inaccuracy. MALONE.

⁹ She never could away with me.] This expression of dislike is used by Maurice Kiffin, in his translation of the *Andria* of Terence, 1583: "All men that be in love can ill away to have wives appointed them by others." Perhaps the original meaning was—*such a one cannot travel on the same road with me.* STEEVENS.

So, in Harrington's *Orlando Furioso*, B. I.

"—scarce to look on him she can away." MALONE.

¹ —bona-roba.] Bona-roba was, in our author's time, the common term for a harlot. It is used in that sense by B. Jonson in his *Every Man out of his Humour*, and by many others. STEEVENS.

Fal. Old, old, master Shallow.

Shal. Nay, she must be old; she cannot choose but be old; certain, she's old; and had Robin Night-work by old Night-work, before I came to Clement's-inn.

Sil. That's fifty-five year ago.

Shal. Ha, cousin Silence, that thou hadst seen that that this knight and I have seen!—Ha, sir, John, said I well?

Fal. We have heard the chimes at midnight*, master Shallow.

Shal. That we have, that we have, that we have; in faith, sir John, we have; our watch-word was, *Hem boys!*—Come, let's to dinner; come, let's to dinner:—O, the days that we have seen!—Come, come.

[*Exeunt FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, and SILENCE.*]

Bull. Good master corporate Bardolph, stand my friend; and here is four Harry ten shillings in French crowns for you. In very truth, sir, I had as lief be hang'd, sir, as go: and yet, for mine own part, sir, I do not care; but, rather, because I am unwilling, and, for mine own part, have a desire to stay with my friends; else, sir, I did not care, for mine own part, so much.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Moul. And good master corporal captain, for my old dame's sake, stand my friend: she has nobody to do any thing about her, when I am gone; and she is old, and cannot help herself: you shall have forty, sir.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Fee. By my troth I care not;—a man can die but once;—we owe God a death;—I'll ne'er bear a base mind:—an't be my destiny, so; an't be not, so: No man's too good to serve his prince: and, let it go which way it will, he that dies this year, is quit for the next.

Bard. Well said; thou'rt a good fellow.

Fee. 'Faith, I'll bear no base mind.

[*Re-enter FALSTAFF, and Justices.*]

Fal. Come, sir, which men shall I have?

Shal. Four, of which you please.

Bard.

*—[*the chimes at midnight,*] So, in an ancient song entitled *A Bill of Fare*, Sec. bl. 1:

“We rose from our mirth with the twelve o'clock chimes.”

STEEVENS.

Bard. Sir, a word with you:—I have three pound to free Mouldy and Bull-calf².

Fal. Go to; well.

Shal. Come, sir John, which four will you have?

Fal. Do you choose for me.

Shal. Marry then,—Mouldy, Bull-calf, Feeble, and Shadow.

Fal. Mouldy, and Bull-calf:—For you, Mouldy, stay at home till you are past service³:—and, for your part, Bull-calf,—grow till you come unto it; I will none of you.

Shal. Sir John, sir John, do not yourself wrong; they are your likeliest men, and I would have you serv'd with the best.

Fal. Will you tell me, master Shallow, how to choose a man? Care I for the limb, the thewes⁴, the stature, bulk and big assemblance of a man! Give me the spirit, master Shallow.—Here's Wart;—you see what a ragged appearance it is: he shall charge you, and discharge you, with the motion of a pewterer's hammer; come

² —*I have three pound*—] Here seems to be a wrong computation. He has forty shillings for each. Perhaps he meant to conceal part of the profit. JOHNSON.

³ *For you, Mouldy, stay at home till you are past service:*] This should surely be: "For you, Mouldy you have stay'd at home," &c. *Falstaff* has before a similar allusion, "*'Tis the more time thou wert us'd.*"—There is some mistake in the number of recruits: Shallow says, that *Falstaff* should have four there, but he appears to get but three: Wart, Shadow, and Feeble. FARMER.

See p. 361, n. 8. I believe, "*stay at home till you are past service,*" is right; the subsequent part of the sentence being likewise imperative; "and, for your part, Bull-calf, *grow till you come unto it.*" MALONE.

Perhaps this passage should be read and pointed thus: "For you, Mouldy, stay at home *still*; you are past service:—". TYRWHITT.

⁴ —*the thewes,*] i. e. the muscular strength or appearance of manhood. So, again:

"For nature crescent, does not grow alone

"In thewes and bulk."

other ancient writers this term implies manners, or behaviour only. *Spenser* often uses it; and I find it likewise in *Gafoigne's Glass of Government*, 1575:

"And honour'd more than bees of better thewes."

Shakespeare is perhaps singular in his application of it to the perfections of the body. STEEVENS.

come off, and on, swifter than he that gibbets-on the brewer's bucket⁵. And this same half-faced fellow, Shadow,—give me this man; he presents no mark to the enemy; the foe-man may with as great aim level at the edge of a pen-knife: And, for a retreat,—how swiftly will this Feeble, the woman's tailor, run off? O, give me the spare men, and spare me the great ones.—Put me a caliver⁶ into Wart's hand, Bardolph.

Bard. Hold, Wart, traverse; thus, thus, thus.

Fal. Come, manage me your caliver. So:—very well:—go to:—very good:—exceeding good. O, give me always a little, lean, old, chopp'd, ⁷ bald shot.—
Well

⁵ —*swifter than he that gibbets-on the brewer's bucket.*] Swifter than he that carries beer from the vat to the barrel, in buckets hung upon a gibbet or beam crossing his shoulders. JOHNSON.

Falstaff seems to mean, “swifter than he that puts the buckets on the gibbet;” for as the buckets at each end of the gibbet must be put on at the same instant, it necessarily requires a quick motion. MASON.

⁶ —*caliver*—] A hand-gun. JOHNSON.

So, in the *Masque of Flowers*, 1613: “The serjeant of Kawashta carried on his shoulders a great tobacco-pipe as big as a *caliver*.”

It is singular that Shakspeare, who has so often derived his notions of merriment from recent customs or fashionable follies, should not once have mentioned tobacco, though at a time when all his contemporaries were active in its praise or its condemnation.

It is as remarkable, that he has written no lines on the death of a poetical friend, nor commendatory verses on any living author, which was the constant practice of Jonson, Fletcher, &c. Perhaps the singular modesty of Shakspeare hindered him from attempting to decide on the merits of others, while his liberal turn of mind forbade him to express such gross and indiscriminate praises as too often disgrace the names of many of his contemporaries. I owe this remark to Dr. Farmer. STEEVENS.

⁷ —*bald shot.*] *Sbot* is used for *shooter*, one who is to fight by shooting. JOHNSON.

So in *The Exercise of armes for Calivres, Muskettes and Pykes*, 1619: “First of all is in this figure showed to every *shot* how he shall stand and marche, and cary his caliver,” &c. With this instance I was furnished by Dr. Farmer. We still say of a skilfull sportsman or game-keeper, that he is a good *shot*. STEEVENS.

Again, in Stowe's *Annales*, 1631: “—men with armour, ensignes, drums, fises, and other furniture for the wars, the greater part whereof were *shot*, the other were pikes and halberts, in faire corslets”.

MALONE.

(Well said, i' faith, Wart; thou'rt a good scab: hold, there's a tetter for thee.

Shal. He is not his craft's-master, he doth not do it right. I remember at Mile-end green^s, (when I lay at Clement's-inn⁹,) I was then sir Dagonet in Arthur's show¹, there

^s — *Mile-end green*,] It appears from Stow's *Chronicle*, (edit. 1615, p. 702.) that in the year 1585, 4000 citizens were trained and exercised at *Mile-end*. STEEVENS.

From the same *Chronicle*, p. 789, edit. 1631, it appears that "thirty thousand citizens—*shewed* on the 27th of August 1599, on the *Mile-end*, where they trained all that day, and other dayes, under their capitaines, (also citizens,) until the 4th of September." MALONE.

⁹ — *when I lay at Clement's-inn*,—] "When I *lay*" here signifies when I *lodged* or *lived*. So *Leland*: "An old manor-place where in tymes paste sum of the Moulbrays *lay* for a starte;" i. e. *lived* for a time, or *sometimes*. *Itin.* Vol. 1. fol. 119. T. WARTON.

So, said Sir Henry Wotton, "An ambassador is an honest man sent to *lie* abroad for the good of his country." *Reliquiæ Wottonianæ*, 1685.

Again, in Marston's *What you Will*, a comedy, 1607:

"Survey'd with wonder by me, when I *lay*

"Factor in London." MALONE.

¹ — *I was then sir Dagonet in Arthur's show*,] The story of sir Dagonet is to be found in *La Mort d'Arture*, an old romance much celebrated in our author's time, or a little before it. "When papistry," says Ascham in his *School-master*, "as a standing pool, overflowed all England, few books were read in our tongue saving certain books of chivalry, as they said, for pastime and pleasure; which books, as some say, were made in monasteries by idle monks. As one for example, *La Mort d'Arture*." In this romance sir Dagonet is King Arthur's fool. Shakspeare would not have shewn his justice capable of representing any higher character. JOHNSON.

Mr. Warton says that Sir Dagonet was king Arthur's squire. He is of opinion that "*Arthur's Show* here mentioned was an interlude or masque, which was probably extant in Shakspeare's age, and compiled from Mallory's *Morte d'Artur*, then recently published. Does Shallow mean, (says that ingenious writer, *Hist. of English Poetry*, Vol. II. p. 403,) that he acted sir Dagonet at Mile-end Green, or at Clement's-Inn? By the application of a parenthesis only, the passage will be cleared from ambiguity, and the sense I would assign, will appear to be just.—"I remember at Mile-end Green, (when I lay at Clement's-inn, I was then Sir Dagonet in Arthur's show,) there was", &c. That is: *I remember when I was a very young man at Clement's-inn, and not fit to act any higher part than Sir Dagonet in the interludes which we used to play in that society, that among the soldiers who were exercised at Mile-end Green, there was*, &c. The performance of this part of Sir Dagonet (he adds,) was

there was a little quiver fellow², and 'a would manage you his piece thus: and 'a would about, and about, and come you in, and come you in: *rab, tab, tab* would 'a say;

another of Shallow's feats at Clement's Inn, on which he delights to expatiate; a circumstance in the mean time quite foreign to the purpose of what he is saying, but introduced on that account, to heighten the ridicule of his character. Just as he had told Silence a little before that he saw Scogan's head broke by Falstaff at the court gate, and the *very same day* I did fight with one Sampson Stockfish, a fruiterer, behind Gray's-Inn".

This account of the matter was so reasonable, that I believe every reader, as well as the present editor, must have been satisfied with it; but a passage in a forgotten book, which has been obligingly communicated to me by the Rev. Mr. Bowle, induces me to think that the words before us have hitherto been misunderstood; that *Arthur's Show* was not an *interlude*, but an *EXHIBITION OF ARCHERY*; and that Shallow represented *Sir Dagonet*, not at Clement's Inn, but at Mile-end Green. Instead therefore of placing the words "I was then Sir Dagonet in Arthur's show", in a parenthesis, (as recommended very properly by Mr. Warton on his hypothesis,) I have included in a parenthesis the words "when I lay at Clement's Inn." And thus the meaning is:—I remember, when I was a student and resided at Clement's Inn, that on a certain *exhibition-day* at Mile-end Green, when I was Sir Dagonet, &c.

"A society of men (I now use the words of Mr. Bowle) styling themselves ARTHUR'S KNIGHTS, existed in our poet's time. Richard Mulcaster, master of St. Paul's School, in his *Positions concerning the training up of children*, twice printed in London, 1581, 1587, in 4to, (my copy wants the title,) ch. 26, in praising of *Archerie* as a principal exercise to the preservation of health, says,—"how can I but prayse them, who professe it thoroughly and maintaine it nobly, the friendly and friske *fellowship* of Prince ARTHUR'S KNIGHTS, in and about the citie of London? which if I had sacred to silence, would not my good friend in the citie, Maister Heugh Offly, and the same my noble fellow in that order, SYR LAUNCELOT, at our next meeting have given me a soure nodde, being the chief furtherer of the fact which I commend, and the famousest *knight* of the *fellowship* which I am of? Nay, would not even Prince ARTHUR himselfe, Maister Thomas Smith, and the whole *table* of those well known knights, and most active archers, have layd in their challenge against their *fellow-knight*, if speaking of their pastime I should have spared their names?" This quotation (adds Mr. Bowle,) rescues three of them from oblivion; and it is not to be presumed that the *whole table* of those well known knights, most probably pretty numerous, could escape the knowledge of Shakspeare.—Maister Heugh Offly was sheriff of London in 1588."

The passage above quoted places Shallow's words in so clear a light that they leave me little to add upon the subject. We see that though

say; bounce, would 'a say; and away again would 'a go, and again would 'a come:—I shall never see such a fellow.

Fal. These fellows will do well, master Shallow.—God keep you, master Silence; I will not use many words with you:—Fare you well, gentlemen both: I thank you: I must a dozen mile to-night.—Bardolph, give the soldiers coats.

Shal. Sir John, heaven bless you, and prosper your affairs, and send us peace! As you return, visit my house; let our old acquaintance be renewed: peradventure, I will with you to the court.

Fal. I would you would, master Shallow.

Shal. Go to; I have spoke, at a word. Fare you well.

[*Exeunt SHALLOW and SILENCE.*]

Fal. Fare you well, gentle gentlemen. On, Bardolph; lead the men away. [*Exeunt Bardolph, Recruits, &c.*] As I return, I will fetch off these justices: I do see the bottom of justice Shallow. Lord, lord, how subject we old men are to this vice of lying! This same starv'd

he is apt enough to introduce frivolous and foreign circumstances, the mention of *Sir Dagonet* here, is not of that nature, Mile-end Green being probably the place where ARTHUR'S KNIGHT'S displayed their skill in archery, or in other words where ARTHUR'S SHOW was exhibited.

Whether this fellowship existed in the reign of *Henry IV.* is very unnecessary to enquire. We see in almost every one of his plays how little scrupulous Shakspeare was in ascribing the customs of his own time to preceding ages.

It may perhaps be objected, that the "little quiver fellow," afterwards mentioned, is not described as an *archer*, but as managing a *piece*; but various exercises might have been practised at the same time at Mile-end Green. If, however, this objection should appear to the reader of any weight, by extending the parenthesis to the words—"Arthur's Show," it is obviated; for Shallow might have resided at Clement's Inn, and displayed his feats of archery in *Arthur's show* elsewhere, not on the day here alluded to. The meaning will then be, I remember when I resided at Clement's Inn, and in the exhibition of archery made by Arthur's knights I used to represent *sir Dagonet*, that among the soldiers exercised at Mile-end green, there was, &c. MALONE.

² — a little quiver fellow,] *Quiver* is nimble, active, &c. "There is a manner fish that hygh mugill, which is full *quiver* and swift." *Bartholomew*, 1535. b. l. HENDERSON.

starved justice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildness of his youth, and the feats he hath done about Turnbull-street³; and every third word a lie, duer paid to the hearer than the Turk's tribute. I do remember him at Clement's-inn, like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring: when he was naked, he was, for all the world, like a fork'd radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife: he was so forlorn, that his dimensions to any thick sight were invincible⁴: he was the very Genius of famine; yet lecherous as a monkey, and the whores call'd him—mandrake⁵: he came ever in the rear-ward of the fashion; and sung those tunes to the over-scutch'd⁶ hufwives that he heard the cap^{en} whistle, and

³ —about Turnbull-street;] See Vol. I. p. 231, n. 9. MALONE. See *The Inner Temple Masque*, by Middleton, 1619:

“ 'Tis in your charge to pull down *bawdy-houses*,—

“ ————— cause spoil in Shoreditch,

“ And deface *Turnbull*.”

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady*: “Here has been such a hurry, such a din, such dismal drinking, swearing, &c. we have all liv'd in a perpetual *Turnbull-street*.”

Turnbull or *Turnmill Street* is near Cow-crofs, West-Smith-field. The continuator of *Stowe's Annals* informs us that *West Smithfield*, (at present the horse-market) was formerly called *Russian's Hall*, where turbulent fellows met to try their skill at sword and buckler. STEEVENS.

⁴ —were invincible:] That is, could not be mastered by any thick fight. Mr. Rowe and the other modern editors read, I think without necessity, *invincible*. MALONE.

⁵ —call'd him mandrake:] This appellation will be somewhat illustrated by the following passage in *Caltha Poetarum, or the Bumble Bee*, composed by T. Cutwode, Esqyre, 1599. This book was commanded by the archbishop of Canterbury and the bishop of London to be burnt at Stationers' Hall in the 41st year of Queen Elizabeth.

“ Upon the place and ground where *Caltha* grew,

“ A mightie *mandrag* there did *Venus* plant;

“ An object for faire *Primula* to view,

“ Resembling man from thighs unto the shank, &c.”

The rest of the description might prove yet farther explanatory; but on some subjects silence is less reprehensible than information.

STEEVENS.

See a former scene of this play, p. 291, n. 7; and Sir Thomas Brown's *Vulgar Errors*, p. 72, edit. 1686. MALONE.

⁶ —over-scutch'd—] That is whipt, carried. POPE.

and sware—they were his fancies, or his good-nights⁷. And now is this Vice's dagger⁸ become a squire; and talks as familiarly of John of Gaunt, as if he had been sworn brother to him: and I'll be sworn he never saw him but once⁹ in the Tilt-yard; and then he burst his head⁹, for crowding among the marshal's men. I saw it; and told John of Gaunt, he beat his own name¹: for you might have trufs'd him, and all his apparel,

I rather think that the word means *dirty* or *grimed*. The word *buswives* agrees better with this sense. Shallow crept into mean houses, and boasted his accomplishments to *dirty* women. JOHNSON.

Ray, among his north country words, says, that an *over-switcb'd buswife* is a strumpet. *Over-scutch'd* has undoubtedly the meaning which Mr. Pope has affixed to it. *Over-scutch'd* is the same as *over-scutch'd*. A *scutch* or *scotch* is a cut or lash with a rod or whip. STEEVENS.

The following passage in *Marroccus Extaticus*, or *Banks' Bay horse in a Traunce*, 4to. 1595, inclines me to believe that this word is used in a wanton sense: "The lecherous landlord hath his wench at his commandment, and is content to take ware for his money; his private *scutcherie* hurts not the common-wealth farther than that his whoore shall have a house rent-free." MALONE.

⁷ — *fancies, or his goodnights*.] Fancies and Goodnights were the titles of little poems. One of Gascoigne's *Goodnights* is published among his *Flowers*. STEEVENS.

⁸ And now is this Vice's dagger—] Sir T. Hanmer was of opinion that "the name of the *Vice* (a droll figure heretofore much shown upon our stage, whose dress was always a long jerkin, a fool's cap with ass's ears, and a *thin* wooden dagger,) was derived from the French word *vis*, which signifies the same as *visage* does now. From this in part came *visdase*, a word common among them for a fool, which Menage says is but a corruption from *vis d'asne*, the face or head of an ass. By vulgar use this was shortened to plain *vis* or *vice*." Mr. Warton thinks that the word is only "an abbreviation of *device*, the *Vice* in our old dramattick shows being nothing more than an *artificial* figure, a puppet moved by *machinery*. So Hamlet calls his uncle a 'vice of kings,' a fantastick and factitious image of majesty, a mere puppet of royalty." MALONE.

⁹ — *he burst his head*.] To *break* and to *burst* were, in our poet's time, synonymously used. So, in Holinshed, p. 809: "—that manie a speare was *burst*, and manie a great stripe given." STEEVENS.

See Vol. III. p. 244, n. 6; and p. 312, n. 1. MALONE.

¹ — *beat his own name*.] That is, beat *gaunt*, a fellow so slender, that his name might have been *gaunt*. JOHNSON.

into an eel-skin; the case of a treble hautboy was a mansion for him, a court: and now has he land and beeves. Well; I will be acquainted with him, if I return: and it shall go hard, but I will make him a philosopher's two stones to me²: If the young dace³ be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason, in the law of nature, but I may snap at him. Let time shape, and there an end. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Forest in Yorkshire.

Enter the Archbishop of York, Mowbray, Hastings, and Others.

Arch. What is this forest call'd?

Hast. 'Tis Gualtree forest⁴, an't shall please your grace.

Arch.

² —*philosopher's two stones*—] One of which was an universal medicine, and the other a transmuter of base metals into gold. WARBURTON.

I believe the commentator has refined this passage too much. A philosopher's two stones is only *more* than the philosopher's stone. The universal medicine was never, so far as I know, conceived to be a stone before the time of Butler's stone. JOHNSON.

I think Dr. Johnson's explanation of this passage is the true one. I will make him of *twice* the value of the philosopher's stone. MALONE.

Mr. Edwards ridicules Dr. Warburton's note on this passage, but without reason. Gower has a chapter in his *Confessio Amantis*, "Of the *three* stones that philosophers made:" and Chaucer, in his tale of the *Chanon's Yeman*, expressly tells us, that one of them is *Alixar eleped*; and that it is a *water* made of the four elements. *Face*, in the *Alchymist*, assures us, it is "a stone, and not a stone." FARMER.

The following passage in the dedication of *The Metamorphosis of Pigmalion's Image, and certayne Satyres*, 1598, may prove that the Elixir was supposed to be a stone before the time of Butler:

"Or like that rare and rich Elixir stone,

"Can turne to gold leaden invention." STEEVENS.

³ *If the young dace*—] That is, if the pike may prey upon the dace, if it be the law of nature that the stronger may seize upon the weaker, Falstaff may, with great propriety, devour Shallow. JOHNSON.

⁴ *'Tis Gualtree forest*,] "The earle of Westmoreland, &c, made forward against the rebels, and coming into a plaine, within *Galtree* forest,

Arch. Here stand, my lords; and send discoverers forth,
To know the numbers of our enemies.

Hast. We have sent forth already.

Arch. 'Tis well done.

My friends, and brethren in these great affairs,
I must acquaint you that I have receiv'd
New-dated letters from Northumberland;
Their cold intent, tenour and substance, thus:—
Here doth he wish his person, with such powers
As might hold fortance with his quality,
The which he could not levy; whereupon
He is retir'd, to ripe his growing fortunes,
To Scotland: and concludes in hearty prayers,
That your attempts may over-live the hazard,
And fearful meeting of their opposite.

Mowb. Thus do the hopes we have in him touch ground,
And dash themselves to pieces.

Enter a Messenger.

Hast. Now, what news?

Mess. West of this forest, scarcely off a mile,

In goodly form comes on the enemy:

And, by the ground they hide, I judge their number
Upon, or near, the rate of thirty thousand.

Mowb. The just proportion that we gave them out.
Let us sway on^s, and face them in the field.

forest, caused their standards to be pitched down in like sort as the archbishop had pitched his, over against them." Holinshed, page 529.

STEEVENS.

5 *Let us sway on,—* I know not that I have ever seen *sway* in this sense; but I believe it is the true word, and was intended to express the uniform and forcible motion of a compact body. There is a sense of the noun in *Milton* kindred to this, where, speaking of a weighty sword, he says, "It descends with huge two-handed *sway*." JOHNSON.

The word is used in *Holinshed*, English Hist. p. 986. "The left side of the enemy was compelled to *sway* a good way back, and give ground, &c."

Again, in *K. Henry VI.* P. III. Act II. sc. v.

"Now *sways* it this way, like a mighty sea,

"Forc'd by the tide to combat with the wind;

"Now *sways* it that way," &c. STEEVENS.

SECOND PART OF

Enter WESTMORELAND.

Arch. What well-appointed leader⁶ fronts us here?*Mowb.* I think, it is my lord of Westmoreland.*West.* Health and fair greeting from our general,
The prince, lord John and duke of Lancaster.*Arch.* Say on, my lord of Westmoreland, in peace;
What doth concern your coming?*West.* Then, my lord,
Unto your grace do I in chief address
The substance of my speech. If that rebellion
Came like itself, in base and abject routs,
Led on by bloody youth⁷, guarded with rage⁸,
And countenanc'd by boys, and beggary;
I say, if damn'd commotion so appear'd*,
In his true, native, and most proper shape,
You, reverend father, and these noble lords,
Had not been here, to dress the ugly form
Of base and bloody insurrection
With your fair honours. You, lord archbishop,—
Whose see is by a civil peace maintain'd;

⁶ —well-appointed leader—] *Well-appointed* is completely accounted for in the *Miseries of Queen Margaret*, by Drayton:

"Ten thousand valiant, well-appointed men." STEEVENS.

⁷ *Led on by bloody youth*,—] *Bloody youth* is sanguine youth, or youth full of blood, and of those passions which blood is supposed to incite or nourish. JOHNSON.

So, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*:

"Lust is but a bloody fire." MALONE.

⁸ —guarded with rage,] *Guarded* is an expression taken from dress; it means the same as *faced*, *turned up*. Shakspeare uses the same expression in *The Merchant of Venice*:

"—— Give him a livery

"More guarded than his fellows." STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens is certainly right. We have the same allusion in a former part of this play:

"To face the garment of rebellion

"With some fine colour, that may please the eye

"Of fickle changelings," &c.

So again, in the speech before us:

"—to dress the ugly form

"Of base and bloody insurrection—." MALONE.

* —so appear'd,] Old Copies—so appear. Corrected by Mr. Pope: MALONE.

Whose

Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath touch'd;
 Whose learning and good letters peace hath tutor'd;
 Whose white investments figure innocence,⁹
 The dove and very blessed spirit of peace,—
 Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself,
 Out of the speech of peace, that bears such grace,
 Into the harsh and boist'rous tongue of war?
 Turning your books to graves¹, your ink to blood,
 Your pens to lances; and your tongue divine
 To a loud trumpet, and a point of war?

Arch. Wherefore do I this?—so the question stands.
 Briefly, to this end:—We are all diseas'd;
 And, with our surfeiting, and wanton hours,

⁹ *Whose white investments figure innocence,*] Formerly, (says Dr. Hody, *Hist. of Convocations*, p. 141.) all bishops wore white even when they travelled. GREY.

By comparing this passage with another in p. 91, of Dr. Grey's notes, we learn that the white investment meant the episcopal rochet; and this should be worn by the theatrick archbishop. TOLLET.

¹ *—graves.*—] For *graves* Dr. Warburton very plausibly reads *glaves*, and is followed by Sir Thomas Hanmer. JOHNSON.

We might perhaps as plausibly read *greaves*, i. e. armour for the legs, a kind of boots. In one of the *Discourses on the Art Military*, written by sir John Smythe, Knight, 1589, *greaves* are mentioned as necessary to be worn; and Ben Jonson employs the same word in his *Hymenæi*.

Warner, in his *Albions England*, 1602, b. 12. ch. 69, spells the word as it is found in the old copies of Shakspeare:

“The tashes, cushiones, and the *graves*, staff, pensell, baifes, all.”

STEEVENS.

The emendation, or rather interpretation, proposed by Mr. Steevens, appears to me extremely probable; yet a following line in which the archbishop's again addressed, may be urged in favour of *glaves*, i. e. swords:

“Chearing a fout of rebels with your drum,

“Turning the word to sword, and life to death.”

The latter part of the second of these lines, however, may be adduced in support of *graves* in its ordinary sense. Mr. Steevens observes, that “the metamorphosis of the *leathern covers of boots* into *greaves*, i. e. *boots*, seems to be more apposite than the conversion of them into such instruments of war as *glaves*;” but surely Shakspeare did not mean, if he wrote either *greaves* or *glaves*, that they actually made *boots* or *swords* of their books; any more than that they made *lances* of their pens. The passage already quoted, “turning the word to sword,” sufficiently proves that he had no such meaning. MALONE.

Have brought ourselves into a burning fever,
 And we must bleed for it: of which disease
 Our late king, Richard, being infected, dy'd.
 But, my most noble lord of Westmoreland,
 I take not on me here as a physician;
 Nor do I, as an enemy to peace,
 Troop in the throngs of military men:
 But, rather, shew a while like fearful war,
 To diet rank minds, sick of happiness;
 And purge the obstructions, which begin to stop
 Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly.
 I have in equal balance justly weigh'd
 What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we suffer,
 And find our griefs² heavier than our offences.
 We see which way the stream of time doth run,
 And are enforc'd from our most quiet sphere³
 By the rough torrent of occasion:
 And have the summary of all our griefs,
 When time shall serve, to shew in articles;
 Which, long ere this, we offer'd to the king,
 And might by no suit gain our audience:
 When we are wrong'd, and would unfold our griefs,
 We are deny'd access unto his person⁴
 Even by those men that most have done us wrong.
 The dangers of the days but newly gone,
 (Whose memory is written on the earth
 With yet-appearing blood,) and the examples
 Of every minute's instance⁵, (present now,)

Have

² —our griefs] i. e. our grievances. See p. 237, n. 9. MALONE.

³ —most quiet sphere] The old copies read—quiet *there*. The emendation is Dr. Warburton's. MALONE.

⁴ *We are deny'd access &c.*] The archbishop says in Holinshed: "Where he and his companie were in armes, it was for feare of the king, to whom he could have no free access, by reason of such a multitude of flatterers, as were about him." STEEVENS.

⁵ *Of every minute's instance,*] The *examples* of an *instance* does not convey, to me at least, a very clear idea. The frequent corruptions that occur in the old copies in words of this kind, make me suspect that our author wrote—Of every minute's *instants*; i. e. the examples furnished not only every minute, but during every the most minute division of a minute

Have put us in these ill-beseeming arms :
Not to break peace⁶, or any branch of it ;
But to establish here a peace indeed,
Concurring both in name and quality.

West. When ever yet was your appeal deny'd ?
Wherein have you been galled by the king ?
What peer hath been suborn'd to grate on you ?
That you should seal this lawless bloody book
Of forg'd rebellion with a seal divine,
And consecrate commotion's bitter edge ?⁷

Arch. My brother general, the common-wealth⁸,

To

minute.—*Instance*, however, is elsewhere used by Shakspeare for example ; and he has similar personisms in other places. MALONE.

⁶ *Not to break peace,*] “ He took nothing in hand against the king's peace, but that whatsoever he did, tended rather to advance the peace and quiet of the commonwealth.” Archbishop's speech in Holinshed.

STEEVENS.

⁷ *And consecrate commotion's bitter edge ?*] i. e. the edge of bitter strife and commotion ; the sword of rebellion. So, in a subsequent scene,

“ That the united vessel of their blood,”
instead of—“ the vessel of their united blood.” MALONE.

It was an old custom, continued from the time of the first croisades, for the pope to consecrate the general's sword, which was employed in the service of the church. WARBURTON.

⁸ *My brother general, the common-wealth, &c.*] Perhaps the meaning is, My brother general, *who is joined here with me in command*, makes the commonwealth *his* quarrel, i. e. has taken up arms on account of publick grievances ; a particular injury done to my own brother, is my ground of quarrel. I have, however, very little confidence in this interpretation. I have supposed the word *general* a substantive ; but probably it is used as an adjective, and the meaning may be, I consider the wrongs done to the common-wealth, the *common-brother* of us all, and the particular and domestick cruelty exercised against my natural brother, as a sufficient ground for taking up arms.—If the former be the true interpretation, perhaps a semicolon should be placed after *commonwealth*. The word *born* in the subsequent line [*To brother born*] seems strongly to countenance the supposition that *general* in the present line is an epithet applied to brother, and not a substantive.

In that which is apparently the first of the two quartos, the second line is found ; but is omitted in the other, and the folio. I suspect that a line has been lost following the word *commonwealth* ; the sense of which was—“ is the general ground of our taking up arms”. MALONE.

I believe there is an error in the first line, which perhaps may be rectified thus:

To brother born an household cruelty,
I make my quarrel in particular.

West. There is no need of any such redress;
Or, if there were, it not belongs to you.

Mowb. Why not to him, in part; and to us all,
That feel the bruises of the days before;
And suffer the condition of these times
To lay a heavy and unequal hand
Upon our honours?

West. O my good lord Mowbray,
Construe the times to their necessities;
And you shall say indeed,—it is the time,
And not the king, that doth you injuries.
Yet, for your part, it not appears to me,
Either from the king, or in the present time,
That you should have an inch of any ground
To build a grief on: Were you not restor'd
To all the duke of Norfolk's signiories,
Your noble and right-well-remember'd father's?

Mowb. What thing, in honour, had my father lost,
That need to be reviv'd, and breath'd in me?
The king, that lov'd him, as the state stood then,

" My quarrel general, the common wealth,

" To brother born an household cruelty,

" I make my quarrel in particular."

That is, my *general* cause of discontent is publick mismanagement; my *particular* cause a domestick injury done to my natural brother, who had been beheaded by the king's order. JOHNSON.

This circumstance is mentioned in the first part of the play:

" The archbishop——who bears hard

" His brother's death at Bristol, the lord Scroop". STEEVENS.

9 O my good lord Mowbray,—] The thirty-seven lines following are not in the quarto. MALONE.

1 Construe the times to their necessities,] That is, Judge of what is done in these times according to the exigencies that over-rule us.

JOHNSON.

2 Either from the king, &c.] Whether the faults of government be imputed to the *time* or the *king*, it appears not that you have, for your part, been injured either by the *king* or the *time*. JOHNSON.

3 To build a grief on:] i. e. a grievance. MALONE.

Was, force perforce ⁴, compell'd to banish him :
 And then, when * Harry Bolingbroke, and he,—
 Being mounted, and both roused in their seats,
 Their neighing couriers daring of the spur,
 Their armed staves in charge ⁵, their beavers down ⁶,
 Their eyes of fire sparkling through sights of steel ⁷,
 And the loud trumpet blowing them together ;
 Then, then, when there was nothing could have staid
 My father from the breast of Bolingbroke,
 O, when the king did throw his warder down,
 His own life hung upon the staff he threw :
 Then threw he down himself ; and all their lives,
 That, by indictment, and by dint of sword,
 Have since miscarried under Bolingbroke.

West. You speak, lord Mowbray, now you know not
 what :

The earl of Hereford ⁸ was reputed then
 In England the most valiant gentleman ;
 Who knows, on whom fortune would then have smil'd ?
 But, if your father had been victor there,
 He ne'er had borne it out of Coventry :
 For all the country, in a general voice,
 Cry'd hate upon him ; and all their prayers, and love,
 Were set on Hereford, whom they doted on,
 And bless'd, and grac'd indeed ⁹, more than the king.

⁴ *Was, force perforce,*] Old Copy—Was forc'd—Corrected by Mr. Theobald. In a subsequent scene we have the same words :

"As, force perforce, the age will put it in." MALONE.

* *And then, when*] The old copies read, And then, *that*—Corrected by Mr. Pope. Mr. Rowe reads—And *when* that—MALONE.

⁵ *Their armed staves in charge,*] An armed staff is a lance. To be in charge, is to be fixed in the rest for the encounter. JOHNSON.

⁶—*their beavers down,*] *Beaver*, it has been already observed in a former note, (see p. 230, n. 2.) meant properly that part of the helmet which let down, to enable the wearer to drink ; but Shakspeare confounded it both here and in *Hamlet* with *visiere*, or used it for *helmet* in general.

MALONE.

⁷—*sights of steel,*] i. e. the perforated part of their helmets, through which they could see to direct their aim. *Visiere*, Fr. STEEV.

⁸ *The earl of Hereford*—] This is a mistake of our author's. He was *Duke of Hereford*. See *K. Richard II.* MALONE.

⁹—*and grac'd indeed*—] Old Copy—*grac'd and did*. Corrected by Rj. Thirlby. MALONE.

But

But this is mere digression from my purpose.—

Here come I from our princely general,
To know your griefs; to tell you from his grace,
That he will give you audience: and wherein
It shall appear that your demands are just,
You shall enjoy them; every thing set off,
That might so much as think you enemies.

Mowb. But he hath forc'd us to compel this offer;
And it proceeds from policy, not love.

West. Mowbray, you over-ween, to take it so;
This offer comes from mercy, not from fear;
For, lo! within a ken, our army lies;
Upon mine honour, all too confident
To give admittance to a thought of fear.

Our battle is more full of names than yours,
Our men more perfect in the use of arms,
Our armour all as strong, our cause the best;
Then reason wills¹, our hearts should be as good:—
Say you not then, our offer is compell'd.

Mowb. Well, by my will, we shall admit no parley.

West. That argues but the shame of your offence:
A rotten case abides no handling.

Hast. Hath the prince John a full commission,
In very ample virtue of his father,
To hear, and absolutely to determine
Of what conditions we shall stand upon?

West. That is intended in the general's name²:
I muse, you make so slight a question.

Arch. Then take, my lord of Westmoreland, this schedule;

For this contains our general grievances:—
Each several article herein redress'd;
All members of our cause, both here and hence,

¹ *Then reason wills,*—] The old copy has *will*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. Perhaps we ought rather to read—*Then reason well*—The same mistake has, I think, happened in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.

² *That is intended in the general's name:*] That is, This power is included in the name or office of a general. We wonder that you can ask a question so trifling. MALONE.
JOHNSON.

That are infinew'd to this action,
 Acquitted by a true substantial form³;
 And present execution of our wills
 To us, and to our purposes, consign'd⁴;
 We come within our awful banks again⁵,
 And knit our powers to the arm of peace,

West.

³ —substantial form;] That is, by a pardon of due form and legal validity. JOHNSON.

⁴ And present execution of our wills

To us, and to our purposes, consign'd;] The quarto has *confm'd*. In my copy of the first folio, the word appears to be—*confm'd*. The types used in that edition were so worn, that *f* and *s* are scarcely distinguishable. But however it may have been printed, I am persuaded that the true reading is *consign'd*; that is, *sealed, ratified, confirmed*; a Latin sense: "*auētoritate consignatē litera*—". Cicero pro Cluentio. It has this signification again in this play:

"And (God *consigning* to my good intents)

"No prince nor peer, &c."

Again, in *K. Henry V*:

"And take with you free power to ratify,

"Augment or alter, as your wisdoms best

"Shall see advantageable for our dignity,

"Any thing in or out of our demands;

"And we'll *consign* thereto."

Again, *ibid.* "It were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to *consign* to—". *Confin'd*, in my apprehension, is unintelligible.

Supposing these copies to have been made by the ear, and one to have transcribed while another read, the mistake might easily have happened, for *consign'd* and *confm'd* are in sound undistinguishable; and when the compositor found the latter word in the manuscript, he would naturally print, *confm'd*, instead of a word that has no existence.

Dr Johnson proposed the reading that I have adopted, but explains the word differently. "Let the execution of our demands be *put into our hands*, according to our declared purposes."—The examples above quoted shew, I think, that the explication of this word already given is the true one. MALONE.

I believe two lines are out of place. I read:

This contains our general grievances,

And present executions of our wills;

To us and to our purposes confin'd. FARMER.

⁵ We come within our awful banks again,] *Awful banks* are the proper limits of reverence. JOHNSON.

So, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

"From the society of *awful* men."

We might read—*lawful*. STEEVENS.

Dr.

West. This will I shew the general. Please you, lords,
In fight of both our battles we may meet:
And either⁶ end in peace, which heaven so frame!
Or, to the place of difference call the swords
Which must decide it.

Arch. My lord, we will do so: {*Exit WEST.*

Mowb. There is a thing within my bosom, tells me,
That no conditions of our peace can stand.

Hast. Fear you not that: if we can make our peace
Upon such large terms, and so absolute,
As our conditions shall consist upon,
Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains.

Mowb. Ay, but our valuation shall be such,
That every slight and false-derived cause,
Yea, every idle, nice, and wanton reason,
Shall, to the king, taste of this action:
That, were our loyal faiths martyrs in love⁸,
We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind,
That even our corn shall seem as light as chaff,
And good from bad find no partition.

Arch. No, no, my lord; Note this,—the king is weary
Of dainty and such picking grievances⁹:

Dr. Warburton reads lawful. We have *awful* in the last act of this play:

“To pluck down justice from her *awful* bench.”

Here it certainly means *inspiring awe*. If *awful* banks be right, the words must mean *due and orderly limits*. MALONE.

⁶ And *either*—] Old Copy—*At either*, &c. Corrected by Dr. Thirlby. MALONE.

⁷ *As our conditions shall consist upon*,] Perhaps the meaning is, as our conditions shall *stand upon*, shall make the foundation of the treaty. A Latin sense. So, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, 1609:

“Then welcome peace, if he *on peace consist*.”

See also p. 378:

“Of what *conditions* we shall *stand upon*.” MALONE.

⁸ *That, were our loyal faiths*, &c.] In former editions:

That, were our royal faiths martyrs in love.

If *royal faith* can mean faith to a king, it yet cannot mean it without much violence done to the language. I therefore read, with sir Thomas Hanmer, *loyal faiths*, which is proper, natural, and suitable to the intention of the speaker. JOHNSON.

⁹ —*such picking grievances*;] *Picking* means piddling, insignificant. STEEVENS.

For

For he hath found,—to end one doubt by death,
 Revives two greater in the heirs of life.
 And therefore will he wipe his tables clean¹;
 And keep no tell-tale to his memory,
 That may repeat and history his loss
 To new remembrance: For full well he knows,
 He cannot so precisely weed this land,
 As his misdoubts present occasion:
 His foes are so enrooted with his friends,
 That, plucking to unfix an enemy,
 He doth unfasten so, and shake a friend.
 So that this land, like an offensive wife,
 That hath enrag'd him on to offer strokes;
 As he is striking, holds his infant up,
 And hangs resolv'd correction in the arm
 That was uprear'd to execution.

Hast. Besides, the king hath wasted all his rods
 On late offenders, that he now doth lack
 The very instruments of chastisement:
 So that his power, like to a fangless lion,
 May offer, but not hold.

Arch. 'Tis very true:—
 And therefore be assur'd, my good lord marshal,
 If we do now make our atonement well,
 Our peace will, like a broken limb united,
 Grow stronger for the breaking.

Mowb. Be it so.
 Here is return'd my lord of Westmoreland.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

West. The prince is here at hand: Pleaseth your lordship.

To meet his grace just distance 'tween our armies?

Mowb. Your grace of York, in God's name then set forward.

Arch. Before, and greet his grace:—my lord, we come.
 [Exeunt.]

¹ —wipe his tables clean;] Alluding to a table-book of state, ivory, &c. WARBURTON.

SCENE II.

Another part of the forest.

Enter, from one side, MOWBRAY, the Archbishop, HASTINGS, and Others: from the other side, Prince John of Lancaster, WESTMORELAND, Officers, and Attendants.

P. John. You are well encounter'd here, my cousin Mowbray :—

Good day to you, gentle lord archbishop ;—
And so to you, lord Hastings,—and to all.—
My lord of York, it better shew'd with you,
When that your flock, assembled by the bell,
Encircled you, to hear with reverence
Your exposition on the holy text ;^e
Than now to see you here an iron man²,
Chearing a rout of rebels with your drum,
Turning the word to sword³, and life to death.
That man, that sits within a monarch's heart,
And ripens in the sun-shine of his favour,
Would he abuse the countenance of the king,
Alack, what mischiefs might he set abroad,
In shadow of such greatness ! With you, lord bishop,
It is even so :—Who hath not heard it spoken,
How deep you were within the books of God ?
To us, the speaker in his parliament ;
To us, the imagin'd voice of God himself⁴ ;
The very opener, and intelligencer,

² — *an iron man,*] Holinshed says of the archbishop, that “ coming forth amongst them *clad in armour*, he encouraged and pricked them forth to take the enterprize in hand.” STEEVENS.

³ *Turning the word to sword, &c.*] A similar thought occurs in the prologue to Gower's *Confessio Amantis*, 1554 :

“ Into the sworde the churche kaye

“ *Is turned*, and the holy bede, &c.” STEEVENS.

⁴ — *the imagin'd voice of God himself;*] The old copies, by an apparent error of the press, have—the *imagine* voice. Mr. Pope introduced the reading of the text. Perhaps Shakspeare wrote—To us, the *image* and voice, &c. So in a subsequent scene :

“ And he, the noble *image* of my youth,” MALONE.

Between the grace, the sanctities of heaven⁵,
 And our dull workings : O, who shall believe,
 But you misuse the reverence of your place ;
 Employ the countenance and grace of heaven,
 As a false favourite doth his prince's name,
 In deeds dishonourable ? You have taken up⁶,
 Under the counterfeited zeal of God,
 The subjects of his substitute, my father ;
 And, both against the peace of heaven and him,
 Have here up-swarm'd them.

Arch. Good my lord of Lancaster,
 I am not here against your father's peace :
 But, as I told my lord of Westmoreland,
 The time mis-order'd doth, in common sense⁷,
 Crowd us, and crush us, to this monstrous form,
 To hold our safety up. I sent your grace
 The parcels and particulars of our grief ;
 The which hath been with scorn shov'd from the court,
 Whereon this Hydra son of war is born :
 Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd asleep,
 With grant of our most just and right desires ;
 And true obedience, of this madness cur'd,
 Stoop tamely to the foot of majesty.

Mowb. If not, we ready are to try our fortunes
 To the last man.

Hast. And though we here fall down,
 We have supplies to second our attempt ;
 If they miscarry, theirs shall second them ;
 And so, success of mischief shall be born⁸ ;
 And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel up,
 Whiles England shall have generation.

P. John. You are too shallow, Hastings, much too shallow,

⁵ —the sanctities of heaven,] This expression Milton has copied :

“ Around him all the sanctities of heaven

“ Stood thick as stars.” JOHNSON.

⁶ —taken up,] To take up is to levy, to raise in arms. JOHNSON.

⁷ —in common sense,] Common sense is the general sense of general danger. JOHNSON.

⁸ —success of mischief—] Success for succession. WAREBURY.

To found the bottom of the after-times.

West. Pleaseth your grace, to answer them directly,
How far-forth you do like their articles?

P. John. I like them all, and do allow them well⁹;

And swear here by the honour of my blood,

My father's purposes have been mistook;

And some about him have too lavishly

Wrested his meaning, and authority.—

My lord, these griefs shall be with speed redress'd;

Upon my soul, they shall. If this may please you,

Discharge your powers¹ unto their several counties,

As we will ours: and here, between the armies,

Let's drink together friendly, and embrace;

That all their eyes may bear those tokens home,

Of our restored love, and amity.

Arch. I take your princely word for these redresses.

P. John. I give it you, and will maintain my word:
And thereupon I drink unto your grace.

Hast. Go, captain, [*to an officer.*] and deliver to the
army

This news of peace; let them have pay, and part:

I know, it will well please them; Hie thee, captain.

[*Exit Officer.*]

Arch. To you, my noble lord of Westmoreland.

West. I pledge your grace: And, if you knew what
pains

I have bestow'd, to breed this present peace,

You would drink freely: but my love to you

Shall shew itself more openly hereafter.

Arch. I do not doubt you.

West. I am glad of it.—

⁹ —and do allow—] i. e. approve. So in *K. Lear*, Act II. sc. IV:

“—if your sweet sway

“Allow obedience.” MALONE.

¹ Discharge your powers—] It was Westmoreland who made this deceitful proposal, as appears from Holinshed, “The earl of Westmoreland using more policie than the rest, said, whereas our people have been long in armour, let them depart home to their wonted trades: in the meane time let us drink together in signe of agreement, that the people on both sides may see it, and know that it is true, that we be light at a point.” STEEVENS.

Health to my lord, and gentle cousin, Mowbray.

Mowb. You with me health in very happy season;
For I am, on the sudden, something ill.

Arch. Against ill chances, men are ever merry²;
But heaviness fore-runs the good event.

West. Therefore be merry, coz³; since sudden sorrow
Serves to say thus,—Some good thing comes to-morrow.

Arch. Believe me, I am passing light in spirit.

Mowb. So much the worse, if your own rule be true.

[*Shouts within.*]

P. John. The word of peace is render'd; Hark, how
they shout!

Mowb. This had been chearful, after victory.

Arch. A peace is of the nature of a conquest;
For then both parties nobly are subdued,
And neither party loser.

P. John. Go, my lord,
And let ~~our army~~ be discharged too.— [Exit WEST;

And, good my lord, so please you, let our trains⁴
March by us; that we may peruse the men
We should have cop'd withal.

Arch. Go, good lord Hastings,
And, ere they be dismiss'd, let them march by.

[Exit HASTINGS.]

P. John. I trust, lords, we shall lie to-night together.—

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

Now, cousin, wherefore stands our army still?

West. The leaders, having charge from you to stand,
Will not go off until they hear you speak.

P. John. They know their duties.

² *Against ill chances, men are ever merry;*] Thus the poet describes
Romeo as feeling an *unaccustom'd* degree of cheerfulness just before he
hears the news of the death of Juliet. STEEVENS.

³ *Therefore be merry, coz;—*] That is, therefore, notwithstanding this
sudden impulse to heaviness, be merry, for such sudden dejections fore-
bode good. JOHNSON.

⁴ *—let our trains, &c.*] That is, Our army on each part, that we
may both see those that were to have opposed us. JOHNSON.

We ought, perhaps, to read *your* trains. The prince knew his
own strength sufficiently, and only wanted to be acquainted with that
of the enemy. The plural, *trains*, however, seems in favour of the old
reading. MALONE.

Re-enter HASTINGS.

Hast. My lord, our army is dispers'd already :
Like youthful steers unyok'd, they take their courses
East, west, north, south ; or, like a school broke up,
Each hurries towards his home, and sporting place.

West. Good tidings, my lord Hastings ; for the which
I do arrest thee, traitor, of high treason :—

And you, lord archbishop,—and you, lord Mowbray,—
Of capital treason I attach you both.

Mowb. Is this proceeding just and honourable ?

West. Is your assembly so ?

Arch. Will you thus break your faith ?

P. John. I pawn'd thee none :

I promis'd you redress of these same grievances,
Whereof you did complain ; which, by mine honour,
I will perform with a most christian care.

But, for you, rebels,—look to taste the due

Meet for rebellion, and such acts as yours.

Most shallowly did you these arms commence,
Fondly brought here^s, and foolishly sent hence.—

Strike up our drums, pursue the scatter'd stray ;

Heaven, and not we, hath safely fought to-day.—

Some guard these traitors to the block of death ;

Treason's true bed, and yielder up of breath. [*Exeunt* ^c.

SCENE III.

Another part of the forest.

*Alarums. Excursions. Enter FALSTAFF and COLEVILE,
meeting.*

Fal. What's your name, sir ? of what condition are
you ; and of what place, I pray ? *Cole.*

^s Fondly brought here, &c.] Fondly is foolishly. So, in lord Surrey's translation of the second book of Virgil's *Æneid* :

“ What wight so fond such offer to refuse ? ” STEEVENS.

⁶ *Exeunt.*] It cannot but raise some indignation to find this horrible violation of faith passed over thus slightly by the poet, without any note of censure or detestation. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare, here, as in many other places, has merely followed the historians who related this perfidious act without animadversion, and who seem to have adopted the ungenerous sentiment of Choræbus :

—*dolus an virtus, quis in hoste requirat ?*

But this is certainly no excuse ; for it is the duty of a poet always to take the side of virtue. MALONE.

Cole. I am a knight, fir; and my name is—Coleville of the dale⁷.

Fal. Well then, Coleville is your name; a knight is your degree; and your place, the dale: Coleville shall still be your name; a traitor your degree; and the dungeon your place,—a place deep enough⁷: so shall you be still Coleville of the dale⁸.

Cole. Are not you fir John Falstaff?

Fal. As good a man as he, fir, whoe'er I am. Do ye yield, fir? or shall I sweat for you? If I do sweat, they are drops of thy lovers, and they weep for thy death: therefore rouse up fear and trembling, and do observance to my mercy.

Cole. I think, you are fir John Falstaff; and, in that thought, yield me.

Fal. I have a whole school of tongues in this belly of mine; and not a tongue of them all speaks any other word but my name. An I had but a belly of any indifferency, I were simply the most active fellow in Europe: My womb, my womb, my womb undoes me.—Here comes our general.

Enter Prince John of Lancaster, WESTMORELAND, and Others.

P. John. The heat is past⁹, follow no farther now;—Call in the powers, good cousin Westmoreland.—

[*Exit WEST.*

Now, Falstaff, where have you been all this while?

• When every thing is ended, then you come:—

⁷—*Coleville of the dale.*] “At the king’s coming to Durham, the lord Hastings, fir John Coleville of the dale, &c. being convicted of conspiracy, were there beheaded,” Holinshed, p. 530. STEEVENS.

⁸—*and the dungeon your place,—a place deep enough: so shall you be still Coleville of the dale.*] But where is the wit or the logick of this conclusion? I am almost persuaded that we ought to read thus.—“Coleville shall still be your name; a traitor your degree, and the dungeon your place; a dale deep enough.” He may then justly infer—“so shall you still be Coleville of the dale.” TYRWHITT.

The sense of *dale* is included in *deep*: a *dale* is a deep place; a *dungeon* is a deep place; he that is in a *dungeon* may be therefore said to be in a *dale*. JOHNSON.

⁹ *The heat is past,*] That is, the violence of resentment; the eagerness of revenge. JOHNSON.

These tardy tricks of yours will, on my life,
One time or other break some gallows' back.

Fal. I would be sorry, my lord, but it should be thus: I never knew yet, but rebuke and check was the reward of valour. Do you think me a swallow, an arrow, or a bullet? have I, in my poor and old motion, the expedition of thought? I have speeded hither with the very extreme of possibility; I have foundered nine-score and odd posts: and here, travel-tainted as I am, have, in my pure and immaculate valour, taken sir John Coleville of the dale, a most furious knight, and valorous enemy: But what of that? he saw me, and yielded; that I may justly say with the hook-nosed fellow of Rome, —I came, saw, and overcame.

P. John. It was more of his courtesy than your deserving.

Fal. I know not; here he is, and here I yield him: and I beseech your grace, let it be book'd with the rest of this day's deeds; or, by the lord, I will have it in a particular ballad else, with mine own picture on the top of it, Coleville kissing my foot: To the which course if I be enforced, if you do not all shew like gilt two-pences to me; and I, in the clear sky of fame, o'er-shine you as much as the full moon doth the cinders of the element, which shew like pins' heads to her: believe not the word of the noble: Therefore let me have right, and let desert mount.

P. John. Thine's too heavy to mount.

Fal. Let it shine then.

P. John. Thine's too thick to shine.

Fal. Let it do something, my good lord, that may do me good, and call it what you will.

P. John. Is thy name Coleville?

Cole. It is, my lord.

P. John. A famous rebel art thou, Coleville.

Fal. And a famous true subject took him.

Cole. I am, my lord, but as my betters are,
That led me hither: had they been rul'd by me,
You should have won them dearer than you have.

Fal. I know not how they sold themselves: but thou,
like a kind fellow, gavest thyself away; and I thank thee
for thee,

Re-enter

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

P. John. Now, have you left pursuit?

West. Retreat is made, and execution stay'd.

P. John. Send Colevile, with his confederates,
To York, to present execution:—
Blunt, lead him hence; and see you guard him sure.

[*Exeunt some with Colevile.*]

And now dispatch we toward the court, my lords;
I hear, the king my father is fore sick:
Our news shall go before us to his majesty,
Which, cousin, you shall bear,—to comfort him;
And we with sober speed will follow you.

Fal. My lord, I beseech you, give me leave to go
through Glostershire; and, when you come to court,
stand my good lord, pray, in your good report¹.

P. John. Fare you well, Falstaff: I, in my condition,
Shall ~~better~~ speak of you than you deserve². [Exit.]

¹ —stand my good lord, pray, in your good report.] *Stand my good lord*, I believe, means only, *stand my good friend*, (an expression still in common use,) in your favourable report of me. So, in the *Taming of a Shrew*:

“I pray you, stand good father to me now.” STEEVENS.

Mr. Stevens is certainly right. In a former scene of this play, the hostess says to the chief justice, “good my lord, be good unto me; I beseech you, stand to me”. Though an equivoque may have been there intended, yet one of the senses conveyed by this expression in that place is the same as here. So, in *Cymbeline*:

“Be my good lady.” MALONE.

Stand is here the imperative word, as *give* is before. *Stand my good lord*, i. e. be my good patron and benefactor. *Be my good lord* was the old court phrase used by a person who asked a favour of a man of high rank. So in a letter of the Earl of Northumberland, (printed in the appendix to the *Northumberland Household Book*,) he desires that Cardinal Wolsey would so far “be his good lord,” as to empower him to imprison a person who had defrauded him. PERCY.

² —I, in my condition,

Shall better speak of you than you deserve.] *I, in my condition*, i. e. in my place as a commanding officer, who ought to represent things merely as they are, shall speak better of you than you deserve.

So, in the *Tempest*, Ferdinand says:

“—— I am, in my condition,

As a prince, Miranda.” STEEVENS.

Fal. I would, you had but the wit; 'twere better than your dukedom.—Good faith, this same young sober-blooded boy doth not love me; nor a man cannot make him laugh³;—but that's no marvel, he drinks no wine. There's never any of these demure boys come to any proof: for thin drink doth so over-cool their blood, and making many fish-meals, that they fall into a kind of male green-sickness; and then, when they marry, they get wenches: they are generally fools and cowards;—which some of us should be too, but for inflammation. A good sherris-sack⁴ hath a two-fold operation in it. It ascends me into the brain; dries me there all the foolish, and dull, and crudy vapours⁵ which environ it: makes it apprehensive⁶, quick, forgetive⁷; full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes; which deliver'd o'er to the voice, (the tongue) which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The second property of your excellent sherris is—the warming of the blood; which, before ~~it~~ and settled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice: but the sherris warms it, and makes it course from the inwards to the parts extreme. It illumineth the face; which, as a beacon gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm: and

³ —*this same young sober-blooded boy doth not love me; nor a man cannot make him laugh*;—] Falstaff speaks here like a veteran in life. The young prince did not love him, and he despaired to gain his affection, for he could not make him laugh. Men only become friends by community of pleasures. He who cannot be softened into gaiety, cannot easily be melted into kindness. JOHNSON.

⁴ —*sherris-sack*—] So called probably from Xeres, a sea-port town in Spain. This wine was perhaps the same which we now call *sherry*, &c. which might admit of a mixture of sugar better than what we now call sack. MALONE.

⁵ *It ascends me into the brain; dries me there all the —crudy vapours—*] This use of the pronoun is a familiar redundancy among our old writers. So Latimer, p. 91: "Here cometh *me* now these holy fathers from their counsels." "There was one wiser than the rest, and he comes *me* to the bishop." Edit. 1575. p. 75. BOWLE.

⁶ —*apprehensive*,] i. e. Quick to understand. In this sense it is now almost disused. STEEVENS.

⁷ —*forgetive*,—] *Forgetive* from *forge*; inventive, imaginative.

and then the vital commoners, and inland petty spirits, muster me all to their captain, the heart; who, great, and puff'd up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage; and this valour comes of sherris: So that skill in the weapon is nothing, without sack; for that sets it a-work: and learning, a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil⁸; till sack commences it, and sets it in act⁹ and use. Hereof comes it, that prince Harry is valiant: for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean, sterile, and bare land, manured, husbanded, and tilled, with excellent endeavour of drinking good, and good store of fertile sherris; that he is become very hot, and valiant. If I had a thousand sons, the first human principle I would teach them, should be,—to forswear thin potations, and to addict themselves to sack.

Enter BARDOLPH.

How now, Bardolph?

Bard. The army is discharged all, and gone.

Fal. Let them go. I'll through Gloucestershire; and there will I visit master Robert Shallow, esquire: I have him already tempering between my finger and my

⁸ —kept by a devil,—] It was anciently supposed that all the mines of gold, &c. were guarded by evil spirits. STEEVENS.

⁹ —till sack commences it, and sets it in act—] I believe, till sack gives it a beginning, brings it into action. STEEVENS.

It seems probable to me, that Shakspeare in these words alludes to the Cambridge Commencement; and in what follows to the Oxford *Act*: for by those different names our two universities have long distinguished the season, at which each of them gives to her respective students a complete authority to use those *boards of learning*, which have entitled them to their several degrees in arts, law, physick, and divinity.

TYERWHITT.

So, in *The Roaring Girl*, 1611:

“Then he is held a freshman, and a sot,

“And never shall commence.”

Again in *Pasquil's Fests or Mother Bunch's Merriments*, 1604: “A doctōr that was newly commenc'd at Cambridge,” &c. STEEVENS.

thumb¹, and shortly will I seal with him. Come away:

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Westminster. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King HENRY, CLARENCE, Prince Humphrey, WARWICK, and Others.

K. Hen. Now, lords, if heaven doth give successful end
To this debate that bleedeth at our doors,
We will our youth lead on to higher fields,
And draw no swords but what are sanctify'd.
Our navy is address'd², our power collected,
Our substitutes in absence well invested,
And every thing lies level to our wish:
Only, we want a little personal strength;
And pause us, till these rebels, now afoot
Come underneath the yoke of government.

War. Both which, we doubt not but your majesty
Shall soon enjoy.

K. Hen. Humphrey, my son of Gloster,
Where is the prince your brother?

P. Humph. I think, he's gone to hunt, my lord, at
Windfor.

K. Hen. And how accompanied?

P. Humph. I do not know, my lord.

K. Hen. Is not his brother, Thomas of Clarence, with
him?

P. Humph. No, my good lord; he is in presence here.

Cl. What would my lord and father?

K. Hen. Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Cla-
rence.

How

¹—*I have him already tempering, &c.*] A very pleasant allusion to the old use of sealing with soft wax. WARBURTON.

So, in *Your Five Gallants* by Middleton, no date:

"Fetch a pennyworth of *soft wax* to seal letters." STEEVENS.

² *Our navy is address'd,*—] i. e. Our navy is ready, prepared. See in *K. Henry V.*—"for our march we are *address'd*." STEEVENS.

How chance, thou art not with the prince thy brother?
 He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him, Thomas;
 Thou hast a better place in his affection,
 Than all thy brothers: cherish it, my boy;
 And noble omens thou may'st effect
 Of mediation, after I am dead,
 Between his greatness and thy other brethren:—
 Therefore omit him not; blunt not his love;
 Nor lose the good advantage of his grace,
 By seeming cold, or careless of his will.
 For he is gracious, if he be observ'd;
 He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
 Open as day for melting charity³:
 Yet notwithstanding, being incens'd, he's flint;
 As humorous as winter⁴, and as sudden
 As flaws congealed in the spring of day⁵.

His

³ *He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
 Open as day for melting charity: &c.*] So in our author's *Lover's
 Complaint*:

“ His qualities were beauteous as his form,
 “ For maiden-tongu'd he was, and thereof free;
 “ Yet, if men mov'd him, was he such a storm
 “ As oft 'twixt May and April is to see,
 “ When winds breathe sweet, unruly though they be.”

MALONE.

⁴ —humorous as winter,—] That is, changeable as the weather
 of a winter's day. Dryden says of Almanzor, that he is humorous
 as wind. JOHNSON.

So, in the *Spanish Tragedy*, 1607:

“ You know that women oft are humorous.”

Again, in *Cynthia's Revels*, by Ben Jonson: “ —a nymph of a most
 wandering and giddy disposition, humorous as the air, &c.” Again, in
 the *Silent Woman*: “ —as proud as May, and as humorous as April.”

STEEVENS.

“ As humorous as April,” is sufficiently clear; so in Heywood's
Challenge for beauty, 1636: “ I am as full of humours as an April day
 of variety;” but a winter's day has generally too decided a character to
 admit Dr. Johnson's interpretation, without some licence: a licence,
 which yet our author has perhaps taken. He may, however, have used
 the word humorous equivocally. He abounds in capricious fancies, as
 winter abounds in moisture. MALONE.

⁵ *As flaws congealed in the spring of day.*] Alluding to the opi-
 nion of some philosophers, that the vapours being congealed in the air
 by

His temper, therefore, must be well observ'd :
 Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,
 When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth :
 But, being moody, give him line and *scone* ;
 Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,
 Confound themselves with working. Learn this,

Thomas,

And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends ;
 A hoop of gold, to bind thy brothers in ;
 That the united vessel of their blood,
 Mingled with venom of suggestion⁶,
 (As, force perforce, the age shall pour it in,)
 Shall never leak, though it do work as strong
 As aconitum⁷, or rash gunpowder⁸.

Cla. I shall observe him with all care and love.

K. Hen. Why art thou not at Windfor with him,
 Thomas ?

Cla. He is not there to-day ; he dines in London.

K. Hen. And how accompanied ? canst thou tell that ?

Cla. With Pains, and other his continual followers.

K. Hen. Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds ;
 And he, the noble image of my youth,

Is

by cold, (which is most intense towards the morning) and being afterwards rarified and let loose by the warmth of the sun, occasion those sudden and impetuous gusts of wind which are called *flavos*. WARB.

Our author and his contemporaries frequently use the word *flavo* for a sudden gust of wind ; but a gust of wind congealed is, I confess, to me unintelligible. Mr. Edwards says, that "*flavos* are small blades of ice which are struck on the edges of the water in winter mornings." The *spring of day* our author might have found in our liturgy ;—"whereby the day-spring from on high hath visited us." MALONE.

⁶ *Mingled with venom of suggestion,*] Though their blood be inflamed by the temptations to which youth is peculiarly subject. See Vol. I. p. 139, n. 6. MALONE.

⁷ —as aconitum,—] The old writers employ the Latin word instead of the English one, which we now use. So, in Heywood's *Braxen Age*, 1613 :

"With aconitum that in Tartar springs." STEEVENS.

⁸ —*rash gunpowder.*] *Rash* is quick, violent, sudden. This representation of the prince is a natural picture of a young man whose passions are yet too strong for his virtues. JOHNSON.

Is overspread with them : Therefore my grief
 Stretches itself beyond the hour of death ;
 The blood weeps from my heart, when I do shape,
 In forms imaginary, the unguided days,
 And rotten times, that you shall look upon
 When I am sleeping with my ancestors. *
 For when his headstrong riot hath no curb,
 When rage and hot blood are his counsellors,
 When means and lavish manners meet together,
 O, with what wings shall his affections⁹ fly
 Towards fronting peril and oppos'd decay !

War. My gracious lord, you look beyond him quite :
 The prince but studies his companions,
 Like a strange tongue : Wherein, to gain the language,
 'Tis needful, that the most immodest word
 Be look'd upon, and learn'd ; which once attain'd,
 Your highness knows, comes to no farther use,
 But to be known, and hated¹. So, like gross terms,
 The prince will, in the perfectness of time,
 Cast off his followers : and their memory
 Shall as a pattern or a measure live,
 By which his grace must mete the lives of others ;
 Turning past evils to advantages.

K. Hen. 'Tis seldom, when the bee doth leave her
 comb²
 In the dead carrion,—Who's here ? Westmoreland ?

Enter WESTMORELAND.

West. Health to my sovereign ! and new happiness
 Added to that that I am to deliver !

Prince

9.—his affections—] His passions ; his inordinate desires. JOHNSON.

¹ But to be known, and hated.] A parallel passage occurs in Terence :

“ —quo modo adolescentulus

“ Meretricum ingenia et mores posset noscere,

“ Mature ut cum cognorit, perpetuo oderit.” ANONYMOUS.

² 'Tis seldom, when the bee, &c.] As the bee, having once placed her comb in a carcase, stays by her honey, so he that has once taken pleasure in bad company, will continue to associate with those that have the art of pleasing him. JOHNSON.

Prince John, your son, doth kiss your grace's hand;
 Mowbray, the bishop Scroop, Hastings, and all,
 Are brought to the correction of your law;
 There is not now a rebel's sword unsheath'd,
 But peace puts forth her olive every where.
 The manner how this action hath been borne,
 Here, at more leisure, may your highness read;
 With every course, in his particular³.

K. Hen. O Westmoreland, thou art a summer bird,
 Which ever in the haunch of winter sings
 The lifting up of day. Look! here's more news,

Enter HARCOURT.

Har. From enemies heaven keep your majesty;
 And, when they stand against you, may they fall
 As those that I am come to tell you of!
 The earl of Northumberland, and the lord Bardolph,
 With a great power of English, and of Scots,
 Are by the sheriff of Yorkshire overtrown:
 The manner and true order of the fight,
 This packet, please it you, contains at large.

K. Hen. And wherefore should these good news make
 me sick?

Will fortune never come with both hands full,
 But write her fair words still in foulest letters?
 She either gives a stomach, and no food,—
 Such are the poor, in health; or else a feast,
 And takes away the stomach,—such are the rich,
 That have abundance, and enjoy it not.

I should rejoice now at this happy news;
 And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy:—
 O me! come near me, now I am much ill.

[*swoons*,

P. Humph. Comfort your majesty!

Cla.

³ *—in his particular.*] *His* is used for *its* very frequently in the old plays. STEEVENS.

It may certainly have been used so here, as in almost every other page of our author. Mr. Henley however observes, that *his particular* may mean the detail contained in the letter of Prince John. *A Particular* is yet used as a substantive, by legal conveyancers, for a minute detail of things singly enumerated. MALONE.

Cla. O my royal father!

West. My sovereign lord, cheer up yourself, look up!

War. Be patient, princes; you do know, these fits
Are with his highness very ordinary.

Stand from him, give him air; he'll straight be well.

Cla. No, no; he cannot long hold out these pangs:
The incessant care and labour of his mind
Hath wrought the mure,* that should confine it in,

So

* *Hath wrought the mure, &c.*] i. e. The wall. POPE.

Wrought it thin, is, made it thin by gradual detriment. *Wrought* is the preterite of *work*. *Mure* is a word used by Heywood in his *Branzen Age*, 1613:

"Till I have scal'd these mures, invaded Troy."

The same thought occurs in Daniel's *Civil Wars*, &c. B. IV. *Daniel* is likewise speaking of the sickness of *K. Henry IV.*

"As that the walls worn thin, permit the mind

"To look out thorow, and his frailtie find."

The first edition of Daniel's poem is dated earlier than this play of Shakespeare.—Waller has the same thought:

"The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,

"Lets in new light, thro' chinks that time has made."

STEEVENS.

On this passage the elegant and learned Bishop of Worcester has the following criticism. "At times we find him (the imitator) practising a different art; not merely spreading as it were and laying open the same sentiment, but *adding* to it, and by a new and studied device improving upon it. In this case we naturally conclude that the refinement had not been made, if the plain and simple thought had not preceded and given rise to it. You will apprehend my meaning by what follows. Shakespeare had said of *Henry the Fourth*,

"The incessant care and labour of his mind

"Hath wrought the mure, that should confine it in,

"So thin, that life looks through, and will break out."

"You have here the thought in its first simplicity. It was not unnatural, after speaking of the body as a case or tenement of the soul, *the mure that confines it*, to say, that as that case wears away and grows thin, life looks through, and is ready to break out."

After quoting the lines of Daniel, who, (it is observed,) "by refining on this sentiment, if by nothing else, shews himself to be the copyist," the very learned writer adds,—"here we see, not simply, that *life* is going to break through the infirm and much-worn habitation, but that the *mind* looks through, and *finds* his frailty, that it discovers that life will soon make his escape.—Daniel's improvement then looks like the artifice of a man that would outdo his master. Though he fails

So thin, that life looks through, and will break out.

P. Humpb. The people fear me⁵; for they do observe
Unfather'd heirs, and loathly births of nature⁶:

The seasons change their manners⁷, as the year⁸
Had found some months asleep, and leav'd them over.

Gla. The river hath thrice flow'd, no ebb between⁹:
And the old folk, time's doting chronicles,
Say, it did so, a little time before

'That our great grandfire, Edward, sick'd and dy'd.

War. Speak lower, princes, for the king recovers.

P. Humpb. This apoplexy will, certain, be his end.

K. Hen.

fails in the attempt; for his ingenuity betrays him into a false thought. The mind, looking through, does not find its own frailty, but the frailty of the building it inhabits." Hurd's *Dissertation on the Marks of Imitation*.

This ingenious criticism, the general principles of which cannot be controverted, shews, however, how dangerous it is to suffer the mind to be led too far by an hypothesis:—for after all, there is very good reason to believe that Shakspeare, and not Daniel, was the imitator. "*The dissention between the houses of Yorke and Lancaster* in verse, penned by Samuel Daniel," was entered on the Stationers' books by Simon Water-son, in October, 1594, and four books of his work, were printed in 1595. The lines quoted by Mr. Steevens are from the edition of the *Civil Wars* in 1609. Daniel made many changes in his poems in every new edition. In the original edition in 1595, the verses run thus; B. III. st. 116:

"Wearing the wall so thin, that now the mind

"Might well look thorough, and his frailty find."

His is used for *its*, and refers not to *mind*, (as is supposed above) but to *wall*.—There is no reason to believe that this play was written before 1594, and it is highly probable that Shakspeare had read Daniel's poem, before he sat down to compose these historical dramas. MALONE.

⁵ *The people fear me;—*] i. e. Make me afraid. WARBURTON.

⁶ *Unfather'd heirs, &c.*] That is, equivocal births; animals that had no animal progenitors; productions not brought forth according to the stated laws of generation. JOHNSON.

⁷ *The seasons change their manners;—*] Alluding to the terms of *rough* and *barsh*, *mild* and *soft*, applied to weather. WARBURTON.

⁸ *—as the year—*] i. e. as if the year, &c. So in *Cymbeline*:

"He spake of her, as Dian had hot dreams,

"And the alone were cold."

In the subsequent line our author seems to have been thinking of *leap-year*. MALONE.

⁹ *The river bath thrice flow'd,—*] This is historically true. It happened on the 12th of October, 1411. STEEVENS.

K. Hen. I pray you, take me up, and bear me hence
Into some other chamber: softly, pray.

[*They convey the king to an inner part of the room,
and place him on a bed.*]

Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends;
Unless some dull and favourable hand
Will whisper musick to my weary spirit¹.

War. Call for the musick in the other room.

K. Hen. Set me the crown upon my pillow here².

Clau.

¹ *Unless some dull and favourable hand
Will whisper musick to my weary spirit.*] So, in the old anonymous *Henry V.*

“—Depart my chamber,

“And cause some musick to rock me asleep.” STEEVENS.

Dull is melancholy, gentle, soothing. JOHNSON.

I believe it rather means *producing* dullness or heaviness; and consequently sleep. It appears from various parts of our author's works, that he thought musick contributed to produce sleep. So in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:

“—musick call, and strike more dead

“Than common sleep, of all these fire the sense.”

Again, in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

“And when love speaks, the voice of all the gods

“Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.”

So also in the *Tempest*, Act I. when Alonzo, Gonzalo, &c. are to be overpowered by sleep, Ariel, to produce this effect, enters, “playing solemn musick.” MALONE.

² *Set me the crown upon my pillow here.*] It is still the custom in France to place the crown on the king's pillow when he is dying.

Holinshed, p. 541, speaking of the death of king Henry IV. says:—“During this his last sickness, he caused his crowne, (as some write) to be set on a pillow at his bed's head, and suddenly his pangs so sore troubled him, that he laie as though all his vitall spirits had beene departed. Such as were about him, thinking verelie that he had beene departed, covered his face with a linen cloth.”

“The prince his sonne being hereof advertised, entered into the chamber, took awaie the crowne, and departed. The father being suddentlie revived out of that trance, quicklie perceived the lack of his crowne; and having knowledge that the prince his sonne had taken it awaie, caused him to come before his presence, requiring of him what he meant so to misuse himselfe. The prince with a good audacitie answered; Sir, to mine and all men's judgments you seemed dead in this world, and therefore I as your next heire apparent took that as mine owner and not as yours. Well, faire sonne, (said the king with a great

SECOND PART OF

Cl. His eye is hollow, and he changes much.

War. Less noise, less noise.

Enter Prince HENRY.

P. Hen. Who saw the duke of Clarence?

Cl. I am here, brother, full of heaviness.

P. Hen. How now! rain within doors, and none abroad!

How doth the king?

P. Humph. Exceeding ill.

P. Hen. Heard he the good news yet?

Tell it him.

P. Humph. He alter'd much upon the hearing it.

P. Hen. If he be sick

With joy, he will recover without physick.

War. Not so much noise, my lords:—sweet prince, speak low;

The king your father is dispos'd to sleep.

Cl. Let us withdraw into the other room.

War. Wilt please your grace to go along with us?

P. Hen. No; I will sit and watch here by the king.

[*Exeunt all but Prince HENRY.*]

Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,

Being so troublesome a bed-fellow?

O polish'd perturbation! golden care!

That keep'st the ports of slumber³ open wide

To many a watchful night!—sleep with it now!

Yet not so sound, and half so deeply sweet,

As he, whose brow, with homely biggen bound⁴,

Snores

great sigh) what right I had to it, God knoweth. Well (said the prince) if you die king, I will have the garland, and truste to keepe it with the sword against all mine enemies, as you have doone;" &c.

STEEVENS.

³ —the ports of slumber—] are the gates of slumber. So, in Ben Jonson's 80th Epigram: "—The ports of death are fins".—Ports is the ancient military term for gates. STEEVENS.

The word is yet used in this sense in Scotland. MALONE.

⁴ —homely biggen—] A kind of cap, at present worn only by children; but so called from the cap worn by the Beguines, an order of nuns. So, in *Monsieur Thomas*, by B. and Fletcher, 1639:

"—were the devil sick now,

"His horns saw'd off, and his head bound with a biggen."

STEEVENS.

Snores out the watch of night. O majesty!
 When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost fit
 Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,
 That seals with safety. By his gates of breath⁵
 There lies a downy feather, which stirs not:
 Did he suspire, that light and weightless down
 Perforce must move.—My gracious lord! my father!—
 This sleep is sound indeed; this is a sleep,
 That from this golden rigol⁶ hath divorc'd
 So many English kings. Thy due, from me,
 Is tears, and heavy sorrows of thy blood:
 Which nature, love, and filial tenderness,
 Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteously:
 My due, from thee, is this imperial crown;
 Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,
 Derives itself to me. Lo, here it sits,—

[Putting it on his head.]

Which heaven shall guard: And put the world's whole
 strength

Into one giant arm, it shall not force
 This lineal honour from me: This from thee
 Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me.

[Exit.]

K. Hen. Warwick! Gloster! Clarence!

Re-enter WARWICK, and the rest.

Cla. Doth the king call?

War. What would your majesty? How fares your
 grace?

K. Hen. Why did you leave me here alone, my lords?

Cla. We left the prince my brother here, my liege,
 Who undertook to sit and watch by you.

⁵ —By his gates of breath—] So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

"Once more the ruby-colour'd portal open'd,

"Which to his speech did honey passage yield." MALONE.

⁶ —this golden rigol—] *Rigol* means a circle. I know not that it is
 used by any author but Shakspeare, who introduces it likewise in his
Rape of Lucrece:

"About the mourning and congealed face

"Of that black blood, a watry rigol goes." STEEVENS.

K. Hen. The prince of Wales? Where is he? let me see him:

He is not here.

War. This door is open; he is gone this way.

P. Humph. He came not through the chamber where we stay'd.

K. Hen. Where is the crown? who took it from my pillow?

War. When we withdrew, my liege, we left it here.

K. Hen. The prince hath ta'en it hence:— go, seek him out.

Is he so hasty, that he doth suppose

My sleep my death?—

Find him, my lord of Warwick; chide him hither.—

[Exit WARWICK.]

This part of his conjoins with my disease,
And helps to end me.—See, sons, what things you are!
How quickly nature falls into revolt,
When gold becomes her object!
For this the foolish over-careful fathers
Have broke their sleep with thoughts⁷, their brains with
care,

Their bones with industry;
For this they have engrossed and pil'd up
The canker'd heaps of strange-atchieved gold;
For this they have been thoughtful to invest
Their sons with arts, and martial exercises:
When, like the bee, tolling from every flower⁸
The virtuous sweets;

⁷ —with thoughts,] Concerning the education and promotion of their children. So afterwards:

“For this they have been *thoughtful* to invest

“Their sons with arts,” &c.

Mr. Rowe and the subsequent editors read—with *thought*; but the change does not appear to me necessary. MALONE.

⁸ —tolling from every flower—] This speech has been contracted, dilated, and put to every critical torture, in order to force it within the bounds of metre, and prevent the admission of hemistichs. I have restored it without alteration, but with those breaks which appeared to others as imperfections. The reading of the quarto is *tolling*. The folio reads *culling*. *Tolling* is taking toll. STEEVENS.

Our

Our thighs pack'd with wax, our mouths with honey,
We bring it to the hive; and, like the bees
Are murder'd for our pains. This bitter taste
Yield his engrossments to the ending father⁹.

Re-enter WARWICK.

Now, where is he that will not stay so long
Till his friend sickness hath determin'd me¹?

War. My lord, I found the prince in the next room,
Washing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks;
With such a deep demeanour in great sorrow,
That tyranny, which never quaff'd but blood,
Would, by beholding him, have wash'd his knife
With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.

K. Hen. But wherefore did he take away the crown?

Re-enter Prince HENRY.

Lo, where he comes.—Come hither to me, Harry:—
Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.

[*Exeunt CLARENCE, Prince Humphrey, Lords, &c.*]

P. Hen. I never thought to hear you speak again.

K. Hen. Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought:
I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.
Dost thou so hunger for my empty chair,
That thou wilt needs invest thee with mine honours
Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth!
Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee.
Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity
Is held from falling with so weak a wind,
That it will quickly drop: my day is dim.
Thou hast stol'n that, which, after some few hours,
Were thine without offence; and, at my death,
Thou hast seal'd up my expectation²:
Thy life did manifest, thou lov'd'st me not,
And thou wilt have me die assured of it.

⁹ —his engrossments:—] His accumulations. JOHNSON.

¹ —determin'd] i. e. ended. It is still used in this sense in legal conveyances. REED.

² —seal'd up my expectation:] Thou hast confirmed my opinion.

JOHNSON.

Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thought;
 Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
 To stab at half an hour of my life³.
 What! canst thou not forbear me half an hour?
 Then get thee gone, and dig my grave thyself;
 And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear⁴,
 That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.
 Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse,
 Be drops of balm, to sanctify thy head:
 Only compound me with forgotten dust;
 Give that, which gave thee life, unto the worms.
 Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;
 For now a time is come to mock at form,
 Harry the fifth is crown'd:—Up, vanity:
 Down, royal state! all you false counsellors, hence!
 And to the English court assemble now,
 From every region, apes of idleness!
 Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your scum:
 Have you a ruffian, that will swear, drink, dance,
 Revel the night; rob, murder, and commit
 The oldest sins the newest kind of ways?
 Be happy, he will trouble you no more:
 England shall double gild his treble guilt⁵;

England

³ *—half an hour of my life.*] It should be remembered that Shakespeare uses the same words alternately in monosyllables and dissyllables. Mr. Rowe, whose ear was accustomed to the utmost harmony of numbers, and who, at the same time, appears to have been little acquainted with our poet's manner, first added the word *frail* to supply the syllable which he conceived to be wanting. The quarto writes the word—*bowyer*, as it was anciently pronounced. The reader will find many more instances in the soliloquy of *K. Henry VI.* P. III. ACT II. sc. v. The other editors have followed Rowe. STEEVENS.

⁴ *And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear,*] Copied by Milton:

“When the merry bells ring round,

“And the jocund rebecks found.” MALONE.

⁵ *England shall double gild his treble guilt;*] How much this play on words, faulty as it certainly is, was admired in the age of Shakespeare, appears from the most ancient writers of that time having frequently indulged themselves in it. So, in Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, 1617:

And

England shall give him office, honour, might :
 For the fifth Harry from curb'd licence plucks
 The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog
 Shall flesh his tooth in every innocent.
 O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows !
 When that my care could not withhold thy riots,
 What wilt thou do when riot is thy care⁶ ?
 O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,
 Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants !

P. Hen. O, pardon me, my liege ! but for my tears,
[kneeling.]

The moist impediments unto my speech,
 I had fore-stall'd this dear and deep rebuke,
 Ere you with grief had spok'd, and I had heard
 The course of it so far. There is your crown ;
 And He that wears the crown immortally,
 Long guard it yours ! If I affect it more,
 Than as your honour, and as your renown,
 Let me no more from this obedience rise,
 (Which my most true and inward-duteous spirit
 Teacheth,) this prostrate and exterior bending⁷ !

Heaven

- " And as amidst the enamour'd waves he swims,
- " The god of gold a purpose *guilt* his limbs ;
- " That, this word *guilt*, including double sense,
- " The double *guilt* of his incontinence
- " Might be express'd."

Again, in *Acolastus his Afterwit*, a poem by S. Nicholson, 1600 :

- " O sacred thirst of golde, what canst thou not ?—
- " Some terms thee *gyllt*, that every soule might reade,
- " Even in thy name, thy *guilt* is great indeede."

See also Vol. IV. p. 330, n. 9. MALONE.

—when riot is thy care ?] i. e. Curator. A bold figure. So Eumæus is stiled by Ovid, *Epist.* i.

"—*immundæ cura fidelis haræ.*" TYRWHITT.

One cannot help wishing Mr. Tyrwhitt's elegant explanation to be true ; yet I doubt whether the poet meant to say more than—What wilt thou do, when riot is thy regular business and occupation ? MALONE.

7 Which my most true and inward-duteous spirit

Teacheth,] i. e. which my loyalty and inward sense of duty prompt me to. The parenthesis in which I have placed these words, appears to me to render this passage more perspicuous than as it has been hitherto printed. The words, "this prostrate and exterior

Heaven witness with me, when I here came in,
 And found no course of breath within your majesty,
 How cold it struck my heart! if I do feign,
 O, let me in my present wildness die;
 And never live to shew the incredulous world
 The noble change that I have purposed!
 Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,
 (And dead almost, my liege, to think you were,)
 I spake unto the crown, as having sense,
 And thus upbraided it. *The care on thee depending,
 Hath fed upon the body of my father;
 Therefore, thou, best of gold, art worst of gold.
 Other, less fine in carrat, is more precious,
 Preserving life in med'cine potable⁸:
 But thou, most fine, most honour'd, most renown'd,
 Hast eat thy bearer up.* Thus, my most royal liege,
 Accusing it, I put it on my head;
 To try with it,—as with an enemy,
 That had before my face murder'd my father,—
 The quarrel of a true inheritor.
 But if it did infect my blood with joy,

bending," are, I apprehend, put in apposition with "obedience," which is used for *obisance*. Dr. Johnson says, "The order is, *this obedience which is taught this exterior bending by my duteous spirit; or, this obedience which teaches this exterior bending to my inwardly duteous spirit.*—I know not which is right."

The former construction appears to me the least exceptionable of the two; but both are extremely harsh, and neither of them, I think, the true construction. MALONE.

⁸ —*in med'cine potable*:] There has long prevailed an opinion that a solution of gold has great medicinal virtues, and that the incorruptibility of gold might be communicated to the body impregnated with it. Some have pretended to make *potable* gold, among other frauds practised on credulity. JOHNSON.

So, in the character of the *Doctor of Physicke* by Chaucer, late edit. v. 446:

"For gold in *physike* is a cordial." STEEVENS.

That gold may be made potable, is certain, notwithstanding Dr. Johnson's incredulity. The process is inserted in the Abbé Guenee's incomparable work, entitled *Lettres de quelques Juifs à M. de Voltaire*. 5th edit. Vol. I. p. 416, a work which every person unacquainted with it, will be glad to be referred to. HENLEY.

See Doddsley's Collection of old plays, Vol. VIII. p. 484. 1780. R

Or

Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride;
 If any rebel or vain spirit of mine
 Did, with the least affection of a welcome,
 Give entertainment to the might of it,
 Let God for ever keep it from my head!
 And make me as the poorest vassal is,
 That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!

K. Hen. O my son!

Heaven put it in thy mind, to take it hence,
 That thou might'st win the more thy father's love,
 Pleading so wisely in excuse of it.

Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed;
 And hear, I think, the very latest counsel
 That ever I shall breathe. Heaven knows, my son,
 By what by-paths, and indirect crook'd ways,
 I met this crown; and I myself know well,
 How troublesome it sat upon my head:

To thee, it shall descend with better quiet,
 Better opinion, better confirmation;
 For all the soil⁹ of the achievement goes
 With me into the earth. It seem'd in me,
 But as an honour snatch'd with boisterous hand;
 And I had many living, to upbraid
 My gain of it by their assistances;
 Which daily grew to quarrel, and to blood-shed,
 Wounding supposed peace;² all these bold fears³,
 Thou see'st, with peril have answered:
 For all my reign hath been but as a scene
 Acting that argument, and now my death
 Changes the mode⁴: for what in me was purchas'd⁵,

Falls

⁹ — *soil*—] is spot, dirt, turpitude, reproach. JOHNSON.

² — *supposed peace*:] *counterfeited, imagined, not real.* JOHNSON.

³ — *all these bold fears*,] *Fear* is here used in the active sense, for that which causes fear. JOHNSON.

These bold fears are *these audacious terrors*. To *fear* is often used by Shakespeare for to *fright*. STEEVENS.

⁴ *Changes the mode*:] The form or state of things. JOHNSON.

⁵ — *for what in me was purchas'd*,] *Purchased* seems to be here used in its legal sense, *acquired by a man's own act*, (*perquisitio*) as opposed to an acquisition by descent. MALONE.

Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort :
 So thou the garland wear'st successively ⁴.
 Yet, though thou stand'st more sure than I could do,
 Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green ;
 And all thy friends ⁵, which thou must make thy friends,
 Have but their flings and teeth newly ta'en out ;
 By whose fell working I was first advanc'd,
 And by whose power I well might lodge a fear
 To be again displac'd : which to avoid,
 I cut them off ; and had a purpose now
 To lead out many to the Holy Land ⁶ ;
 Lest rest, and lying still, might make them look
 Too near unto my state ⁷. Therefore, my Harry,

Be

Purchased may here mean *stolen*. *Purchase* was the cant term among Valtaff's companions for *robbing*. Bolingbroke however *purchased* (in its obvious and common acceptation) his crown, at the expense of loyalty and justice. STEEVENS.

Surely it is not to be supposed that Shakspeare would put the cant language of Nym and Bardolph into the mouth of a king. The obvious common sense of the verb to *purchase* is to *buy for a price*. Henry did certainly not *buy* the crown ; and therefore I still think it highly probably that our author has used the word *purchased* in its legal sense.

MALONE.

⁴ —*successively*.] By order of succession. Every usurper snatches a claim of hereditary right as soon as he can. JOHNSON.

See *The speech of his Highness* [Richard Cromwell] *the Lord Protector, made to both Houses of Parliament, at their first meeting, on Thursday the 27th of January, 1658* :—"for my own part, being by the providence of God, and the disposition of the law, my father's Successor, and bearing that place in the government that I do," &c. Harl. Misc. Vol. i. p. 21. MALONE.

⁵ *And all thy friends,—*] Should we not lead?—*And all my friends—*. TYRWHITT.

⁶ *To lead out many to the Holy Land ;*] The sense is : *Of those who assisted my usurpation, some I have cut off, and many I intended to lead abroad*. This journey to the Holy Land, of which the king very frequently revives the mention, had two motives, religion and policy. He durst not wear the ill-gotten crown without expiation, but in the act of expiation he contrives to make his wickedness successful.

JOHNSON.

⁷ *Lest rest, and lying still, might make them look
 Too near unto my state.*] The expedition that Cæsar meditated

against

Be it thy course, to busy giddy minds
 With foreign quarrels; that action, hence borne out,
 May wash the memory of the former days.
 More would I, but my lungs are wasted so,
 That strength of speech is utterly deny'd me.
 How I came by the crown, O God, forgive*!
 And grant it may with thee in true peace live!

P. Hen. My gracious liege,
 You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;
 Then plain, and right, must my possession be:
 Which I, with more than with a common pain,
 'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

Enter Prince John of Lancaster, WARWICK, Lords, and Others.

K. Hen. Look, look, here comes my John of Lancaster.

**P. John.* Health, peace, and happiness, to my royal father!

K. Hen. Thou'bring'st me happiness, and peace, son John;

But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown
 From this bare, wither'd trunk; upon thy sight,
 My worldly business makes a period.—
 Where is my lord of Warwick?

P. Hen. My lord of Warwick!

against the Parthians, immediately before his death, has been ascribed to the same apprehension which dictated to Henry a journey to the Holy Land:

"Invidiæ stimulis, ergo ut lenire furentis,

"*Et capiti infidas, quas maturare quietem*

"*Non nescit, Cæsar tactis avertere possit,*

"*Nec non externo maculas abstergere bello*

"*Civiles, cum jam Crassi vindicta perisset,*

"*Debita jamdudum Latio, jussu ille Senatûs,*

"*(Ne patrum imminui videatur sacra potestas)*

"*Decretoque togæ, mandari Parthica bella*

"*Suppliciter petiit.*" SUPPLEM. LUCANI. lib. vii.

MALONE.

* *How I came by the crown, &c.]* This is a true picture of a mind divided between heaven and earth. He prays for the prosperity of guilt while he deprecates its punishment. JOHNSON.

K. Hen.

K. Hen. Doth any name particular belong
Unto the lodging where I first did swoon?

War. 'Tis call'd Jerusalem, my noble lord.

K. Hen. Laud be to God!—even there ~~my~~ life must
end.⁹

It hath been prophesy'd to me many years,

I should not die but in Jerusalem;

Which vainly I suppos'd, the Holy Land:—

But, bear me to that chamber; there I'll lie;

In that Jerusalem shall Harry die.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Glostershire. *A Hall in Shallow's House.*

Enter SHALLOW, FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, and Page.

Shal. By cock and pye¹, fir, you shall not away to-
night.—What, Davy, I say!

Fal.

⁹ *Laud be to God!—even there my life must end.*] “At length he recovered his speech, and understanding and perceiving himselfe in a strange place, which he knew not, he willed to know if the chamber had anie particular name, whereunto answer was made, that it was called Jerusalem. Then said the king, Lauds be given to the father of heaven, for now I knowe that I should die here in this chamber, according to the prophesie of me declared, that I should depart this life in Jerusalem.” *Holinshed*, p. 541. *STEEVENS*.

¹ *By cock and pye,*] This adjuration, which seems to have been very popular, is used in *Soliman and Perseda*, 1599. “By cock and pie and mousefoot;” as well as by Shakspeare in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. Ophelia likewise says:

“—By cock they are to blame.”

Cock is only a corruption of the Sacred Name, as appears from many passages in the old interludes, *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, &c. viz. *Cocks-bones*, *cocks-wounds*, by *cock's mother*, and some others. The *pie* is a table or rule in the old Roman offices, shewing, in a technical way, how to find out the service which is to be read upon each day. What was called *The Pie* by the clergy before the Reformation, was called by the Greeks *πινεξ*, or the index. Though the word *πινεξ* signifies a plank in its original, yet in its metaphorical sense it signifies *σανὶς ἱεραρχικὴ*, a painted table or picture: and because indexes or tables of books were formed into square figures, resembling pictures or painters' tables,

hung

Fal. You must excuse me, master Robert Shallow.

Shal. I will not excuse you²; you shall not be excused; excuse shall not be admitted; there is no excuse shall serve; you shall not be excused.—Why, Davy!

Enter Davy.

Davy. Here, fir.

Shal. Davy, Davy, Davy,—let me see, Davy; let me see:—yea, marry, William took, bid him come hither.—Sir John, you shall not be excused.

Davy. Marry, fir, thus;—those precepts cannot be served³: and, again, fir,—shall we sow the head-land with wheat?

Shal. With red wheat, Davy. But for William cook;—Are there no young pigeons?

Davy. Yes, fir.—Here is now the smith's note, for shoeing, and plough-irons.

Shal. Let it be cast⁴, and paid:—fir John, you shall not be excused.

Davy. Now, fir, a new link to the bucket must needs be had:—And, fir, do you mean to stop any of William's

hung up in a frame, these likewise were called *divans*, or, being marked only with the first letter of the word, *in's* or *Pics*. All other derivations of the word are manifestly erroneous.

In a second preface *Concerning the Service of the Church*, prefixed to the Common Prayer, this table is mentioned as follows:—"Moreover the number and hardness of the rules called the *Pic*, and the manifold changes," &c. RIDLEY.

Again, in *Wily Beguile*, 1606: "Now by cock and pie you never spake a truer word in your life."

Cock's body, cock's passion, &c. occur in the old morality of *Hycke Scorne*. A printing letter of a particular size, called the *pica*, was probably denominated from the *pie*, as the *brevier* from the *breviary*, and the *primer* from the *primer*. STEEVENS.

² *I will not excuse you*; &c.] The sterility of justice Shallow's wit is admirably described, in thus making him, by one of the finest strokes of nature, so often vary his phrase,* to express one and the same thing, and that the commonest. WARBURTON.

³ —those precepts cannot be served:] *Precept* is a justice's warrant. To the offices which Falstaff gives Davy in the following scene, may be added that of justice's clerk. Davy has almost as many employments as Scrub in *The Stratagem*. JOHNSON.

⁴ *Let it be cast*,] That is, cast up, computed. MASON.

wages,

wages, about the sack he lost the other day at Hinckley fair?

Shal. He shall answer it:—Some pigeons, Davy; a couple of short-legg'd hens; a joint of mutton; and any pretty little tiny kickshaws, tell William cook.

Davy. Doth the man of war stay all night, fir?

Shal. Yes, Davy. I will use him well; A friend i' the court is better than a penny in purse^s. Use his men well, Davy; for they are arrant knaves, and will back-bite.

Davy. No worse than they are back-bitten; fir; for they live marvellous foul linen.

Shal. Well conceited, Davy. About thy business, Davy.

Davy. I beseech you, fir, to countenance William Vifor of Wencot against Clement Perkes of the hill.

Shal. There are many complaints, Davy, against that Vifor; that Vifor is an arrant knave, on my knowledge.

Davy. I grant your worship, that he is a knave, fir; but yet, God forbid, fir, but a knave should have some countenance at his friend's request. An honest man, fir, is able to speak for himself, when a knave is not. I have serv'd your worship truly, fir, this eight years; and if I cannot once or twice in a quarter bear out a knave against an honest man, I have but a very little credit with your worship. The knave is mine honest friend, fir; therefore, I beseech your worship, let him be countenanced.

Shal. Go to; I say, he shall have no wrong. Look about, Davy. [*Exit DAVY.*] Where are you, fir John? Come, off with your boots.—Give me your hand, master Bardolph.

Bard. I am glad to see your worship.

Shal. I thank thee with all my heart, kind master Bardolph:

^s —*A friend i' the court &c.*] So, in Chaucer's *Romaunt of the Rose*, 5540:

"Friendship is more than cattell,

"For frende in courte aie better is,

"Than peny is in purse, certis. STEEVENS.

Bardolph:—and welcome, my tall fellow. [*to the Page.*] Come, find John. [*Exit SHALLOW.*]

Shal. I'll follow you, good master Robert Shallow. Bardolph, look to our horses. [*Exeunt Bardolph and Page.*] If I were saw'd into quantities, I should make four dozen of such bearded hermit's-staves⁶ as master Shallow⁷. It is a wonderful thing, to see the semblable coherence of his men's spirits and his: They, by observing him, do bear themselves like foolish justices; he, by conversing with them, is turn'd into a justice-like serving-man: their spirits are so married in conjunction with the participation of society, that they flock together in concert*, like so many wild-geese. If I had a suit to master Shallow, I would humour his men, with the imputation of being near their master: if to his men, I would curry with master Shallow, that no man could better command his servants. It is certain, that either wise bearing, or ignorant carriage, is caught, as men take diseases, one of another: therefore, let men take heed of their company. I will devise matter enough out of this Shallow, to keep prince Harry in continual laughter, the wearing-out of six fashions, (which is four terms, or two actions⁸;) and he shall laugh without inter-vallums. O, it is much, that a lie, with a slight oath, and a jest with a sad brow, will do with a fellow that never had the ache⁹ in his shoulders! O, you shall see him laugh till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up.

Shal.

⁶ —bearded hermit's-staves—] He had before called him the starved justice. His want of flesh is a standing jest. JOHNSON.

⁷ —master Shallow.] Shallow's folly seems to have been almost proverbial. So, in Decker's *Satiromastix*, 1602: "We must have false fires to amaze these spangle babies, these true heirs of master Justice Shallow." STEEVENS.

* —in concert] i. e. in union, in accord. In our author's time the word in this sense, was written *consent*, (as it here is in the old copy,) and that spelling continued to Cowley's time. See *Davidis*, B. III.

"Learning *consent* and concord from his lyre." MALONE.

⁸ —two actions—] There is something humorous in making a spendthrift compute time by the operation of an action for debt. JOHNS.

⁹ —a fellow that never had the ache—] That is, a young fellow, one whose disposition to merriment time and pain have not yet impaired.

JOHNSON.

Shal. [*within*] Sir John!

Fal. I come, master Shallow; I come, master Shallow.
[*Exit FALSTAFF.*]

SCENE II.

Westminster. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter WARWICK, and the lord Chief Justice.

War. How now, my lord chief justice? whither away?

Ch. Just. How doth the king?

War. Exceeding well; his cares are now all ended.

Ch. Just. I hope, not dead.

War. He's walk'd the way of nature;
And, to our purposes, he lives no more.

Ch. Just. I would, his majesty had call'd me with him:
The service that I truly did his life,
Hath left me open to all injuries.

War. Indeed, I think, the young king loves you not.

Ch. Just. I know, he doth not; and do arm myself,
To welcome the condition of the time;
Which cannot look more hideously upon me
Than I have drawn it in my fantasy.

*Enter Prince John, Prince Humphrey, CLARENCE,
WESTMORELAND, and Others.*

War. Here come the heavy issue of dead Harry:
O, that the living Harry had the temper
Of him, the worst of these three gentlemen!
How many nobles then should hold their places,
That must strike fail to spirits of vile sort!

Ch. Just. Alas! I fear, all will be overturn'd.

P. John. Good morrow, cousin Warwick.

P. Humph. Cla. Good morrow, cousin.

P. John. We meet like men that had forgot to speak.

War. We do remember; but our argument
Is all too heavy to admit much talk.

P. John. Well, peace be with him that hath made us
heavy!

Ch. Just. Peace be with us, lest we be heavier!

P. Humph. O, good my lord, you have lost a friend,
indeed:

And I dare swear, you borrow not that face
Of seeming sorrow; it is, sure, your own.

Job. Though no man be assur'd what grace to find,
You stand in coldest expectation:

I am the sorrier; 'would, 'twere otherwise.

Cl. Well, you must now speak sir John Falstaff fair;
Which swims against your stream of quality.

Ch. Just. Sweet princes, what I did, I did in honour,
Led by the impartial conduct¹ of my soul;
And never shall you see, that I will beg
A ragged and forestall'd remission².—

If truth and upright innocence fail me,
I'll to the king my master that is dead,
And tell him who hath sent me after him.

War. Here comes the prince.

Enter King HENRY V.

Ch. Just. Good morrow; and heaven save your majesty!

King. This new and gorgeous garment, majesty,
Sits not so easy on me as you think.—

Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear;
This is the English, not the Turkish court³;

Not

¹ —impartial conduct—] Thus the quarto. The folio reads *imperial*.
STEEVENS.

Impartial is confirmed by a subsequent speech addressed by the king
to the chief justice:

" ————— That you use the same

" With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit,

" As you have done 'gainst me." MALONE.

² *A ragged and forestall'd remission.*—] *Ragged*, in our author's licentious diction, may easily signify beggarly, mean, base, ignominious; but *forestall'd* I know not how to apply to *remission* in any sense primitive or figurative. I should be glad of another word, but cannot find it. Perhaps by *forestall'd remission*, he may mean a pardon begged by a voluntary confession of offence, and anticipation of the charge.

JOHNSON.

I believe, *forestall'd* only means *asked before it is granted*. If he will grant me pardon unasked, so; if not, I will not condescend to solicit it. Mr. Mason is of opinion, that "*forestall'd remission*" means "a remission that it is pre-determined shall not be granted, or will be rendered nugatory." MALONE.

³ —not the Turkish court;] Not the court where the prince that mounts the throne puts his brothers to death. JOHNSON.

Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds,
 But Harry Harry⁴: Yet be sad, good brothers,
 For, to speak truth, it very well becomes you;
 Sorrow so royally in you appears,
 That I will deeply put the fashion on,
 And wear it in my heart. Why then, be sad:
 But entertain no more of it, good brothers,
 Than a joint burthen laid upon us all.
 For me, by heaven, I bid you be assur'd,
 I'll be your father and your brother too;
 Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares.
 Yet weep, that Harry's dead; and so will I:
 But Harry lives, that shall convert those tears,
 By number, into hours of happiness.

P. John, &c. We hope no other from your majesty.

King. You all look strangely on me:—and you most;
 [to the Ch. Just.]

You are, I think, assur'd I love you not.

Ch. Just. I am assur'd, if I be measur'd rightly,
 Your majesty hath no just cause to hate me.

King. No! How might a prince of my great hopes forget
 So great indignities you laid upon me?

What!

⁴ *Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear;*

This is the English, not the Turkish court:

Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds,

But Harry Harry:] Amurath the third (the sixth Emperor of the Turks) died on January the 18th, 1595-6. The people being generally disaffected to Mahomet, his eldest son, and inclined to Amurath, one of his younger children, the Emperor's death was concealed for ten days by the Janissaries, till Mahomet came from Amasia to Constantinople. On his arrival he was saluted Emperor, by the great Bassas, and others his favourers; "which done, (says Knolles) he presently after caused all his brethren to be invited to a solemn feast in the court; whereunto they, yet ignorant of their father's death, came cheerfully, as men fearing no harm; but, being come, *were there all most miserably strangled.*" It is highly probable that Shakspeare here alludes to this transaction; which was pointed out to me by the Revd. Dr. Farmer.

This circumstance, therefore, may fix the date of this play subsequently to the beginning of the year 1596;—and perhaps it was written while this fact was recent. MALONE.

What! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison
The immediate heir of England! Was this easy?⁵
May this be wash'd in Lethe, and forgotten?

Ch. Justice. I then did use the person of your father;
The image of his power lay then in me:
And, in the administration of his law,
Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth,
Your highness pleased to forget my place,
The majesty and power of law and justice,
The image of the king whom I presented,
And struck me in my very seat of judgment⁶;

Whereon,

⁵ — *Was this easy?*] That is, Was this not grievous? Shakspeare has *easy* in this sense elsewhere. JOHNSON.

⁶ *And struck me in my very seat of judgment;*] I do not recollect that any of the editors of our author have thought this remarkable passage worthy of a note. The chief justice, in this play, was sir William Gascoigne, of whom the following memoir may be as acceptable as necessary.

While at the bar, Henry of Bolingbroke had been his client; and upon the decease of John of Gaunt, by the above Henry, his heir, then in banishment, he was appointed his attorney, to sue the livery of the estates descended to him. Richard II. revoked the letters patent for this purpose, and defeated the intent of them, and thereby furnished a ground for the invasion of his kingdom by the heir of Gaunt; who becoming afterwards Henry IV. appointed Gascoigne chief justice of the King's Bench in the first year of his reign. In that station Gascoigne acquired the character of a learned, an upright, a wise, and an intrepid judge. The story so frequently alluded to of his committing the prince for an insult on his person, and the court wherein he presided, is thus related by sir Thomas Elyot, in his book entitled *THE GOVERNOUR*: "The most renowned prince king Henry the fyfte, late kynge of Englande, duringe the lyfe of his father, was noted to be fiers and of wanton courage: it hapned, that one of his seruantes, whom he fauoured well, was for felony by him committed, arraigned at the kynges benche: whereof the prince being aduertised, and incensed by lyghte persones about him, in furious rage came hastily to the barre, where his seruant stode as a prisoner, and commaunded hym to be vngyued and set at libertie: wherat all men were abashed, referred the chiefe Justice, who humbly exhorted the prince to be contented, that his seruant mought be ordred, accordynge to the aunciente lawes of this realme: or if he wolde have him saued from the rigour of the lawes, that he shulde obteyne, if he moughte, of the kynge his father, his gracious pardon, wherby no lawe or justice shulde be dero-

Whereon, as an offender to your father,
I gave bold way to my authority,

And

gate. With whiche answere the prince nothyng appeased, but rather more inflamed, endeouored hym selfe to take away his seruant. The iuge considering the perillous example, and inconuenience that mought therby ensue, with a valiant spirite and courage, commanded the prince vpon his allegiance, to leaue the prisoner, and depart his way. With which commandment the prince being set all in a fury, all chafed and in a terrible maner, came up to the place of iugement, men thynking that he wold haue slayne the iuge, or haue done to hym some damage: but the iuge sittinge styll without mouing, declaring the maiestie of the kynges place of iugement, and with an assured and bold countenance, had to the prince these wordes followyng.

'Syr, remembre your selfe, I kepe here the place of the kyng, your soueraine lorde and father, to whom ye owe double obedience; wherefore estfoones in his name, I charge you desyste of your wysfulness and vnlauffull enterpryse, and from hensforth giue good exaunple to those, whych hereafter shall be your propre subjects. And now, for your contempte and disobedience, goo you to the prysons of the kynges benche, wherevnto I commytte you, and remayne ye there prisoner vntyll the pleasure of the kyng your father be further knowne.'

"With which wordes beinge abashed, and also wondrynge at the meruaylous grauitie of that worshypfulle iustyce, the noble prince layinge his weapon aparte, doynge reuerence, departed, and went to the kynges benche, as he was commanded. Whereat his seruantes disdaynyng, came and shewed to the kyng all the hole affaire. Whereat he a-whyles studyenge, after as a man all rauished with gladnes, holdynge his eien and handes vp towarde heuen, abraid, saying with a loude voice, 'O mercifull God, how moche am I, aboue all other men, bounde to your infinite goodnes, specially for that ye haue gyuen me a iudge, who feareth nat to minister iustyce, and also a sonne, who can suffre semblably, and obeye iustyce!'

And here it may be noted, that Shakspeare has deviated from history in bringing the chief iustice and Henry V. together, for it is expressly said by Fuller, in his *Worthies of Yorkshyre*, and that on the best authority, that Gascoigne died in the life-time of his father, viz. on the first day of November, 14 Henry IV. See Dugd. Origines Juridic. in the Chronica Series, fol. 54. 56. Neither is it to be presumed but that this laboured defence of his conduct is a fiction of the poet: and it may justly be inferred from the character of this very able lawyer, whose name frequently occurs in the year-book of his time, that, having had spirit and resolution to vindicate the authority of the law, in the punishment of the priuie, he disdained a formal apology for an act that is recorded to his honour. Sir J. HAWKINS.

In the foregoing account of this transaction, there is no mention of
the

And did commit you. If the deed were ill,
 Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
 To have a son set your decrees at nought;
 To pluck down justice from your awful bench;
 To trip the course of law⁷, and blunt the sword
 That guards the peace and safety of your person:
 Nay, more; to spurn at your most royal image,
 And mock your workings in a second body⁸.
 Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours
 Be now the father, and propose a son⁹:
 Hear your own dignity so much profan'd,
 See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,
 Behold yourself so by a son disdain'd;
 And then imagine me taking your part,

the prince's having *struck* Gascoigne, the chief justice. Holinshed, however, whom our author copied, speaking of the "wanton pastime" in which Prince Henry passed his youth, says, that "where on a time *hee stroke the chiefe justice on the face with his fist*, for emprisoning one of his mates, he was not only committed to straight prison himselfe by the sayde chief justice, but also of his father put out of the privie counsell and banished the courte." Holinshed has here followed Hall. Our author (as an anonymous writer has observed) might have found the same circumstance in the old play of *K. Henry V.*

With respect to the anachronism, sir William Gascoigne certainly died before the accession of Henry V. to the throne, as appears from the inscription which was once legible on his tomb-stone, in Harwood church in Yorkshire, and was as follows: "Hic jacet Wil'mus Gascoigne, nuper capit. justic. de banco, Hen. nuper regis Angliæ quarti, qui quidem Wil'mus ob. die domi'ca 17.^a die Decembris. an. dom. 1412, 14.^{to} Henrici quarti. factus iudex, 1401." See *Gent. Magazine*, Vol. 51. p. 624.

Shakspeare, however, might have been misled by the authority of Stowe, who in a marginal note, to Henry V. erroneously asserts that "William Gascoigne was chief justice of the Kings Bench from the *sixth* of Henry IV. to the *third* of Henry the Fifth:" or, (which is full as probable,) Shakspeare might have been careless about the matter.

MALONE.

⁷ *To trip the course of law,*] To defeat the process of justice; a metaphor taken from the act of tripping a runner. JOHNSON.

⁸ *And mock your workings in a second body.*] To treat with contempt your acts executed by a representative. JOHNSON.

⁹ — *and propose a son:*] i. e. Image to yourself a son, contrive for a moment to think you have one. So, in *Titus Andronicus*:

"— thousand deaths I could *propose*." STEEVENS.